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THE

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ON PERSONAL IDENTITY.

"Ha! here be three of us sophisticated."—*Lear.*

"IF I were not Alexander, I would be Diogenes!" said the Macedonian hero; and the cynic might have retorted the compliment upon the prince by saying, that, "were he not Diogenes, he would be Alexander!" This is the universal exception, the invariable reservation that our self-love makes, the utmost point at which our admiration or envy ever arrives—to wish, if we were not ourselves, to be some other individual. No one ever wishes to be another, *instead* of himself. We may feel a desire to change places with others—to have one man's fortune—another's health or strength—his wit or learning, or accomplishments of various kinds—

> "Wishing to be like one more rich in hope,
> Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
> Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope:"

but we would still be ourselves, to possess and enjoy all these, or we would not give a doit for them. But, on this supposition, what in truth should we be the better for them? It is not we, but another, that would reap the benefit; and what do we care about that other? In that case, the present owner might as well continue to enjoy them. *We* should not be gainers by the change. If the meanest beggar who crouches at a palace-gate, and looks up with awe and suppliant fear to the proud inmate as he passes, could be put in possession of all the finery, the pomp, the luxury, and wealth that he sees and envies, on the sole condition of getting rid, together with his rags and misery, of all recollection that there ever was such a wretch as himself, he would reject the proffered boon with scorn. He might be glad to change situations; but he would insist on keeping his own thoughts, to *compare notes*, and point the transition by the force of contrast. He would not, on any account,

forego his self-congratulation on the unexpected accession of good fortune, and his escape from past suffering. All that excites his cupidity, his envy, his repining or despair, is the alternative of some great good to himself; and if, in order to attain that object, he is to part with his own existence to take that of another, he can feel no farther interest in it. This is the language both of passion and reason.

Here lies "the rub that makes calamity of so long life:" for it is not barely the apprehension of the ills that "in that sleep of death may come," but also our ignorance and indifference to the promised good, that produces our repugnance and backwardness to quit the present scene. No man, if he had his choice, would be the angel Gabriel to-morrow! What is the angel Gabriel to him but a splendid vision? He might as well have an ambition to be turned into a bright cloud, or a particular star. The interpretation of which is, he can have no sympathy with the angel Gabriel. Before he can be transformed into so bright and ethereal an essence, he must necessarily "put off this mortal coil"—be divested of all his old habits, passions, thoughts, and feelings—to be endowed with other lofty and beatific attributes, of which he has no notion; and, therefore, he would rather remain a little longer in this mansion of clay, which, with all its flaws, inconveniences, and perplexities, contains all that he has any real knowledge of, or any affection for. When, indeed, he is about to quit it in spite of himself, and has no other chance left to escape the darkness of the tomb, he may then have no objection (making a virtue of necessity) to put on angels' wings, to have radiant locks, to wear a wreath of amaranth, and thus to masquerade it in the skies.

It is an instance of the truth and beauty of the ancient mythology, that the various transmutations it recounts are never voluntary, or of favourable omen, but are interposed as a timely release to those who, driven on by fate, and urged to the last extremity of fear or anguish, are turned into a flower, a plant, an animal, a star, a precious stone, or into some object that may inspire pity or mitigate our regret for their misfortunes. Narcissus was transformed into a flower; Daphne into a laurel; Arethusa into a fountain (by the favour of the gods)—but not till no other remedy was left for their despair. It is a sort of smiling cheat upon death, and graceful compromise with annihilation. It is better to exist by proxy, in some softened type and soothing allegory, than not at all—to breathe in a flower or shine in a constellation, than to be utterly forgot; but no one would change his natural condition (if he could help it) for that of a bird, an insect, a beast, or a fish, however delightful their mode of existence, or however enviable he might deem their lot compared to his own. Their thoughts are not our thoughts—their happiness is not our happiness; nor can we enter into it, except with a passing smile of approbation, or as a refinement of fancy. As the poet sings:—

> "What more felicity can fall to creature
> Than to enjoy delight with liberty,
> And to be lord of all the works of nature?
> To reign in the air from earth to highest sky;
> To feed on flowers and weeds of glorious feature;
> To taste whatever thing doth please the eye?—
> Who rests not pleased with such happiness,
> Well worthy he to taste of wretchedness!"

This is gorgeous description and fine declamation: yet who would be found to act upon it, even in the forming of a wish; or would not rather be the thrall of wretchedness, than launch out (by the aid of some magic spell) into all the delights of such a butterfly state of existence? The French (if any people can) may be said to enjoy this airy, heedless gaiety and unalloyed exuberance of satisfaction: yet what Englishman would deliberately change with them? We would sooner be miserable after our own fashion than happy after their's. It is not happiness, then, in the abstract, which we seek, that can be addressed as

> "That something still that prompts th' eternal sigh,
> For which we wish to live or dare to die,"—

but a happiness suited to our tastes and faculties—that has become a part of ourselves, by habit and enjoyment—that is endeared to us by a thousand recollections, privations, and sufferings. No one, then, would willingly change his country or his kind for the most plausible pretences held out to him. The most humiliating punishment inflicted in ancient fable is the change of sex: not that it was any degradation in itself—but that it must occasion a total derangement of the moral economy and confusion of the sense of personal propriety. The thing is said to have happened, *au sens contraire*, in our time. The story is to be met with in "very choice Italian;" and Lord D—— tells it in very plain English!

We may often find ourselves envying the possessions of others, and sometimes inadvertently indulging a wish to change places with them altogether; but our self-love soon discovers some excuse to be off the bargain we were ready to strike, and retracts "vows made in haste, as violent and void." We might make up our minds to the alteration in every other particular; but, when it comes to the point, there is sure to be some trait or feature of character in the object of our admiration to which we cannot reconcile ourselves—some favourite quality or darling foible of our own, with which we can by no means resolve to part. The more enviable the situation of another, the more entirely to our taste, the more reluctant we are to leave any part of ourselves behind that would be so fully capable of appreciating all the exquisiteness of its new situation, or not to enter into the possession of such an imaginary reversion of good fortune with all our previous inclinations and sentiments. The outward circumstances were fine: they only wanted a *soul* to enjoy them, and that soul is our's (as the costly ring wants the peerless jewel to perfect and set it off). The humble prayer and petition to sneak into visionary felicity by personal adoption, or the surrender of our own personal pretensions, always ends in a daring project of usurpation, and a determination to expel the actual proprietor, and supply his place so much more worthily with our own identity—not bating a single jot of it. Thus, in passing through a fine collection of pictures, who has not envied the privilege of visiting it every day, and wished to be the owner? But the rising sigh is soon checked, and "the native hue of emulation is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," when we come to ask ourselves not merely whether the owner has any taste at all for these splendid works, and does not look upon them as so much expensive furniture, like his chairs and tables—but whether he has the same precise (and only true) taste that we have—whether he has the very same favourites that we have—whether he may not be so blind as to prefer a Vandyke to a Titian, a Ruysdael to a Claude;—nay, whether he may not have other pursuits

and avocations that draw off his attention from the sole objects of our idolatry, and which seem to us mere impertinences and waste of time? In that case, we at once lose all patience, and exclaim indignantly, "Give us back our taste, and keep your pictures!" It is not we who should envy them the possession of the treasure, but they who should envy us the true and exclusive enjoyment of it. A similar train of feeling seems to have dictated Warton's spirited Sonnet on visiting Wilton-House:—

> "From Pembroke's princely dome, where mimic art
> Decks with a magic hand the dazzling bowers,
> Its living hues where the warm pencil pours,
> And breathing forms from the rude marble start,
> How to life's humbler scene can I depart?
> My breast all glowing from those gorgeous towers,
> In my low cell how cheat the sullen hours?
> Vain the complaint! For fancy can impart
> (To fate superior and to fortune's power)
> Whate'er adorns the stately-storied hall:
> She, mid the dungeon's solitary gloom,
> Can dress the Graces in their attic-pall;
> Bid the green landskip's vernal beauty bloom;
> And in bright trophies clothe the twilight wall."

One sometimes passes by a gentleman's park, an old family-seat, with its moss-grown ruinous paling, its "glades mild-opening to the genial day," or embrowned with forest-trees. Here one would be glad to spend one's life, "shut up in measureless content," and to grow old beneath ancestral oaks, instead of gaining a precarious, irksome, and despised livelihood, by indulging romantic sentiments, and writing disjointed descriptions of them. The thought has scarcely risen to the lips, when we learn that the owner of so blissful a seclusion is a thorough-bred fox-hunter, a preserver of the game, a brawling electioneerer, a Tory member of parliament, a "no-Popery" man!—"I'd sooner be a dog, and bay the moon!" Who would be Sir Thomas Lethbridge for his title and estate? asks one man. But would not almost any one wish to be Sir Francis Burdett, the man of the people, the idol of the electors of Westminster? says another. I can only answer for myself. Respectable and honest as he is, there is something in his white boots, and white breeches, and white coat, and white hair, and red face, and white hat, that I cannot, by any effort of candour, confound my personal identity with! If Mr. Hobhouse can prevail on Sir Francis to exchange, let him do so by all means. Perhaps they might contrive to *club* a soul between them! Could I have had my will, I should have been born a lord: but one would not be a booby lord neither. I am haunted by an odd fancy of driving down the Great North Road in a chaise and four, about fifty years ago, and coming to the inn at Ferry-bridge, with out-riders, white favours, and a coronet on the panels; and then I choose my companion in the coach. Really there is a witchcraft in all this that makes it necessary to turn away from it, lest, in the conflict between imagination and impossibility, I should grow feverish and light-headed! But, on the other hand, if one was born a lord, should one have the same idea (that every one else has) of *a peeress in her own right?* Is not distance, giddy elevation, mysterious awe, an impassable gulf, necessary to form this idea in the mind, that fine ligament of "ethereal braid, sky-woven," that lets down heaven upon earth, fair as enchantment, soft as Berenice's hair, bright

and garlanded like Ariadne's crown; and is it not better to have had this idea all through life—to have caught but glimpses of it, to have known it but in a dream—than to have been born a lord ten times over, with twenty pampered menials at one's back, and twenty descents to boast of? It is the envy of certain privileges, the sharp privations we have undergone, the cutting neglect we have met with from the want of birth or title, that gives its zest to the distinction: the thing itself may be indifferent or contemptible enough. It is the *becoming* a lord that is to be desired; but he who becomes a lord in reality is an upstart—a mere pretender, without the sterling essence; so that all that is of any worth in this supposed transition is purely imaginary and impossible. Had I been a lord, I should have married Miss ——, and my life would not have been one long-drawn sigh, made up of sweet and bitter regret!* Had I been a lord, I would have been a Popish lord, and then I might also have been an honest man:—poor, and then I might have been proud and not vulgar! Kings are so accustomed to look down on all the rest of the world, that they consider the condition of mortality as vile and intolerable, if stripped of royal state, and cry out in the bitterness of their despair, "Give me a crown, or a tomb!" It should seem from this as if all mankind would change with the first crowned head that could propose the alternative, or that it would be only the presumption of the supposition, or a sense of their own unworthiness, that would deter them. Perhaps there is not a single throne that, if it was to be filled by this sort of voluntary metempsychosis, would not remain empty. Many would, no doubt, be glad to "monarchise, be feared, and kill with looks" in their own persons and after their own fashion: but who would be the *double* of ——, or of those shadows of a shade—those "tenth transmitters of a foolish face"—Charles X. and Ferdinand VII.? If monarchs have little sympathy with mankind, mankind have even less with monarchs. They are merely to us a sort of state-puppets or royal wax-work, which we may gaze at with superstitious wonder, but have no wish to become; and he who should meditate such a change must not only feel by anticipation an utter contempt for the *slough* of humanity which he is prepared to cast, but must feel an absolute void and want of attraction in those lofty and incomprehensible sentiments which are to supply its place. With respect to actual royalty, the spell is in a great measure broken. But, among ancient monarchs, there is no one, I think, who envies Darius or Xerxes. One has a different feeling with respect to Alexander or Pyrrhus; but this is because they were great men as well as great kings, and the soul is up in arms at the mention of their names as at the sound of a trumpet. But as to all the rest—those "in the catalogue who go for kings"—the praying, eating, drinking, dressing monarchs of the earth, in time past or present—one would as soon think of wishing to personate the Golden Calf, or to turn out with Nebuchadnezzar to graze, as to be transformed into one of that "swinish multitude." There is no point of affinity. The extrinsic circumstances are imposing: but, within, there is nothing but morbid humours and proud flesh! Some persons might vote for Charlemagne; and there are others

* When Lord Byron was cut by the great, on account of his quarrel with his wife, he stood leaning on a marble slab at the entrance of a room, while troops of duchesses and countesses passed out. One little, pert, red-haired girl staid a few paces behind the rest; and, as she passed him, said with a nod, "Aye, you should have married me, and then all this wouldn't have happened to you!"

who would have no objection to be the modern Charlemagne, with all he inflicted and suffered, even after the necromantic field of Waterloo, and the bloody wreath on the vacant brow of his conqueror, and that fell jailer set over him by a craven foe, that "glared round his soul, and mocked his closing eyelids!"

It has been remarked, that could we at pleasure change our situation in life, more persons would be found anxious to descend than to ascend in the scale of society. One reason may be, that we have it more in our power to do so; and this encourages the thought, and makes it familiar to us. A second is, that we naturally wish to throw off the cares of state, of fortune or business, that oppress us, and to seek repose before we find it in the grave. A third reason is, that, as we descend to common life, the pleasures are simple, natural, such as all can enter into, and therefore excite a general interest, and combine all suffrages. Of the different occupations of life, none is beheld with a more pleasing emotion, or less aversion to a change for our own, than that of a shepherd tending his flock: the pastoral ages have been the envy and the theme of all succeeding ones; and a beggar with his crutch is more closely allied than the monarch and his crown to the associations of mirth and heart's-ease. On the other hand, it must be admitted that our pride is too apt to prefer grandeur to happiness; and that our passions make us envy great vices oftener than great virtues.

The world shew their sense in nothing more than in a distrust and aversion to those changes of situation which only tend to make the successful candidates ridiculous, and which do not carry along with them a mind adequate to the circumstances. The common people, in this respect, are more shrewd and judicious than their superiors, from feeling their own awkwardness and incapacity, and often decline, with an instinctive modesty, the troublesome honours intended for them. They do not overlook their original defects so readily as others overlook their acquired advantages. It is not wonderful, therefore, that opera-singers and dancers refuse, or only *condescend* as it were, to accept lords, though the latter are so often fascinated by them. The fair performer knows (better than her unsuspecting admirer) how little connexion there is between the dazzling figure she makes on the stage and that which she may make in private life, and is in no hurry to convert "the drawing-room into a Green-room." The nobleman (supposing him not to be very wise) is astonished at the miraculous powers of art in

"The fair, the chaste, the inexpressive *she*;"

and thinks such a paragon must easily conform to the routine of manners and society which every trifling woman of quality of his acquaintance, from sixteen to sixty, goes through without effort. This is a hasty or a wilful conclusion. Things of habit only come by habit, and inspiration here avails nothing. A man of fortune who marries an actress for her fine performance of tragedy, has been well compared to the person who bought Punch. The lady is not unfrequently aware of the inconsequentiality, and unwilling to be put on the shelf, and hid in the nursery of some musty country-mansion. Servant girls, of any sense and spirit, treat their masters (who make serious love to them) with suitable contempt. What is it but a proposal to drag an unmeaning trollop at his heels through life, to her own annoyance and the ridicule of all his friends? No woman, I suspect, ever forgave a man who raised her

from a low condition in life (it is a perpetual obligation and reproach); though, I believe, men often feel the most disinterested regard for women under such circumstances. Sancho Panza discovered no less folly in his eagerness to enter upon his new government, than wisdom in quitting it as fast as possible. Why will Mr. Cobbett persist in getting into Parliament? He would find himself no longer the same man. What member of Parliament, I should like to know, could write his Register? As a popular partisan, he may (for aught I can say) be a match for the whole Honourable House; but, by obtaining a seat in St. Stephen's Chapel, he would only be equal to a 576th part of it. It was surely a puerile ambition in Mr. Addington to succeed Mr. Pitt as prime-minister. The situation was only a foil to his imbecility. Gipsies have a fine faculty of evasion: catch them who can in the same place or story twice! Take them; teach them the comforts of civilization; confine them in warm rooms, with thick carpets and down beds; and they will fly out of the window—like the bird, described by Chaucer, out of its golden cage. I maintain that there is no common language or medium of understanding between people of education and without it—between those who judge of things from books or from their senses. Ignorance has so far the advantage over learning; for it can make an appeal to you from what you know; but you cannot re-act upon it through that which it is a perfect stranger to. Ignorance is, therefore, power. This is what foiled Buonaparte in Spain and Russia. The people can only be gained over by informing them, though they may be enslaved by fraud or force. You say there is a common language in nature. They see nature through their wants, while you look at it for your pleasure. Ask a country lad if he does not like to hear the birds sing in the spring? And he will laugh in your face. "What is it, then, he does like?"—"Good victuals and drink!" As if you had not these too; but because he has them not, he thinks of nothing else, and laughs at you and your refinements, supposing you to live upon air. To those who are deprived of every other advantage, even nature is a *book sealed*. I have made this capital mistake all my life, in imagining that those objects which lay open to all, and excited an interest merely from the *idea* of them, spoke a common language to all; and that nature was a kind of universal home, where all ages, sexes, classes met. Not so. The vital air, the sky, the woods, the streams—all these go for nothing, except with a favoured few. The poor are taken up with their bodily wants—the rich, with external acquisitions: the one, with the sense of property—the other, of its privation. Both have the same distaste for *sentiment*. The *genteel* are the slaves of appearances—the vulgar, of necessity; and neither has the smallest regard to true worth, refinement, generosity. All savages are irreclaimable. I can understand the Irish character better than the Scotch. I hate the formal crust of circumstances and the mechanism of society. I have been recommended, indeed, to settle down into some respectable profession for life:—

"Ah! why so soon the blossom tear?"

I am "in no haste to be venerable!"

In thinking of those one might wish to have been, many people will exclaim, "Surely, you would like to have been Shakspeare?" Would Garrick have consented to the change? No, nor should he; for the

applause which he received, and on which he lived, was more adapted to his genius and taste. If Garrick had agreed to be Shakspeare, he would have made it a previous condition that he was to be a better player. He would have insisted on taking some higher part than *Polonius* or the *Grave-digger*. Ben Jonson and his companions at the Mermaid would not have known their old friend Will in his new disguise. The modern Roscius would have scouted the halting player. He would have shrunk from the parts of the inspired poet. If others were unlike us, we feel it as a presumption and an impertinence to usurp their place; if they were like us, it seems a work of supererogation. We are not to be cozened out of our existence for nothing. It has been ingeniously urged, as an objection to having been Milton, that "then we should not have had the pleasure of reading Paradise Lost." Perhaps I should incline to draw lots with Pope, but that he was deformed, and did not sufficiently relish Milton and Shakspeare. As it is, we can enjoy his verses and their's too. Why, having these, need we ever be dissatisfied with ourselves? Goldsmith is a person whom I considerably affect, notwithstanding his blunders and his misfortunes. The author of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, and of *Retaliation*, is one whose temper must have had something eminently amiable, delightful, gay, and happy in it.

"A certain tender bloom his fame o'erspreads."

But then I could never make up my mind to his preferring Rowe and Dryden to the worthies of the Elizabethan age; nor could I, in like manner, forgive Sir Joshua—whom I number among those whose existence was marked with a *white stone*, and on whose tomb might be inscribed "Thrice Fortunate!"—his treating Nicholas Poussin with contempt. Differences in matters of taste and opinion are points of honour—"stuff o' the conscience"—stumbling-blocks not to be got over. Others, we easily grant, may have more wit, learning, imagination, riches, strength, beauty, which we should be glad to borrow of them; but that they have sounder or better views of things, or that we should act wisely in changing in this respect, is what we can by no means persuade ourselves. We may not be the lucky possessors of what is best or most desirable; but our notion of what is best and most desirable we will give up to no man by choice or compulsion; and unless others (the greatest wits or brightest geniuses) can come into our way of thinking, we must humbly beg leave to remain as we are. A Calvinistic preacher would not relinquish a single point of faith to be the Pope of Rome; nor would a strict Unitarian acknowledge the mystery of the Holy Trinity to have painted Raphael's *Assembly of the Just*. In the range of *ideal* excellence, we are distracted by variety and repelled by differences: the imagination is fickle and fastidious, and requires a combination of all possible qualifications, which never met. Habit alone is blind and tenacious of the most homely advantages; and after running the tempting round of nature, fame, and fortune, we wrap ourselves up in our familiar recollections and humble pretensions—as the lark, after long fluttering on sunny wing, sinks into its lowly bed!

We can have no very importunate craving, nor very great confidence, in wishing to change characters, except with those with whom we are intimately acquainted by their works; and having these by us (which is all we know or covet in them), what would we have more? We can have

no more of a cat than her skin; nor of an author than his brains. By becoming Shakspeare in reality, we cut ourselves out of reading Milton, Pope, Dryden, and a thousand more—all of whom we have in our possession, enjoy, and *are*, by turns, in the best part of them, their thoughts, without any metamorphosis or miracle at all. What a microcosm is our's! What a Proteus is the human mind! All that we know, think of, or can admire, in a manner becomes ourselves. We are not (the meanest of us) a volume, but a whole library! In this calculation of problematical contingencies, the lapse of time makes no difference. One would as soon have been Raphael as any modern artist. Twenty, thirty, or forty years of elegant enjoyment and lofty feeling were as great a luxury in the fifteenth as in the nineteenth century. But Raphael did not live to see Claude, nor Titian Rembrandt. Those who found arts and sciences are not witnesses of their accumulated results and benefits; nor in general do they reap the meed of praise which is their due. We who come after in some "laggard age," have more enjoyment of their fame than they had. Who would have missed the sight of the Louvre in all its glory to have been one of those whose works enriched it? Would it not have been giving a certain good for an uncertain advantage? No: I am as sure (if it is not presumption to say so) of what passed through Raphael's mind as of what passes through my own; and I know the difference between seeing (though even that is a rare privilege) and producing such perfection. At one time I was so devoted to Rembrandt, that I think, if the Prince of Darkness had made me the offer in some rash mood, I should have been tempted to close with it, and should have become (in happy hour, and in downright earnest) the great master of light and shade!

I have run myself out of my materials for this Essay, and want a well-turned sentence or two to conclude with; like Benvenuto Cellini, who complains that, with all the brass, tin, iron, and lead he could muster in the house, his statue of Perseus was left imperfect, with a dent in the heel of it. Once more then—I believe there is one character that all the world would be glad to change with—which is that of a favoured rival. Even hatred gives way to envy. We would be any thing—a toad in a dungeon—to live upon her smile, which is our all of earthly hope and happiness; nor can we, in our infatuation, conceive that there is any difference of feeling on the subject, or that the pressure of her hand is not in itself divine, making those to whom such bliss is deigned like the Immortal Gods!

TRAVELLING PARTICULARITIES:

No. II.

Calais, Sept. 1, 1827.

IN my last I promised to complete my picture of Calais, by a glance at its means of amusement. They are slender enough to be sure, if they are to be measured by those of Paris or London. But the truth is, Time may be killed with more or less difficulty, according to the strength we suffer him to acquire, and his consequent influence and command over us. In Paris and London he is immortal—lying *perdu*, however, under the alias of *ennui*. In those places we are for ever combatting him, with weapons of all possible descriptions, from the club of Hercules to the distaff of Omphale: and yet he lives and triumphs over us still. But *en province* it is different. There, a billiard ball, however awkwardly projected, upsets him in a moment; the rattle of a dice-box on a backgammon-board scares him away like a "guilty thing" (as he is); as for a dance on the green sward, he dares not come within the sound of its music; and a shot at a partridge, even if it miss its mark, kills *him* on the spot. The theatre of Calais is not a San Carlos; its "Vauxhall" is innocent of "dark walks," and very sparingly furnished with light ones; the admission money to the most *recherchés* of its *bals parés* does not exceed twenty *sous* for "Cavalier et Dame;" its public promenades are confined to the wooden pier, where you are in momentary danger of being pitched into the sea by the winds; and the market-place, where you are equally at the mercy of the sun over head, and the knubby stones under foot: and as for private parties, dedicated to the delights of tea and tittle-tattle—you might as soon expect to be asked to a christening at the North Pole. And yet, I will venture to say, that *ennui* is utterly unknown here, except as a traveller to and fro, in English landaus, and German calèches, where he sits snugly installed in the vacant corner, visible enough to all but the unhappy patient, whom he is staring full in the face, and who has come all this way from home on purpose to avoid him. The reason is, that, like food and population, our imaginary wants increase in a "geometrical ratio" to our means of supplying them, and we grow poor in the one in proportion as we wax rich in the other.

But a truce to reflection and philosophy. I promised (myself), at the outset of these letters, that I would, for once, utterly eschew the enticements of the above-named syrens, and confine myself to facts and descriptions alone—leaving you to draw inferences, and form opinions, for yourselves. This, you are to observe, is what I propose and intend to do, during our future communications together. But I have so long been accustomed to throw the bridle upon the neck of my pen, and let it wander at its own free will through whatever flowery fields, green lanes, and pathless commons, it could make its way into, that it can hardly be expected to take very kindly to the turnpike track of mere truth, or the iron rail-road of regular description. Whenever, therefore, it does chance to wander into any of the by-ways in which it has hitherto been permitted to disport itself, you will be kind enough to accept whatever it may happen to pick up there (fruit, flowers, or mere weeds, as the case may be), as a sort of *blessing*, over and above what is your due, as per agreement between us. In a word, though all that I engage to supply you with, in regard to the places I may visit in my desultory wanderings, is that plain, positive, and complete *information* which (we have so long agreed

together) is not as yet to be met with in print, you must not be surprised or angry if I should happen to be entertaining into the bargain. I will of course do my best to avoid any such accident! But I doubt if even our friend C—— himself could contrive to give a *bonâ fide* account of any real place known by name only to the readers or hearers of such account, without being for once in his life both amusing and instructive;—so disposed and apt is the human mind to acquire knowledge, and so willing and easy to be pleased where any thing in the shape of novelty is offered to it.

It must be a poor town, indeed, in France that cannot boast its *salle de spectacle*. Calais has one, which the critical Calicots of Paris, I dare say, turn up their noses at, when they pass through on their occasional visits to London. But a very tolerable share of amusement may be extracted from it nevertheless: for if its artists are not quite competent to give due effect to the master-pieces of Racine and Moliere (which the classical tastes of their *abonnés* compel them occasionally to attempt), they can at least get through, with becoming spirit, the delightful little *vaudevilles* of M.M. Scribe, Desaugiers, &c, with which the French stage so abounds, and which, in fact, *play themselves*. They have one actor, however, at the Calais theatre, who must not go unnamed, in a description which professes to point out all that is worth particular notice in the place to which it refers. For dry, easy, and unaffected humour of the *low* kind, there are very few actors, either in Paris or elsewhere, who exceed M. Plante. His *Frontins*, and that class of characters, have not the liveliness and spirited impudence of Potier, or even of Laporte, or, among ourselves, of Jones and Wrench; and his *Jocrisses* are without the almost affecting simplicity and truth of Brunet. But his manner, in whatever he does, is quite his own; and his quiet, unpretending, but at the same time rich and racy drollery, is infinitely entertaining. Perhaps the way in which the talents of Plante make his performances stand out from those with which they are associated, induces me to estimate him rather more highly than he deserves: but I confess that he has amused me more than any of the Paris actors—always excepting the very best; such as the two I have named above, and Joly, Perlet, &c.

The Calais theatre is but little frequented—probably on account of the inferiority of the performances generally; for there is no denying that the French, even *en province*, have an excellent taste in theatrical matters, and are not to be put off with any thing very inferior, at whatever price it may be offered to them. But the Calais theatre is by no means cheap, compared with those of Paris. The lowest price is the standing parterre, which is seventy-five cents.; and the best boxes are about half a crown.

Next in attraction to the theatre of a French town are its cafés; and these are numerous in Calais, and, at certain hours, thronged with company. With one exception, they are each frequented by all classes; and dominos, backgammon, and *écarté* are the amusements of all, with the addition of billiards in many. But at the Café le Grand (rue de Havre), you seldom meet with any but the better sort of the bourgeoisie of the town, and the resident English. Here, and here only (among the cafés), an English paper may generally be seen—but not with any thing like regularity, and only the *Courier* and *Bell's Messenger*. The reading-rooms (of which there are at present two) are better supplied, though not much, and quite regularly. Here you have the *Morning Herald*, *Courier*, and *Galignani's Messenger*; the chief French papers; and some of the

English magazines and reviews, *viz.* the *Quarterly, Monthly Magazine,* and the *New Monthly.* The most frequented of the reading-rooms is that at the bookseller's (I forget his name) in the rue Royale, at whose house our celebrated countryman, Brummel, is domiciliated. The other is at a boarding-house lately established in the rue du Soleil. At each you pay six francs a month, or half a franc by the single day. The boarding-house I have just mentioned is a great convenience to Calais. It is frequented by some of the most reputable of the English, who are treated with comfort and respectability for about a guinea a week. Another convenience, of a similar kind, has just been supplied to the inhabitants of Calais, in the form of a tolerable *restaurant,* where you may dine, &c. *à la carte,* or at so much per head. Until this and the boarding-house were established, the "single gentlemen" of Calais, both native and foreign, were sorely put to it to procure a decent dinner, &c., for a moderate price; for to get any such thing managed for you in a private house is utterly inconsistent with French habits; and there was no alternative but dining at one or other of the rather expensive *table d'hôtes* at the different hotels, or going without—an expedient which, I believe, not a few were in the habit of adopting. Now, however, to "live like a gentleman," as the phrase is understood in Ireland, comes within the means and the inclination even of an Irish half-pay captain; that is to say, you may lodge in comfort for twenty francs a month, breakfast for fifteen sous, dine (off "soupe, trois plats, dessert, pain à discretion, une bouteille de vin, and idem de bierre!") for two francs; and pass the rest of the day in "the best society of the place," for the price of a *demi-tasse* or a *petit verre.* Accordingly, since the above arrangements have been completed, Calais has begun to enjoy the patronage and protection of the class of persons just named; and, if it should continue to increase in favour with them as it has done of late, Bath and Cheltenham may soon have to rejoice in what most of their visitors will consider a very happy deliverance.

Though the numerous religious ceremonies, processions, fêtes, &c. that take place in a French town may fairly enough be reckoned among its amusements, both in their object and their effect; yet, as they are common to all towns, and for the most part coincident with each other, I must not let them form part of an account which is intended to notice peculiarities chiefly. It only remains, therefore, to mention the fair of Calais, which is held twice every year, and lasts nine or ten days each time. There is no better policy in rulers than that of letting the inhabitants of every considerable town have a period of this kind always before them to look forward to, and never a too distant one; which twelve months is. That which is not to happen till twelve months hence might almost as well not happen at all, whether it be for good or for evil. The French manage to be never without a fête or a fair in their heads, because they never have too long a period to look forward to without one. Nevertheless, with all their liveliness and love of amusement, a French fair is not so lively and amusing a thing as an English one, either to those who take part in it, or to a mere spectator. That of Greenwich, on Easter Monday, is as much superior to its French *pendant*—that of Saint Cloud, on the Fête of St. Louis—as the scene is at which it is held. If the English are somewhat too serious and business-like in their mode of taking their amusements, the French are as much too genteel. "Les règles" must, on no account, be overstepped, even in the regions of mere fun and farcing. Any couple who should take it into their heads (or

heels) to roll down the artificial mount in the gardens of St. Cloud—as scores of the lads and lasses do down the natural one in the park at Greenwich—would be taken to the Hôpital des Fous immediately they reached the bottom.

The summer fair of Calais begins the third week in July, and the winter one in February. It is held in the Grand Place, and consists of two double rows of booths, running the whole length of the open space, and numerous other detached ones, which are confined to one corner, in order to leave the rest of the Place open for the Saturday and Wednesday's market. The four regular lines of booths are devoted entirely to the sale of fancy articles of various kinds—including all the infinite number of little nothings in which French taste and industry are so prolific. The taste and style in which some of these booths or shops are fitted up, and the splendour and expense of the articles offered for sale in them, will astonish the traveller whose experience in fairs has been confined to those of England. He will see, at one booth, a display of Parisian clocks (those useful elegancies, in which the French stand altogether unrivalled), which the joint stocks of half a dozen of the best shops in London could not parallel. In another, a shew of jewellery that would not disgrace the Palais Royal. In a third, a choice of porcelaine from Sevres and Limoges, that no prudent English husband would trust his wife within sight of; for though I can believe that, if any where, it is among our own fair countrywomen that Pope's *beau-ideal* of female temper may be found realized (I mean when he imagines one who is "mistress of herself *when china falls*") ; yet I can *not* believe that there is one who is mistress of her purse and her prudence in the presence of a boundless choice of Sevres porcelain—especially at the prices at which it will be offered to her here.

But, by far the most amusing places in this department of the Calais fair are the *vingt-cinq sous* shops—inventions peculiarly French; where numberless articles, of every kind that the most fertile fancy can suggest—whether appertaining to the useful, the ornamental, or both, or neither—are offered for sale, all at the same price, of twenty-five sous, or one shilling. He must be a very poor, or a very parsimonious lover, indeed, who is not happy to have an opportunity of giving his mistress her choice, among a whole magazine of pretty knick-knacks, for a price like the above. Accordingly, all the little *cadeaux* that are interchanged in the course of the year, are reserved till these periods;—

> "And those *give* now, who never gave before;
> And those who always gave, now give the more."

Among the booths for dramatic and other entertainments, are of course to be found the usual variety—including the proper assortment of belles sauvages, white black-a-moors, giants, dwarfs, mermaids, and such-like pleasing monstrosities. A most edifying example of the state of religious feeling prevalent in France at this time, presented itself at the Calais fair of this year, just concluded. Among other exhibitions, to be seen for the price of two sous, was one, professing to represent the "*Vie, Passion, Mort, and Resurrection de Notre Seigneur J. C.*"!—And, moreover, the outward and *gratis* attraction that was used to collect an audience, and set forth, (as by a figure), the superior merits and attractions of "that within," was a puppet-show of the liveliest and wittiest class,—which is saying a great deal, here in France, where liveliness and obscenity are convertible terms.

You know it is not so much the object of these letters to supply you with a mere *travelling* manual, as it is to afford you the kind and quantity of information which is only to be acquired by a more or less protracted *residence* in the places to which they refer. The former (such as they are) may be got at every bookseller's shop, in every town, in every country of Europe; each of the thousand and one being not only the best extant, but moreover absolutely perfect in its kind, and already at its "thirtieth edition!" But the sort of information you seek, and which I am anxious to supply you with, is still a desideratum, and I have just been considering whether, being intended for your permanent, and not merely momentary, use, it should include a comparative estimate of the different inns and hotels, in the various places to be described. At first, I thought these should be passed over, as matters interesting to the mere traveller alone; but they form so important and characteristic a feature of every noticeable place, that you could assuredly gain no complete and satisfactory impressions from any descriptions which should exclude them: to say nothing of *this* being, above all other particulars, that in which the ordinary guides and vade-mecums fail—probably because it is of all others the most important for ordinary travellers to be informed of. For example, opening as good a Guide through France as I have ever met with, (dated 1827,) and turning to the first three considerable towns that occur, I find myself *guided* as follows, in regard to the choice of hotels:—*(Calais.)* "Hôtels—*de Bourbon*—bains considérables—près du port:—La noblesse Anglaise and Française descend dans cet hôtel.—*Dessin*—un des plus beaux du royaume, et peut-être de l'Europe entière;—*Quillacq*—on y trouve réunis tous les genres d'agrément."—*(Dunkerque.)* "Hôtels—du Chapeau Rouge—du Nord." *(St. Omer.)* "Hôtels—d'Angleterre—l'ancienne Poste."—The natural and necessary inference from this is, that the hotels here named are at any rate the only ones that can safely be recommended to the traveller—and, from any thing that appears to the contrary, they are literally the only ones. But how is the truth? Why thus,—that the three hotels named at Calais, are the only ones that should be studiously *avoided* by all, who, if they do not travel in their own equipages, would avoid paying extravagantly for being treated with neglect;—and that of those named at St. Omer and Dunkerque, one is the very worst in the place, and two of the others have no existence at all!—while, in the three places, more than a dozen have been left un-named, every one of which called for a brief estimate, in a work addressing itself to as many different classes of readers, each of whom must be supposed to be seeking a "guide" to that particular resting place, best suited to his means, habits, and inclinations. All this has made me determine to give you a comparative estimate of every hotel I can find—of course stopping short of those mere cabarets where "*on loge à pied*" only: not pretending to settle (as the guide makers do) which are suitable to their readers, but furnishing you with the means of judging of that for yourself.

Dessin's (in the rue Royale) is undoubtedly entitled to rank as the first hotel in Calais—but as certainly not the *best*, the latter title being due rather to those which supply you with all that Dessin's can, and in as complete a manner, and are content to do so without exacting an extravagant price for it. Dessin's is a very capital establishment of its kind, though certainly not answerable to its reputation, as one of the finest in Europe. It may have been so, but it is not now. Like the "Sentimental

Journey" which so spread its fame, it is somewhat passé. This may perhaps account for its extravagant charges, which its diminished vogue may render necessary. But be this as it may, two francs for a plain breakfast, six for merely a tolerable dinner, and four or five for a bed, are prices ridiculously beyond the mark—I mean here, on the continent—where, I will venture to say, they are not charged at any other place whatever, out of Paris. Nevertheless, to those who can well afford it, the stately rooms, splendid furniture, and altogether characteristic arrangements of this place, are well worth paying for a sight of, by those who for the first time set their foot on foreign ground.

Next to Dessin's, in point of selectness, is the Bourbon, situated in an out of the way street, rue Eustache St. Pierre.—It is not conducted with any thing like the decorum of Dessin's, and there is none of that air of grandeur which distinguishes the other; but its rooms are furnished with every elegance consistent with comfort, and its charges are as moderate as they need or ought to be—since, if all the hotels of a much-frequented place were to charge no more for their accommodations than exactly what they could *afford* to supply them for, the slightest superiority of outward appearance, or of treatment, would attract *all* travellers, to the manifest inconvenience of all, and would put an end to that distinction which wealth, and a free disposal of it, has a right to command. But there should be a reasonable limit put to that distinction; and the *agrémens* of life may be purchased at too dear a rate. I had rather pay five shillings for a slice of broiled salmon and a rump steak off silver, in a well-appointed coffee-room, than half that sum for the same off crockery in a chop-house, in company with bank clerks and "law students"—even though the viands may be as good and as well dressed in the latter case as in the former;—but if I am to pay seven and sixpence, or ten shillings, then I shall assuredly put up with the inferior arrangements, and the "table talk" which I must fain hear into the bargain.

Quillacq's (rue Neuve) is the next in reputation to the Bourbon, and deserves to be at least on an equality with it. It is larger, more airy, more lively, and more *French*—which latter is a point in its favour. Its charges are about the same—less rather than more. These three hotels must be reckoned as first-rate; and those who travel in any other mode than by post, will do well to avoid the two first-named of them; since they will pay about a third more than elsewhere, only to be treated with neglect.

At the head of the second-rate hotels of Calais, I must place Meurice's (rue de la Prison;) and at the head of *all*, for those travellers, among the middle classes, who visit France for once, to see what they cannot see elsewhere. Meurice's is a perfect specimen of a *French* auberge, with its public salon, its table d'hôte, its open cuisine, its diligences, coming and going, its rude, red-skirted filles de chambre, and all its various items of entertaining novelty.

On about the same level with Meurice's, is the Hôtel Royal, (rue de la Duchesse de Kingston,) kept by a Frenchified Englishman—which is, and ought to be, an abomination in the eyes of both English and French. His hotel, however, is tolerably well conducted, and affords every comfort at a moderate price. The *cour* (that pleasant appendage to all large french inns) is more pleasant to me—with its vines spreading everywhere over the walls, and its little boxed-in garden round two sides of it—than any other in Calais: though I should like it still better with the nice old-fashioned addition of an outside gallery to the chambers on the first floor.

The Couronne is a comfortable little hotel, close to the port; and the Hôtel de l'Europe (rue Royale), one of the same class, equally comfortable and economical. At either of these, the traveller who is not over fastidious, will find all his wants amply provided for. If, however, he is more "nice than wise," or, above all, if there are "ladies in the case," let him, as a general rule, eschew all inns but the very best—understanding thereby the dearest. Indeed, in the case of ladies being of the party, he will of course travel post; and then, "the best inn" always *is* the best: I say "of course"—for it may be taken as another rule of continental travelling, that an English female, above the condition of a livery-stable keeper's wife, or a lady's maid, must on no account set her foot in a public conveyance: for if one axiom, appertaining to the metaphysics of general morals may be learned here sooner than any other, it is this—that a very high share of external polish and refinement, is in no degree incompatible with a coarseness and vulgarity of mental habits and constitution, little above those of savage life. Not professing to be a connoisseur in such matters, I will not deny that the French are the most polite people the world ever knew. But this I will say, that if an Englishman were to address the same kind of talk to a figure dancer behind the scenes of our theatres, as I have repeatedly heard pass in the public vehicles, and at public tables in France, he would not only deserve to be kicked into the street, but would be very likely to meet with his deserts.

On about a level with the Couronne and the Hôtel de l'Europe, is that of *London,* lately fitted up and opened by a Hollander with an unsightly name. The only objection that need be made to this hotel is on the score of its name, which tempts me to offer you one more rule to travel by:—never, (while there are others open to you,) enter the doors of an inn, the *sign* of which includes a compliment to *your* country or countrymen at the expense of its own. Put down, therefore, in your *index expurgatorius,* all such agnomens as, "de Londres"—"d'Angleterre"—"des Isles Britanniques"—"d'Albion," &c.

Consistently with my object in the above comparative estimate of the hotels of Calais, I might safely pass by all the rest in silence. But that my sketch may be complete in this particular, I will add, that in the rue de la Tête d'Or, there is a hotel, (the Albion,) kept by an Englishman, who has at least the merit of retaining all the bluntness and bonhommie that he brought with him from England, as a gentleman's gamekeeper. Those who come to France for the purpose of seeing how near it can be made to seem like England, may dine at the "ordinary" of honest John Cullen, off fillet of veal and ham, or roast beef and plum pudding, as comfortably and profusely as they can at the farmers' table of a market town in their own country—and rather more cheaply. Finally, there is a Hôtel de St. Louis, and a Hôtel de l'Union, both of about the same quality as that just named;—but the first is French, and consequently, (being in France) to be preferred before the other two.

Such is Calais—a little town well worth seeing, and pleasant enough to live in for a month or a summer; but not very well adapted for the permanent residence of those who seek either economy or retirement—since its extreme facility of access from England, makes it at once a constant scene of change and bustle, and the dearest town in all France, Boulogne alone excepted; to say nothing of those *mauvaises sujets* of our immaculate country, of which the same cause makes it the temporary receptacle.

THE MAJOR AND MYSELF.

" Life is illusion: else my heart had borne
The feelings at this moment, which it bore
In youth's warm noon."—ANON.

As I have nothing better to do, it is clear that I cannot do better than get rid of a few melancholy hours, by a fond recollection of past events; wherein I have (it has so happened) been a chief feature. In these recollections, I find a great deal to congratulate myself upon, but very little for which I can, with any consistency, affect gratitude. My vices have been, and are, not worth mentioning; my virtues I do not care to speak about. It is well said, " Virtue is its own reward;" but it is not well that it should be so.

I was, it has been told me, an extraordinary child; giving early indications of a wonderful precocity of intellect and fertility of imagination, which soon discovered itself in harmless and pleasant conceits of shifting facts occasionally, but innocently, from my own proper shoulders to the backs of others. How soon did I scout, nay, utterly contemn, those absurd chronicles of the nursery, narrated by its venerable occupant!—how soon set at nought the rule of that garrulous woman! Nor did my youth belie the promise of my infancy. Suffice it, that to the prodigality of nature was superadded the liberal endowment of art.

And here I cannot but suspect that many of my qualifications have rather tended to pluck me back in my progress through the world. Thus, my knowledge of billiards was not very cheaply purchased, by being compelled to place into thorough repair the ruined limbs of a helpless marker, whom I casually cast out of the window.

My advancement in the science of fencing was sullied, if not retarded, by a silly accident. I chanced, inadvertently, to dig out with my foil the sinister orb that figured in the countenance of my gigantic friend, Lieutenant Jacks—an orb, I was afterwards apprized, never failing at an ogle—fatal in point-blank encounter. Alas! Lieutenant Jacks was never after held in any account by the ladies, who looked upon him with as much indifference as upon that domestic Polyphemus—a bodkin.

My skill in swimming ofttimes seduced me to the treacherous deep. Caught by the leg, as in a vice, by a cramp-tortured tyro, I have been fain to

" Visit the bottom of the monstrous world,"

toe in digit, and have been grateful, indeed, to emerge by hook or by crook of the Humane Society. Drowning persons do not " catch at straws," whatever some may affect to believe.

The Major and I were, in all respects, precisely similar—in taste, habits, person—exactly alike. The Major was that very man whom it pleased Providence to allot to me for a maternal uncle; and truly the relationship was immediately discernible. But our intercourse was kept up in a spirit of companionship and equality, which something scandalized our friends. We were sworn brothers in all parties—rivals in love; forever dining at the same table—not unfrequently rolling together under it.

The Major was a tall, loosely-arranged man, with a figure susceptible of every variety of movement and contortion. His face was like the ingenious apex of a carved walking-stick; his arms, like grappling-irons. Then his legs seemed attached to his body by way of special favour—extra appendages, borrowed "by the hour;" and the feet belonging to these legs looked like continuations of the same at right angles, or as though Nature had doubled them down, to mark where she had left off. Ladies would have called him an ordinary—others thought him an extraordinary—man.

Now the Major was a vast favourite with the ladies; and I do not wonder at it. He was a very Chevalier Bayard of the drawing-room—the perfect type of chivalrous devotion. His bow was literally the *ne plus ultra* of flexibility of manners. He was evidently *bent* upon making "both ends meet"—like a pinched annuitant upon the verge of Candlemas. For elegant flattery, tact, liveliness, anecdote, humour, and untiring perseverance, there was no one like him. For an eye, a sigh, a squeeze of the hand, or an appeal to the heart, I never heard of his equal. Perhaps I bear some resemblance to him in these matters.

Then could he dance immensely! Once put in motion, so astonishing was his vigour in that exercise, that you would have sworn there must be, not one, but many Majors—a legion in all parts of the room. In song, also, he was accounted great, though I have heard some who denied the purity of his taste. His voice was a bass and soprano at loggerheads—alternate roar and falsetto; now rumbling and tumbling helter-skelter down the scale; and anon leaping over the diapason, and turning sharp corners of sound (if I may use the expression) in the most delightful manner conceivable. Withal, he was a perfect gentleman.

The Major had been many years in India, from whence he returned touched slightly in the liver. It was far from delightful to hear, therefore, that his regiment was ordered off to Gibraltar shortly after his return. He found himself unable to coincide in this arrangement. "What!" he thundered, "chained to a rock, with the liver complaint—like that old pestilent ninny, Prometheus—not to be thought of!" And so he exchanged into another regiment, congratulating himself upon his prudence, and repeating the above pleasantry as an evidence of it. Classical, I admit, but hardly conclusive—more especially as the exchange was any thing but advantageous.

Being at college, I oft received intimations of the Major's health and proceedings from his own hand, some of which were of a peculiarly strange import; but I was not a little surprised, one morning, to receive an effusion, which instructed me that he (the Major) was contracted in marriage to a lady who—this fatal manuscript assured me—was violently prejudiced against—nay, who denounced me, as a worthless abettor and encourager of his faults, which she was about to eradicate. I was advised to pursue diligently my studies, and not to attempt, under pain of frustration, to thrust myself into their domestic tranquillity. The conclusion spake of a cessation of cash payments.

This effusion operated like a gemini of new-sprung spectres upon my nerves. As my eye reeled upon each successive word, the air became thick and clogged. I screwed the letter painfully up into my clammy palm; my respiration quickened in an irrational ratio, till at length it gave birth to a clamorous complaining scream, which lasted during the remainder of the intelligence. It was too evident, as I knew, by the

sign of the "crooked billet," that I was irretrievably marred, by which same token I despaired. And then, no more remittances! The thing

——"resolved itself into *a do.*"

I turned it over and over in my mind, till my brain took the hint, and began to turn likewise—but without avail.

I was thunderstruck. The Major married, and I unprovided for! That last thought went, like a flash of lightning, through all my empty pockets, and set fire to bills which already appeared waving in the hands of importunate beings, with faces lit up by a ruthless glare. What could I do but—as I did—order post-horses, and scamper across the country to the mansion of the Major, concocting affecting appeals, as I rolled along, to all the finer sensibilities of man's nature—nepotal affection, domestic tenderness, and what not; which I purposed to illustrate from the practice of the fabled Pelican; and, indeed, by instances carefully culled from natural history, well *worthy* of belief, but assuredly very incredible.

As I drew up the avenue, a prophetic gloom spread itself over the premises. A gang of geese, of the most melancholy breed, held their funeral course toward a sombre pond, and dropt, like substances of lead, into it. A rustic swain, leaning on reversed pitchfork, pursed up a brace of long lips, and created a tune of the wretchedest monotony; and the middle-aged aloe in front of the door looked more stiff and formal than ever. The servant who opened the door presented that index to the volume of his brain, a face, in which I read small emphatic meanings, as in a vocabulary; and the butler, as he advanced towards me, appeared, to my alarmed apprehensions, to be drawing down the corners of his mouth, even unto the waistcoat-pockets.

However, gaining courage from despair, I burst into the parlour, and, going upon my knees, demanded a blessing. Alarmed, not a little, by this abrupt genuflexion, the Major and his lady started from their chairs, and gazed, first at me and then at each other, dubiously, and in a manner that would have moved the rigid muscles (rigid in death!) of the unfortunate Miss Bailey herself, but which affected me not a whit. The Major took a pinch of snuff, as if preparing to metamorphose his hand into a fist; and my aunt-in-law tossed a nose, blue as the firmament, into the air, and muttered expressions of contempt and disgust.

"It won't do, Jack—it won't do!" said the Major, after a pause, with strange calmness. "Resume your perpendicularity, and vanish. You're not safe. Now, do go—Jack, my dear boy, go—or I'll throw you out of the window, you rascal, I will!" Saying which, *I* retired, and betook myself to the hall, in an agony of doubt, amazement, and fear. Here I paced wildly about, smiling grievously, and at intervals breaking forth with disastrously whimsical confessions of the gratification this treatment afforded me. Then did I arrange my frill, and pluck at my collar, till I nearly drew my shirt off my back; and kicked the chairs about, after a most ridiculous fashion.

Presently, the Major came oozing through the parlour-door, and, beckoning me to him, said confusedly, "Jack, you dog, you're not liked—abhorred, upon my soul! Therefore, make no (broken) bones of the matter, but return to college." And so, squeezing into my hand a small paper, he shrunk back. Now this was spoken so hurriedly, that I found it impossible to put in even an indefinite article edgeways;

argal, I was constrained to sneak off—pacified, in a measure, by observing a bank-note pendent from my fingers; and, stepping into the post-chaise, drove back again with even more speed than I came.

At college, I must confess, I derived great advantage from a perusal and diligent study of the ancients, and, upon the whole, tender my filial affection to Alma-Mater with a lively gratitude; but a greedy reception of certain philosophical dogmas, or a too implicit reliance upon them, did go far to dislodge that solid substratum of reason which should have lain over the too ductile imagination. Thus, by pursuing and adopting the visionary theory of Bishop Berkeley, I certainly vindicated my claim to the title of a lad of *spirit;* and, while I believed that "nothing is but what is not," forgot strait-waistcoats, and a monosyllabic keeper. I never cared to ask, because I suppose there were none to answer—

> *"An me ludit amabilis*
> *Insania?"*

and, in consequence, the wings of my imagination began to indulge in extraordinary flights—flights which quite carried away my head with them. Indeed, it was a physiological problem, whether I had not now become total head and wings; like a carved cherub over a grave-stone—all pinions and pericarnium!

But, just in time to avert the entire defection of my understanding, the Major appeared one morning before me; and, without much ceremony, explained in few words, thus—

"Jack, we must go to town together. You'll not have a farthing to bless yourself with or me; for—that rascally agent!" I scratched my head ruefully.——

"You are to learn, Jack, I did not marry for money. No,"—observing my incredulous grin,—"no! that's all settled upon her." I grinned not. "It was not my wish to step into the property; but to vault into her affections, Jack—to hop into her good opinion. Now the agent, in whose hands my property lay, has failed. What the devil's to be done?" Here was an announcement! I felt my fortitude hurrying away with my reason, at the rate of ten faculties a minute, and sank upon a chair, with a ghastly arrangement of mouth, intended for the production of an extended sound—which, however, came not.

"What the devil's to be done, I say?" bellowed the Major. "Shall we convict and hang the scoundrel—for such he is; and if not, why not?—Eh?" This emphatic "Eh?" violently contracted as it was in length of expression, roused me to a scene of acute mental anguish; but I was roused; and, heaving up a prodigious groan, which relieved me, prepared to counsel, and, all preliminaries arranged, to accompany my ill-fated uncle.

But the Major prepared to unlock those hidden gifts and graces of philosophy, whereof not the possession, but even the enjoyment and casual exercise, were previously unknown to me. Sooth to say, he did in timely exordiums,

> ——"unsphere
> The spirit of Plato,"—

and discovered immortal things—chewed in mental detail the bitter sweets of adversity—and touched and purified, with the tongue's fire, the loathsome malefactions of the world.

"Poverty—phew!" cried the Major; and he sang a stanza;—"poverty is the mere fact of being without—nothing more; a negation of means—the reverse of a settled income, do you observe? A positive condition of humanity, nevertheless. Poverty is the region of speculation——"

"Very true," I despondingly interrupted; but the philosopher has swallowed up the man. My dear sir, not poverty, but famine, is the word—philosophic famine, that supplies that desideratum in science—a vacuum.——Oh, Major!"

He was moved. I continued:—"You marvel—let us not wonder—our property is gone!" He strode violently towards the coach-office: I trotted briskly and busily after him. "Our destiny is fixed!"

"Hold your d—d croaking!" roared the Major.——

"We are ripe for the sickle, and shall be cut down and garnered; beggary and want shall enlist us, without the formulary or payment of a shilling, in

——'the grisly legion that troop
Beneath the sooty flag of Acheron.'

In a word—we shall go to the dogs, and be sent to the devil!"

Thus did I, by trope and figure, pour out the bitterness of my soul to my companion, who now perspired copiously, and coined new modes of expression and modifications of utterance in the effectual transmission of the agent's soul into the regions of Lucifer.

Immediately upon our arrival in town, the Major departed, blaspheming, to the office of the ill-starred insolvent; leaving me to order my solitary dinner at a tavern, to which he directed my attention.

It was a fine winter evening. The "well-dressed people" were passing the windows, with shawls over arms, and oranges in pocket, destined for the pit and gallery of the theatre; the boys, with ferocious voices, were presenting their bills; and the gentlemen of the ubiquitous finger were becoming possessed of bandanas "under prime cost."

There was no living creature in the coffee-room but myself. A full-length clock stood moralizing in one corner, with its hands upon its face; like a wine-bibber, stung with compunction for past offences. The very dog had betaken himself to the scullery, to be kicked about by the saturnine and extensive cook, by way of a change of life; and the waiters were lolling their egometical proportions on each side of the street-door.

Having succeeded in overcoming the patient resistance of the most obstinate pullet that ever stept out of egg-shell, and drank about a pint of a black mixture set before me, and called port, I grew excessively depressed—(I remember that evening well!)—and began to analyze, and curse, and continue to guzzle the wine, till my lips dyed black; and I looked, for all the world, like *Mr. Beverley* in the last scene. I suspect that the landlord mistook me for a rat that infested the place, and took this method of poisoning me.

Then there came into the room two individuals, who served to divert my attention awhile from my sorrows. They caused to be procured glasses of brandy and water, and it was astonishing to behold their prompt appropriation of them. But I soon grew tired of these swillers; nay, I seemed to wish to pick a quarrel with them—they looked so happy. There was one with a sort of orange-peel complexion and rhubarb-coloured wig, who talked in so low a key that I could not hear a word; and the

other was a mere fat occupier of space, who never spoke at all. But what particularly enraged me was, that these unintelligible words caused a violent laughter to distend the midriff of this fat one; but it was altogether a noiseless effort—save a finely-attenuated wheeze that, at intervals, escaped from its pectoral prison. They were not fits of laughter, but lethargies, during which he lay in a trance. But soon these went away, and left me to myself.

During this interval of solitude, my mind underwent wonderful alternations of feeling, which ended in comparative tranquillity. I became cheerful and composed—imagined castles in the air, and countenances in the fire—

"The ghastly colour from my lips was fled;"

and, in short, I was, to all intents and purposes, but my creditors, quite another man; so that, when my uncle came gasping in, about midnight, with a look like Jeremiah, and told me that all indeed was lost, I contrived to demean myself with decent resignation.

As for the Major, he worked his inside out, like a spider, to very little purpose. Seated before the fire, with his legs upraised upon the hob, and brandishing the poker, which he occasionally plunged between the bars, he expounded his private views upon the question.

"The villainous embezzler," quoth he, "set a heap of books before me, of which I could make neither head nor tail; and took me up stairs to see his starving wife and eleven 'little ones!'—a superhumanly immense brood!—each of whom, as I entered, flew off to another region. The wife pretty—but he a knave!" And thus he went on and on, till the candles fell into convulsions in the sockets, and the curious stare of the aye-yawning waiter reminded us of bed.

Here, between a pair of wonderfully wet sheets, I rheumatized till morning, when I

——"rose, like an exhalation,"

from my vapoury couch, and met the Major in the coffee-room, restored, by his night's rest, to his habitual good spirits.

We entered at once into a long conference touching future arrangements, when it was decided that I should remain in town—the Major vowing to exert his interest with his lady to permit my domestication under their London roof. In the meantime, he furnished me with a sum of money, and we parted—he to his own home, and I into the wide wilderssne of streets, in quest of lodging, which I procured.

To a young man just entering life, adversity is the pleasantest thing imaginable—for a short time: there is just enough of romance in the situations to render them interesting. We console ourselves with the "precious jewel in the head," and find out the precious value of the heels in a brief period. "No prospect!" says Reason;—"No matter!" says Sentiment. "*Facilis descensus Averni!*" and some enjoy an alacrity in sinking.

The Major and I now met less and less frequently. I have good reason to suspect that his domestic roof wanted repair—or, at least, he seldom made a segment of the family circle. He chiefly spent his time between his club and the Opera; and when he, by chance, stumbled upon me at the play or in the park, our conversation took a strangely general turn. Now and then, indeed, would he cast his eye mournfully upon my *fac-*

simile figure, with a sort of "*ingenui vultus puer*" comment, and break out with, "Egad, Jack, we must contrive something for you;" at which period I made interest for the supplies; but all serious debate was inevitably interrupted at its outset by some cursed mischance or another.

For my own part, my avocations partook equally of the sublime and the ridiculous. I hated mediums. I drank largely of Burton ale and metaphysics; at one moment, pouring over the philosopher of Malmesbury; at another, snoring over the details of a prosing incurable, twaddling behind a long and pallid pipe, with an asthma and eternity of tongue—and no snuff-box!

My leisure begot aspirations after better things—hopes and yearnings of the soul, which I am almost sorry to have parted withal. I fell in love at the theatre with a married woman, and looked like the "Last Man" for three days; during which I read Rousseau and Werter. I became a connoisseur in milliner's girls, and took to small poetry and the columns of the *Morning Post*;—nay, I might have written a tragedy, but for the difficulty of disposing of some of the unoffending interlocutors in the last act; unless by causing one of the characters to take offence at a trifle, and so give occasion for the promiscuous slaughter of the rest.

In the meantime I waxed melancholy, and took to crossing of arms and legs—opined that my talents were overlooked—and felt convinced that their diminutive extent was not the cause. I grew selfish and disagreeable, quarrelled with my landlady, and cut myself vilely in shaving. Then I succeeded in walking in my sleep, till I perineated a sky-light, and scared the maid-servant into hysterics, and the cat into the copper. Assuredly, I was in a pitiable state, and looked out, above all things, for the approach of death.

And now the Major was about to leave England, for India, with his regiment, once more. Any preference of his native land had long since been buried—a ceremony of interment, at which his lady had officiated as sexton; and *my* prospects alone occupied the intervening space.

We discoursed at large upon this topic the evening before his departure.——

"What do you think of the law?" I inquired.

"As of a gown and wig, which, in defiance of the proverb, you may keep for seven years without having any occasion for; unless you should, perchance, be employed to adjust the ownership of a mad dog at Clerkenwell sessions, and so forth."

"What say you to the army?"

"No, to that."——

"Marriage—with an heiress, or a rich widow?" and I tipped a very sagacious wink.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha——ah!" replied the Major, the final note thrilling like a passing bell; and, again, "Ha—ha——ah!" and straight he resorted to mandarin-like movements of the head, rockings of the chair, and extractions of the watch; but he answered never a word.

"No, Jack," said the Major, musing, "I'll speak about you to some of my friends before I go; they'll do something for you, never fear; we shall manage, never fear.—But it grows late."

I rose to go: he took the candle, and followed me down stairs. It was

raining inhumanly;—he handed me a kind of green sieve, fastened to a stick.

"God bless you, my dear boy, Jack!" said the Major, and wrung my hand; "I shall see you again."

I ran half the length of the street, and stopped. I looked back. The Major was still upon the door-steps, with the candle flaring in his hand. He turned, and went into the house.

I never saw him more!

One evening, as I sat dyspepsically at my accustomed box in the coffee-room, amusing my leisure by committing to memory the births, marriages, and deaths, and observing how ludicrously some of the first had slipped down into the third, since my last review of those interesting memorials;—I repeat, I sat thus employed, when my friend, Lieutenant Jacks (whom I have erewhile remembered), entered the room. To start up, and crush the paralyzed paw of that martial man, was the work of an instant; to compel him to a seat, the employment of another.

But Jacks drooped strangely—gloom, of the most decided character, overspread the inane diameter of that absurdly idiotic face; he sighed Æolianly—by gusts. What could he have to communicate? I knew he was just arrived from India;—probably a letter from the Major—for which I tendered my hand; but, having sorted to his satisfaction the figures of his rhetoric, Jacks ejaculated,—

"Jack, your uncle is—no more! A determination of bullets to the head, my dear fellow! Here are his watch, seals, and ring. I have communicated the intelligence to your aunt." He ended, mumbling, and formed grimaces hitherto unknown.

I saw him not—I heard him no longer—I answered him not. My heart was too full for endurance; and, covering my face, I dropt my head upon the table, and burst into an agony of tears.

All that the Major had done for me—all his kindness, his affection—rushed into my mind at once. Every kind and every unkind word he had ever spoken to me—but, more than all, my many follies and ungrateful returns of his generosity—all that might have caused a pang of disquietude to him—came, now that he could no longer be sensible of my regret, like the very retribution of the grave itself!

The Major was, in truth, the only one in the whole world for whom I had ever cared a rush. He was gone!

I have done. The portrait of the Major, as I conclude my last glass, seems to smile benignantly upon me. Yes—there was a happiness, unknown at the time, in those admirable retrenchments—those salutary withholdings of wealth, which I more than fear I may yet live to envy. Our very miseries, remembered, turn into motives and superinducements of happiness. In fact, the only happiness I now enjoy is the pleasing satisfaction of knowing how wretched I have been—a kind of enjoyment which, as far as appearances go, I think not unlikely to continue. Be it so! "Worse than the worst—content."

BISHOPS AND LAITY IN PARTIBUS INFIDELIUM.

WHAT is a bishop *in partibus*, of whom so much is heard in some parts of Europe? He is a canon, priest, prior, abbot, deacon, dean, superior, nuncio, legate, or other kind of ecclesiastic, whom the Pope determines to promote to the honours of the prelacy, without having a Catholic diocese to bestow, and on whom, therefore, he confers a bishopric in some heathen land *(in partibus infidelium)*, where there is sometimes not a Catholic soul to be found. "But how," said the unfortunate Montezuma, "can the Pope give away that which is not his own to bestow?" The objection was overruled, and proved absurd, by the sword of Cortes: and surely the Pontiff who could thus dispose of a whole continent, with all its empires, kingdoms, tribes, gold, and gods, can give an episcopal title to some ruin in Nubia, Palestine, or Mesopotamia, where there are no treasures to be plundered, and no rights to be usurped. His holiness is of course infallible, and therefore not liable to human caprices, otherwise we should think it not a little odd, that he should erect a mitred head, like a historical monument, among the ruins of Babylon or Persepolis, where there is not even a hermit, an *Agnus Dei*, or a crucifix to be seen, and refuse one to London, where we have so many rich chapels and devout worshippers. Why should the broken pillars of Tyre or Carthage have an archbishop, and the populous capital of England be limited to a vicar-general? Is it that the soul of a Catholic cockney is not of so much value as that of a wandering Arab, or a Mahometan bandit, who prowls among the ruins of these fallen cities?—or is it that the Pope, as head of the church, considers himself as much bishop of London as of Rome, and desires to honour the Catholic church of England by reigning over it himself, through the medium of his vicars?

However that may be, his holiness is resolved that the church *in partibus* shall not languish for want of pastors. A consistory was held at the Vatican some months ago, in which thirteen episcopal promotions or appointments took place. Of these thirteen, five archbishops and three bishops were nominated to charges *in partibus*. In the list we have an archbishop of Athens, an archbishop of Tyre, an archbishop of Nisibi, an archbishop of Thebes, and an archbishop of Nazianza; a bishop of Ascalon, a bishop of Imola, and a bishop of Jericho. Three of these have been honoured with a cardinal's hat; and probably as many more of the number, whom his holiness still retains *in petto*, may be advanced to titles as ancient, dioceses as venerable, and duties as laborious. We need scarcely mention that the episcopal functions of Tyre, Ascalon, and Jericho (possessing, as these cities do, no inhabitants), are not likely to embarrass the attention, or to overload the responsibility, of their right reverend guides; and that the spiritual improvement of their invisible flocks will occupy about as much of their cares, as if their diocese was one of the spots in the sun. To the uninitiated it might even seem uncertain, whether the Thebes which has recently been honoured with an archbishop, is Thebes in Bœotia, or Thebes in Upper Egypt, whose hundred gates are more talked of in history and poetry, than its religious establishments—

Ubi vetus Thebe centum jacet obrata Portis.

In the latter case, the venerable archbishop of Thebes will be, as to diocese, the near neighbour, perhaps the ecclesiastical superior, of the

bishop of Hermopolis, who directs a non-existent clergy, and feeds a non-existent flock, on the borders of Nubia, while he resides in Paris, and is known to Frenchmen as minister of public worship, and director of public education. Athens, we know, notwithstanding the good will of the Turks, has still a *few* inhabitants, and we can give no other reason why it should not have a Catholic prelate than this—that it has not a Catholic citizen. This, however, we allow, is an absurd objection, if we admit the archiepiscopal rights of Ninevah, which probably has not heard of the true faith since Jonah escaped to preach it from the whale's belly, and which most certainly never knew of the existence of the Pope, or the Roman consistory. This latter pious prelate, having no cure of souls in that extinct city, has lately undertaken the care of commerce; and has added to his title of Catholic archbishop of Babylon, that of French consul at Bagdad.

It would be interesting to see the ecclesiastical law of residence enforced in some of the cases above alluded to. It would be curious, for instance, to see the Bishop of Hermopolis, dressed in full canonicals, on his progress up the Nile to look for his diocese, rowed by a body of Copts and Abyssinians, bearing aloft in the boat the mitre and the crosier, displayed to profane eyes, and escorted by a guard of fanatic Mussulman soldiers from the Pacha of Egypt. It would be no less amusing to attend the venerable prelate of Jericho, accompanied by skilful Jewish antiquaries, while he endeavoured to discover amid heaps of brick or mounds of rubbish, the circuit of the walls which had been blown down by rams' horns in the time of the Judges, and the vestiges of buildings which composed the residence of his primitive flock. At Thebes, the newly created archbishop will be able to trace the extent of his diocese by the magnificent ruins of edifices, and the glorious remains of art; but where is the noble cathedral—where is the archiepiscopal palace—where are the rich stalls and fat livings which distinguished this historical charge? The care of the metropolitans of Tyre and Sidon would be still more deplorable. In addition to the difficulty of finding their diocese would be the danger of receiving an unceremonious visit from the Arabs of the desert, who might be disposed to pay little attention to their crosier or their character, provided they had any goodly apparel on their persons, or valuable coins in their scrip.

A Greek prelate, of the name of Bassiledes, calling himself Bishop of Carystos, in Eubœa, has lately published a pamphlet, in which he expresses great indignation that the Pope—who is only patriarch of the west—should assume the power of nominating to sees in Greece, and other places within the jurisdiction of the patriarch of the east. This Bishop of Carystos, in Eubœa, seems to have as much reason on his side as any man can have who contends against an infallible authority. What would the successor of St. Peter, for instance, say, if the Patriarch of Constantinople should take it into his head to nominate this Bishop of Carystos, in Eubœa, to the see of Rome, and erect the residence of our Lady of Loretto into a bishoprick for one of his chaplains? In order, therefore, to avoid all such unchristian collision between the chiefs of rival churches, we would humbly submit it a question for the consideration of the next consistory, whether it would not be better that ecclesiastical dignatories, with titular charges, should derive their designations from the system of the planets, the signs of the zodiac, or the constellations of the celestial chart, rather than from the debateable ground of ancient

monuments, or the *Doom's-day Book* of Eastern emperors. The Bishop of *Hermaston,* for instance, would sound as well as the Bishop of *Hermopolis;* and the Archbishop of Taurus would be as good a name for a prelate without a charge, as the Archbishop of Tyre. A spruce legate might then be raised to the see of *Venus,* and translated afterwards to *Mercury,* if occasion required — a *crabbed* vermin-covered Franciscan might be appointed to *Cancer;* and a superior of the Jesuits, filled with the *odium theologicum,* would find an appropriate bishopric in *Scorpio.* As the planets are said by astrologers (who ought to know most of the matter) to have *houses,* we see no reason why they should not also have clergy and bishoprics; and as they certainly never yet have been converted to the Popish faith, their bishops might still be called bishops *in partibus.*

We are so confident in the propriety of this recommendation, that we see no necessity for courting the support of any authority superior to our own; but we cannot help remarking, that a great astrologer, so celebrated in the works of Swift, under the name of Partridge, the Almanack-Maker, seemed to have had a glimpse of our system nearly a century and a half ago. In his *Annus Mirabilis,* published before the Revolution, we are told, that the planet Jupiter "personates *the clergy of nations,*" and that certain aspects of the upper hierarchy, in certain *houses,* portend depression or prosperity to "mother church and her babes." Surely, then, it would be more eligible for his holiness to appoint episcopal superintendents of those planetary *houses,* than to usurp heathen dioceses in Asia and Africa.

In the Council of Trent, where fierce disputes took place about the origin of the episcopal order and the limits of episcopal jurisdiction—where it was discussed with much interested zeal, and much learned obstinacy, whether bishops held their authority *jure divino, jure pontificio,* or *jure electiones*—and where the power of the Pope to balance the influence of a resident clergy by a prelacy with only titular rank, was often presented to the consideration of the assembly; many prelates, princes, and ambassadors, objected to the multiplication of Bishops *in partibus.* Secret opponents of the Pope called these bishops *episcopi vagabondi,** or vagabond bishops;—not, of course, that these holy fathers ever could be considered as *vagabonds,* in the modern sense of the word—but only that they had no fixed residence or local jurisdiction. Having no cure—no clergy—no episcopal temporalities, they received only a roving, or gipsy commission from the Vatican, to live by the hedge-rows or the high roads of the church;—which commission, as it was distributed by the Pope without any control, might be multiplied without any limit, or for any end.

In more recent times, we not only have bishops *in partibus,* but persons of all other classes of society, from kings and emperors, down to grooms and turn-spits. The Bourbons of Naples, as kings of Jerusalem, are kings *in partibus.* The little monarch of Sardinia wears, likewise, the crown of the Holy City *in partibus;* and the kings of England are still DEFENDERS of the (Catholic) FAITH, and long held the sovereignty of France *in partibus.* Was not the late King of Portugal, Emperor of Brazil, King of Africa and Jerusalem, by the same tenure? Is not

* Et quoniam nonnulli episcopi ecclesiarum quæ in partibus infidelium consistant, clero carentes et populo Christiano, cum vere vagabondi sint.

(Concilium Trid. Sess. XIV. Chap. 2.)

Ferdinand of Spain, at this moment, King of the Indies *in partibus*? Does he not, in this capacity, extend his potent sway over most of the American continent, from the rocks of Cape Horn to the Floridas—from the Atlantic to the Pacific? Does he not, in this capacity, plant his flag-staff on the highest pinnacle of the Andes, and command wherever the Castilian tongue is heard? Does he not, in this capacity, rule over five or six republican states, which innocently enough imagine themselves free and independent republics? Does he not, in this capacity, possess the property of all their mines and the monopoly of all their commerce? Is not the King of Spain, therefore, though very weak in his European dominions, one of the most powerful monarchs *in partibus* that ever existed? Far be it from us, on this account, to adopt the language of the Council of Trent, and call him a *vagabond* king, though we believe such a title has been treasonably whispered on the Exchange of London. Not to multiply examples unnecessarily, we may just mention, that the Knights of Malta are now Knights of that island *in partibus;*—that during the last twenty years, while the chapter of the order resided at Catania, in Sicily—and since it has transferred its seat of power to the states of the Pope in the north of Italy—it has maintained, and still maintains, its sovereignty *in partibus.* In the same capacity it may boast of a navy, and defend the Pope against the attacks of the Barbary corsairs.

Our readers must all remember how much Mr. Burke astonished the house of commons on the introduction of his economical bill, by the immense effects which he ascribed to the influence of the king's turn-spit being a member of parliament. Now the right honourable economist could not mean that this gentleman, after *turning* a majority in the house of commons, went home to the palace and *turned* a spit in the king's kitchen. The turn-spits, or *turn-broaches* (as they were formerly called), formed, at the time of Mr. Burke, a detachment of no less than eight persons, and turned spits in the king's kitchen—just as King Ferdinand rules the states of South America—by proxy. We find, out of the eight, in an old list of the royal household, two very appropriate names, *John Gutly,* and *Josiah Eatwell.* Whether it was a lineal descendant of the Gutlys, or the Eatwells, that possessed such distinguished parliamentary influence about fifty years ago, we do not know; but certain it is, that he must have been a turn-spit only *in partibus.* These must have been glorious days for *high life below stairs* at the palace, when a corps of two hundred persons superintended the making of the king's dinner—when grooms of the pantry subscribed themselves gentlemen—when purveyors of eggs and butter were denominated esquires—when a master cook was served by gentlemen yeomen—when there was an honourable deputy clerk of the deputy clerk of the second clerk of the kitchen—when scullions were paid like general officers, and turn-spits were members of parliament. Though the office of many of these worthy squires of the bake-house, the pantry, the poultry, the buttery, the kitchen, the pastry, the scalding-house and scullery, was *in partibus*—they happily had their living at home—and hence, no doubt, in allusion to our episcopal parallel, they were said to hold their appointments *without cure,* or sine cures.

Nor is this qualification confined exclusively to clerical professions and government offices. Many individuals, and even whole classes of men, hold their character, their fame, and their virtues, by a tenure *in partibus.* Are not the members of the Greek committee—the trustees for the Greek

loan—and the deputies from the Greek government, proved to be only patriots, comptrollers, and lovers of liberty, *in partibus infidelium?* It would be as difficult to point out the particular spot whence they derive their titular rank, as to find the diocese of the bishop of Jericho; but, judging of their fondness for talking, we should place it somewhere near the ancient BABEL, in a district which the moderns have designated by the name of Humbug. Hence too, the honesty of lawyers—the piety of troopers—the modesty of peers—the public spirit of placemen—the integrity of jockies—the disinterestedness of jobbers—the liberality of methodists—the humanity of slave-drivers—the chastity of players—the charity of churchmen—and the veracity of quacks. All these celebrated qualities, having only "a name," like the poet's "airy nothings," but not having yet found "a local habitation," may very properly be called, like the late promotions of the Roman Consistory, virtues *in partibus.*

LIFE IN THE WEST:

BY A FLAT, ENLIGHTENED.*

"Without *sharps*, as well as *flats*, we should have no music!"—ANON.

THIS is a useful book—because it shews people the ruts that lie in a particular road. But then it is enough to shew them that there *are* the ruts in the road: it is their own affair afterwards, if they choose to go it. Persecution—like popularity—always comes in a *pack*. Tie a bottle to any dog's tail—no matter what—and every cur that passes joins the cry. The gaming-house keepers—that is to say, the "sharps" generally—have been a very long time run down. Let us see if we could not manage to undertake their defence a little.

The sum of the whole story told, by the people who give hard names to No. 10, St. James's-street, or No. 9, in Bennett-street, is—that a great many people in the world who have *got* money are inoculated with a violent desire of *losing* it. Now—if there is such a thing as candour extant, we appeal to it—what mischief can there be in this? The man who ruins himself—be he who he may—whatever his private claims may be, is a *public* benefactor. Is it not written, that "if any ask the virtuous man for his cloak, he shall give him his coat likewise?" And—here is a Christian soul willing to add even his shirt; and we make an outcry, and say we won't let him!

He who helps the poor in this world—here is chapter and verse again!—lays up a store in heaven. Where shall we find a set of people more in want of help, than in the lobbies, and creeping about the tables—as it were to pick up the crumbs that fall from them—of gaming-houses? The appetites of the rogues!—our author here says——But let Mr. Abernethy speak! when was he called to a Greek that was suffering from repletion? The fit of their coats—people fancy that it is "stays;"—but it is the dinner that *stays*—that makes the set of the "waist:" and, or the other parts of the garment—by the time friends have been a

* Life in the West; or, the Curtain drawn: a Novel. Chapple, London. 2 vols. 12mo.

dozen years together, it would be hard if they could not find out each other's trim at last? The "condition" of the dogs is so exquisite too. Mark them! as they dodge about King's-place and Jermyn-street—as fine as greyhounds in the coursing season!—and as quick in the look-out too—particularly when they look behind them. For their ingenuity—need we go farther than their contriving to exist from day to day? There was one, well known upon the "turf," that, in a bad season, lived *nine whole weeks* upon a single neck of mutton! People used to say, (and truly enough, and be hanged to 'em!) when they met him, that he was trusting to "the bones" for a dinner. Why, a hundred pound bestowed among these poor souls—(we wish any of our readers could only once *see* a gambler's garret!)—might count for a thousand given away to others less in need: and yet we would make laws to prevent the devout from consulting their immortal welfare, by laying up such excellent provision!

In fact, is there not a mistake made altogether upon the subject of gaming? If a man finds life too short for his capacities, and desires to cram a year or two of existence—of commercial existence—trading, dealing—profit and loss—activity, variety—the only real existence—into one night—what right can legislation have—so that he be a *gentleman*—to interfere with him? If he be *poor*—"base, common, and popular"—then it becomes another matter. To the tread-mill with the villain!—as the Lord Mayor conveyed to Richmond, the black pugilist, who had been concerned in a "raffle" for a five-legged bull. Society can get nothing by his ruin; and the *parish* may be burthened with him. For—besides and moreover that—if the bull with the five legs himself had been included in the party sent to the tread-mill, he could have had at least one leg more than usual to aid him in performing the duties of it—the decision of the Lord Mayor was sound and philosophical. For gaming—in which it should be understood is comprised all "raffling,"—whether for bulls, belles, or bijoutrie;—all "racing," whether of horses, asses, grandfathers, uncles, snails, steam-boats, maiden aunts, Paddington coaches, or drops of water down a window;—"matches," whether to fight, wrestle, run, leap, shoot, swim, drink port wine, or eat legs of mutton, draw badgers, or marry old ladies—for matrimonial "matches" are included;—"betting," in all its branches—whether upon "first blood," "odd trick," the law, a lady's colour, the weather, or other matter perfectly incalculable; the rise of a stock, fall of a head, breadth of a street, length of a sermon, life of a ministry, a statesman's word, or such things transitory;—besides all cocking, punting, dicing, lifting, hiding the horse, drawing the straw, shaking the hat, odd or even, pricking the garter, putting the stone, flying the pigeon, counting the cats,* &c. &c. &c. &c.—Gaming, as the lawyer would say, is not *malum in se:* it is only *malum* as it regards its possible effect on the community. Then, if the poor man gamble, he loseth his time as well as his money; and the business which he has to execute in the world is neglected, and not

* "Counting the cats" is a "land" much practised by stage-coachmen; when a "young one" takes an inside place, and "comes Captain-grand" upon the box. In driving into a town, the "dragsman" offers his companion a bet, that "more cats are seen on a particular side of the way"—the right or left, as it may happen—before they arrive at the inn, or get out of the town, than on the other. The bet is sure to be won by the Greek, who takes, for *his* side of the way, the side on which the *sun shines:* the cats being always to be found on that side, basking and nursing themselves in the doors and windows.

attended to. But the rich man has *no business* in the world at all! and, for his *time*, the main study of his life is how he may most easily get rid of it. Again—if a poor man gamble, ten to one he drinks, and runs in debt. A lord drinks and runs in debt, whether he gamble or no. The poor man who gambleth at night, will sleep till noon. Why, reply we, as before—so will the lord, if he gamble or not gamble. He quitteth his spouse, and runneth after strange women. Why, ditto, ditto—the same answer comes again. Moreover, society has an interest in the poor man's preservation, which it cannot have in that of the rich: for the vices of the first bring down effective misery on himself and on his family, and expense upon the public at large. Now, if Lord A play against Lord B, what can happen to concern the public, but that the one will have so much the *more* money to waste in riot and dissipation, and the *other* so much the less! And—for the domestic evil—why, we fall from three carriages to one carriage—or to *no* carriage—but not to physical distress. —The Marchioness of Goose, and the Miss Gooses, are never found absolutely without bread or clothes, because my lord the Marquis is betting on the "Darby!"

Wealth, time out of mind, has had a *saving* faculty; and why not in this, as well as in other matters? The principle of the "Eric" exists in nature; and never was, nor ever will be, got rid of. Wealth buys a Protestant the right to commit sins on earth. It buys the Catholic—still better—indulgence and remission for sins hereafter. A poor man in Ireland would be damned if he were to eat fish on a Friday! A rich man pays the fine, and is saved—ready to be damned again—at his leisure. "Prisons," or "purgatory,"—a man, according to his locality, *buys* himself out of either! So let us hear no more, we entreat, about "one law for the rich, and another for the poor:" it is the fittest thing in the world that "where one man may not look over a horse, another should steal a hedge"—if he has got money to pay for it. And, for *protection*—we have nothing to do, on this earth, with *protecting* a man of forty thousand a year.—"The gods take care of Cato!"

This is incontestible and obvious—a man who games cannot be wronged: for either he desires to *win*, or to *lose*. And if he desire to win, he is a *trader*, and must take the chance of loss; and if he desires to lose, why then—he *hath his wish*, and should be content. Nothing is so true—and Mr. Jeremy Bentham (*"jurisconsulte"*) has proved it unanswerably, in his Defence of Usury—as that men should be left to judge of their own interests, in all transactions, and especially in all relative to money. Finally, there can be no reason for meddling with a lord who games; because—for *himself*—if he does not waste his property in that way, he will in some other. And, for the *commonwealth*, this is perfectly certain—that *it* can suffer nothing by the change of hands: for whoever the man is that has *won* the money, he cannot put it to a worse use than the man did that has *lost* it!

Therefore, so much for one side of this subject—which we flatter ourselves we have rather settled. And now for "Life in the West," which does a little take the other side—but which is a book that will have a sale; for it has the first property that ensures a call for a book now-a-days—it takes ground that is new; and the man knows what he is talking about that has written it. It is a book of golden instruction this, in the disguise of a novel! The "Young Squire's" best Companion at Doncaster; the "Freshman's" salvation, the day he reaches the University; Twenty-one shillingsworth of good counsel—cheap—to any junior member

of a mercantile firm, figuring for the first time at Epsom or Ascot, and not inclined to figure, for the last time, at the Old Bailey. It is experience made up into sixpenny doses, and every one of them worth a pound;—spoon-meat (for the nonce) that the babe of eighteen may swallow, and yet full of nutrition. It is a moral duty, as well as a pleasure, to extend the knowledge of a work like this. And, therefore—"Oyes! oyes! oyes!" all "Greens"—"Yokels"—"Sucklings"—"Sams!"—"they that have ears to hear, let them hear!" We shall begin with the frauds of the "Ring," exemplified in a sketch called "Pugilism—a cross!" which is one of the best sustained descriptions in the book.

The scene opens in Kensington Gardens, where a peer, a member of parliament, and an officer in the army, are considering the possibility of getting up a "fight" upon the "cross:" a speculation which, by this time, most of our readers will have some distant sort of acquaintance with. The excellent persons engaged in this discussion are called "Lord Hulse," "Mr. Friske," and "Captain Welldone;" but it would appear that these are not the names of the parties really glanced at—from some letters (very neatly introduced) in the first volume, between pages 160 and 171. After some deliberation, as to the means, and the *man*, the getting-up the fight is agreed on; and "Mr. William Wack'em" is to be looked for, and sounded on the subject.

Captain Welldone at night, went round to Tom Cribb's, Jack Randall's, and other sporting public houses, in search of Bill Wack'em; at length, he fell in with him at Tom Belcher's, where he was smoking his pipe, and quenching his thirst with large draughts of *heavy*. The captain took a seat, produced a segar, and had a glass of brandy and water. Bill espied him, and soon approached his table.

Captain Welldone, extending his hand to shake the thick, clumsy, and dirty one of Bill's,—"How are you, Bill?"

Bill Wack'em.—"How are you, master?"

Captain Welldone.—"Sit down, Bill. What are you drinking?"

Bill Wack'em.—"Heavy vet, master. Vill you drink vith me?"

Captain Welldone.—"Here's better luck to you, Bill," drinking out of a pewter pot. "Give me your mawley, Bill, you're a d—d fine fellow. It's a pity you don't do better. What will you take?"

Bill Wack'em.—"You are wery good. Some brandy and vater, master."

Captain Welldone.—"Tom, serve Bill Wack'em with a stiff glass of brandy and water."

Tom Belcher.—"Directly, your honour."

Bill Wack'em.—Ah! master, if I had any one to back me, I would start for champion. Vhy I threw my last master over, vas, because he didn't offer me enough, and vasn't libal. But I have been sorry for it never since."

Captain Welldone.—"If I could be sure you would now be true, I would try to persuade Lord Hulse to take you up."

Bill Wack'em.—"May* —— —— me, —— and ——, but I'd do the thing vhat's right. I'm —— if you may not depend on me."

Captain Welldone.—"Well, don't say a word to any one. Be about the first turnpike on the Uxbridge road, at one o'clock to morrow without fail, and we'll see if we can't make up a match for you."

Bill Wack'em.—"I'll be punctual, master."

Captain Welldone put into Bill's hand a sovereign, and took his leave.

The next day Lord Hulse, accompanied by Captain Welldone and Mr. Friske, drove alone the Uxbridge road in a job carriage, and picked up Bill Wack'em. They continued the route, and at length drove down a by-lane to

* "The horrible and disgusting imprecations so much used among these fellows, are, of course, omitted."

the left, till they came to an obscure public house, standing back from the road-side, where they stopped. According to their desire, they were ushered into a private room. Wine and cold lamb were soon after served up.

Lord Hulse.—"Come, Bill, take a glass of wine. I'm d—d sorry to see you look so seedy. It's time you did something for yourself, and recovered your fame. If you can make a good match and do the right thing, I'll come forward with the bustle. Act like a man this time; I'll always stand by you, and you shall never want for a friend."

Bill Wack'em.—"I nose vhat sarvice a good friend is to von of our professun, so ——— and ——, if I don't do my best for you vichever vay you like, master?"

Captain Welldone.—"I said you would, Bill."

Lord Hulse.—"Well, I want you to fight a good cross. You must stand a little more beating than you did the last time, Bill, so as to make a good thing for yourself, and future confidence with the Fancy. It must appear a neck and neck heat between you—any body's battle; you understand me, Bill?"

Mr. Friske.—"It must be done naitly, or not at hall, Bill.

Bill Wack'em.—"It shall, masters."

Lord Hulse.—"You must work it into fifty or sixty rounds, and be a good hour before you give in. Don't let any one know who are your backers. You shall have two hundred pounds for losing. That, besides what you'll make in other quarters, will set you up again, and we'll then make another match for you."

Bill Wack'em.—"I'm much obliged to you, masters; I'll do any thing to sarve you. I'll come to the scratch in such fine style, that it shall puzzle the devil to see it's a cross."

Lord Hulse.—"You set-to to-morrow for a benefit, Bill, don't you?"

Bill Wack'em.—"I do, and I'll take the shine out of the best of um."

Lord Hulse.—"I suppose you can make a short speech, Bill?"

Bill Wack'em.—"I shall be floored at that, master."

Lord Hulse.—Announce as well as you can then, that you challenge any man in England for one or two hundred pounds, and that your friends are ready to stake. A few paragraphs in the newspapers shall follow, which will tend to awaken a general interest upon the event: but mind, Bill, you must be as secret as the grave. You are d—d badly off for blunt, I suppose?"

Bill Wack'em.—"That I am, master. I've all my things up the spout," (pawnbroker's.)

Lord Hulse.—"Well, here are nine pounds, which make ten, with what Welldone gave you yesterday. Now make a better appearance."

Two days after, it having been "put about," at the "sporting houses," that "Mister Wack'em" is "open to fight" any man for two hundred sovereigns, and "post the pony," that trustworthy individual mounts the stage, at "Gill's," the "Wapping youth's benefit," and addresses the company:—

Gemon,—I'm not much gifted vith the gab, but I stans here to challenge any man in all England, for two or five hundred sowereigns aside. I vants the champion's belt, but let him vear it vho proves himself the best man. I means fighting for it, and nothing else.

This defiance is received with shouts of applause, and elicits an admirable reply—published, of course, in "Bell's Life in London"—from "Jack Floor'em;" intimating that he is ready to "accommodate" the challenger on his own terms, and to put down fifty guineas at once, and sign articles.

The inferior papers then go regularly to work :—

Last evening the Castle Tavern, Holborn, was unusually a lively scene, being thronged to a stand-still, by a pretty considerable muster of the Fancy, to witness the drawing up of articles for the grand match between Bill Wack'em and Jack Floor'em for two hundred sovereigns aside, and the championship. Upon the signed articles being read, which were loudly applauded, and amid the jingling of the *goldfinches,* Tom Belcher, who is fond of his joke, took up a bumper of his best *ruby,* and facetiously drank "may both of my friends win." This produced a roar of laughter. The rest of the evening passed off merrily. Each of the men is all confidence. *Five to four on Bill Wack'em.*

GRAND MATCH FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Bill Wack'em and Jack Floor'em.

On the 1st inst. there was a strong party of the *swells* to dine at Tom Belcher's, who treated his friends in his usual good style, providing for them every thing of the best quality. The meeting took place in consequence of the articles stipulating that the third and final deposit upon this great match should be made on that evening. The *bustle* was forthcoming at the appointed hour. Both men were present on the occasion. Nothing could surpass the cordiality of the meeting, Bill drank Jack's health, and Jack drank Bill's health. Their *mawleys,* which are destined to bruise each other's brow for the laurels of championship, were closely folded one in the other in the greatest friendship. The scene was peculiarly touching. "Bravo, Bill," "bravo, Jack," resounded through the room.

Bill Wack'em will be at the Magpie and Stump, on Wednesday evening, to take a parting glass with his friends, previously to his leaving town for active training.

The "legs," who know that matches are not made to lose by, now begin to look out to see all sure; and a notorious "hellite" (as the author terms the people who live by these and similar speculations), makes a point of meeting Mr. Wack'em, before he leaves town to "train," at Salt Hill.

Hellite.—"I say Bill, you and I vas always wery good friends," putting a twenty pound note into his hand. "Vich vay is it to be, Bill?"

Bill Wack'em knew before, that the hellite, as he proceeded onward to eminence, was a *liberal* rewarder of a good piece of intelligence, and could be depended upon.—"You vas always, master, an out and outer. I shall do my best," raising his left arm, pointing his thumb over his shoulder, and winking the eye on the same side, "I can't do no more, you know, master."

Hellite.—"I'm very much obleged to you, Bill. If it comes off right, I'll make the sum fifty. Shake hands, Bill. Good day,—good day. But stay. Vho backs you, Bill, eh?" taking out his well-filled silk note case,

Bill Wack'em.—"I mustn't tell that, but," casting an eye to the note case, "I knows you is to be depended on,—Lord Hulse and his two *cronies,* to be sure."

Hellite, putting back his note case.—"I'm wery much obleged to you, thank ye, thank ye,—good day, good day,—excellent. I make it fifty, if it's all right."

The hellite went away, fully assured that Bill would do his best to win,—*over the left,* and Bill cursed the hellite for deceiving his hopes.

Meantime, the affair runs through the country newspapers, and goes on getting more and more publicity and interest: and the "flats" (who have the particular happiness in this world, that they are always judges of every thing!) begin to "suffer."

ONE TUN, JERMYN STREET.

The commencement of November, when town begins to fill. Nine o'clock in the evening. A few of the "delite" in separate boxes,—some drinking wine and cracking filberts; others taking brandy and water and biscuits; and a few gentlemen interspersed about the boxes.

The Hellite and Jem who have worked together for many years, and have been in many a good thing upon the turf, &c. during their time, in a box by themselves.

No. 1 Box.

Jem, in a whisper.—"Is Wack'em to be fully depended upon? He's a rum un, you know."

Hellite.—"Vy yes, I'll pound it. I'll bet a thousand sowereigns to a shilling it's all right this time. His backers too fight shy. They don't think that I nose them, but I does. I sees 'em taking all the hodds they can against him, vich exakerly agrees vith Vack'em's shrug of the left to me."

No. 2 Box.

Harry.—"Your good health, Jem, and your's, Sir. Are you heavy upon the fight, Sir?" Harry was upon the "pumping order."

Hellite, answering from his box.—"Not wery. I bets the hodds. Any body shall have my book for a hundred."

Jem.—"I saw Wack'em fight the last battle. I never saw a man strip so well; his shoulders were as broad as a dray horse's. He must win if he doesn't throw a chance away. He weighs near a stone heavier than Floor'em."

No. 3 Box.

Gentleman.—"Wait-here, bring me a segair, and the Globe and Traveller."

Waiter.—"A segar, Sir?"

Gentleman.—"A segar, fellowe? No,—*segars* are manufactured in Aldersgate Street, *seegairs* at A-van-a, therefore, bring me a genuine trans-at-lan-tic seegair A-van-a."

No. 1 Box.

Hellite, in a whisper.—"Vy that's Foppery. Vhat can bring him here I vonder. I have not been able yet to know how his pulse beats about this here fight. Let's draw him out, Jem." Aloud to Jem; "vill you take, Sir, my five ponies to four on Vack'em?"

Jem.—"I back Wack'em myself. But as I have rather more on it than I wish, I should like to be relieved of a part, so I'll take you, Sir."

Hellite.—"Done, Sir." (Books out, bet entered.) It may not be amiss to mention, once for all, that sporting men enter a real bet on one side, and a *gammoning* one on the other; or make a distinguishing mark at the time of entering, when real and deceptive bets follow each other, on the same side.

Jem.—"I'll bet you three thousand to one, that the favourites for the fight, and the Derby, don't both win."

Hellite, taking out his betting book.—"Let me see how I stand for the Darby." To himself, "taken ewen five thousand, four horses against the field, from Lord ——; seventeen hundred to one against Twaddle, from the Earl of ——; betted seven thousand to two against Commander, the favourite, vith Mr. ——; betted an ewen two thousand, Twaddle against Fiddle-de-de, vith Sir ——; an ewen five hundred, Twaddle against Snooks, &c. &c. &c." Aloud, "I'll tell you vhat I'll do vith you, I'll take your thirty-five hundred to ten, if that vill suit you, Sir."

Jem.—"It's a bet." (Books out again, bet entered.)

No. 3 Box.

Hon. G. Foppery.—"How-de-der, gentlemen?" to the Hellite and Jem. "I have just arrived from Doncaster. I lost fifteen hundred at the 'rooms,'" a place for English hazard, during race week, so called.

Hellite.—"Wery heavy play there, Sir. I vas a considerable loser at vone

time myself, but I brought myself nearly home; I am only out a couple of hundred. Lord K——, lost deep."

Hon. G. Foppery.—"I have a great idea of this fight. All the knowing ones, I'm informed, are backing Wack'em. I think he must win, myself. I see by Tattersall's list in the paper, that the odds upon him are five to four, and that a great deal of money is laid out upon him."

"Hellite.—"It vill be a great battle. I have a great deal on it. It vill be a fair fight. Vack'em must do his best, or he vill never be count'nanced again. I'd take hodds, that Floor'em is beat in twenty rounds."

No. 4 Box.

Two Gentlemen, friends, together.

1st. Gentleman.—"What odds do you want, Sir?"

Hellite.—"A thousand sovereigns to one hundred."

1st Gentleman.—"Done, Sir."

Hellite, (this being a bet he did not mean to make.)—"Stop, Sir, a moment, if you please;" then turning to Jem, and winking, "I'll give you the refoosel, if you please, Sir, as I have betted with you before."

Jem.—"I'll bet them, Sir."

Hellite.—"Done, Sir." To the gentleman of No. 4 Box; "no bet vith you, Sir." (Book out, bet entered.)

Hon. G. Foppery.—"I'll bet five hundred to four on Wack'em."

Hellite, in a whisper.—"Take it, Jem, and ve go halves."

Jem.—"It's a bet, Sir." Book out, and at last a real bet entered.

Two or three legs, only half awake to things, and did not know that the hellite and Jem were old cronies, took the whole scene literally, and related it in many circles, by which a great number of persons were made to believe that Wack'em was being backed heavy by the tip-tops, and were induced to follow so good an example.

Nothing can exceed the admirable convenience of this style of play. Because riding, driving, boxing, shooting, billiard-playing—against "time," or against an adversary—a man may not always be able to ensure *winning* his match; but it is hard if it is not in his power to *lose* it. At length, accordingly, the great day of trial comes. The battle takes place, after a great deal of change and mystery, in Lord ——'s park, in Worcestershire. "Bill Wack'em" is driven to the ground by Lord Hulse, in a "borrowed four-in-hand!"—(this looks big to the "small Sawneys," who "drop" full half the money gained on such occasions) —and the farce of the fight is gone through before multitudes of people. In the 67th round, Bill Wack'em falls, "apparently from weakness, produced by punishment;" and "time" is called in vain—though the dead might be roused by such cries as those of his agonized "backers." His body, neck, and face (this is a very impudent piece of humbug) are besmeared all over with blood, by a spunge which is used at fights—the blood being that which flowed from his *nose* by a blow in the fifth round. Eventually he is carried, motionless, to a public-house; and a friend, in the disguise of a physician, opens a vein. He is surprised to hear, of course, that he is at the "Monkey and Snuff-box," and has lost the battle. A few days afterwards, he comes to town, "suffering inwardly" from the heavy blows that he has received; and is paid two hundred pounds for the "job," by his "backers" (who have won four thousand with an assurance "that he played his part to admiration!"

The channels—direct and indirect—into which money is attracted out of these exhibitions, are so many, that we should scarcely find space to enumerate them. In fact, nothing short of the great combination of interests that find their account in pushing the affair, could get up the

prestige which is necessary to draw in the losers, who are to pay for it. When this feeling is once started, however, it works itself. Every four fools that are going to a fight, carry a fifth (this is accurately calculated) along with them. The *sure winners* are busy in all quarters, and proceed upon plans of all descriptions. Some have the secret from the beginning: and these work upon a large scale. Many go down, without the "office," to bet with any monied man that does not insist to "cover," intending to disappear, if they happen to have chosen the wrong side. Some lay themselves out for the particular "saps," and, beginning in good time (where a match is nearly even), get "the odds" betted both ways. And some remain in town on the day of the fight, to get early intelligence of the event, and "nail a flat" before it is thought possible the news can have arrived.

They come to the scene of action provided with well-trained pigeons (the feathered tribe are here meant, for be it remembered that there are other sorts of pigeons, *trained* in a different manner, and even more necessary to be a party to the proceedings,) and which upon the issue of the fight taking place, are immediately sent upon the wing for London, with little billets attached to them, to communicate the most speedily to some of the "legs" who remain in town, for the purpose of working the early and secret intelligence to the best advantage. These also make a certain, and at times, a great harvest. Bets to the amount of thousands are often made in the evening of the day of the fight, when it takes place at a distance from town, from whence it is supposed the news cannot arrive under a given time. The rapidity with which a pigeon can fly, is too well known to require farther mention.

These last, however, are sometimes "floored" themselves, by relying on uncertain intelligence, or by treachery on the part of the agent who engages to transmit the fact. On the first fight between Cannon and Joshua Hudson, about three years since, a whole party who intended to make money by the "first news," and had engaged a pigeon-fancier to go down to the scene of action, were "let in," in this way. When the morning of the fight came—which was to take place about thirty miles from London—the weather was, as if on purpose, black and foggy! It was clear to the pigeon-fancier that no pigeon that ever was hatched could find its way ten miles through such an atmosphere; and, if the thing failed, he lost his trouble of going down, the ten guineas he was to receive for the news, and perhaps his pigeon into the bargain. In this emergency—all the world had made up its mind that Cannon had not a chance of the battle—the bird-fancier, whose hopes turned probability into certainty, resolved to take the event for granted. Instead of taking himself down to Windsor, he took his pigeon, about the time that the battle was likely to be over, up to Highgate-hill; and turned the bird up, with a note under its wing, on which was written—"*Jos won easy!*" The pigeon came to hand in due course. The "legs," who had almost despaired when they saw the aspect of the day, paid their ten guineas in delight, and received the precious billet. And it was not till they had "laid it on thick all round"—for it was necessary to lay heavy odds to get bets—so general was the opinion that the event would be *as they had received it*—that a witness arrived with the real intelligence—"probabilities" were not to be trusted; and "Jos had *lost* the battle!"

All tyros who may read these presents, and are troubled with the ailment of incredulousness, will do well to take one short rule to regulate their

belief by. They need not trouble themselves to inquire whether any particular frauds *are* committed: let them merely examine whether they are such as *may be* committed:—the last point being ascertained, they need not puzzle themselves with the former. But we must leave the "fighting rig" now, to pursue a sport of another description—the practice of the open gaming-houses—in "fancy" language, ycleped, the "hells."

For the convenience of the curious, a list is supplied, in page 91 of the second volume of the book, of all the known gambling-houses in town, with a table of the hours and rates of play. The following description shews the arrangement of the interior of such edifices:—

In a conspicuous part of the rooms of play, generally over the fire-place, a paper stating the game that is played, the limits of stakes, and the hours of play of this description, is stuck up:—

"ROUGE ET NOIR.
Morning, from 2 to 5.
Evening . . . 9 to 1.
Stakes, 5s. to £100.
N.B. No declarations will be attended to."

This rule means, that no person must declare a bet without staking the money. This precaution is thought necessary, in order to protect the bank against declarations from persons who have not the means of paying them, if lost; though all gentlemen of money are well aware, that whatever they choose to declare will be attended to.

The refreshments at the high hells are—tea, coffee, fruit, confectionary, wine, supper, &c.; at the low hells—tea, biscuits, and liquors.

When the bankers think fit, two or three other games are occasionally introduced—a manœuvre often resorted to, should the bank, by any rare accident, have a run against it. Some of the hells are constantly varying their games.

The hells, generally, are fitted up in a very splendid style, and their expenses are very great. Those of Fishmongers' Hall are not less than *one thousand pounds a week;* the next in eminence, one hundred and fifty pounds a week; and the minor ones of all (with the exception of those where English hazard is played, the expenses of which are trifling), vary from forty to eighty pounds.

The inspectors, or overlookers, are paid from six to eight pounds a week each;—the "croupiers," or dealers, three to six pounds;—the waiters and porters, two pounds; a looker-out after the police-officers, to give warning of their approach, two pounds. What may be given to the watchmen upon the beat of the different houses, besides liquor, &c., is not known; but they receive, no doubt, according to the *services* they are called upon occasionally to render. Then comes rent, and incidental expenses—such as wine, &c. There is another disbursement, not easily ascertained, but it must be very large—*viz.* the money annually given, in a certain quarter, to obtain timely intelligence of any information laid against a hell, at a public office, to prevent a sudden surprise. This has become the more necessary, since, by a recent act, the parties keeping the houses, and those "playing and betting" at them, are now, when sufficiently identified in the fact, subject to a discipline at the tread-mill. The houses belong to separate parties. Sometimes the bank is put down by one man alone; but, generally, there are three or four in it, who divide the spoils.

When they meet with more than ordinary success, they give something extra to the dealers, waiters, and porters. Some dealers, croupiers, or groom-porters, have a per centage upon the gains. The gains are calculated exclusive, and the losings inclusive, of the expenses. To be clear,—if a bank gains £350. upon a balance, during a week, the players must have lost £500.; but if it is out, which rarely takes place, £500., the players can have won no more than £350., the expenses of the house being included in the loss of the £500.

Those expenses are taken at £150.; but, whether more or less, it amounts to the same thing—the players pay them.

The houses are well fortified with strong iron plated doors, to make an ingress into them a difficult and tardy matter. There is one at the bottom of the stairs, one near the top, and a third at the entrance into the room of play. These are opened and closed one after the other, as a person ascends or descends. In each of the doors there is a little round glass peep-hole, for the porters to take a bird's-eye view of all persons desirous of admittance, in order to keep out or let in whom they choose. The appearance of the houses, the attentions of the waiters, the civility of the dealers, the condescension of the bankers, the refreshments and wine, all combined, have an intoxicating and deceptive influence upon the inexperienced and unreflecting mind.

The enormous fortunes realized by the keepers of these infamous establishments are too well known to require notice. In spite of the expenses of occasional prosecution, and the still more constant charge of bribing to avoid it, these miscreants, who spring invariably from the very dregs of the community, live at a rate which noblemen can scarcely surpass. Dwelling in splendid mansions; maintaining carriages, and suites of servants; and visiting, on their excursions of business or pleasure, all the most fashionable resorts in the kingdom. The wealth of Crockford has almost become a proverb: he intends shortly, it is said, to buy a borough, and go into parliament. Holdsworth (now dead) had a house in Clarges-street, fitted up in more than oriental splendour. His profits have been known (from only one-fourth share of the "bank" in which he was a partner) to exceed *a thousand pounds a week*. Taylor was a man of rather a magnificent spirit: he collected pictures, and paid the artists whom he employed with great liberality. Oldfield, who was the son of a charwoman, kept six or eight horses, and servants in proportion, and was taken out of his own curricle, to be carried to prison, on his last conviction. Bankrupt tradesmen, footmen, and waiters from coffee-houses, low attornies, horse-dealers, brothel-keepers, and worn-out gamblers, are the part-owners and overt agents at these houses. In some cases, the *capital* is supplied by persons who keep in the back ground, and occupy a more reputable station in society.

If this state of things should appear surprising, a very short explanation of the advantage which the "bankers" at a gaming-table enjoy over the players, will be sufficient to account for it. Our limits prevent us from entering into the author's calculations as to hazard, écarté, un-deux-cinque, &c.; but we shall endeavour (in our own way) to give a notion of what are the *fair* odds in favour of the dealer—apart from fraud—at the game of *rouge et noir*—which is one of the most equal games that are played at public tables.

The manner of playing *rouge et noir* is so well known, that it need hardly be described in detail. It is played upon a common flat table (usually oblong), covered with green cloth; upon one side of which the banker, or his agent the dealer, is placed, and on the other three, the players. The point in the game is, whether A or B—*rouge et noir*—red or black—upon a certain arrangement of the cards, will be the winning colour; and the players, who use no cards themselves, stake their money—which is in fact making their bets—upon the success of whichever they please—some upon one, some on the other. When the game is "made," or declared—that is to say, when the stakes are all down, the course of decision begins, and the manner is this. The dealer takes a handful of cards, from a box, containing several packs,

thrown together promiscuously, which stands before him; and lays out a a row upon the table, counting the number of pips upon each card as he proceeds, until he has counted—or gone past,—the number *thirty-one.*—This row is the chance of the *noir,* or black. He then lays out, counting in the same way, a second row for the chance of the *rouge,* or red—again dealing on until he counts or has passed (reckoning by the pips) the number *thirty-one.* Then, whichever of the two rows is nearest to the number thirty-one—one may be 35 and the other 33—or one 37 and the other 40, no matter which—whatever is *nearest* to the 31, is the winner.

Thus, so far, the game is perfectly even; and, if the players staked equally upon the two colours, the bank, which *takes* all that is staked upon the losing colour, and *pays,* (i. e. doubles) all that stands on that which wins, could neither win nor lose. But, as that is a sort of game which it would not suit people, as a trade, to carry on, the bank is allowed a particular advantage—which is this.—The first row of cards, dealt for the black, may stop—(it must stop whenever the last card reaches or passes 31)—*may* stop, as we have already observed, at 35, or 36, or 37: and the second, or red may stop at 38, or 39, or 40: and in each case the *first,* being nearest to the number 31, wins. Or the two rows may stop at the same number:—both at 32, or 33, or 35, or 40: in which case, the dealer deals again; and the first deal counts for nothing.—But there is *one* case—where the numbers of both rows of cards stop at *exactly* 31—in which the deal does *not* count for nothing, but *half the stakes upon the table become forfeited to the bank.* The dealer deals again; but this time, he *takes* all the money from that colour which may lose, without *paying* any thing to the side which is a winner. Now this event of the two 31's, which is called an *appret,* occurs about once in every thirty-three or thirty-four deals; half the stakes on the table are forfeit every time it occurs: consequently, the *whole stake* becomes forfeit in sixty-eight deals. Which amounts to a tax in favour of the bank of one and a half per cent upon the stake—whatever its amount may be—every time it is put down.

For example:—If a player plays 100*l.* stakes, and at the end of thirty-four deals loses half his stake to the bank, in thirty-four stakes of 100*l.* each, he loses 50*l.* Going on, in thirty-four stakes more, or sixty-eight altogether, he loses 50*l.* again, which is *the whole* 100*l.* Thus his actual loss is the *sixty-eighth* part of his 100*l.*, or 1*l.* 10*s.* *every time* that he plays. This profit appears trifling; but the rapidity of the play makes it enormous. The "*coup,*" or deal, which decides the fate of each stake, does not occupy five minutes—in fact, it does not *occupy* three minutes. Fifty or sixty coups, therefore, is far from being an extreme extent of play in the course of an evening. Suppose, then, the *whole* money staked upon *each* deal at a house—by an indefinite number of players—to be 100*l.* (which is a low average stake for a house of any considerable custom): in sixty-eight deals, *one* of these stakes of 100*l.*—taking the average run of the cards—becomes, by the *appret*—the property of the bank;—which mere advantage—the rest of the play being (as games of chance are necessarily, in the long run) even—affords the bank—supposing the same rate of play to be continued nightly—a profit considerably exceeding *thirty thousands pounds a-year!!!*

This is the state of chances at *rouge et noir*—supposing the game to be played fairly; although frauds, as Mr. Gisborne Deal [we had for-

gotten to name the author of the book] shews, if not easy, *are* managed, when any considerable temptation arises for them. The seeming madness of playing at such a game is not very difficult to be accounted for: men hope to *avoid* the chance of the bank: they do not play at *every* deal, and they hope to miss that on which the "*appret*" occurs—or to have a small stake only down, where they have before been playing large ones. And this is sometimes the case—a player puts down on a hundred deals—and misses the deal which turns out an "*appret*." On the other hand, they put down a first stake of 100*l.*: and at that very instant an "*appret*" arises, which forfeits the half of it! The grand incentive, however, is the hope of *luck*—a player hopes to *gain so largely*, that the drain of the table shall be dust in the balance. On a stake by which he must win or lose 100*l.*, the fine of 1*l.* 10*s.* seems a matter of no consequence. He forgets that, as the *luck* fluctuates, this stake of 100*l.* is won and lost—staked and re-staked—fifty times in an evening; and in the mean time—whoever wins or loses—the slow, certain, advantage of the banker eats on its way—at the *sixty-eighth* stake the event *will have occurred*, which swallows it—from both winner and loser—entirely.

This affair of calculation, hangs tediously, something; and yet we have done it in less space than the author gives it—whose analysis, however—at length—of this game, as well as several others, we recommend our readers by all means to look over attentively. We know that any among them who could be idiots enough to play at common gaming-houses—or who are unable to comprehend so simple a proposition, as that men cannot play who have not a farthing in the world, and give splendid suppers and rich wines, and yet *play to lose*—we know that such subjects deserve no counsel—but these are not times—since the days of *Hamlet*—to treat any people exactly as they deserve; and therefore, we afford a sort of bird's eye view—*even to these*—of the traps which are laid for them to step into.

Autumn is a very busy season for all kinds of *legs*.

Visitors to watering-places, races, and fights, are supposed to have a little loose cash about them, and therefore, an infinite variety of these gentry are always on the alert to get hold of it.

Among the rest are persons connected with the London gaming-houses, who move off to the scene of action, with gaming tables of all kinds, like caravans of wild beasts, to the different fairs. These tables, for the convenience of travelling, take to pieces, and are under the management of the most practised town sharpers. "Une, deux, cinque," and "Roulette," are the games most commonly played in the booths, and English hazard at the houses. "Une, deux, cinque" is played with an ivory ball, about the size of a plum dumpling, and has very much the look of one. It has forty-eight small round flat spots, twenty-four black, sixteen red, and eight blue. The points in favour of the bank, upon what is considered the fair ball, are, three bars to black, two to red, and one to blue,—six points out of forty-eight.

These tables are always provided with two balls, one the ball just described, and another which is called the "double ball," on account of having double bars;—twelve points in favour of the bank, but out of a less number of spots. When a good flat comes into one of these dens, the double ball is planted upon him.

A gentleman, a member of Crockford's, in spite of the warnings his repeated losses ought to have given him, at the last Hampton races, went into one of these booths, and was fleeced out of about £60 in ready money, and £1700 upon owings, he being well known, by a low set of these itinerant vagabonds.

Connected with these tables are persons nick-named "bonnets," who being dressed out for the occasion as well as they can manage, with brass spurs at the heels of their boots, and provided with money for the purpose, come into the booths as perfect strangers, and exclaim, with the best town drawl they can assume, and a swaggering air, all which is thought so very imposing to country folk, "ten pounds 'blue'—'red'—or 'black,'" then, turning to a person standing by, whom they take to be a flat, "you shall go me halves, Sir, if you like; I'll pound it that we win; I've won all this money," taking out a handful of sovereigns and *gilt farthings*, "this morning; come, try your luck with me." Mostly the bait takes. These persons also pick up flats at places of refreshment, &c. and bring them under their arms to the tables to which they are attached.

Hazard—English or French—is a particularly favourable game to fraud. Experienced sharpers can defy all detection at it.

Sometimes false or loaded dice are produced, which bring up only certain numbers; at others, cramped boxes, which land the dice as they are put in, because there is not room in the box for them to turn about. Then the centre dot is taken out of the "five," which gives two "fours," to each die; but the most effectual mode, and which sets at naught, at times, the scrutiny of the well experienced leg, is with fair dice and box. One of the dice is secured for a certain number, between the two middle fingers, the other dice is put into the box and rattled, which gives the appearance of both dice being in the box.

At *rouge et noir*, as we have already observed, the thing is more difficult, but it is to be managed.

Young players generally stake against runs upon a colour, thinking it vastly odd, that there should be a run beyond four or five upon either, (runs of 18 and 20 have been known,) so they are induced to back the losing colour, as high as the limitation of stakes will let them, when a packed run, or a natural one, sweeps away their money in a few moments. A transaction of this sort at a hell in Bennet Street, robbed a young gentleman out of about £700 in eight or nine "coups." He played generally upon black, and a run upon red was packed against him.

The packing of cards against any particular game, and of "31 après," can only be done at the commencement of play, or at a renewal, after a cessation, which at times occurs for want of players.

Another style of cheating is resorted to with great impunity. The dealer will pay to heavy stakes down which win, in many notes, to cover the appearance of their being short of what they should be, which from the delirium or intoxication of the players, to whom the money belongs, is rarely detected. If it is, the dealer has only to apologize for the mistake!

And again. All stakes intended to be risked upon "a coup," must be down upon the colours before the cards are dealt. The dealer sees which colour has the heaviest stakes—say black. The cards turn up 7, 10, 5, 9, 6—total 37 for black; 2, 7, 5, 9, 7, 8—total 38 for the red: black then should win, as being nearest 31. The dealer should say, "7—8, red loses." The odd number of each line only is announced, therefore it is very easy, in their quick calculation, to drop a pip or two of one line, or add a pip or two to the other, and make it appear that red wins instead of black. If any player has counted the cards as they fell upon the table, and so detects the cheat, it also passes off as a simple error; with "oh, dear! I beg your pardon, gentlemen, it is clearly a mistake, it is impossible to be always correct." The dealer then will count the cards singly, and makes other apologies for the *error*. It is very remarkable, though, that these "errors" are invariably in favour of the banks. Those who have small stakes upon the opposite colour, though they may see it, will never point it out, because they win by these "errors," and self-interest causes them to wink at such proceedings.

The keepers of gaming-houses, as has been already demonstrated, are the most splendid persons in the world. The bankers and croupiers shine out in all the lustre of jewelled watches and gold snuff-boxes. The footmen and porters wear double the usual strength of buckle in their wigs. And the master of the ceremonies, who attends to get people out of the house after they have lost their money, is always a gentleman in powder, full dressed in black, and having much the appearance of a clergyman! The gamesters themselves are of different classes, according to the length of time they may have figured in their "sporting" character.

The first class consists of those newly introduced, plenty of money at immediate command, surrounded by the affections and esteem of friends and relatives, great in resources, of a contented, happy, healthful, and respectable appearance, with gold watches, and a variety of other costly ornaments. It is a matter of joke and speculation with the second and third class, how long these appendages to a gentleman will be retained, keenly recollecting how they had been compelled to part with their own. Some have carriages, horses, servants, &c. These are treated with marked respect; bows and smiles at every turn; but in a short time they begin to feel the griping influence of such places, and all their advantages by degrees to wither, when most of them are seen descending to the second class.

The second class is composed of those who formerly held a station in the first. These wear upon their visages a look of care and deep anxiety, and have nearly drained their resources dry, their friends beginning to shy and turn their backs upon them. From having a good change of habilaments, they now appear, day after day, with the same clothes on, though still of genteel appearance. Their horses, &c. all sold off, and their watches and ornaments at the pawnbroker's, when many of them descend rapidly to the third class. This being observed, an awkward show of respect is paid them by the creatures of the hells; in short, they can scarcely treat them with common civility.

The third class—here it would be well if there were nothing more to disclose. The third class consists of those who have descended from the first class to the second, and have at last reached a degree of abject misery truly heart-rending. Their money all gone, their resources wholly dried up, and their connections and friends (hopeless of them) entirely lost to them. They present pictures of the deepest distress, want, and despair, not knowing where to obtain a meal one over another, or how to secure a bed night after night; their clothes faded and threadbare. The closely buttoned-up coat, but ill conceals the absence of a waistcoat or a shirt, or the soil of them. These, then, are shut out from "hell" to "hell," till none, but the lowest description, will admit them. At night, they flock to the English hazard houses, where they bury their miseries in sleep upon chairs, or upon the ground. Many will group together, and utter bitter and horrid imprecations upon their follies and unhappy condition.

The descriptions of the miserable condition of a gambler, and his usual abject state of heart and feeling after his money is gone, are given with considerable force and spirit. A few anecdotes of the desperate shifts which men are drawn to, in hope of obtaining a few pounds, or even shillings, from the people who have won all of them, will tell this story better than any other description of extract could do. The symptoms commonly begin with an effort to play upon credit. This is refused—and the party is no longer admitted to the house. Entire poverty and destitution then comes; and efforts are made to borrow small sums—a source of supply which must necessarily be soon over. The next effort is to try compulsion: and, there, the broken man's object is commonly to get

into a house where play is going forward: the fear lest such a spectre should alarm the wealthy pigeons, commonly making him "removable" almost upon any terms. For example.

While this [very high play] was going on up stairs [at Crockford's] a considerable disturbance was taking place below.

"I tell you," said the porter, "Mr. Crockford don't come here now."

"I know he does," said a squalid and emaciated being, shabby-genteelly dressed.

"I say he does not," said the porter, "and if you do not go away, I will give you in charge of the watch."

"Do, if you dare," said the unfortunate gentleman.

"Oh! you shall soon see that," said the two porters, at the same time thrusting the ruined man through the passage.

"Now what is it you want?" said one of the waiters in private clothes, coming from one of the coffee-rooms, upon hearing the scuffle.

"I am Major ——," said the gentleman, "and—"

"Ah! ah! ah! ah! yes, that is Major ——," interrupted the porters.

"Don't insult the Major," said the waiter, "shut the door, and leave him to me. Now, major, tell me what it is you want?"

"I am ruined by play," said the poor major. "I lost to Mr. Crockford's bank, at No. 5, King Street, full five thousand pounds. I am in great distress. I wrote to Mr. Crockford to lend me two pounds, and I left the letter myself. I stated, I should call to-night at ten o'clock for an answer. I have been here half a dozen times, and I meet with nothing but indignity and insult. I will not put up with it.

"I will speak to Mr. Crockford to-morrow, upon the subject, he cannot be disturbed now." said the waiter. "Go away quietly, that's a good man."

"I must and will have an answer to night," said the major, "for I have no bed to go to."

"Well," said the waiter, "if you will go away and make no more noise, I will give you five shillings out of my own pocket."

The major's distress was so pressing, that he accepted the money, and went away, saying he would call again to-morrow.

Other desperate people have recourse to stratagem. On one occasion, a ruined man who is shut out by special order, contrives to get into a "Hell" before the hours of play commence, and the bankers, on arriving, are horror-struck to find the "excluded" seated at the head of the table.

The hellites, one by one, arrived soon after; they exhibited the greatest confusion and dismay at seeing the excluded seated at the play table. "How do you do, gentlemen?" said the excluded. "I hope you're well, Sir," said the hellites. "I've come to lose a few hundreds, as formerly," said the excluded. "We are very glad to see you, Sir," said one hellite: "You know we don't wish you to come here," said a second: "Pray what is it you want?" said a third. "Why the fact is," said the excluded, "I am in great distress; I asked Mr. ——— to lend me two pounds, and he would not listen to me. Finding I was not attended to in the street, I determined to see if I could meet with better success in the house, and here I am." "Send for an officer," cried one or two voices. "That is the very thing I wish to be done," exclaimed the excluded, taking a seat quietly at the play table. Finding the threat of an officer had no weight, "now tell us," said the third hellite, "what is it you want."—"Why, ten pounds," rejoined the excluded. "Will you go away if they are given to you?" added the third hellite: "I will," promised the excluded. The ten pounds were then advanced. The sum was extorted from their fears. They were not only afraid of being indicted, but of losing a morning's play, if any disturbance had arisen, a thing of much more consequence. Ten pounds was but a drop in the ocean compared to it.

Others openly make up their minds and threaten to indict: a lamentable course, which can do little more than add degradation to ruin.

A set of eight bankrupts, called "the Irish brigade," from their being composed of people from the sister kingdom, were for a time very troublesome in this way. Such proceedings, however, are commonly got rid of by negociation.

All indictments are now compromised, upon the best terms to which they can bring their ruined victim. When a man is completely undone and in distress, he will ask for the loan of a few pounds. A pound or two are granted. If he, feeling dissatisfied, threatens a prosecution, one of the "croupiers" will see him. This man will express the deep concern of the people of the house at his situation, and the ill luck that had recently attended the bank, which prevents their doing much for him; that they would not do any thing at all, if they supposed him sincere in his threats of indictment, about which he might do his worst. Such conversation generally takes place at a tavern, and the ruined man is treated to a bottle of wine and refreshment. He will then be told, that this proprietor or the other, is the best-hearted man in the world, and at any time will befriend him. The ruined man, believing such professions, will declare, that he did not intend to indict them at all. "Well," the croupier will add, "I said you were too good a fellow for any thing of that kind, and I dare say, if you will write to that effect, I shall manage to get a few pounds for you."

For some paltry consideration they then obtain from their victims a document which they term a release.

An undertaking of this kind has of course no value in law: but the consciousness of having given it deters people from proceeding. The author adds—

It is an undoubted fact, that there are many broken men who receive an allowance, weekly, from one hell or another, in order to keep them quiet, and for them not to molest the hellites in their procedings.

Unhappily, degradation of more kinds than one is apt to sit lightly on men in this condition. Players cheat occasionally, as well as bankers.

It has been considered by many players, that as the hells had the best of them, it was but fair play to endeavour to get the *pull*, if possible, in their own favour. Some of the hells, therefore, have had a variety of schemes put in practice against them. The most prominent was at No. 40, Pall Mall.

Mr. C——, when a clerk in the Treasury (he is now a croupier in a low gaming-house), was a daily and a nightly player at No. 71, Pall Mall, No. 10, St. James's Square, and No. 9, Bennet Street. Mr. C—— was a great calculator, if the different games he hit upon to play at "rouge et noir," upon which he always thought he should win, till his losses told him that he was sure to lose upon all alike, can give him that character. His peculations of the public money obliged him, for a time, to go into obscurity. When he emerged from it, he came about the houses a perfect "Guy Fawkes;" his face was stained with walnut juice, and he wore a high French collar up to his cheek bone, which slanted down his cheeks, and just skirted the corners of his mouth. Then a large black wig, false whiskers, and darkened eyebrows, completed his disguise. By the assistance of a friend, who was to share in the thing, he obtained three one hundred-pound notes, and three one-pound notes. He ingeniously cut the impression "one hundred" from the corner of each high note, and a piece to correspond out of each of the low notes, and pasted the pieces impressed "one hundred" upon the one-pound notes. The notes were folded into four, with their faces outside. Thus prepared, he went one morning up to No. 40, P.M., kept by Rougier, where five shillings to one hundred pound stakes were played. Mr. C—— took his seat, and commenced playing small stakes; at length, thinking he was sure of the

next "coup," he put down one of the fabricated one hundred-pound notes; the colour lost on which he pu it. The croupier drew the note, with others, and placed it upon the other notes of one hundred pounds. Rougier was overlooking the table, and observed the stake of one hundred pounds which Mr. C—— played, and thought that there must be something wrong, as it was a heavier stake than he supposed Mr. C—— could afford to play, though the time had been when Mr. C—— had lost a thousand pounds of a morning. Mr. Rougier took ten ten-pound notes from his pocket-book, and asked the croupier to give a hundred pound-note for them, well knowing that he would give him the first, the identical one Mr. C—— had lost. He took the note on one side, examined it, and immediately detected the forgery. He called Mr. C—— into the front room, and challenged him with it. Mr. C—— fell upon his knees, craved the return of the note, and implored secrecy. Secrecy was promised; but the transaction was known at all the houses the same evening.

This result in fact was inevitable.

Another mode has been practised with success. A piece of very fine horse-hair, was attached to a note of value. The person would sit at the end of the table, as far from the croupier as possible. The large note with horse hair, would be staked with notes for small amounts, and placed upon the top of them. If the colour won on which it was, it was allowed to remain to be paid to, but if it lost, it was pulled under the table by the horse hair, and would thus disappear in a moment. The busy scene of a *rouge* table, prevented the cheat being early noticed.

Our limits compel us to break off at this point; but the whole course of the sketches in the book, relative to the business of play, evinces that the author is writing upon a subject with which he is perfectly familiar. In fact, we ought to have observed, that Mr. Deal is (as well as of the present work) the author of several letters, signed "Expositor," which have appeared at different periods in the *Times* newspaper, on the condition and conduct of the gaming-houses of the higher order. The "*Land* at Blind Hookey," the three "Night Scenes at Crockford's," the story of the "Race Robberies," of the "Billiard Match," and particularly a scene at that infamous haunt of pickpockets and prostitutes, the "Saloon," in Piccadilly, are all written with great truth, and occasionally with some touches of liveliness. The author (we have already said) has no faculty as a *novelist:* but his book will sell—and it ought to sell; for, besides the gratification which it may afford to curiosity, some things that are worth knowing, may be *learned* from it. A variety of curious anecdotes and documents relative to parties notoriously connected with gambling speculations and establishments about town, are given. Among others, an original *bill* of Mr. Crockford's, for soles and whitings, when he was in the the fish trade; and a catalogue of the persons who have destroyed themselves, or been conducted to a still more unhappy end, within the last fifteen years, by indulgence in the detestable habit against which the book is levelled. Some fair stories are added against certain of the noodles who have merely been eased of three fourths of their superfluous wealth; the names of the parties in these cases are not given at length; but the facts described (which may be relied upon) are too notorious to be mistaken.

LORD CLARE said that Ireland was governed, not by *law*, but by a *faction*, and, therefore, voted for the union as a means of attaching the Irish to the constitution of England, by making them participators in its protection. Lord-chancellor Redesdale said that there were two laws in Ireland, one for the *rich*, and another for the *poor*, and that, therefore, popular confidence in the government was hopeless. While, however, much of the evil may be partially traced to a system of misgovernment, much also may be referred to that proverbial dissention which is indigenous to the soil, and which has, time immemorial, prevented the Irish from coming to any clear and united decision upon their own interests. When did it occur that the Catholics were unanimous, even upon their own question? When did it occur that the Protestants of Ireland formed a compact body of opinion? and when did it occur that English prejudices were sought to be conciliated, except by a party? or that even concession was not received by ten thousand variations and fluctuations of acknowledgment and distrust? Even the ablest, and most zealous advocates of emancipation, in and out of parliament, have been at all times subject to the ingratitude of suspicion, and, at one period or another, rewarded by calumny. Even Grattan, the veteran patriot, who carried the measure of commercial freedom in 1782, and who, in 1798, stood between the violence of the people and the retaliations of the government, even Grattan was assaulted by an Irish mob in the streets of Dublin,—by that very order of his constituents to whose independence and interests he had devoted the energies of a long and laborious life! When it is evident, therefore, that Ireland herself is quarrelling about her own objects, and that she has always manifested the most singular want of knowledge, or of union, upon every question of domestic expediency, and upon every system of government, good or evil, that has been adopted in her behalf, it is not very surprising that, after centuries of internal distraction, she should yet require legislative correctives.

It is certainly true that the real state of Ireland is not very accurately known here; and it is also true, that the Irish have never yet agreed in representing it. For thirty years, the usual mode of characterizing that country was to speak of its wretchedness, the dismal condition of the peasantry, their wants, their abandonment, their destitution, &c.; and just as this opinion was beginning to gain ground, and people were in the habit of lamenting the distresses of the population, the *London and Dublin Magazine* was started, to publish the statements of another class of Irish politicians, whose favourite position was, that the Irish peasantry were more comfortable, more moral, more independent, and better informed than the peasantry of Scotland or England! Why, it would be as difficult to legislate under these circumstances, as to provide a suitable king for the frogs!

Let us not be understood, however, as denying to the mistaken policy that has been pursued towards Ireland, its due share in the encouragement of these disastrous divisions. We are free to admit, that we have too long dallied with the symptoms, when we should have penetrated to the seat of the disease; and that we have been satisfied to effect the appearance of a cure, while the foul humours have been driven back, as Lord Bacon says, to burst inwards. Of this, the positive existence of discontent is a proof; and if we required further evidence of the inapplicability

of the principles upon which we have acted, we have it in the methodical infractions of law, the frequent contempt of the public authorities, and the resistance in every part of the island to legal interference, which have hitherto distinguished Ireland from every other country in the world. If our system was salutary, it would produce wholesome fruits: but, although we have varied and modified our policy to meet or control events, Ireland is still a millstone round the neck of England—a constant source of discussion—a perpetual excuse for the seditious—and a never-failing illustration in the mouths of the opposition of British injustice, selfishness, and folly. Whether we have been unjust, therefore, or not, it is clear that we have done nothing to remove the accusation; and we think it is also equally clear, that the accusation would not be heard so patiently, and urged so incessantly, if there were not some grounds to justify it, or, at least, if it had not some plausible colouring of truth, which cannot be refuted. We are now dealing with generalities, without entering the labyrinth of evils that presents itself at the threshold of the question; and, considering that the British cabinet is accountable for the maintenance and tranquillity of Ireland, we proceed to examine how far those paramount ends of legislation have been promoted by the recent administration of Lord Wellesley.

In 1821, His Majesty visited Ireland. He was the first king of England who, in peace and affection, crossed the channel. The circumstance was hailed as the omen of future benefits; and popular gratitude was poured out to profusion. At that period of enthusiasm and devotion, it would have been impossible to satisfy the people of Ireland that the king's visit was not a prelude to some extensive political amelioration; and, in the frenzy of that hope, they received his Majesty with the most ardent demonstrations of attachment. The sentiments expressed by his Majesty in public, and the parting letter of Lord Sidmouth, recommending the avoidance of offensive distinctions, the cultivation of harmony, and the union of parties, contributed to encourage an expectation, which, to the majority at least, promised nothing short of the abolition of that code of penalties, against which they had been for years petitioning and appealing in vain. The excitement was universal; it was infused into the breasts of the population by an ardent priesthood, who telegraphed the sensations of approaching liberty from one end of the island to the other. The hearts of the Catholics bounded with the exhilarating prospect, and even the Orangemen suspended for a season their ascendancy tactics. And if ever emancipation could have been granted without risking a temporary contest, it was at that moment when both parties were surprised into the expression of a simultaneous and involuntary loyalty. Nor were these anticipations corrected by the events that followed. Lord Talbot, the lord-lieutenant, who had received his Majesty upon the shores of Ireland, and who was made the medium of his valedictory admonition, was suddenly recalled from office immediately after his Majesty's return to England. Although the cause of his lordship's recal was not officially notified, yet it was universally understood to have taken place in consequence of his lordship drinking an offensive party toast at a lord-mayor's dinner, in open violation of the commands and wishes of his royal master. Here was another manifestation of that disposition to tranquillize Ireland, of which his Majesty's visit had been already deemed an indication; but the appointment of Lord Wellesley terminated all speculation on the subject, and satisfied the

Catholics that full and perfect disenthralment from all bonds, civil, military, and ecclesiastical, was inevitably to follow. Nor was it unnatural to conclude, that when they were, both negatively and alternatively protected against insult, they would at last be redeemed from injury.

This appointment was accompanied by other circumstances of equal promise. Mr. Saurin, the attorney-general, who for fifteen years had filled the office of public prosecutor, and in that capacity had zealously laboured to concentrate the odium of the Irish Catholics, was removed from office, and Mr. Plunkett, who was made attorney-general in 1805, and had resigned in 1807, was nominated his successor. Mr. Plunkett, from the period of the Whigs coming into office in 1806, had linked himself to the Grenville party, and, although on the death of Mr. Fox, the ministry signified a desire that he should continue in office, he steadfastly sacrificed his personal ambition to his political principles, and tendered his resignation, openly avowing by the act his attachment to that party, of which he has ever since continued a distinguished and uncompromising adherent. His firmness upon that occasion, and his energetic resistance in the Irish parliament to the measure of the union, and the means by which it was carried, were claims upon the gratitude and affection of his country, which rendered him one of the most popular public men of the day. His appointment, therefore, to the office of attorney-general, and Mr. Saurin's deposition from that high and (in Ireland) supreme station, strengthened the general presage, that the reign of faction was about to terminate for ever.

Lord Wellesley's political character preceded him. It was arrayed in the most gorgeous exaggeration, and the results of his former life were assumed as evidences of his future. He was considered as a practical statesman, whose wisdom was the deliberate harvest of experience, and who had preserved to his country the possession of the vast empire of the East, and effected by his genius the tranquillization of Spain. It was said that his comprehensive intellect had enlarged the sphere of oriental commerce, had overthrown the Mithridates of the East, and the confederate Mahratta powers, and established in that enormous and distant territory, the permanent sovereignty of Great Britain. The statue erected to his glory at Calcutta, was adduced as a witness to the splendour of his achievements, and he was trumpeted into Ireland as the Pacificator of India. His mission to Spain, at a period when that nation was paralyzed and almost prostrate, was said to have influenced the changes that followed; and the Duke of Wellington's successes in the Peninsula were only spoken of as glorious instances of Lord Wellesley's pervading spirit and ascendant policy. With a character so illuminated, and drawn by the ardent eloquence of a country anticipating regeneration, Lord Wellesley assumed the government of Ireland.

Perceiving, perhaps, that the people had over-acted the panegyric, or that they did not sufficiently distinguish the difference between the executive and the legislative, his lordship's first declaration was, that he came "not to alter the laws, but to administer them with impartiality." The wisdom of such a declaration would have been felt in any other country, and public opinion would have made the representative of Majesty responsible only for the functions of his office, and not for the condition of the laws under which he derived his authority, and over which he possessed no control. But in Ireland the case was different. Some few, indeed, saw the difficulty of Lord Wellesley's situation; they

saw that, without being invested with any new or additional powers, he was called upon to effect greater changes than had ever been expected at the hands of any other Vice-Regent; but the populace thought differently: they could not be persuaded, that he who was born an Irishman, and who had long been one of the prominent advocates of Irish freedom, was not authorized to re-model the whole system of Irish legislation, and to produce at one happy moment a great national reformation. They could see in Lord Wellesley only the pacificator of India, and anticipated nothing less than that he should become the Saviour of Ireland.

With a people so obstinate and so misinformed it was in vain to argue. They had seized upon a position from which it was impossible to drive them, and they were permitted to indulge in their hopes until experience rectified and disappointed them. It may be remarked, too, that the early part of Lord Wellesley's administration was so decisive and imperative as to give still greater currency and strength to the notion that he was the depository of unusual authority, and that, without seeming to hold any delegated jurisdiction beyond that of the naked executive, he maintained some secret understanding with the minister, tantamount to a promise of an act of indemnification for all extra-official privileges he might deem it expedient to assume. This notion, originating with the vulgar, spread to the violent heads of the dominant party, who seduously laboured to torture it into a thousand charges and accusations against the new government. But the truth was, Lord Wellesley had no powers confided to his discretion; and acted as much under the dictation of the Home Secretary, in all matters that involved disputed questions, as any lord-lieutenant from the days of Townsend to the present. Nor could it have been otherwise without the commission of a dangerous infraction upon the constitution; for, however sincere Lord Wellesley's desire to improve the condition of Ireland, and however qualified he might be to act upon it, the principle that would repose in his hands a trust so important, might be extended to future governors, of different views and inferior capacities, who, in the exercise of an unlimited sway, might have plunged the country into a revolution.

The first act of his administration that was seized upon as an indication of his sentiments, was the suppression of the annual display of orange ribbons and trophies that were wont to decorate the statue of the third William, in College Green, within a few hundred yards of the castle. This "dressing of the statue" had been an old commemorative custom of the Orange lodges, and, in latter years, excited the most alarming sensations in the city. It was the badge of a party that had obtained an ascendancy in the councils of the country, and through whose influence the administration of justice, in all its details, was perverted to the objects of family intrigue and factious politics: and it was also the type of the degradation of the great majority of the people, who, smarting under that degradation, naturally felt disposed to resent all emblems that were triumphantly and insultingly exhibited to represent it. On these occasions the military remained under arms all night, to be ready at a moment's call; the city police paraded the streets; and the inhabitants were accustomed to prepare for the annual fete of the Orangemen with something of the fearful precaution adopted by people in the neighbourhood of a volcanic mountain previously to an expected eruption. Under his lordship's commands, an imperative interdict was placed upon the

irritating ceremony; and from that hour the Orange porcupine pointed its thousand shafts against the viceroy. His character no longer stood upon doubtful speculation; he was branded at once with epithets of contempt, opposition, and hatred; the very officers in his household, some of whom had been accustomed to the impunity of the old régime, under which every change was a revolution, and every improvement a barbarism, ventured to mimic the person as they derided the measures of the lord-lieutenant, for which, one of them, who imagined he held office in perpetuity, was instantly dismissed. His excellency at once became the immediate topic of bacchanalian politicians; the Catholics chuckled over the prospect of a Papist governor, and the Orangemen, assembled in secret juntos, deliberated upon the means of thwarting or terminating the new government.

The differences that, at the beginning, promised a ready adjustment under his lordship's auspicious administration, now widened, and the ferocities of party spirit were manifested in the ill-concealed discontent that sat upon the brows of the intolerants. Catiline, or Rienzi, or Massaniello, were imperfect conspirators, considered in reference to the Thistlewoods and Watsons of Dublin; they sent abroad into society the sentiments of insurrectionary loyalty, and although they had no Voltaire, or Rousseau, or Swift, amongst them, yet they contrived to inspire their own followers with a desperate fidelity. Alas! they had no midnight piazzas—no Rialto—no chief conspirator's house of assembly—their rendezvous was an obscure pot-house;—no pilastres, no secret springs, no glorious effigies, no columns;—*sans* wrongs, *sans* dignity, *sans* parade and circumstance, they went to work in the dim, dirty attic of a public-house, to concoct the materials of a petite révolution. Unfortunately, the foundation of their enterprize was built upon whiskey-punch, and the superstructure was engulfed before it was completed.

The attack upon Lord Wellesley in the theatre was the result of this immature and contemptible cabal; some of the conspirators were secured, and bills of indictment against them laid before the grand jury; but the grand jury of Dublin being principally composed of corporators, a class of men who were never known to inquire into the merits of any case if they could discover the politics of the parties concerned, ignored the bills; when Mr. Plunkett, the attorney-general, declared his intention of resorting to the extreme powers of his office, and of proceeding ex officio against the accused. Intense anxiety was excited as to the result of the trial, which occupied the Court of King's Bench six days, and terminated in the locking up of the jury for one night in their chamber, and their discharge, the next day, on their being unable to agree upon a verdict.

This affair, which was considered as a trial of strength between the Wellesley and the Orange parties, afforded a subject of triumph amongst the intolerants. They gloried in the attorney-general's defeat, and, borrowing a term from the process of law he had adopted, they nick-named him "*Ignoramus.*" Squibs and lampoons circulated in abundance, and the wit of the ascendant exhausted itself in libel. But these were edged tools, and, instead of assisting to secure a temporary success, only provoked a reaction that led to consequences of an enlarged and unexpected importance.

Some gentlemen, holding high trusts under government, who had been educated in the bigotry of the last century, and whose political

influence depended upon a perseverance in the principles of exclusion and monopoly, feeling dissatisfied with the innovation which Lord Wellesley's new system introduced into the castle coteries, and secretly hating the man to whom they cringed at the levee, privately suborned the editor of a government newspaper to establish a journal which should be open to the scandal of the vice-regal court, and the libels of the vice-regal household. The editor, a man as unprincipled as his employers, yielded to the temptations which their promises held out, and, betraying the confidence reposed in his integrity, announced a new paper, devoted to the private views and personal malignity of the lord lieutenant's servants. This paper was a manifesto of war—it was a declaration of hostilities; and, although it was known to be supported by the contributions, literary and financial, of the paid officers of the government, a mistaken magnanimity, which pardoned great offences and punished insignificant trespasses, permitted it to vomit forth a series of obscene and disgusting tirades, as offensive to good taste as they were revolting to truth. Irritated into reprisals, and alarmed at the apparent indolence of the administration, the Catholics formed themselves into an association for the purpose of repelling the nauseous calumnies of the new organ, and of neutralizing its efforts to corrupt public opinion. Violence begat violence, and the gratuitous braggadocia of one party was repaid in kind by the ferocious replication of the other. They stood armed at either side, and there wanted but little incitement to fire them into open contest.

This state of things was evidently forced by the energy manifested by the administration, in the first instance, to check the insolence of the Orangemen, and its subsequent supineness in submitting to their taunts and insults. Had Lord Wellesley exhibited less zeal for one party, at the onset of his government, he might have been enabled, with a greater show of justice, and power of effect, to have subdued, at any period, the occasional indiscretions of both; he should either have persevered as he began, or began as he intended to persevere; but commencing on a system of decision, the Catholics expected that extent of protection which he found it inconvenient or impolitic to afford; and, disappointed in their expectation, endeavoured to create, out of their own body, the means of redress which the viceroy either would not or could not extend.

Take a picture of the state of parties and politics in Ireland at this juncture.

Lord Wellesley stood at the head of affairs, aiming at the establishment of liberal principles, and laboriously working to make all parties equally amenable to the law, and to administer the law equally to all. Then came Mr. Goulburn, the puppet of a faction, labouring in his vocation to overturn all Lord Wellesley's doctrines of government, and to sustain that which Lord Wellesley wanted to remove. Then an attorney-general, treading in the path of the lord-lieutenant, and illuminating it with a genius and an intellect that would redeem any other country from degradation; then a solicitor-general, following in the wake of the secretary, and diametrically opposed to the views of his legal brother; and all the other departments, civil, legal, and fiscal, similarly divided into a perfect system of checks and balances. Then witness the fantastic violence and irregular vituperation of the Catholic Association, opposed by the domineering bravado and drunken anathemas of the Orange lodges; then look at the two education societies, Protestant and Catholic, disseminating tracts and treason over the face of the country; then look

at the Bible Societies, providing the hungry with Testaments, and denouncing a religion to make converts of its professors—and the secular Catholic clergy arraigning the Bible Societies from the altar, and undoing on the Sunday what the evangelicals had been weaving the whole week. Then the anomaly of poverty in one spot, and plethora in the next; fanatical declamations upon loyalty under the very ban of martial law, and remonstrances against the expense of a police in districts overrun with midnight murder, pillage, and rebellion. Then came in the press to represent this turbulent scene; the press, chaotic and clamorous, whose writers must express an opinion by a libel, and support it by a duel; divided upon every question of national policy and public good; ebbing and flowing with every village vicissitude; and taking the colour of the last event, orange or green, that chance happened to fling upon its unhappy columns, until the whole boiled up like a cauldron with its unnatural and ever-conflicting ingredients. Then, lastly, came the Castle Press, two papers considered to be the organs of the administration, that held their armed conference, like the chiefs of old, across a boundary stream; one, ferociously liberal, denouncing the fanaticism and the turbulence of the Orangemen, and the other, extravagantly repelling the malediction, and anathematizing in its turn. This was the state of Ireland when the principles of Lord Wellesley's administration, reviled by one party, began to be distrusted by the other, and openly canvassed by both.

When Lord Wellesley was appointed Lord Lieutenant, eleven counties were in a state of insurrection, or disturbance; judging wisely that such discontent arose from local as well as general causes, he applied prompt and decisive remedies; he organized an effective police, one half of whose expense was levied on the county, and one half granted by government: and this police gradually subdued the spirit of insubordination that prevailed. The policy of the Lord Lieutenant was to make the most of the laws as they stood, and, tempering justice with humanity, to correct the effects of existing oppressions by such means as the existing laws afforded, without appealing to the legislature for further enactments of a rigorous and penal nature. Such, at least, we are justified in attributing as his policy; but other systems had a higher influence, and Mr. Goulburn became the willing instrument of a measure, that, in the name of allaying the causes of discontent, generalized and increased them.

The Catholic Association sprung, literally, from irritation and disappointment: irritation towards the Orangemen, and disappointment in the government. It did not arise from any causes, either sought for or created by the catholics themselves: it was the inevitable refuge of a people who thought themselves deceived, and who felt they were insulted. It might, or it might not have been a prudent resource, but it was an excusable and a natural one; and, however it might have been viewed by the legislature, as a body unconstitutional and dangerous, it was, at all events, entitled to its justification, as being the result of misgovernment, rather than the exciter of disaffection. To subdue this association, which he ought to have prevented, Mr. Goulbourn brought a bill into parliament, which, putting expediency and the immediate application of its provisions out of the question, was a direct abridgement of the liberty of the subject. In England such an act would not have been borne,—in Ireland it was violated.

The natural effect of this measure, homourously designated, by Mr.

O'Connell, the "Algerine Act," was to unite the catholics into one bond of opposition to the administration: Lord Wellesley was publicly and universally denounced; and even the most moderate objected to the helplessness and indecision of his protection, admitting that he might have good intentions if he dare act upon them; while many were found to add, that "Hell was paved with good intentions!" The dream of his great name was over; the catholics no longer paused to consider whether any measure they should adopt would embarrass his government, or force him into re-action; they no longer consulted his feelings, or respected his wishes; but, immediately after the bill was passed to dissolve one Catholic Association, erected another on its ruins, which just evades the law by a quibble.

We have stated that we believe Lord Wellesley's policy was to make the most of the laws as they stood, without seeking, under any circumstances, to increase their penalties. There are some evidences yet existing in proof of this. Lord Redesdale, when in Ireland, as beforementioned, complained that there was one law for the poor and another for the rich; —that defect in the judicial code was glaring; it presented itself at every turn; it was one of the prominent evils that grew out of the state of society;—Lord Wellesley saw it at once, and applied the only remedy that, under unequal laws, could have restored popular confidence,—Petit Sessions:—and they had the desired effect for a time; but as they were to be administered by the resident magistracy,—the last men in the whole world on whom the peasantry of Ireland could place the least reliance!—their influence gradually diminished, and they are now resorted to more from necessity than any trust in their justice. But we refer to their establishment, not from a conviction of their utility, for, while distinctive laws are permitted to remain on the statute book, such expedients must be temporary in their results; but as an instance of Lord Wellesley's desire to tranquillize the country by humane and protecting measures. The constabulary police may be cited as another indication of his policy; but the popularity they have obtained, it must be admitted, arises not merely from their adaptiveness to circumstances, but also from the fact of their being constantly thrown into collision with the Orange magistrates, which is quite sufficient to secure to them the attachment of the lower orders of the Irish. The appointment of some catholic barristers to offices hitherto virtually closed upon them, and a few decisions of great equity, mercy, and independence, afford abundant testimonies of Lord Wellesley's personal views in his government—but the unhappy "Algerine Act" deprived him "in one fell swoop" of all the honours and rewards of his wisdom, and it became impossible to extricate him from the charge of imbecility on the one hand, and duplicity on the other.

The new association was formed in very despite and contempt of the law, and what redress was left to the government? There was a choice of evils. Either to permit this body, which had now grown insolent in the security of its evasion, to persevere in its unconstitutional, though not illegal, career; or by the adoption of fresh and more unpopular penalties to crush it at once, and still farther abridge the public liberty. This was the dilemma in which the government had placed itself by a weak and ill-advised enactment; and in endeavouring to escape the consequences, it exhibited an additional weakness, by abandoning its own system, and submitting to the taunts of the new association, and its renewed levy upon the people. But, as a counterpoise to this tacit defeat,

the acts and speeches of the leaders were carefully watched, with a view to make individuals responsible for the offences of the body. Mr. O'Connel had been on a former occasion indicted for uttering "seditious words," (an absurdity in terms), and Sir Harcourt Lees, on the other hand, to balance the favours of government, had been also indicted for some fanatical expression, both of which indictments were thrown out by the grand jury, who, however they might have disliked Mr. O'Connell, disliked Lord Wellesley still more. The weakness, therefore, situated as Ireland is, of seeking to make the members of a body amenable to laws which are virtually outraged by the body itself, was, as might be expected, proved by its failure, and the continued impunity up to the present hour, of the New Catholic Association.

It was, of course, one of the anomalies of the times, that while the catholics were thus engaged, the Orangemen should be promoting the same object by different means. Orange coteries were collected in every village; scandal and calumny flowed in every quarter: the police were impeded in the performance of their duty: fictitious disturbances were got up: and every species of embarrassment and annoyance that could be devised was practised against the government. In this crisis it was no unusual thing to find a bigotted Orange magistrate closeted in one apartment of the castle, and a catholic landholder in another: promises were held out to each, and, in the nature of things, both were disappointed. Thus the materials of disunion and discontent were sent back into society, fanned alike by the statesman who desired to do good, and the power that crossed him at every movement.

The catholic question came to be debated, and Lord Wellesley sent his vote by proxy to the house, in its favour. Through the aid of the chief ecclesiastics and resident catholic gentry, the association had now attained a consistency and influence that enabled it to load the tables of both houses with countless petitions: mercurial expectation was on the tip-toe—the whole island was in a ferment. Parliament opened, and the first topic discussed, which occupied four nights, was the association; a new inroad upon the constitution was attempted, and it was only tolerated in the pledge that the question of emancipation should be immediately discussed. And it *was* discussed, but in connection with two subsidiary measures, or wings, that by exciting an under-current of minor difficulties eventually defeated the master measure of tranquillization. The deputation, returned to Ireland, mortified and humiliated: they carried with them the *onus* of that insult which is offered to a whole people through its accredited agents; and they rapidly spread the sentiment, "from the Giant's Causeway, to Cape Clear."

Now was the moment for the working of Lord Wellesly's policy, if, indeed, it were available to Ireland. Now was the moment to ascertain the specific gravity of conciliation in a country torn by factions, and convulsed by law: but distrust and jealousy had grown out of the past imbecility of the government, and the people no longer heeded its councils or respected its ordinances. The Catholic Association literally governed Ireland. It swayed the opinions of the multitude—it influenced the proceedings of every public meeting—and at last spread its anomalous interference to the courts of justice, where it protected and defended the helpless caste against the privileged. Lord Wellesley's conciliation was, therefore, unavailing: it produced nothing but derision or contempt—for now feelings ran so high that it was impossible to maintain a neutral

ground, and every man in Ireland attached himself to one party or the other. But as conciliation was a harmless principle, and the administration was nearly a negative, there was less violent opposition to government than the circumstances of the times might have justified.

Again the question was discussed, or rather a motion made to discuss it, which was thrown out by a majority of the House of Commons. This seemed to be the consummation of Irish disappointment: a fate seemed to impend over the affairs of that distracted country; and men who had long reflected upon her condition, now abandoned it, hopeless of the possibility of adjustment. Lord Wellesley's government ceased to excite attention; it was of no consequence whether he meant well or ill, since the legislature stood opposed to the permanent good of the people; systems that only diverted the pain, had now lost their power of misleading the attention of society; and a crisis was at last atchieved in Ireland when the multitude was not deluded by blandishments and promises.

From this chaos of fluctuating events and passions, Lord Wellesley retires, and the nation will pronounce upon the merits of his vice-reign. There can exist no doubt that he studied the real interests of the country he was appointed to govern, and that he would have bequeathed to her some lasting memorial of his wisdom, if the left-legged policy of a divided cabinet had not frustrated his views. But it must also be observed that he knew the machine he had to work, and that in encouraging expectations which he could not realize, he, in effect, produced consequences of the very worst description. There was a weakness too, in assuming as the leading principle of his government the doctrine of conciliation, because it was addressed to a country in which the elements of division formed the basis of public and private life: to conciliate, therefore, where the laws, the habits, and the institutions had sown inveterate distinctions, was mockery, and instead of seeming to be the first advance of a new theory, had all the characteristics of a fresh trifling of the old. Had his administration been a necessary commencement of a change of policy, it would have been successful, but it unhappily developed in its progress too many of those marks of former misgovernment to entitle it to confidence; the Catholics reflect upon the acts it originated, and denounce it: the Protestants, disappointed, say that it wanted energy to be useful; and because it stands in an unfortunate mean between either party, it has lost the approbation of both.

When Lord Wellesley went to Ireland, he found it occupied by two great bodies—both intolerant,—the one from long oppression, the other from long impunity. That oppression and that impunity had arisen from legislative, not executive sources—the executive, therefore, possessed no internal power of redress. All intelligent men now perceive that, provided the Lord Lieutenant be merely an honest man, it is of no consequence to what political creed he subscribes: he cannot remove the permanent causes of disunion, although no doubt he may exasperate them. To have performed the great negative duty of preserving the peace of society, and ameliorating the local condition of the people, is the utmost applause any Lord Lieutenant can receive. Has Lord Wellesley done this?

His administration produced the Tithe Adjustment Bill, which has literally failed of satisfying popular opinion. It produced the Burial Bill, by which a Catholic corpse was rendered eligible to the rites of religion at the grave, *under the permission of the Protestant curate.* And what

effect has that bill produced? It disgusted the ecclesiastical pride of the Catholic clergy, who refused to solicit the permission of the Protestant clergy to do that which they deemed the natural and inalienable privilege of every christian under heaven; and since the passing of the bill, we believe, not a single instance has occurred, in which the usual service was performed at the interment of a Catholic! But it has done more; it has suggested to the association, the idea of establishing burial grounds for themselves, which they are now doing in Dublin, thus perpetuating, even in death, that separation which has existed amongst Protestants and Catholics while living. His administration has also produced Petty Sessions and a Constabulatory Force. Both wholesome measures, but daily falling into suspicion. And, lastly, his administration produced that act by which the expression of public sentiment is restricted and impeded.

We think it follows, that Lord Wellesley's administration has not been merely negative: that the evils it has done have left their effects behind them, and that the good is at the mercy of the next empiric who takes the tortured patient in hands. It must be remarked, too, that the friends which his moderation raised up for him, received none of his protection, but were abandoned to the calumnies and vengeance of a faction—while his enemies, who secretly betrayed and publicly traduced him, were suffered to proceed with impunity. These are facts for history—we but sketch: and in consigning to the temperate verdict of his country the last five years of his lordship's life, we think we have not given an undue importance, or an exaggerated colouring, to the events embraced in that period. We have simply stated the leading features—we are not partisans enough to conceal or heighten a single truth.

NOTES FOR THE MONTH.

The month has passed over, without producing any thing definitive as to the affairs of Turkey. The official despatches received up to the 29th ultimo, (November)—the contents of which have been rather sparingly promulgated—look like war: but still, like war, undertaken with something of a rebuked spirit, and less of suddenness and determination, than was wont to distinguish the Ottoman policy. Since the date of the official intelligence, some reports have circulated of a proposition for a peace: but this news wants confirmation.

For ourselves—we find it still difficult to be persuaded, that the conclusion of this affair will be otherwise than pacific. We do *not* believe that the Turks will be so mad as to rush into a war, which *can* have no other result—even *their blindness*, we should think, can imagine no other result to it—than their destruction. In fact, their ruin is the event that the opponents of war among ourselves, are apprehending: there is no creature wild enough (even in the fury of party) in England, to suggest the possibility of their success. Be the event, however, what it may, the *fitness of the course adopted* remains unaltered: if the decision were to occur again, we believe that England could take no other policy than that which she has pursued. If we will have the benefit of a free and liberal policy in the relations and communications of nations, we must be prepared now and then to undergo the trouble of insisting upon that policy, with those whose interests, or passions, would lead

them to depart from it. We can maintain no set of principles, no system, without the pains, from time to time, of enforcing the observance of it. We entertain (personally) no particular affection for the Greeks as a nation; their cause has a worse odour with the public than it deserves, because it is mixed up, to a certain point, with the absurd or corrupt conduct of a great many quacks, and some knaves, who have obtruded themselves into the advocacy of it: but the mere state of feeling, and tone of policy, which, has for years been gaining ground in Europe, made an interference on their behalf with the conduct of the Porte unavoidable. The Turks were passing that limit of tyranny, which it was commonly decent for free surrounding nations to look on upon and tolerate. Europe, collectively, could not, and would not, stand by, and sanction the project of *exterminating* a whole people. If England had refused interference, France would perhaps have interfered—Russia would undoubtedly have interfered: and any one European power (the last especially) would have been more than equal to the accomplishment of the desired object. In a merely interested point of view therefore, our course of alliance was a wise and a necessary one. If we proceeded with France and Russia, it was possible that such a unity of declaration would produce peace. We think that it will yet have that effect—a little more demonstration may be necessary, but we still believe that the Turks will give way in time. But at all events the course of alliance, gave us some voice in the extent and management of a war—if one occurred: while, if we held back, our powers of mediation, in case of war, were cramped to nothing; and the mere fact of that holding back, made the resistance of the Turks a matter of certainty. Our alliance placed us in a position incomparably more favourable for any event, than we could have held, if we had avoided or declined it. No man apprehends any difficulty from our contest with Turkey: but a contest with Russia (after Turkey is destroyed) is thought possible about the partition. Now no man can doubt, that, if we had refused to interfere, Russia might have beaten Turkey single handed; and then—if we had contrived to remain neutral during the contest—the same source of dissension arose at the end, with ourselves in an incomparably less advantageous situation, for regulating or arranging it.

The short question remaining, then, seems to be this—Could the Turks be allowed to go on massacreing and carrying into slavery the Greeks, to the scandal and offence of all Christendom? we apprehend that, at the present day, they could not. Extermination *was* an admirable recipe for differences; but modern policy (the belief upon which we are generally acting) rejects it. If we (England) were to proceed to-morrow to exterminate the Irish (repeopling the country from our own surplus population), no course could be more convenient than such an one, or, perhaps, as regards the interests of all parties, advantageous: but *France would interfere*—therefore, instead of "exterminating," we must "emancipate" them. We may put down rebellion with a very strong hand, and even punish it by very severe and bloody executions; but there *is* a line beyond which cruelty becomes unpleasant to those who witness it: and that line the Turks have passed. The case is one that comes before our police tribunals at Bow-street or the Mansion-house every day. A master gives his parish apprentice twenty stripes, and the magistrate puts on a grave face, and perceives the necessity of enforcing discipline, and of wholesome correction, in case of need. But the man comes up *again*, for having given fifty blows, and

added a little starvation; and there is this time no defence, nor any cure: the line has been crossed; the command is peremptory, and "the *Indentures must be cancelled!*" It may be added, that the pretensions of the Turks—founded oddly enough upon the fact of their weakness, not upon their strength—must consent to a little general abatement in the present age. We tolerate something—and have tolerated a great deal—to maintain a particular power in a position which it is generally convenient that it should hold: but that such a power should claim to take any tone that wildness and bigotry may dictate, and threaten, like a pettish child, that—If we do not permit it to do this, it will deliver itself up to destruction! This is too much. If—as one of our ambassadors is reported to have said—"If they will have their ruin, they must have their ruin!" Their existence was convenient: being lost—like other conveniences that we lose, we must find some way to do without them.

In the home affairs of the country, no novelty presents itself; and in the courts of the law not much—excepting Lord Stowell's decision in the well-known cause of "The Slave Grace;" which has excited a great deal of curiosity; and the more, inasmuch as it gives the rule in several other cases (nearly similar) which are pending before the court.

The point presented in this case to Lord Stowell, stripped of the enormous mass of illustration and legal argument which has been laid out upon it, is shortly this: "Whether or not the admitted original owner of any given slave, resident in any of the British Colonies—that slave having landed in England, where, according to the law laid down by Lord Mansfield, he would be free—would recover his property in such slave, and could enforce his title to possession, on his (the slave's) return to the colony from which he had departed?" Lord Stowell's opinion has been, that the slave *might* be so recovered; and the legal accuracy of that opinion is generally admitted, though a strong feeling prevails against its reasonableness or justice: but the fact is, that the case is, in every view, one of very great inconvenience and perplexity; and an opposite decision—however we are inclined, in any question between liberty and slavery, to give the benefit of a doubt freely to the former—would not settle the point to our entire satisfaction.

Lord Mansfield's judgment in the "Somerset" case no doubt declared, unequivocally, that every slave, the moment he landed in England, became free. And the sticklers for the unrestrained reading of this *dictum* put their question very strongly—"How is it," they ask, "that a man whom you admit to be free in England, by taking a voyage to Jamaica, becomes a slave?"—A striking illustration is added of the possible cruel effect of such a law, in the supposed case of a female slave from the West Indies contracting marriage, as a free woman, in this country, with an English subject; when, in case the parties, ten years afterwards, happened by any chance to find themselves in the West-Indies, this freeman's wife, perhaps with a family (as, by the colonial law, the children follow the state of the mother), might be seized by her original owner, or his heirs, and, without remedy, carried away as a slave.

Now to that part of the complaint here which touches the children, we should be inclined to demur: the children, being British born subjects, we apprehend, could never, under any circumstances, be condemned as slaves. But to the rest of the case no answer can be given: the thing might undoubtedly occur as it is stated. It *is* very difficult, we agree, to see by what process or operation, a man who goes on ship-board free in

England, by sailing to the West Indies forfeits his liberty. It is not the act of performing the voyage; because fifty other persons perform that along with him; and no one's free agency, at the end of the journey, has disappeared but his own. The loss is not like the evaporation of *honesty*, which has been sometimes believed to take place on a West India voyage; because there the quality in question departs from the voyagers generally, and not from any peculiar individual. And to get rid of any seeming ridiculousness or improbability about the supposed case of a slave woman, from Jamaica, becoming the wife (in England) of a British subject, we may just notice the fact—that it is not at all a necessary concomitant to a female's being a slave in our colonies, that she should be a *negress*.

A contrary judgment, however, to that delivered by Lord Stowell, strips this case of very little of its difficulty: of so little indeed, that we take the decision, one way or the other—so that the law be *declared*—to be a matter of no very material consequence. Perhaps the conclusion which his lordship has come to, is the best. If the effects of the one decision, in a possible case, may press hardly upon the slave, there are abundance of possible cases in which an opposite decision would fall very heavily on the master. A planter, for instance, say in Jamaica, loses a slave from his estate by *desertion*; and sends into the "*Bush*," the common harbour of such runaways, to seek him. There can be no doubt, so long as the law recognizes any property in the bodies of men, that the slave deserting, is the property of his master at the time when he deserts; and that the master would have the right, wherever he found him, to retake him. And yet, by a decision reversed to Lord Stowell's, it would be declared that this right of the master may become lost to him, without any act, on his part, by which, legally or equitably, he would deserve to forfeit it. The wonder of a man's losing his liberty by merely passing from one portion of the globe to another, is considerable; but not greater, as far as we see, than that of his gaining his liberty by the same process. By Lord Stowell's recent judgment, it is decided, that the right of a free negro to his liberty, may lapse in the course of a voyage from London to Jamaica—to which voyage, however, the negro himself must be *consenting*—for he cannot be carried away against his will; but, on the other hand, Lord Mansfield's decision, it must be recollected, has long ago invested the passage over the Atlantic ocean with a property no less inexplicable; for by that judgment, the right of a planter to his slave lapses in the course of a voyage from Jamaica to London—whether, moreover, to that voyage the planter be consenting or not!

A man loses a slave, undoubtedly his property, off his estate, in the month of May, and advertises that slave and retakes him in the month of August; and yet the slave, having in the meantime made a trip to England, says—"Your right, whatever it was, is at an end: I am here; but I am free." This would be the effect of the unrestrained operation of the law of Lord Mansfield. Now it is at least as difficult to see by what process, this planter—without any act of his own—has become defeased, in the course of three months, of a property which he undoubtedly possessed, as it can be to show how a free negro,—by an act which is his own—to wit, by the voyage from England to Jamaica—becomes in a few months defeased of his liberty.

And there are difficulties beyond this; and considerable ones. If we decide that a slave, known as a deserter, and never manumitted, and found upon his master's estate, *may be* free, we soon get into troublesome

litigation as to the *proof* of that freedom. The presumption is, that the man who has been a slave, *is* still a slave: the *onus* of proving the contrary must lie upon him. When he landed at Dover he became free; but he must shew that he did land there: which might not always be easy—in many cases, would not be possible. The very act, by which he claims to be free, is an act of offence against the law of the colony to which he belonged; and an abstraction of the property of his master. He states that he deserted—which is perfectly admitted, and is part of the case against him; he states that he is free, because he has been to England—but England has given him no certificate either of his visit, or of his liberty; and he at least remains in the hands of his master until that evidence can be made out—a condition least of all others likely to be for his comfort or advantage.

The whole perplexity arises out of the anomalous condition of our law, which recognizes slavery in one portion of the British dominions, and refuses to recognize it in another: and, perhaps, while that anomalous state of affairs continues, so that the question be *adjusted*, it is not very highly material in which way. If the negro (not manumitted) who enjoys freedom in this country, is *advised* of the fact that, if he returns to his colony, he returns to slavery,—then he either avoids so returning, or, returning, he goes into slavery knowingly, and of his own will. And it is not a very oppressive provision to tack to the estate of a slave, who has gained his liberty by the simple process of running away from his master's estate in Jamaica—to say—"Your liberty, remember, is subject to the condition, that you shall not return to Jamaica again." Under any decision of the point, subject to the existing state of our slave law, difficulties and abuses may arise. If we adopt Lord Stowell's law, the master of a ship, having a negro on board, bound for New York (where he would be free), may with impunity run that man into St. Kitts (from whence he came ten years before), and make a slave of him. On the other hand, by the law existing already—and which (in spite of Lord Stowell's decision) *remains* in force—the same captain of a vessel, allowing a negro to conceal himself on board his ship in port, and work his passage to England; by that act deprives that man's owner of a property, the saleable value of which may be perhaps 200*l.*

The *Morning Chronicle* observes to-day, discussing the unjustifiableness of a plan of emigration—"That the poor families have just as great a right to send the rich away, (if there are too many people in the country,) as the rich, the poor."—There is no doubt, we apprehend, that they have exactly the same *right*; but they have not altogether the same *power*.

Kew Palace, which thirty years ago cost half a million of money, has been for some time past in so ruinous a state, that it is being pulled down. (More by token, that part of it has fallen in during the operations, and four of the unfortunate labourers employed lost their lives by the accident.) The peculiar style of modern building—we dont mean to speak of "architecture," but of the vulgar work of putting stones and mortar permanently together—is becoming really worthy of public attention. Kew Palace, finished about five and twenty years—is selling now, for the waste materials. Carlton House—a building of yesterday, compared with the average duration of houses built in our less "enlightened" days—was in such a state for some years before it was taken down, that it was almost dangerous to inhabit it. Mr. Beckford's splendid "Fonthill," was on the

ground within ten years after it was finished: and the new Custom House fell in, we believe, within eight years after its completion. The theatres and the churches, are the only buildings which seem to last any competent time; perhaps this is because the first are generally burned down before they have time to tumble down; and for the last, (being only in requisition once a week,) when they are once up, there is but little wear and tear to endanger them.

A new Monkey. The *London Weekly Review* says, in describing the "Chimpanza," an enormous ape, recently discovered in Southern Africa —"This enormous monkey inhabits the coast of the Gulf of Guinea. Its height is sometimes greater than that of man; it has a small *beard* and *mustachios;* and is exceedingly pugnacious. It lives, in *some measure, in society;* at least, *numerous individuals of the species congregate together,* to plunder the negroes and carry off their wives. It builds itself a hut, *makes love to the negresses,* and drives away those who approach its dwelling, by pelting them with stones. *Several young ones have been tamed, and found to possess great imitative talents.*"

We had never read an exact account of this curious monkey before; but we are much mistaken, (now we see the description,) if we have not met some of the last-mentioned specimens—the "tamed ones," with the "imitative talents"—within the last six months, about the "West end of the town."

"March" of Assimilation:—from the "John Bull's Second Visit to Paris."—"The glories of France, for English travellers" (says a tourist, just returned,) "are departing. The national peculiarities, on both sides, are softening down: the ultra French tastes are giving way, and the ultra English prejudices ceasing to be laughed at: there are no cries of *Il est Anglois!* now, and crowds running to look, when a London alderman asks the "chemin" to the "Bull-vards," or the "Pally Royal." Calais is almost an English town—more English, I dare say, than ever it was in the days of the Edwards or Henrys: the postilion that drove me the first stage towards Abbeville, had not larger boots on than those of our own life-guards. At the third stage, I fell into the hands of a *vieille moustache,* (the former driver had been a young man,) in whom the *ancien* costume was still complete—a cocked hat, a queue, and boots that you might have taken a double hop into, for a wager, at fourteen feet distance—standing. But we are amalgamating! Every thing is "*à la mode d'Angleterre.*" English carriages—English "blacking"—English bread—and I saw one imitation of a piece of English roast beef: if there is not a war within the next ten years, we shall not have much taste for French quarrels any more. Some points of the alteration I don't like: the inns, in particular, are getting very "English:" that is to say, the apartments tolerably clean; but the wine and *cuisine* excessively detestable! I never ate a viler dinner in my life, or was poisoned with viler beverages, than at Quillac's, at Calais, this last time—the very champaign was undrinkable!—and the inns (even those of Calais) used to be fairly good. Still our countrymen visit. The trip is short: you get to France as quickly as you get to Cheltenham or Bath; and rather a little longer rag of "travelling" reputation attaches to it. Regularly as the mail comes in to that very horrible town, Dover, you see the "single" wayfarers, creeping out of the vehicle, into the "Ship" or the "Royal Hotel;" with all the ill temper becoming to a night passed without sleep (and in a stage coach) behind—and a prospect of a blowing passage before—well

marked upon their countenances. The first wry face is at the smell of the mud—that lies so beautifully under your window—whichever house you go to—in the dock; and the first inquiry—at what time the steam packet is to sail? " Then comes the conception, to " go to bed for an hour or so ;" met by a blunt intimation on the part of the chambermaid, (if she happens to be visible so early as six o'clock,)—" that there is not a bed in all the house vacant." There are, however, " several gentlemen *just then* getting up," and " you shall have the reversion of the *first* that is to spare !" Then, while you wait for this horrible result—which your common brains (if you have any) " hanging about the neck " of your hope, and asking—" what possible purpose any person that *has* a bed, can be getting up out of it, at such an hour as that *for!*" convince you is a delusion—you walk—still in the hat and great coat—up and down the cold, fireless, coffee-room, littered with the crumbs and *debris* of last night's supper, and poisonous with the scent of stale brandy and water, and half-smoked segars—a sitting room being more hopeless, incomparably, even than a chamber !—and suddenly, tumbling over a lump of something rolled in a rug, which you took to be the fender and fire irons, unkennel " Mr. O'Shooteasy, from Tipperary"—who arrived two hours earlier than yourself; and for fault of better, took that mode of disposing himself till morning ! Still—call any thing " pleasure," and men are satisfied. At every packet that approaches Calais Pier,—the cry is still —" they come !" Moreover, it is pleasant to be *abroad:* your puppy, like your prophet, "is little honoured in his own country." In France, the Englishman who appears, comes as a stranger, and meets, accordingly, with deference and respect: at home he is an old acquaintance, and we treat him accordingly—that is, with no respect at all: and if we know any thing that will mortify him, we take care to say it. In England, if a tailor tried to travel as a " gentleman," though he paid like six gentlemen, the first " boots" at a coffee-house, that knew his calling, would fling it in his teeth. In France, the man who " pays "—" has reason ;"—they demand no more: he deceives himself—fancies that he deceives others—and is happy."

A " Nice Point for the Judges."—A beautiful little question, for the people of form and precedent, arose, a few days since, in the court of Common Pleas, in the course of an action for trespass, entitled *Goodman v. Kennell.* The actual offence committed—like the sin in the story of the abbess of Andouillet—seems to be divided between so many persons, that it is difficult to determine which ought to bear the blame of it. The facts of the case stood thus.—

The defendant, Mr. Kennell, who resides in the neighbourhood of Lambeth, on the particular day stated in the pleadings, sent a jobbing non-descript, named Cockings, who occasionally acted as his servant, with a message to Furnival's inn. Mr. Cockings, having taken an oath never to walk when he might ride—unless he liked walking best—which did not happen to be the case in the present instance—took the horse of a Mr. Freshfield, for whom also he sometimes worked as a servant, (and who had desired him occasionally to " exercise " that quadruped,) to perform the journey. But on his way home—to omit details which are not material—he contrived to run over the plaintiff in the action, Mr. Goodman. The mischief then stood thus—Cockings, going on Kennell's business, mounted on Freshfield's horse, ran over Goodman: and with

the *delictum* so divided, the last was in doubt where to bring his action !—Cocking, the corporal offender, not being worth following.

The fact was, the plaintiff suffered, and seemed likely to suffer, by having too many strings to his bow. Mr. Kennell was undoubtedly liable for the damage done by his servant—while in the performance of his business; and Mr. Freshfield was equally bound for the conduct of his horse, by whom the damage had been committed. But *both* could not well be made liable. If Cockings had run over the plaintiff without Mr. Freshfield's horse; or, if the horse had run over the plaintiff, without having Cockings on his back; or, if Cockings had done the embassy to Furnival's inn for Mr. Freshfield, to whom the horse belonged; or, if Mr. Kennell, who sent Cockings to Furnival's inn, had been the owner of the horse;—any one of these ways, the case would have been clear: but, between "the two stools," Mr. Goodman (in the court, as in the Lambeth-road) was like to "come to the ground." As the case stood, he did resolve to go against the owner of the servant—Mr. Kennell—(we suspect rather at a hazard); and Mr. Justice Park, probably from a feeling that he had a fair title to recover somewhere—summed up in his favour—although Cockings stated distinctly that he took the horse of Mr. Freshfield, without any order from —and even without the privity of—Mr. Kennell. But the case, in all likelihood, will come before the Court above: and we rather doubt, upon the evidence, whether Mr. Justice Park's law will stand.

There is no doubt that a man is answerable, in law, for that which his servant—though servant only for the time being—does by his command. And, still farther, he is answerable for that, which his servant may do in the ordinary and reasonable routine of his (the master's) business, although not by his particular command. And moreover, he is liable for things which his servant does in his name, in fraud upon him, and contrary to his interest, as for the taking up of goods of shops at which he is accustomed to deal, and have credit given by the agency of that servant—because here, it is his ordinary course of conduct which leads the tradesman into mistake. But we doubt rather whether this kind of liability can be taken to extend to such an act as the running down public passengers, by riding on the back of other people's horses; because this is an act with which the master has in equity nothing to do—and, besides, the precedent is against it.

For instance, in the case of "Dobson *v.* Sir Arthur White," where the Overseers of the parish of St. George's, Hanover Square, sued the defendant, a gentleman of fortune, residing at No. 7, Brook-street, because a housemaid who lived at No. 11—four doors off—had become chargeable to the parish, in consequence of the immorality of his footman,—Sir Pepper Arden, Chief Justice, held—"that the Defendant was clearly *not* liable; because the act complained of had been committed by the *footman*, of his own wrong, and not in the reasonable performance of any of his master's business." 2d. B. B. pp. 132. This was a *Nisi Prius* decision: but it was never disturbed.

However we will come closer to the case immediately in question.—Cockings was sent by Kennell to Furnival's inn: he received no horse to go upon; and the presumption was, that he would go on foot. Then suppose (as he did not go *on foot*), instead of mounting, without leave, upon Mr. Freshfield's horse—he had gone to Exeter Change, and mounted clan-

destinely upon the Elephant—and ridden him to Furnival's Inn—knocking down Temple-bar—or the Court of Chancery in Lincoln's Inn—or any other public impediment—instead of Mr. Goodman—by the way? or suppose, instead of *taking* the loan of Mr. Freshfield's horse, he had hired a coach, or a gig, and damaged various other vehicles by careless driving; surely, it would be too much to say, that Mr. Kennell should be at the cost of setting these damages right again? Between two courses of wrong—there was the best *prima facie* case for bringing the action against Mr. Freshfield; for it appears clearly, that Cockings had no authority from Mr. Kennell to go on horseback to Furnival's Inn; while, for exercising the horse, that did the mischief (occasionally) there was something very like a general retainer from Mr. Freshfield. If Goodman had been *killed* now, *for* example, instead of *hurt*—would not the *deodand* have been put upon the horse."

Altogether, however, it will be an exquisite point for the practice of the present day, when barristers rise, at least five times out of every six, to address themselves, not at all to the merits of the case, but to some quibble or clerical error upon the face of the parchments that bring it before the court. For, if there be any action in the case against any person but the actual offender, Cockings, we profess ourselves quite unable to determine where it lies. And there seems to be hope too of a new point still, in the argument before the court above: for we see, according to the evidence, it appears, that the horse was "running away" at the time when the accident happened—now, it may become material to know, whether it was the horse that run away with Cockings, or Cockings that run away with the horse! Because, if Cockings ran away with the horse, why then it was him who did the mischief, and he would be the party answerable: but if it was the horse that ran away with Cockings, would not Cockings have his remedy over—another action—against Mr. Freshfield!!!

We announced, by some accident, in our notice of the "Annuals, last month, that the price of "The Bijou," (edited by M. Frazer), was a guinea. It appears that we were wrong in this statement, and our readers, no doubt, have had to thank us for an agreeable surprise, when they went with a sovereign to buy it, and were charged only twelve shillings. We correct the mistake, without knowing by what delusion it occurred: perhaps, instead of saying it *was* sold for a guinea, we meant to say that it *deserved* to be. This would not be very far from the truth—as our criticism, delivered along with the error, evinces; and it makes a very pretty compliment to Mr. Pickering, the publisher (by way of getting out of our scrape) into the bargain.

Our friend Cobbett has got into some disgrace (we suspect, into more than he cares for) about his scheme for having cheap labourers to work his grounds at Barn Elms, and elsewhere. A letter in the *Nottingham Review*, which he republishes in his Register, for the purpose of commenting upon it, has the best of the fight with him considerably: his answer is (as all his angry papers are) amusing; but it is *no answer* to the charges stated against him.

In fact, his whole scheme is a humbug: and too transparent a humbug. No one doubts his right to hire labourers at the cheapest rate that he can get them: but to hit upon a mode of getting labour particularly cheap—cheaper than it would be possible to get it, but for the excess of

hands, over the number that can find employment in the market; and to talk of this as "a plan for bettering the condition of the working classes," is a little too good—even for William, with all his eccentricities. The scheme itself, is only an old scheme, but with a new, and an extremely impudent face: it is the "*Shop System;*" only avowed, and bullied upon, instead of worked under the rose. The "Shop" manufacturer pays his man with *tickets* for goods—which *may be* deficient in weight or in quality. Cobbett pays at once *with goods*—of which the weight, quality, and all other material attributes, are to be settled *solely by himself.* The remedy for discontent in both cases is the same—"Those who are not satisfied may keep away."—But, except for the unhappy state of things, which makes that argument unanswerable, no such course of dealing, in either case, would ever be attempted.

The indignation of a man about "shopkeepers' profits," is ridiculous enough—who puts forth a scheme, in the very same breath, which makes him the shopkeeper himself! Besides which, his labour—at the rate at which he proposes to pay—will be got infinitely *below the average price* of farming labour, any where in the vicinity of London. His "two pound ration of meat," issued in the fairest way (according to the prices published in his own Register of December the 10th) may be bought for ninepence. His "two pounds of bread" for threepence halfpenny; and his "half pound of cheese" for two pence halfpenny. The whole cost therefore of his allowance "in kind" is fifteen pence a day—or, seven shillings and sixpence a week: he having moreover this advantage, that it is not a hiring by the week, but absolutely by the hour! the work to stop, or to go on, just as he sees convenient or reasonable: and no wages to be paid, but for those hours, during which, the labourer may be actually employed! Now, if this is being a "benefactor" to the working classes, all the farmers in England would be glad to become "benefactors" to-morrow.

The rest of the stuff about being "Resolved no man shall work for me, who has not a belly-full of good food, consisting of meat and bread, and cheese, &c."—is mere insolent bombast, and imposition. A "belly-full" is for our horse, or our ox: the wants of men—though they *be* labourers—go beyond "a belly-full." Men must have a lodging; and shoes; and breeches; and a shirt; and fire; and soap to wash; and a pot to cook Mr. Cobbett's mutton in; and they must have something more than Thames water to drink with it; of all which needful provisions good William "knows nothing!" *We* know perfectly well (and *he* knows too) that the "pound of meat" which might be spared daily out of his "belly-full" ration will *not supply them*:—not to speak of our maintenance for the *seventh day;* which—as we do no work on it—his Excellency means should be kept as a Fast, as well as a Sabbath? The fact is, that the whole story is nothing more than a flimsy pretence, to cover the real shabbiness of beating down labour even lower than it is bought in the general market; catching a bargain, at the fag-end of the day; picking up people, who—as Cobbett himself states—have no choice left between his work, and begging about the streets of Kensington; and offering them "victuals" for their hire, while it suits him to employ them! There is no law to forbid this: and the poor creatures had better work even for such pittance than beg; but to call it "a plan for bettering the condition of the labouring classes!" is really putting the common sanity of mankind below its average level.

Lex Talionis.—"An Armenian jeweller, who had sold a quantity of

counterfeit diamonds to the favourite wife of the Shah of Persia, was pursued by the officers of the palace, and overtaken, when the lady demanded an exemplary satisfaction. The Shah, after many endeavours, finding it impossible to propitiate the complainant, consented that the malefactor should be exposed, according to the custom of the country, in the arena for the combats of wild beasts. But, when all the court was collected to witness the spectacle of the execution, to the surprise of the poor wretch, who expected to be instantly devoured, instead of a lion, a lamb was let out from one of the dens, which forthwith walked up, and began to fawn upon him. The sultaness, indignant at this affront, flew to her husband to explain what had happened, and insisted that the master of the beasts, who had ordered this, deserved no better than to be eaten along with the false jeweller, for company. "Be merciful, fair Yasili," said the good-tempered prince; "the Armenian has been punished by the law of retaliation. He deceived you, and he has now himself been deceived; let him be quit, for this time, *pour le peur.*" *Furet de Londres.*

The new ukase of the Emperor Nicholas of Russia for the regulation of the Jews in his dominions, seems to be giving universal offence to the children of Israel in this country. It seems to be a cruel and an absurd policy, the distressing, for no adequate or important advantage, a body of men who are extremely useful in many parts of the Russian dominions: but the reliance is on their habitual endurance; they make money in Russia; and, where they make money, it is believed they will remain. Their condition in the East is incomparably worse than it will be in Russia, even under the new ordinance; and yet in Algiers, Tunis, and all the Barbary states, they abound.

"The number of Jews in the Barbary States," says a recent French writer, "is very considerable. The city of Algiers alone contains near 8,000, upon a gross population of not more than 90,000, negroes included. The vexations to which they are here subjected, would be intolerable to any other people. They are *forbidden to sit* in the presence of a Mahometan; they must execute the duty of *carrying the Moors on their shoulders* through the water, when the state of the tide prevents boats from coming to the quays. They are *the public executioners*, and are compelled, moreover, to *bury the bodies* of all criminals. On very slight pretexts, indeed, they are *condemned to be hanged*; and are loaded with taxes; paying a general impost of 2000 dollars a week—*without prejudice to occasional loans* and contributions, when the authorities are in want.

"In spite of these merciless extortions, the Jews find means to amass immense riches. The pride and indolence of the Moors rendering them unfit for business, they transact all important and difficult affairs, and take care to pay themselves well for their trouble." * * * * "A curious prophecy," the same writer says, "is current in Tunis, that some day or other, during the hour of mid-day prayer, the Christians will attack and seize the city. For this reason, the gates of the town are invariably closed during that hour; and not opened on any pretext whatever. The prophet has added, that the parties who make this seizure, are to be soldiers clothed in *red*; there needs no more than this, of course, to point the general suspicion to the English."

We see that another life has been lost in the river, below bridge, in consequence of a wherry, with two persons on board, having been run down by a Gravesend steam-boat. The coroner's jury has returned a verdict of "Manslaughter" against the master, who, we believe, is in custody accordingly. Without meaning to prejudge the merits of this

case—the circumstances of which are but imperfectly known to us—we do trust—especially as the case is not a capital one—that if the *crime of negligence* is found to attach to any individual who had the direction of that steam-boat, the offender may receive such a sentence as shall render him a public example. This course has already been taken in Scotland; and it is the only one which will be effective here. Every body knows the feeling with which a man drives, whose strength is such that it must bear down all before him: he has no desire to run over any body; but those who are afraid of being run over, must look sharp, and keep out of the way. We have not the least doubt, that the horrible accidents which are every week occurring with steam-vessels, are quite unavoidable; or entirely owing to the fault of the parties who are killed; but, nevertheless, we do very confidently believe, that, whenever half a dozen of the parties surviving shall have been sentenced to smart terms of imprisonment, such accidents will cease to happen. The approaching era of "steam carriages," renders a determination to execute the law upon this point with strictness, absolutely necessary. If the steam-coaches should do as much mischief as the steam-boats, the roads, for ordinary travellers, would be impassable.

Haytian Legislation.—"Nothing" (says a recent traveller) "can be more discouraging to commercial intercourse with Hayti, than the *irregular system* under which every thing is conducted, from the highest to the lowest office of the state. The *delays* and *procrastinations* of the officers of the customs are exceedingly injurious both to the consignee and the vessel; a *studied dilatoriness* pervades all their proceedings. This delay is well known to the *government*, and repeated remonstrances have been sent to the proper authorities; but they have all been *unsuccessful;* and the only way to obtain a little dispatch, is to present *a douceur;* for the principal officers are open to bribes, and seem determined *never to do their duty without them.*" * * * * "The inconvenience and imposition of the Haytian *tariff*, furnishes another ground of complaint among foreigners. The delay which ensues between the *landing* of the merchants' property, and the *examination* of it by the officers of the customs, is not only most injurious, but in a country *where theft is so prevalent as in Hayti*, there is but little security for property! I have seen many instances of goods being most unwarrantably exposed, and all the remonstrances of the consignee have been unavailing; there appeared, on the contrary, every reason *to suspect connivance on the part of those whose duty it was to protect against plunder*, &c.!" * * * "The way in which goods are valued also, agreeably to the tariff, is a monstrous imposition, and calls for the most prompt and efficient remedy. Many of the articles of British manufacture are subjected to a duty equal to *twenty per cent.* instead of *twelve* [the avowed rate of duty], from the *excess of valuation:* the tariff fixing a value *nearly double* the actual sale price of the goods!" * * In no other country have I ever witnessed such impositions and such depredations, and the injured individuals have not the least possible chance of redress." [The account of the legal authorities from whom redress in these cases should come, is very amusing.] * * * "The judges form, perhaps, the most extraordinary selection of personages that could ever have been found in any country. The grand judge, Monsieur Ineshmall, is a man of colour, nearly eighty years of age. Until he arrived at middle age, he had been actively and successfully employed *in the career of a pirate.* His legal knowledge is what might be expected from his previous avocations. He is a modest old man, it is true; for when his present appointment was offered to him, he declined it, as he said himself, from his incompetency to perform the duties which it required! Boyer, however, insisted on his accepting it; and remarked '*that it did not require talent or legal knowledge:* he had only to do as he was directed by the *orders* he might receive from the bureaus of government." * * * "The

chief judge of the court of cassation is a black: he is *a small shopkeeper;* and in that way more respectable than in his judicial capacity." * * "Monsieur Dieu Donney, chief judge of the lower courts, is a man of colour, and would, in all probability, do justice, if he were permitted to do so: but he is often controlled by the majority of his brother judges, who are *as corrupt as they are ignorant;* whenever *a good bribe* is offered, they never consult about the *justice* of the case, but give a verdict as a *quid pro quo* for the *douceur*." * * "With regard to that respectable officer, a justice of the peace, in Hayti, he is almost indescribable!"—*Franklin's Present State of Hayti.*

Mr. Franklin's book is intelligently written, and contains a great deal of curious information.

The Haytians, like most other savages, very soon, when they began business on their own account, acquired an accurate perception of all the principles connected with profitable buying and selling. Christophe did some things in this way, which were really *chef-d'œuvres.* In one case—it was shortly after he became "emperor"—a London coachmaker, whose name, we rather think, was Crowther, had heard that the Palace of "Sans Souci" was to be floored with silver, and walled with gold, and imagined the speculation of carrying out a cargo of "state carriages," built upon the model of that used by the Lord Mayor of London, with harness—a horse-load in itself, every housing—for the use of the "imperial court." The arrival of these vehicles, as might be supposed, gave prodigious satisfaction. The empress, the moment she saw them, got into one; and could not be persuaded to get out all day: and the coachmaker expected a return of at least four hundred per cent. on his adventure. When, to his surprise and horror, after the price was fixed, and the goods landed, so that there was no retreat for merchant or merchandize, Christophe declared it to have been part of *his* understanding, that the payment was to be made—"not in money—but in *the produce of the Haytian dominions*—namely, in sugar and tobacco." This fraud was only the *premier pas.* Sugar and tobacco were at that time so low in price in England, that the unhappy speculator saw at once a tremendous abatement of his gains; but he was relieved from part of his apprehensions as to adding very seriously to the glut in the home market, by the discovery that "the emperor," (who seemed to wish to read a lesson to hasty adventurers), meant not only to pay his bill in produce, but *in produce valued at his own price!* What followed, but for the monstrous villany of the proceeding, was really ludicrous. The amount to be given for the carriages, by the scheme of paying in produce, being already abated nearly half, it was then announced to the enraged and unfortunate dealer, that "an import duty" of twenty per cent. would be payable to "government" upon the carriages that he had brought; and an "export duty" of ten (if we recollect right) upon the sugar, &c. that he was to take away! thus literally leaving nothing—or a fraction next to nothing—(after the "expenses" were deducted) to be disbursed by the Court authorities of St. Domingo! The result, we believe was, that M. Crowther lost every thing, and was ruined by the speculation. He died either on his passage to England, or soon after his return; and it was upon some legal proceedings instituted relative to his property that the facts of the case came before the public.

Mr. Franklin states that the "established religion" of Hayti, is "the Roman Catholic." But "the church," at present is "in a very disorganized state," in consequence of the expulsion, by Boyer, of "the Catholic bishop of Port-au-Prince," and "Père Jerome," "Jeremiah O'Flinn,

an Irish priest." By this violent course, Boyer has "incurred severe papal censures;" which, it is added, he has taken no steps to remove!

Monsieur Frederic Degeorges, who is a candidate for the French professorship of the New London University, has reprinted a series of his Essays, published originally in various periodicals, continental as well as English, of the day. Many of these papers possess considerable merit; and the taste as well as the correctness with which those in *English* are written—if they are the work of M. Degeorges, unassisted by any native—is extraordinary. The following description is extracted from a sketch in French, entitled, *Effet de la Vue de Londres sur un Etranger.* It exhibits a lively perception of some of our English peculiarities:—

"Seen in a winter's day, London is one of the dullest and least pleasing cities in the world; seen on a Saturday night, it is one of the most animated and brilliant; lighted up on all sides with *gas*, the ordinary effect is that of a triumphal illumination. Every court is a market, and every street a bazaar; in which handsome shops ostentatiously display every article of merchandize; from the rich silks and stuffs of the Indies, down to the commonest eatables destined for the purchase of the poorer people. It is scarcely possible to make way through the enormous crowd that throngs from all parts; but which, nevertheless, a few watchmen, armed with staves only, contrive to keep in order.

"Saturday night is the saturnalia of the inhabitants of London; Sunday the day of their repose. You go to bed in the midst of noise and tumult, and rise in the midst of silence the most profound. The same city, which, the evening before, was full of bustle and confusion, is next day only a vast, and rather gloomy, solitude. All the houses, and all the shops, are shut. The streets and squares are deserted. One part of the population is assembled in the churches; another portion, engaged in family devotion, are devoutly reading the Bible at home, while the lower classes, collected in the alehouses, indemnify themselves, by gross intoxication, for the more moderate pleasures which religion forbids them to partake of."

Modern "Black Mail."—The late robberies of the 20,000l. worth of notes stolen from the mail coach, belonging to the Warwick bank, and of the hundred chronometers and timepieces carried away from the shop of Mr. Grimaldi, the watchmaker, in the Strand, with the compromises which have taken place in both these cases for the return of the missing property, have led to a good deal of angry discussion as to the condition of our police. The subject is one that in all times has been found of extreme difficulty. And a second question has been raised under it in the present instance, by a suggestion that it was a police officer who had been concerned in transacting the "return" bargain between the parties. Supposing the case to stand really thus, it seems fit that such an officer should be discharged. An attorney is not allowed to act on both sides of a cause; and it is not convenient that an agent who is hired expressly to destroy thieves, should be allowed to exhibit an open and distinct advantage in protecting them. But, upon most of the principles which direct our modern commercial policy—though such an avowal may appear a little startling—it seems to us, that compromise for the return of stolen property—as far as the losing parties are concerned—is not incapable of being defended.

The great argument of those who resist the repeal of the usury laws, and the throwing of the trade in *money* open in the same way with the trade in other commodities, is that under such a liberty men would be tempted, in moments of difficulty, to pay more for a loan than it is worth. The answer to that argument has always been, that every man is himself the

best judge of what, *to him*, any loan or other object is worth: it may be worth his while to borrow money at 15 per cent., if he knows that he can make 30 per cent. by the use of it; or, on the other hand, it may be better that he should give even 20 per cent. to provide against an emergency, for cash obtained in the way of *loan*, than lose 50 per cent. (for the same purpose) by *a forced sale of property*, to which the law takes no objection. These principles then shew, if they are good for any thing, that it was better for Mr. Grimaldi to pay 1,500l. for the recovery of his watches (though stolen) than toforfeit them altogether; better for the Warwick bank to have given 2,800l. for the return of their notes, than to sustain a greater loss—10,000l. or 15,000l.—added to a ruinous interruption of business, by being deprived of them? and the undoubted inference, in the abstract, is, that the party, whoever he was, that negociated these exchanges, only performed a service to the persons plundered, which they were very happy to receive, and for which, *in fact*, they were indebted to him.

It remains then to be inquired, how far this system militates against the general interests of justice, or is calculated to obstruct the execution of the law: and, upon this point, it will be necessary to draw a clear distinction between the act of paying money for the recovery of stolen property, where the offender is not to be found, and the act of accepting money to abstain from prosecution, where the offender is known, or is in custody. This last arrangement (which is openly and transparently *made every day*, and no notice at all taken of it,) seems to us to be the real act, and the only act (very much distinguished from the *purchases* recently complained of), which ought fairly to come under the description of a "Compounding Felony." The course taken by Mr. Grimaldi, and the partners in the Warwick bank—may be open to danger, as affording some inducement or facility to theft; but we apprehend very slightly so: because the notes and the watches were neither of them returned from *any difficulty as to the disposal of them*:—the police magistrates, or their clerks, can in a moment satisfy any unbeliever as to that fact:—the inducement to the return was this—that, paying the loss which would arise upon the operation of melting part of the property, and disguising the rest, added to the large profits of each of the numerous hands which it must have passed through, before it could come again openly, and for sale, to *bona-fide* purchasers, into the market, the first or second holder after the theft, got more from the original proprietors, than he could have done from the dealer into whose possession (next) the property must have passed.

The question then is—Can we shut up the market for property so situated—to such a degree that no honest man shall have an equitable excuse for dealing in, or assisting it? We are afraid that this is an object more easily desired than attained. It is impossible, in a country like England, to watch every commercial transaction very closely; and the law recognizes no distinction of rights or of persons; a man of very suspicious character is entitled to all the same freedom of action, or other immunities, until a crime is actually proved against him, with the most unquestioned, and the most respectable. To watch, closely and effectually, even those who are known to be dealers in property fraudulently obtained, is admitted to be impossible. If you could watch such a man's house constantly, and this is practically impossible—the evasion is simple—he carries his trade elsewhere. If it were possible, even to watch his person—which it is visionary even to talk about; you cannot watch his agents, or the employment of his capital.

It matters little that any thing is *known* in this country—here is the difficulty—which cannot be *proved*. The police magistrates know the names and characters of twenty individuals, living in London, and carrying on extensive and apparently reputable trade, who are dealers to a great extent in stolen property; but the magistrates can take no steps against them. We ourselves could point out instances, and numerous instances, of the same description; but we should be liable to prosecution (and we are not prepared to say that it is unfit that we should be so), if we were to name the parties we allude to.

The only course, then, out of which security is to be expected, is in the encouraging, as far as possible, the exertions of the police officers, to check the commission of robbery—or to discover the perpetrators of, or dealers in, it: and the mode of doing this is hardly less problematical than the rest of the questions that we have been discussing. A resort to the strong hand—or the strong argument—gets rid of the difficulty instantly. We have only to raise sufficiently high the pecuniary interest of police officers in taking robbers; and to take care to raise the robbers themselves sufficiently high, the first time we lay hold of them; and the number of offences, for a given period, would, undoubtedly, decrease: but this policy, the taste of the age will not allow us to resort to. The means that *are* open to us of exciting the vigilance of our police officers are two. We have our choice. We may pay them a fixed salary, or we may pay them, by the amount of their *seizures*—as we pay our officers of customs, or excise. We do not enter here into the question of the competency of the existing weekly pay; this is, perhaps, too little—twenty-five shillings a-week is a low stipend for such a man as an active sober officer is, and ought to be. But that fact does not touch our present object: a man who has twenty-five shillings a-week, is not so poor that *want* can be an excuse for his committing frauds: if he has two guineas, he will not be so rich as to have no temptation to them. The mode, more than the extent, of an officer's payment, will determine his exertion; and here it is that we are placed in the position of difficulty:—if we pay him by a fixed salary, he has no inducement to use any more exertion in his office than such as will be just enough to enable him to retain it: if we pay him a sum for every offender that he convicts—then his evidence before a jury is not worth a rush; for he has always a direct interest in taking the life of the man against whom he is swearing.

Perhaps the plan at present in practice—(though this may seem rather an "impotent conclusion")—with some slight alteration—is the best that could be acted upon. The officers should be retained upon a salary which will enable them to live; and the hope of selection for profitable private jobs will induce them, in their ordinary course, to endeavour to distinguish themselves. It would be well to add, still further, the power to the magistrate—or in the Secretary of State the habit—of rewarding officers liberally, for any meritorious piece of service; and to grant the claim to a pension—the amount to be judged of by the higher authorities—to those men who had served a given number of years with zeal and reputation. A more obvious encouragement, and a far more efficient one than any here, would be the allowing officers a claim to a proportion—say to one-fourth—upon *the recovery of all stolen property*; but the difficulty is, that such a law must be binding upon *all* parties. There would be cases—as for instance, in the loss of bank-notes, or bills—where persons would rather take the risk of total loss, than pay so large a fine for the recovery.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

Private Anecdotes of Foreign Courts, by the Author of the Memoirs of the Princess de Lamballe, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. 1827.—These volumes are announced as the production of the author of the Memoirs of the Princess de Lamballe,—as if that were an ample pledge for authenticity. The writer of those memoirs withheld her name, and great names though she uses familiarly enough, she herself requires a guarantee, and certainly is in no state to supply others with one. By the evasive manœuvres now-a-days so commonly and so unworthily practised, it is not evident where the lady's communications end—apparently they do not cover much more than half of the first volume, and that half bears internal evidence, of the most irrefragable kind, that some of it does not proceed from a female pen. The remaining parts of the first volume are professedly taken from the "Portfeuille" of one Baron de M. who in the preface is said to be a disgraced minister of the court of Prussia, and in the body of the narrative, he speaks of himself as one, whose exertions had been worse than unrecompensed; and the whole of the second volume is supplied by M. de Bausset, prefect of the palace to Napoleon.

To justify the doubts we have expressed, we will just point out a passage or two. Speaking of accommodations at Munich, the author says, that at the principal hotel, the Red-deer, frequented by citizens of the first respectability, as well as by officers civil and military of his majesty's household, they bring you, if you ask for a towel in the morning, a piece of linen, fit only for a *razor-rag*. Is this the language of one with a smooth chin? Again —in the chief inns of Vienna—and in short throughout Austria generally, instead of a bolster at the head of a bed, you find a sack, either of oats, corn, or chopped hay. The bedstead itself is not unlike the boxes wherein the poor are conveyed to be buried by the parish—just big enough to hold one small-sized person, and certainly not sufficiently large to accommodate a moderately-sized man. The consequence is, that an individual *of six feet or so*, must knock out the foot-board, and place the half of his legs upon a chair, in order to stretch himself at his ease, which the savages of the country say is only necessary after a man is dead. Are these the phrases of a lady, or of some brutal grenadier?—Again, speaking of the high-road from Hamburgh to Hanover, she says it was truly horrible—to do it strict justice, it can only be compared to those mountains of loose stones which we now see heaped up together by the Macadamizing gentry, in the streets of London. Louis XIV. obtained fame, and properly too, by making all the high-roads out of Paris streets, whilst our authorities are, *vice versa*, seeking renown by turning the streets of the metropolis into high-roads. Old women and children are, it is true, owing to the greater swiftness and lesser noise of the vehicles, constantly run over; but *n'importe*; it is perhaps considered that this, as we shall never have another war, is a good and effectual means of checking the superabundant population. These are the dainty sentiments of a lady.

The value of narratives of the pretension of these volumes depends solely on their authenticity—bearing this in mind, we will slightly skim the contents. The work opens with the Court of Russia, continued for 112 pages, filled with details of the arrival in Russia, of Catherine the second, her marriage, her gallantries, the death of her husband, and her own usurpation. Essentially, the accounts do not add to our information—in general they correspond with Wraxall's, whose credit has not always been unimpeached; and on one occasion, Wraxall is appealed to as confirming something; and some slight variations are pointed out, relative to the Duke of Wirtemberg, between her statement and his. Any thing more disgusting than the whole series of anecdotes we have seldom seen in print—not only from the facts narrated, but from the coarse and indelicate style of allusion in the narrative—proving, incontestably to our minds, the whole to be the compilation of some profligate and witless libertine. Both Stanislaus and Potemkin are positively stated to have refused to marry Catherine—Potemkin publicly said he found it much easier to govern a mistress, than he could an imperial wife—the fate of Peter was before him. But whenever the empress was displeased with Paul, she used to say, I will marry Potemkin, if it is only to be revenged on you, and deprive you of the crown, by having a *legitimate* heir.

Some wild stories are told about Paul's birth—not only that he was not Peter's son, which is probable enough, but that he was not Catherine's. On the authority of one Dalolio, a violoncello player in the suite of Stanislaus, she states what she calls

> The singular fact of the Empress Elizabeth's having caused a child of her own, by Razoumoffsky, to be substituted for that of Catherine at her first accouchement; and this supposition was greatly strengthened by the excessive fondness at all times shown towards the infant by her imperial majesty. The circumstance of Paul's bearing a much more striking resemblance to the Cossack favourite of Elizabeth than to either of his reputed parents, was an additional motive for crediting the above assertion. On questioning my informant, as to what became of the real child of Catherine, he replied, "that it had either been sent off to a distant province or strangled—adding, that in a country where so little ceremony was used in disposing of the sovereign himself, it was not likely that much importance would be attached to the existence of a new-born infant."

Evidently all guess work.—The Russians, even of the first rank, were in the habit of

thrashing their wives. Catherine wished to put an end to this practice, and could not venture to forbid it absolutely. To avoid offending the aristocracy, and at the same time to ensure her object, she ingeniously contrived a decree, by which it was ordered, that no man should beat his wife till after ten o'clock, at which hour she well knew the nobles were all in bed, as they generally supped between six and seven, and retired about nine. This admirable contrivance, says the writer, produced all the effect that could be wished, and led to a salutary improvement of manners in Russia.

From Russia the author goes to the Court of Denmark, and the whole story of Matilda, our late king's sister, is gone over again. The melancholy fate of the princess is attributed exclusively to the malignity of Juliana, the queen dowager. Through her instigation it was, that jealousy was excited between her son and Matilda, for the purpose of separating them, and securing her own authority. Brandt was implicated solely to cut off his evidence against herself. On the execution of Struensee and Brandt, and the exile of Matilda,—Christian being now in a state of insanity—Juliana seized the reins, and held them till her grandson compelled her to resign them. For a time papers were sent for signature, to the poor king, till one day he wrote Christian VII. by the grace of God, king of Denmark, &c. in company with Juliana Maria and others, by the grace of the *devil.*

The Court of Sweden opens a fine field for the indulgence of the writer's propensities. In her mind, the illegitimacy of Gustavus IV. is indisputable. Gustavus III. having, against his inclination, married a Danish princess, refused to see her after the ceremony, and the young bride not choosing—this is the lady's language—to adopt the suggestion of Louis XV. who, on receiving from his sister, the Duchess of Parma, a complaint that her husband had acted in a similar *respectful* manner, told her highness, that a *prudent* princess could never stand in need of an heir.

Ulrica, therefore, perfectly aware of the exactitude of her daughter's (Sophia Albertina) religious observance of the sacred command—increase and multiply—prevailed on the princess no longer to destine the fruits of her labours to her brother's army, but to set aside the next comer as a future candidate for his throne. This advice she urged the rather, perceiving the lady abbess (Sophia Albertina) to be then in a promising way; and, to insure success, she persuaded her daughter in law, to affect a virtue which she had not, and counterfeit both the appearance and the conceits of pregnancy, &c. All went on precisely as might be wished. The important *fact* of the duchess being enceinte, was hailed by the rejoicing populace with every demonstration of satisfaction, &c. Meanwhile the "real Simon Pure" lived in complete retirement, totally secluded from the prying eye of impertinent curiosity. Among the gentlemen whom Sophia had *occasionally* honoured with her favourable notice was one of African origin. It may be thought strange by some that the princess should have exhibited this specimen of bad taste, and still stranger that she should not have been aware that the result of such a liaison could not possibly answer the end proposed by the queen. She might probably have placed some small confidence in what blind chance might effect. Certain, at any rate, it is, that while the anticipative fetes and prayers were going on,—while the queen-mother was lauding her two obedient children, and while the *sick* lady was assidnously fainting in public places, as becomes ladies in her supposed condition, an event occurred of a nature to overthrow all the plans of the conspirators—the Princess Sophia was rather prematurely brought to bed of—a black child—a complete woolly-headed monster. What was to be done? This, as was plain, could never be attempted to be palmed upon the Swedish nation, however passive and complying—and in a fit of absolute despair, the enraged mother, who had calculated on giving birth to a future monarch, is said to have got rid both of the object of her own shame, and her mother's disappointment, by consigning the unlooked for intruder to the flames.

This is too absurd and too horrible for belief—we quote it to shew the tone of the writer, and how little worthy of credit she appears to be. But she has another story—the object of which is to make us believe that Gustavus himself conducted to his wife's chamber, Count de Munck, who was the real father of his successor, Gustavus IV.

A long account follows, of the career of Count Erval Fersan—the Swedish ambassador at Paris, in 1792, who procured the passports for the royal family, on their flight. The Count escaped from Paris with difficulty, and returned to Sweden, where he was made governor of Upsal. In the usurpation of the Duke of Sudermania he acquiesced for a time, till the usurper excluded the son of Gustavus IV. from the succession, and named the Prince of Augustenberg, his son-in law. Against this appointment Fersan remonstrated, and being repulsed, summoned his friends and made an attempt to replace Gustavus. In this attempt he perished—and in the skirmish Prince Augustenberg also was killed. This event gave rise to the nomination of Bernadotte, which, as well as the expulsion of Gustavus, the writer attributes to the intrigues of Bonaparte. The evidence, notwithstanding, that Bonaparte was hostile to Bernadotte's wishes, is, we believe, good.

The Court of Prussia comes next—but filthy stories not being quite so numerous, the accounts are comparatively short. A tale is told of a page displeasing Frederick, and being consequently dispatched to the guard-house with a sealed note, containing an order to give the bearer twenty-five lashes. The boy, suspecting all was not right, gave the note to one of the king's rich jew bankers, going that way, who received the infliction in his stead, and was compelled by the serjeant to give a receipt for the same, in the register.—"You must give us a receipt," says the serjeant, "for what yon have taken, which I must register in a book we keep for the purpose, and send the original to-morrow, to his majesty,

who accumulates all such, and has them bound every year in a portfolio, from which, when in a good humour, and among his old comrades, he reads after dinner, for their entertainment and his own. Among the many receipts thus collected, we have one from no less a personage than the celebrated M. de Voltaire, who was whipped for having written some poetical lampoon upon his majesty. Is this credulity, or mere folly? Be the case which it may, it is enough to damn the book.

The Baron de Somebody's Memoirs now come in—in general excessively stupid—relating to a later period—the occupation of Berlin by the French. Soult's conduct is highly lauded, perhaps justly, and Davoust's, though a man of more severity, equally so. Some anecdotes are related of Blucher, and the author speaks of having met him some years afterwards, at Frankfort, at the White Swan, where, in the course of conversation, he asked him his opinion of the battle of Waterloo. "Would you, my friend," said Blucher, "learn the facts of the case? If so, let me tell you, that neither Wellington nor myself gained the battle. Napoleon *lost it;* and what is very extraordinary, this same Napoleon, who is one of the greatest tacticians in our day, has lost it from a false step in tactics. Grouchy and Bulow, Bulow and Grouchy—these are the wheels upon which turned the fortunes of the day."—By the way, these Memoirs of the Baron de God-knows-who, must be of very recent manufacture, for mention is made of the *late lamented* Mr. Canning, who it seems "formed a part of a great embassy, sent by his Britannic majesty to Berlin, in 1804." Much, we are afraid the greater part, is the manufacture of famous London town.

This same nameless Baron has also something to say of Gustavus's illegitimacy, and of Bernadotte's appointment, to the same purport as the lady who precedes him—with the addition, that being intimately acquainted with the Count de Munck, and knowing the person of Gustavus, he can speak to the fact of there being a striking resemblance between them.

At page 385 re-appears the authoress of the Memoirs of the Princess de Lamballe, at the Court of Naples, and the narrative takes again the the old tone. Speaking of one Alviso Moncenigo, she details, with the coolest effrontery—

> During this worthy's absence on some of his commercial expeditions, he was, *evidently* (through that awkward practice of keeping dates) without any trouble on his part, *blessed* with an heir to his name and property. Alviso was not, on his return, however, so easily reconciled to this kind of thing as General D—s is said to have been, who coming back to England from the continent, and finding a similar circumstance had taken place in his own family, merely observed, with an air of vexation, that his wife's *company* had drunk almost all his old wine. Neither did the Venetian bear joking on the subject with the same philosophical complacency as was exhibited by Lord M—, who was occasionally thus addressed by Lord E—, when riding in Hyde Park—"Good morning, my Lord; how are *your* wife and *my* children?"—Every man in his humour.

A series of the coarsest allusions follows, relative to Marchesi, a soprano singer, whom the lady calls the unfortunate *noun adjective*. At Naples, however, the writer speaks in very proper terms of the Queen, Lady Hamilton, Lord Nelson, and of the victims of the violated treaty—and gives a sketch of the characters of the chief of them.

The second volume is wholly relative to Napoleon, and amidst a great deal of idle detail of ceremonies, furnishes many interesting particulars of his private habits. The account extends, from his assumption of the imperial throne, to his exile at Elba. Among other circumstances are a very minute account of Napoleon's reception of Charles and Ferdinand, at Bayonne—of the divorce from Josephine—the marriage of Maria Louisa—Ali Bey, and the Fenelon Papers. The author accompanied Napoleon into Spain and to Moscow: he evidently leans to the favourable side,—but never oversteps the bounds of probability—there are no palpable lies, like those of the lady under whose auspices the publisher has placed M. de Bausset's journal.

The Pelican Island, by James Montgomery, 1827.—The subject of the "Pelican Island" was suggested by Captain Flinders' Voyage to Terra Australis, describing one of those numerous gulfs which indent the coast of New Holland, and are thickly spotted with small islands—"upon two of these," says Captain Flinders, "we found many young pelicans, unable to fly. Flocks of the old birds were sitting upon the beaches of the lagoon, and it appeared that the islands were their breeding places. Not only so, but from the number of skeletons and bones there scattered, it should seem that for ages these had been selected for the closing scene of their existence."

This passage Mr. Montgomery has chosen for the foundation of his Pelican Island, and has built on it an edifice of many glowing thoughts, fashioned throughout its various parts by the facile hand of experience; and simple—in that best simplicity of style, which always comes in its own good time, where there is wisdom in the head and rightness in the heart. We are not speaking of simplicity, as it concerns the design and scope of the poem, for that—being philosophic, is consequently enigmatical—philosophy in the hands of a poet is usually confusion worse confounded;—but of its parts, independently of all adjustment, as the sacred emanations of a genuine child of song, who must take his own methods, and will not be dictated to—of pouring out from his soul, that incense, which it has been accumulating from every corner of the universe, ever since it breathed.

What is genius? Somebody says, patience. Another answers, the strong perception of truth—truth of any, and every imaginable kind, whether regarding the visible forms, or the secret economy of nature—the internal heart, or the outward index of its emotions, or the reciprocal influences of all. Aye, cried a writer some time back—it is the strong perception of truth certainly, but it is the truth of MADNESS—meaning, perhaps a vivid intuition upon certain points, or modes of things, arising from affections warped out of their natural proportion. We should like to know what exactly is the proper proportion for sanity. We know, beyond all doubt, what is understood by the wrong proportion. For instance, a lady poet will describe ye the passage of a shadow over a field—of the blood over a cheek—the exact key in which a last adieu was spoken, &c.—with a nicety of representation, that shall make us marvel at her accuracy of ear and vision;—yet she shall not see the hole in her own stocking. But to our task.

The poet speaks of himself as an observant eye—beholding many changes, but himself operative upon none. The first vision with which he is favoured, consists solely of the sun, the sky, and the ocean, without one inch of land. Suddenly he perceives upon the surface of the deep, a sort of commotion, which, on farther scrutiny, is found to proceed from the growth of a *coral* reef—effected, as it proves, by the simultaneous activity of countless myriads of worms, of countless species—of every gradation of size down to the breadth of a gossamer thread,—which, from moment to moment, are unremittingly employed in enlarging and elevating the structure, by a process equally curious with the formation of bees-wax, spiders-webs, or the shells of fishes. When the mass of coral has reached the water's edge, so that the waves at high tide cease to rest upon it, the animals cease their operations on that portion, and descend anew into the depths below, to commence fresh and fresh layers of the same material, until island after island rises on the bed of ocean, like—successive cauliflowers.

Upon one of these reefs has Mr. Montgomery fastened, as the scene of his ocular experiences. After the labours of its founders had for some time subsided, the solid mass of rock thus raised, suffers the gradual accumulation of weeds, and wrecks, and the depositions of the atmosphere; and lying now open to the solar influences, slowly becomes productive—undulates into hills and valleys—bristles into forests—opens into lakes and rivers, and puts forth the livery of universal green. An Eden blooms around, but lacks its human tenants. Various animals, the sole population, are sketched with a graphic strength of touch, that set our nerves a thrilling; and so we might have said of some of his marine existences, in the first stage of the visionary series.

After a long period of quiet growth and beautiful existence, a sudden convulsion of nature overwhelms to destruction the whole superficies of the island, and for some ages the germs of plants and animals lie unproductive, under tremendous and impenetrable strata of ruins. They emerge, at length, and the seasons recover their order, and the earth its covering. The first coming of a pair of pelicans to the spot, destined to be their future dwelling place for ages, is striking—

The sun had sunk where sky and ocean meet,
And each might seem the other; sky below,
With richest garniture of clouds inlaid;
Ocean above with isles and continents,
Illumined from a source no longer seen:
Far in the east, through heaven's intenser blue,
Two brilliant sparks, like sudden stars, appeared;
Not stars indeed, but birds of mighty wing,
Retorted neck, and javelin-pointed bill,
That made the air sigh as they cut it through.
They gained upon the eye, and as they came,
Enlarged, grew brighter, and displayed their forms
Amidst the golden evening; pearly-white,
But ruby-tinctured. On the loftiest cliff
They settled, hovering ere they touched the ground,
And uttering, in a language of their own,
Yet such as every ear might understand,
And every bosom answer, notes of joy,
And gratulation for that resting-place.
Stately and beautiful they stood, and clapt
Their van-broad pinions, streaked their ruffled plumes,
And ever and anon broke off to gaze,
With yearning pleasure, told in gentle murmurs,
On that strange land, their destined home and country.
Night round them threw her brown transparent gloom,
Through which their lovely images yet shone,
Like things unearthly, while they bowed their heads
On their full bosoms, and reposed till morn.
I knew the Pelicans, and cried—"All hail!
Ye future dwellers in the wilderness!"

Nor is the following account of their connubial state less so. We are charmed with it. Goldsmith speaks of love, as "on earth unseen, or only found to warm the turtle's nest." Who can read the following lines of Montgomery's, and not be inclined to say "PELICAN'S nest?"

Love found that lonely couple on their isle,
And soon surrounded them with blithe companions.
The noble birds, with skill spontaneous framed
A nest of reeds among the giant-grass,
That waved in lights and shadows o'er the soil.
There, in sweet thraldom, yet unweening why,
The patient dam, who ne'er till now had known
Parental instinct, brooded o'er her eggs,
Long ere she found the curious secret out,
That life was hatching in their brittle shells.
Then, from a wild rapacious bird of prey,
Tamed by the kindly process, she became
That gentlest of all living things—a mother;
Gentlest while yearning o'er her naked young,
Fiercest when stirr'd by anger to defend them.

Her mate himself the softening power confess'd,
Forgot his sloth, restrained his appetite,
And ranged the sky, and fish'd the stream for her.
Or, when o'er wearied Nature forced her off
To shake her torpid feathers in the breeze,
And bathe her bosom in the cooling flood,
He took her place, and felt through every nerve,
While the plump nestlings throbb'd against his heart,
The tenderness that makes the vulture mild;
Yea, half unwillingly his post resigned,
When, home-sick with the absence of an hour,
She hurried back, and drove him from her seat
With pecking bill, and cry of fond distress,
Answer'd by him with murmurs of delight,
Whose gutturals harsh to her were love's own music.
Then settling down, like foam upon the wave,
White, flickering, effervescent, soon subsiding,
Her ruffled pinions smoothly she composed;
And, while beneath the comfort of her wings,
Her crowded progeny quite fill'd the nest,
The halcyon sleeps not sounder, when the wind
Is breathless, and the sea without a curl,
—Nor dreams the halcyon of serener days,
Or nights more beautiful with silent stars,
Than, in that hour, the mother Pelican,
When the warm tumults of affection sunk
Into calm sleep, and dreams of what they were,
—Dreams more delicious than reality.
—He sentinel beside her stood, and watch'd,
With jealous eye, the raven in the clouds,
And the rank sea-mews wheeling round the cliffs.
Woe to the reptile then that ventured nigh;
The snap of his tremendous bill was like
Death's scythe, down-cutting every thing it struck.
The heedless lizard, in his gambols, peeped
Upon the guarded nest, from out the flowers,
But paid the instant forfeit of his life;
Nor could the serpent's subtlety elude
Capture, when gliding by, nor in defence
Might his malignant fangs and venom save him.

We must hurry on to a conclusion. By some curious alchemy—or perhaps brought over in the stomachs of leviathans—human beings are at length produced on the island, and do unrighteous deeds, that make the poet shake his head—the least of their enormities, being to dine upon each other's carcases. We must acknowledge, the picture of these human appendages is the least pleasing of any, while it may not be considered unuseful as a foil to the inimitable beauty of a devotional scene, exhibited in the person of an ancient savage chieftain, more enlightened than his fellows, who, walking with his grandchild, bursts into a spontaneous prayer, which the infant imitates. It is too long, we perceive to quote—and must not be mangled; but it will be among the first bits to fix the reader's attention.

Blue-Stocking Hall. 3 *vols.* 12*mo.*; 1827. —"Blue-Stocking Hall" is merely a title to attract readers. It has little or nothing to do with the story. The book is no shewing up of Lady D. and her coteries, as the reader might expect. There is no offence at all in it; neither is it a grave description of learned ladies, nor even a graver defence of them, though some such aim apparently the writer had originally in view. A young fellow, of the name of Howard, of excellent dispositions, but warped by fashionable society—where it seems knowledge is scouted, and learning pronounced to be plebeian, especially for ladies, is despatched, in the hope of getting rid of a church-yard cough, to his aunt's—a lady rusticating in the remotest wilds of Ireland. The aunt is a widow, with three daughters and a son. The young hero knows nothing of the general or individual character of the family which he is going to visit, but on his arrival, and before he meets them all at dinner, straying into the library, he discovers by the books that lay about, that he has got into a family of blues. They turn out, however, to be not only blue, but blithe and accomplished—the daughters beautiful and fascinating—singing and dancing, playing and drawing to admiration — active — benevolent — feeding and visiting the poor, and making and distributing flannel petticoats—a nest of graces —a trio of *sœurs gris*—and the mother, as becomes such an offspring, herself a very Minerva. Among the friends of the family, he encounters Mr. Otway, the excellent associate of the widowed lady's husband—who now lives in the neighbourhood, on the most confidential and familiar terms with every member of the family, addressed by the pet name of dear Phil.—short for philosopher. This addition does not take from the youth's alarms, and to add to them almost immediately arrives the family tutor—a man of immense learning, of extraordinary powers and the exemplar for every body's conduct. Though somewhat embarrassed, Howard puts on a bold front, but resolves on a speedy flight. He has a profound contempt for blueism —*azure* seems to be the word now—and the loftiest notions of the supremacy of fashion, and of himself being *de bon ton*. Before he takes wing, however, he resolves to make an effort to rescue the younger one at least from ruin. He argues with the gentlemen—expostulates with Mamma—and banters the young ladies, all of course to no purpose—he is baffled at every turn. The young ladies are perfectly unsophisticated—delicate—affectionate to each other, and filled with respect and love for their fond mother, and admiration for dear Phil. and the tutor—and in absolute ignorance of the levities, and hardening influence of a London life. The young sprig of fashion, brought up by his mother, in utter scorn of mere natural feelings, and drilled into factitious views, is perpetually outraging the refinement or the purity of his cousin's sentiments—and thus getting into scrapes. One of the first of his flippancies—is to ask if Mr. Otway is not one of his aunt's aspirants?—an implication, which shocks the cousin to whom it is addressed even to tears. By degrees, he comes to understand the party, and, possessed of some tact, he avoids these blunders;

is orderly and decorous—and even attends family prayers. The young ladies are attentive—nurse his cough—and make themselves superlatively amiable. He forgets his resolution to depart—he abandons his purpose of rescuing them from the entanglements of learning—is himself drawn into the vortex; and, instead of unteaching his cousins, is imperceptibly seduced into sharing their pursuits, and finds himself even botanizing with his lovely cousins. A few months make him an altered man,—the puppet and automaton of fashion is changed into a reflecting and reasoning animal—loathing his mother's ambitious aspirings, and his sister's unfeminine levities, and ready to school and lecture right and left.

The progress of his transmutation is despatched to a correspondent abroad; and by the time the change is complete, family events occur—which take him from Ireland. New folks are introduced, and the author's original design appears to be forgotten. The new characters consist of his mother and sisters. The mother intrigues for one of her daughters, and inveigles a lord into marrying her, chiefly by giving hints, that her brother's immense property, accumulated in the Indies, will be divided among her children—she is herself overwhelmed with debt, but still contrives to keep up appearances. In the meanwhile this brother, General Douglas, is preparing to come to England. Mrs. Howard is full of expectation, and scheming how she shall monopolize his wealth—and especially to keep the Irish family apart. It so happens, however, that Mr. Otway is the general's most confidential friend,—to whom he applies to purchase an estate, and prepare him an establishment against his arrival. He of course takes care that *his* friends shall be properly introduced to the general. The general's health is bad, and he is persuaded to try the air of the Irish bogs—where he becomes an inmate of the Douglases. The final consequence of all which is, that Mrs. Howard is defeated in her grasping views, and the Douglases get the bulk of the property—Young Howard, however, not forgotten.

As a tale, the construction is as poor as possible; and the latter part—where the complication of events begin—is huddled together in a very unsatisfactory manner. The story, however, was evidently a secondary matter; and the characters are all of our oldest acquaintance. The writer was more intent upon introducing certain moral discussions, and to shew how well intellectual pursuits, and active benevolence can be prosecuted in the heart of Ireland with little more than a competency — a conviction among the charming cousins, which he is likely to spoil by filling their purses, at last, too full. Though heavy on the whole, there is much sound sense in the book, and some excellent preaching;—but no getting through the long conferences of the mother and the general, in which she describes the process, by which she cured her own scepticism, and finally accomplishes the general's cure. Dear old Mrs. West is alive again—more didactic than ever;—we had thought the good lady dead, and had destined the present writer to occupy the vacant see. As it is, she—for we suppose the writer a female, by the way in which ancient writers are classed—"Homer and *Simonides*," for instance—can only be appointed coadjutor,—but the coadjutor, she will remember, is always the successor.

Whims and Oddities, in Prose and Verse. Second Series. By Thomas Hood; 1827. —What is it that makes us laugh? Incongruities. Yes, occasionally so, but more generally unexpected positions—abrupt resemblances—and not wholly so, for these are sometimes alarming or revolting. In a risible light, however, words are things, and quaint expressions are equivalent to unlooked-for, or out-of-the-way combinations of tangible matters;—low words employed on elevated subjects, and solemn ones on ludicrous topics—these are productive of the same effects as caricature. But there are limits to these matters, and the limits are easily passed. Essential differences, though indefinite and almost infinite as to the complexities of things, are not so as to words;—the possible varieties of verbal distortions are few—their analogies striking,—and, consequently, their chances of producing the ridiculous proportionally rare—we get quickly to anticipate the whole range, and if once we anticipate, the effect of surprise is over, and we are more ready to growl than grin. This is Mr. Hood's case; he has exhausted his stock of peculiarities; we know the depth of his budget, and the sum of his permutations; he has ran through his tricks; his legerdemain is failing, and he must look out for a new audience, for the old one will hear no more. In his former efforts, by which we were highly amused, he did not depend wholly upon the oddities of phraseology; he had got droll stories together, and the combined effect of whimsical facts and whimsical words was occasionally irresistible. In the volume before us, all, comparatively, is verbal effort and hard labour; he relies almost solely on his punning facilities,—for his stories, with one or two exceptions, are of the flattest, or of the coarsest description. The difference of the two series is that of brisk bottled ale, and small beer,—or champaign *up* in a brimmer, and champaign down in a heel-tap.

The virtue has not however left the *wood* —Captain Head is excellent—and the Retrospective Review—particularly. Of the stories the best perhaps is that of the Monkey Martyr, who, filled with the reveries of emancipation, resolves to visit Mr. Cross's Menagerie, and release his fellow-quadrupeds:—

> Pug hastened to withdraw
> The bolt that kept the king of brutes within.
> Now, monarch of the forest, thou shalt win

Precious enfranchisement—thy bolts are undone;
Thou art no longer a degraded creature,
But loose to roam with liberty and nature;
And free of all the jungles about London—
All Hampstead's heathy desert lies before thee.
Methinks I see thee bound from Cross's ark,
Full of the native instinct that comes o'er thee,
And turn a ranger
Of Hounslow forest, and the Regent's park—
Thin Rhodes's cows—the mail-coach steeds endanger,
And gobble parish watchmen after dark;—
Methinks I see thee, with the early lark
Stealing to Merlin's cave—(*thy* cave)—Alas,
That such bright visions should not come to pass!
Alas for freedom, and for freedom's hero!
Alas, for liberty of life and limb!
For Pug had only half unbolted Nero,
When Nero *bolted him!*

Mary's Ghost, too, has something of the old spirit.

Romance of History—England. 3 *vols.* 12*mo.* *By Henry Neele.*—This is the first fasciculus of a series of tales, intended to be illustrations of history—the present volumes belonging to England. The set begins with William the Conqueror, and ends with the Commonwealth. The "Romance of History" might be interpreted to mean something extraordinary—something out of the common course of experience, and yet true; but the author uses the term with a little more latitude. "The aid of fiction has indeed," he says, "been made use of, but no important historical fact has been falsified." He will stand upon the word *important* perhaps; but he has occasionally taken liberties, which will not fall within the limits he professes to have observed. We need only appeal to Catherine Gray, and Arabella Stuart. Both these ladies are strictly historical, and their singular and hapless fate required no heightening. The main incidents should, we think, have been held sacred, because the *unknown* of their lives and character—their tastes and pursuits—was still considerable, and might have been worked up at will—ampler space was left for the fancy. Catherine Gray, as every one knows, offended Elizabeth by marrying Seymour, son of the protector Somerset—her own favourite. They were both thrown into the Tower, and the marriage declared illegal, and the offspring bastardized. By the connivance of the keepers they had frequent interviews; but on the discovery of the lady's pregnancy, severer measures were taken. Seymour was heavily fined for the new offence, and more strictly guarded—continuing so indeed till the unhappy lady died, nine years afterwards. Now what does Mr. Neele make of the story? After the parties had been long under confinement, the keeper of the Tower is represented as yielding with difficulty to the importunity of the prisoners. But scarcely were they met, when Elizabeth, who was herself residing at the Tower, sends suddenly for the governor, and commands him to conduct her forthwith to Seymour's apartment. The unlucky governor is forced to confess the imprudence of which he had been guilty. Elizabeth bursts into one of her frequent rages, orders the governor into prison, and rushes herself to Catherine's room, where she finds the offending pair—and poor Catherine, to save her husband—Elizabeth threatens both with instant death—stabs herself in the queen's presence.

Arabella Stuart was the wife of Seymour, the Protector's grandson, who, like Catherine Gray and her husband, were thrown into confinement by the jealousy of the reigning sovereign. They escaped, he from the Tower, and she from the custody of a private gentleman at Highgate. Seymour reached Calais in safety; but the lady, though she gained the boat that was waiting for her in the river, yet lingering in the Channel, in the hope of Seymour's joining her, she was overtaken by a pinnace sent in pursuit, and taken back to the Tower—when the sense of her hopeless condition deprived her of her reason, and, four years after, of her life. Mr. Neale, after the escape, puts them both into the same boat—which was overtaken by the pinnace. A sharp engagement ensues, during which Arabella rushes upon deck, just in time to see her husband receive a thrust from a sabre in his breast, and sink lifeless on the pile of dead bodies beside him.

Forgetting these entrenchments upon established facts, we willingly bear testimony to the ability, judgment, and taste with which the whole series is executed. It consists of about thirty tales, one, and sometimes two for each reign—frequently relative to the sovereigns, and many of them consisting of single incidents, while others are of a more complicated and ambitious cast. Of so great a number, we cannot of course analyze all, and no one in particular seems to claim the privilege of being so far distinguished above the rest; yet some may be mentioned as presenting points of excellence—the little Battle of Chalons, the Spaniard's Ransom, the White Rose of England, the Abbot's Plot—for the spirit of their conception, and the distinctness of the details. The Wooing of Grafton is strikingly tender and delicate, and the Countess of Chateaubriant, Francis's first hapless mistress, has something of the same character. Too many of the tales depend upon the fulfilment of prophecies—as the Starry Tower, in which Don Pedro of Castile was fated to die; Suffolk's "Dangers of the Tower," and Richmond's Three Perils. The whole is worked up with great care—nothing like slovenliness appears in any part of them—characters and scenes are clearly exhibited, and the little plots unfold themselves without the appearance of effort, and often with great felicity. The writing is remarkably quiet and equable—like that of a man who trusts to the strength of his materials, and his skill in working them up, for producing a saleable article. The book

is a little treasure for families. A syllabus of the events of each reign is prefixed to each tale.

The Tale of a Modern Genius, 3 vols. 12mo.; 1827.—This we of course expected to be of the lachrymose kind, and we were not mistaken; but we anticipated a work of fancy, and there we were disappointed, for it proves to be a tale of reality, and a miserable one indeed it is—miserable, we mean, as to the facts, but we may add also as to its execution. Whatever of genius lives in the subject of the tale, none is shewn in the telling. There is nothing splendid to dazzle, or shadowy to illude—nothing of the vague or general—no abstractions of an absorbing cast—no aspirations that lift us from the earth and its vulgar miseries—no glorious visions of mental struggles, or victories, that swell our hearts to rapture, or defeats that command our sympathies;—but a revolting representation of stark and unmodified miseries—a succession of ill-directed efforts, with their cold and comfortless failures—an unfolding of the shifts and sufferings of poverty, the want and the search of friends, money, means,—and all told in a tone of despairing querulousness, that flings the fault upon any thing and every thing, but the blunders of the agent.

In short, the work is no romance, but a block of heavy autobiography. The writer is known to publishers, as the author of two epic poems, as he phrases them, and, according to his own story, to readers and non-readers, of all sorts and sizes in the West, as an eternal and itinerant subscription-hunter. Of these blessed epics we ourselves, however, know nothing—not even their subject, except, as we gather from the work before us, that one is on some topic of religion, which, in the opinion of the author's correspondents, and beyond all dispute in his own, leaves "Paradise Lost" far behind—and Klopstock and Cumberland must not be named on the same day; but, from other specimens, which his fecundity of verse has scattered over the "tale," we may safely conclude his Epics will never be more known, or rather, less unknown than they are. He has plainly no power of self-criticism; he can neither select, nor lop, nor compress—if any thing can be thrown into a scannable form, that is poetry, and we dare say he never wrote a line which, living or dying, he would wish to blot.—

> In horâ sæpe ducentos,
> Ut MAGNUM, versus dictabat stans pede in uno.

The specimens to which we allude are full of the most prosaic forms of speech, of the commonest thoughts, of threadbare allusions, of puerile illustrations—and of perhaps unconscious adoptions—*ecce!*

MOTHER'S DEATH.

No more when I, a wanderer through the world,
Return heart-broken, or with hope elate,
To my loved cottage-home, wilt thou outstretch
Thine arms to welcome me, or kindly soothe
My grief-worn spirit, or partake my joy.
No, I must never, never hear again
Thy voice, my mother!
O, ever hallowed be thy humble grave!
May no rude foot profane it—*violets, spring*
Around the sacred spot,—and in those groves
That spread their shade about yon place of tombs,
Ye *forest minstrels, a wild requiem chant*
For the beloved dead!
Yes, though no solemn swell of organ dirge
For thee through dim cathedral aisles hath pealed,
Yet will *the thrush, the ousel,* and *the dove*
Mingle their rich and soothing minstrelsy
In yonder *laurel-bowers,* that bloom above
Thy new-made grave. And when the mournful train
Are all departed, and to solitude,
Silence, and dark decay have left thee quite,
They, like a band of spirits invisible,
Will *sweet twilight requiem chant around*
Thy last dim dwelling place; and *plaintive winds*
Shall join with them their soft inconstant song,
As 'mid the aspen leaves and elm-tree boughs,
Like *virgin fingers o'er the harp-strings laid,*
They *wander for sweet music.*

Now this is not the poetry of the soul—or the genuine promptings of feeling and elevation, or warmth of affection, but the mere froth and scum that float upon the surface of a mind, full of indiscriminate reading, and utterly ignorant of itself—too mawkish and maudlin to be read, except by such as find eloquence in sounding phrases, and music in tinkling cymbals.

The writer, it seems, is wholly self-educated, and he piques himself upon the accomplishment. Vigour, conflicting and mastering difficulties, must always stir our admiration; but the sight of imbecility and its pitiful struggles can awaken nothing but contempt; and scarcely ever do we meet with self-educated people, who are not, we were going to say, self-evident coxcombs, but assuredly very disagreeable, very conceited, and incorrigibly dogged and supercilious. They take it into their heads that the "educated" are the slaves of rules, and themselves, to whom these rules are wholly unknown, the only free and independent, though all they do shews how much *they* want the strait waistcoat of discipline.

This "Modern Genius"—for it is himself he thus modestly designates—tells his woeful tale in a series of letters to a friend, who takes no part in the correspondence—and is of course a man of straw. The prime object, in his career, was a patron, and his first Mæcenas the captain of a signal station, in the neighbourhood of the poet's birth, who reads his verses and criticises them, and introduces him to a curate or two, and undertakes to bring out his first tragedy on the London boards. By-and-by the captain removes—and the poet still importuning, the captain invites him to London, where he recommends him to the service of a grocer, in Seven Dials, and on expostulating with his patron for thus wishing to degrade him, the youth is told, that many of his own countrymen—the captain was a

Scotchman—had begun by blacking shoes, and ended by rolling in carriages. The poet, however, wishes to tread the path of glory, and not of labour. Luckily he gets an introduction to a player, who advises him to return to the country, and write a new play—a mere nothing, in the opinion of both parties. This advice he follows, and quickly despatches his new production to his new friend, who by this time, short as it was, was himself in want of a "sityvation." After some desponding, and beating up the clergy of the neighbourhood, as persons pre-eminently and by prescription critics and patrons, he gets into an attorney's office, from which he is quickly ejected, not, he says, for neglecting his duties, though charged with that also, but for playing the go-between to his master's daughter and her suitor,—which he did entirely out of sympathy with the romantic. After another plunge or two—all the while scribbling unceasingly—he takes to the boards, and joining a strolling company, tramps the country over, North and South, East and West—changing his corps from time to time, till by-and-by he falls in love with a heroine of the company, and is jilted, and by-and-by again, he falls in love again, and this time marries—withdraws—domesticates, and sets up a school. This, of course, does not answer, but in the meanwhile, he had got one of his Epics in print, and he now leaves the school to his wife, and himself sets out and perambulates the West and the South with a packet of his books, and contrives to sell a considerable number of copies—as many as half a dozen, in some towns unusually stocked with blues. This resource also must of course have an end, and the theatre is tried again with the same success as before—and abandoned as before. He returns to his cottage, writes for a newspaper, is cheated by the proprietor; but, by dint of hard begging, gets a new list of subscribers, and on the strength of the list works up a new Epic, and finds a new publisher. The story ends as it began—leaving this miserable victim of "Genius" a prey to perpetual uncertainty, discontent, and poverty. Surely hedging and ditching must be preferable to such a life as this.

Thus much for the life—but the volumes are interspersed not only with poetry, but with a good deal of antiquarian lore, referrable to British and Roman remains—his vagabond life brought him into the neighbourhood of all the more important relics of the southern half of the country. In his discussions on these topics, there is more sound judgment as to inference, than could have been anticipated; but the whole is exhibited in a taudry style of declamation, that smacks of Ossian, and Hervey's Meditations.

In the course of the narrative, we met with some account of Webb, the philanthropist—whom the author encountered at Chichester, and of whom he went in pursuit, in the hope, of course, of picking up a subscription.

On my arrival (says he) at Christchurch, I found that a company of comedians was there; and that he nightly filled, to their great emolument, the gallery, pit, and boxes, with all the rabble of the town, to the disgust of all the respectable families in the neighbourhood. I found, too, that it was his glory to be followed through the streets by a shouting gang of ragged boys and girls; that he would seize the loaves in the baskets of the baker-boys as they passed, and roll them in the canal, and then exultingly pay more than their actual price for them.

He one day saw a chimney-sweeper go by, with a bag of soot on his back. I should like to see how he would look when well cleaned, said this discriminating dispenser of charity. Call sooty in, and let the cook and scullion scour and scrub him well, and take care they don't spare soap. Get a handsome suit of new clothes, and when he is dressed, let him be brought to me in the parlour. After going through the process of a good scouring, the knight of the chimney was ushered, with all due ceremony, into the parlour, and his warm-hearted patron was highly delighted with his new protégé, and he instantly inquired if he was fond of tarts. O yes, said sweepy, I should terribly like to have my belly chuck-full o'them there nice things. The poor delighted fellow was instantly taken to a pastry-cook's, and crammed with as many sweets and delicacies as he could well swallow. From thence, Webb squired him to a silversmith's, gave him a handsome watch, and then sent him adrift.

On one occasion he went into a shop, and purchased a fiddle and music-book. Then getting two boys, between whom he shared a certain portion of his bounty, he made one carry before him the violin, and the other the music. The boy fell to scratching the now tormented strings, till they squeaked sounds horribly discordant. Marching as solemnly as a strolling actor in Alexander, on his first entrance on the stage of a barn, to the river side; the man of philanthropy seized the instrument and book, and flung them both into the water. He then ordered the boys to plunge in after them, which they stoutly refused; and running off, left him to contemplate the movements of the fiddle sailing leisurely down the stream.

Another time, he met two country bumpkins fresh from the plough-tail, whom he also took to a pastry-cook's, to see how many jellies and cheese-cakes they could possibly devour. When they had cleared the shop, and gormandized almost to suffocation, he generously dismissed them with a pound note each, as much delighted with the entertainment they had given him, as the fellows could possibly be with the novel and highly relished treat which they had just received. These were some of the thousand absurd tricks of the same ridiculous kind, which I was informed he is continually committing.

Poor Mr. P.— had very ill luck—for the philanthropist would neither look at his letters

nor listen to his poems, nor even add his name to the subscription list.

Flirtation, 3 *vols.* 12*mo.* 1827. — Some fault, we believe, was found with what the objectors called the *moral tendency* of the last production of the lady whose new volumes lie before us. This phrase, by the way—now in every body's mouth—is miserably abused; the tendency of a book is strictly its drift or design—the object it aims at—the effect it directly, or indirectly produces. Effects must have causes—and results cannot be brought about without combinations—here be truths, we hope. Now good and evil are in the nature of things, but the knowledge of them is first discovered by experience, and then admitted by faith; the results are recorded, and adopted or neglected, according to the prudence or imprudence of observers. Thus arise individual maxims, and out of these, eventually, the universal one, that vice brings its own sting, and virtue its own blessing. But, then, surely not for this is every description of what is base or indelicate, to be forthwith set down as so much precept,—such description is often essential to exhibit what is termed, and rightly termed, natural justice, with any perspicuity and satisfaction. It is not enough to tell the inexperienced, that vice meets with its sure retribution—the steps must be shewn by which it does so; and how these steps are to be thus shewn without details is more than we can discover. No doubt, limits—narrow limits—the narrowest compatible with the adequate execution of the object—should be fixed to these descriptions; but absolutely to exclude the detail, is to preclude the accomplishment of the final and moral purpose. You wish to warn, and words will not do without facts,—the heart must be convinced, as well as the understanding be informed—and this cannot be done without the details of facts. In the tale before us, the natural career of levity, through the gradations of flirtation to adultery is described, not only faithfully, but we should say, effectively and delicately, and in no way, that we can imagine, likely to make disciples—or convert the condition of an adultress into one of enviable admiration. The thing is described to denounce it; and as if that were not enough to counteract possible ill effects, an exemplar of the opposite character is pourtrayed with an aspect the most enchanting, and colours the most attractive—contrasting simplicity with affectation, feeling with frivolity, and nature with art—the fulfilment of all moral and social duties with the utter neglect of them, in the pursuit of admiration at the price of credit and respect.

For our parts, the last objection we should dream of would be any evil tendency. In our eyes the tale is marked—what we rarely find in female novelists—by a lady's sentiments—by the qualities which distinguish a lady's conversation—the absence of coarse allusions, and of all familiarity, at least, with forbidden topics. The moral tone of the whole is lofty, and its standard of moral excellence high. As a composition too, the execution is easy and natural, occasionally betraying, perhaps, a leaning towards finery, and an effort at poetry, which ends in nonsense. For instance—"the sky-larks, poised high in air gave out their triumphant melody of song, which, in verity, seems music that is midway to heaven; and the fresh, sweet smell of the new-turned earth sent forth that steaming fragrance, which forms a part of the general incense with which creation gratulates the Creator,"—which reminds us, by the way, of Addison's rooks—whose croakings and cawings he terms their morning hymns of gratitude to their Maker. En revanche, however, may be found morsels like the following—which may be stolen, though we know not whence—"for truth, they say, lies in a well, and those who look for it there, generally see nothing but the reflection of themselves, together with all their prejudices and passions, and so are not a whit the nearer their object."

As to the story, the construction has nothing very remarkable about it, except the evident difficulty the author found in raising embarrassments. Her hero troubles her—she wishes to inflict upon him the pains and penalties of repentance, without giving him enough to repent of. She means to shew him excellent at the bottom, because she elevates her heroine to a point, which would make it monstrous for her to love any thing short of virtue's self. Yet, to exhibit a young man of rank and fortune, with all the means and appliances of luxury at command—brought up too, as young people now-a-days are—made men of at an age when their fathers had scarcely left the nursery—to exhibit such a person as not tasting the joys that are spread before him in tempting voluptuousness, the writer knew, lay far too much out of the pale of probability, and therefore she, of necessity, involves him in a liaison,—but one which really is so little offensive to the sternest perceptions, that we have a difficulty in blaming him for making it, and not less for the manner of breaking it—though that is made the chief ground of his remorse.

To give a mere outline—Lord Mowbray is introduced to us on his accession to a title and immense estate, preparing to attend the funeral of his deceased relative, in the family vault, at the family castle. He appears a little moody, and distrait, and occasionally a sentiment breaks from him of a weariness of life, and want of object, with dark hints that lead us to anticipate some darker crime. While residing at the castle, and superintending repairs, he one day meets with a lady on horseback, whose hat the wind has blown off, which he assists her in recovering. She is, of course, young, blooming, and beautiful; but she is off, and out of sight as rapidly as a spirited horse can carry her. All inquiries about her are useless, though made by a French valet, and he very soon forgets her—almost. Every day getting worse rather than better, as

to his moodiness, a friend who was with him—an old colonel—proposes to visit General Montgomery, in a distant county. He consents. The general's family consists of himself and the two ladies Lorimer, with some three or four friends, who for one reason or another have the run of the house. He is himself a good-humoured, excellent sort of person—kind, and gentle, and contented—fond of the country, and enjoying its quiet pursuits. Of the nieces, the elder, Lady Frances, has run the gauntlet of a London winter or two, and is thoroughly imbued with fashionable follies—a perfect exclusive—loathing the country, and panting to inhale again the incense of admiration;—the younger has not been so introduced—she has escaped pollution, by not being exposed to it; her feelings are all of the purest kind, and her pursuits equally so—all kindness and gentleness—and exhibiting a rare simplicity and truth and fervour of feeling, that charm all who meet her—and is besides, the very young lady, whose bonnet Lord Mowbray had rescued.

My Lord makes some stay. Lady Frances makes a dead set at him; but he is of course drawn insensibly towards the younger, though carefully abstaining from too marked an attestation of his feelings. Things go on in this way for some time, till at length an invitation comes for the whole party, to attend a splendid christening of some parvenu family in the neighbourhood—where is to appear the new prima donna of the opera. Lord Mowbray shews some little alarm at the announcement, but when Lady Emily is so much struck by the elegant and lady-like appearance of the singer, as to express a wish that Lord Mowbray, from whom an acknowledgment of former acquaintance with her was extorted—would introduce her, he has no resource but flight;—he quits the company suddenly, leaves a note for his host, and flies to town.—Rosalinda, the singer, was in reality a lady of family and fortune, in Italy, where Lord Mowbray had met with her, and admired her, but who was himself still more admired—enthusiastically so by her—so much so, that she sought his society, and an intercourse ensued, which ended as such intercourses sometimes will. The lady recovering from the trance into which the warmth of her affections had thrown her, expected marriage, from which Lord Mowbray shrinking, took refuge in flight—his vanity, rather than his affections, had all along been concerned. The lady followed, with no intention of vindicating her claims, but solely for the satisfaction of now and then catching a hasty glance at him, or at least of treading the same soil with him. Her long absence from home forfeited her property, and she betook herself to the stage for subsistence. In this character she met his eyes, and awakened again the stings of remorse. To cut the story short—the intensity of her feelings wasted the springs of existence, and she soon after died in London,—not, however, before Lord Mowbray's old tutor had discovered her, and brought about an interview, where he received the poor lady's final forgiveness. Now he was at liberty—but where was Lady Emily? General Montgomery had suddenly broken up his establishment—alleging the entire destruction of his property, and the loss of his nieces' fortunes—without communicating the cause to any soul breathing—being under an oath to conceal it. Lady Frances, by this time, giving up all hopes of Mowbray, had entrapped the Marquis of something, and notwithstanding the loss of fortune was accepted by the Duke his father. She pursued her career; marriage, instead of restraining her love of admiration, only seemed to bring her greater freedom,—which ended very shortly in intrigue, desertion, poverty, and a miserable death. The General, with Lady Emily, withdrew to a small farm-house, in the neighbourhood of Bristol, and spent a whole winter in solitude and obscurity—till, in short, Lord Mowbray accidentally discovered their residence—visited—and took them to his castle; and the very day he made Lady Emily the offer of his hand and fortune, the old general discovered all his fears were groundless, and the parties are, of course, supremely blest—she, after passing nobly the ordeal of poverty and privation, and he purified from the old stain, and qualified to appreciate the virtues of Emily, and live a life of rational pursuits, apart from the follies, &c. &c.

The Mummy, 3 *vols.* 12*mo.* 1827.—This is surely the wretchedest production that ever crazy understanding engendered. It is utterly without an object, unless the venting of extravagances be taken as one. If it be intended for satire, it is a telum imbelle—the weapon is without a point and hits nobody,—if for a prophecy, it has none of the promptings of inspiration—if for sport, it has neither playfulness nor vivacity, neither frolic nor fancy—a mere mass of crudities and absurdities—a dead take-in. The writer is unable to concatenate or combine. If he starts a conception he cannot pursue it an inch. His ideas have nothing adhesive or cohesive about them. They are like the atoms of Democritus—all tending perpendicularly—all falling to the ground, without the possibility of making conjunctions in their descent; and the writer wants the tact even of Epicurus, whose stupidity in physics was proverbial, to endow them with inclining propensities to bring about occasional coalitions. With the affectation of familiar acquaintance with science, the fact must be, he is utterly ignorant of its laws and purposes; but, with a quickness of apprehension not uncommon among fools, he has gathered up a few of its phrases, and the empty possession has tempted him to make this idle flourish. He has, besides, pretty evidently been accustomed to let his tongue run at random—to shoot with the long bow—and indulge in caricature—so much readiness does he shew of evasion and expedient—quite unattainable, but by long practice in the art

of shifting. Here and there—probably sticking at nothing—he has made a happy hit in conversation—where matters seldom go beyond a retort, and this occasional success has, in an evil hour, betrayed him into attempting the ludicrous upon paper, and perpetuating his fooleries through three volumes of foolscap, of which if he be not seared and scarred to insensibility, he must by this time be thoroughly ashamed. He has heard something of indefinite improvements in science, and boundless expectations in practice—and of the apprehensions of some from the extension of knowledge among mechanics and the poor; and he has no other notion of ridiculing the one, than by talking of stage balloons, and travelling houses, and cannon-shot posts, and tunnels under the Atlantic; and of the other than by representing cooks, and scullions, and grooms, as universal linguists and philosophers.

To analyse the paltry volumes is beyond the patience of mortality. But here is a glimpse. The chronology of England is advanced to the year 2126, at which epoch its government has arrived at despotism, and its religion settled quietly down into catholicism. The throne is accessible only to women, and the queen is not allowed to marry. Two families are introduced, one of them the duke's, allied to the possessor of the crown, the other, the knight's, connected by friendship and a project of intermarriages. The duke has two daughters, and the knight two sons. Of the knight's sons, one is a soldier, a conqueror, and the favourite of the queen; the other a philosopher—though philosophy has long been out of fashion among the upper classes, being become the common possession of the lowest canaille. This youth has a sudden passion for instituting inquiries into the reality of the union of soul and body, and his tutor, the representative of philosophy, in its loftiest aspirations, encourages him in his projects. The philosopher's opinion is, that organization is all in all—set it in motion and you have life. If a body, therefore, has been dead thousands of years, and the organization undestroyed, life may be restored. If a sound mummy, therefore, could be found, the experiment might be made easily and successfully—he has a galvanic battery of fifty-surgeon power. The resolution is accordingly taken to visit the pyramids, and practice on the body of Cheops—because the Egyptian kings were known not to have been eviscerated. The doctor produces a bottle of caoutchouc, which he expands to the size of a balloon—balloons were as common as stage coaches, but the doctor had pocket-machinery of all sorts—and away they go, with a bag of their own wind too. Arrived at the tomb of Cheops, the battery is forthwith applied, and the mummy starts into life—frightens the doctor to death—breaks from the pyramid—leaps into the balloon, and reaches London at the moment of some grand festival, when the air is full of balloons—dashes in amongst them, spreads universal dismay, and then alights in perfect safety. But now, what is to be done with the mummy? Why intrigues are concocting at court—the queen is poisoned—the two cousins of the duke's family are rival candidates for the throne—one is chosen—and the other immediately cabals—jealousies, treacheries, rebellions, murders, follow thick and threefold—and in all and every thing is Cheops the prime agent, behind the curtain. He is invested with infernal powers—the juggling fiend that lures only to betray—and he does delude and betray all parties by turns. In the meanwhile the doctor and his pupil escape from Egypt with difficulty, and arriving in Spain, they join the king of Ireland—a great conqueror—an Alexander and Orlando in one—who is besieging and battling without any object but the mere fun of encountering perils. The doctor gets into numerous scrapes, and narrowly escapes broiling—a new lady is introduced for special purposes—and the young philosopher rescues the king from destruction, and is himself rescued by him—and all this over and over again—and Cheops as busy with every body's concerns here, as he is at the same moment, in England. Matters being settled at last in Spain,—the king, accompanied by his new friends, sets out for Ireland, through the tunnel, and meets a deputation from the exiled queen of England, whose cause he immediately adopts—and English affairs come again upon the stage.—But our patience fails.

A Practical Treatise on Architectural Jurisprudence, by James Elmes, M.R.I.A., Architect. 1827.—The respectable compiler of this volume has spared no pains to accomplish his purpose—that of producing not precisely a book of reference—though the work will itself frequently furnish the most satisfactory information—but one which will at least tell us, where to refer for farther intelligence on the actual state of the law relative to buildings, private and public—the code or digest, of, as he somewhat quaintly phrases it, architectural jurisprudence. The substance is thrown into alphabetical form, and under the name of titles is given the several subjects of which he has to speak—supporting his statements very carefully by a reference to the best authorities, and the most recent decisions of the courts. The whole is prefixed by a sort of historical sketch of the subject from the days of Moses, and pursuing it through the Roman history to our own times—enlarging on matters more particularly relative to ecclesiastical buildings; adding, moreover, an account, not of the "provincial constitutions" themselves, but of the authors of them, the fourteen archbishops from Langton to Chicheley, who each of them, more or less, contributed to their construction.

The author labours hard, and very unnecessarily, to justify his opinion, that architects should know something of the rules of law, as well as those of architecture. Sir

William Chambers, it seems, observes, oracularly, that an architect *should not be ignorant of law*—by which we suppose he meant the law so far as it concerns the matter of building, and the sites on which such building is erected; and Vitruvius long before laid it down, that he should not be ignorant not only of law, but of nothing else; and, according to the motto of Mr. Elmes's book, he said, "*Medicinæ non sit ignarus.*" Why or wherefore, is not added, and few, we should think could make a decent guess. All this seemed likely to alarm an architect, and looked a little like mystification; but all such alarm is removed by Mr. Elmes explicitly stating his opinion.—

> That an architect should study the science of jurisprudence, so far as to enable him to judge of the legality of his proceedings, to prevent his employer from being involved in law-suits through his means; and to extricate him the shortest way when so involved, by a cessation or alteration of the offensive operations, if the cause be connected with his pursuits.

This is Mr. Elmes's aim; and a very excellent one it is;—nor can his statements fail of being practically useful. Undoubtedly, whatever comes within the precincts of a profession, should be known to the professor; and we care not how much the wings of the lawyer are clipt.

Herbert Lacy, by the Author of Granby, 3 *vols.* 1827.—Very correct, and proper, and pretty as all this undoubtedly is, it is also essentially of a common, uninspired and uninspiring cast. All the good husbandry liberally spent upon the author will not counterbalance the native poverty of the soil. Nothing will make it bear *new* fruits; nor can we hope to gather grapes from thorns, nor figs from thistles.

> "Continuo has leges æternaque fœdera certis
> Imposuit natura locis."

The whole concern, in conception and execution, is inferior to Granby, which, though as often feeble as forcible, yet had strong scenes, which this has not; and gave a promise, which this does not fulfil. The tone and temper of the story is irreproachable, pure, and chaste; but, like Dian's icicle, as cold as it is chaste. For any thing like force, or warmth, or passion, we look in vain—once skimmed, it never can be thought of more by old or young. As to particular and tangible *faults*, it is almost invulnerable; but if it have few faults, it has as few compensating virtues. It is obviously the production of one born and bred, as the writer himself nonsensically phrases it, in "elegant letters," which means familiarity with certain classes of the works of others—very little with the world and its real ways—with men and women, and their real character—and as little with himself. Every thing, though carefully and even tastefully expressed, is so obviously right and according to rule, that the effort required is not to keep an eye upon the writer's sentiments, but to resist the lulling effects of the security we feel of finding nothing but what is customary and commonplace. The writer, no doubt, is deep read—far deeper than ourselves—in the annals of fiction. It is that which has given him facility in the construction and evolution of his plots; or, in other words, as we have often occasion to remark, the author writes because others have written. "I too am a painter," is as often the dictate of a blind desire to be doing, as the bold and confiding impulse of irresistible ability. What is the story?—That of a young gentleman, who falls in love with a young lady. The young lady has an independent fortune, and a guardian, who takes a fancy to the lady's property; to secure which, and to keep off competition, he has recourse to the vilest expedients—familiar as household words, since the days of Cecilia—which are finally defeated by the recoil of the instruments which he overstrains in the using. This account will not satisfy every body; and here is the story, at fuller length.

In one of the midland counties reside two families—one of a parvenu cast, the other of ancient pedigree—between whom a sort of hereditary hatred subsists, entirely unknown to each other—and each suspecting the other of qualities quite foreign from reality. Each has children—the descendant of the iron-foundry a daughter, the heiress of great wealth left by her aunt, with a pair of guardians—one young, and the principal—the other old, and subordinate. The Baronet has a son, who, like his father, knows nothing of his neighbours, but supposes they must be sad vulgar people. At the house of a common friend, the young people—Herbert Lacy, the Baronet's son; and Agnes Morton, the ironman's daughter—meet; and being, in reality, both of them young, handsome, and intelligent to the usual elevated degree of heroes and heroines, and thus thrown together, are of course quickly enamoured of each other. Difficulties are anticipated, and difficulties come, but not at all from the expected quarters. Before any declaration takes place between the parties, Mr. Sackville, the guardian, just in time, to his surprise and alarm, hears of their being at the same house, and of their mutual admiration. Sackville is a very decisive gentleman, and takes his measures forthwith. His ward and her fortune he destines for himself; and he is not of a character to stick about the means of securing them. He has himself all possible advantages of person, fortune, and brilliant abilities; but there is no room for slow processes—no time to be lost; for Lacy may make his offers, and be accepted in four-and-twenty hours. Lacy is his very dear and intimate friend, whose life he had formerly saved, and whose gratitude and admiration towards his preserver are boundless. No matter—

eighty thousand pounds and a beautiful girl are not to be sacrificed to romance. He resolves to cut through all impediments.

The first stroke is levelled at the father, who, unhappily, by living a little too fast, as people of fortune will, as well as those of none, is involved in difficulties. Sackville discovers this, and makes his use of it—by means of a very useful instrument which he has at command—an attorney, or surveyor, or some sort of a man of business, who had once committed forgery, the evidence of which Sackville holds in his own hands. This miserable wretch he wields at will, by holding the forgery *in terrorem*. By his means he buys up Morton's debts, and uses the power thus obtained in forcing Morton to bind his daughter to his purpose, on the peril of immediate exposure and ruin. This Sackville is a complete master of finesse and subtlety—at all times able to make the worse appear the better reason. To save her father, poor Agnes is driven to give a pledge of marriage at the end of a twelvemonth. The lady and her father thus far secured, he stirs up a little piece of calumny against his friend's father, and makes Morton the circulator—the consequence of which is a duel between Lacy and Agnes's father—all to keep Herbert and Agnes asunder. Divers other pieces of rascality are set in motion; and, at an election, in which Herbert and Morton are made opposing candidates, Morton is arrested, and a complete break-up of his affairs follows—all done again by the underworking of Sackville, through his miserable agent, the surveyor, and Herbert made to appear the impelling cause.

Morton and his family are now obliged to retire to London, and hide their poverty and their heads in one of the Alpha cottages—places, we have no doubt, abounding in this species of misery; where Agnes conducts herself with admirable propriety and filial duty—the whole family being, indeed, supported by her allowance, which she is prevented from augmenting by the artifices of her precious guardian, who is of course anxious her property shall not be squandered. Things being thus brought up to a point—villany having used up its resources—the scene begins to change, and the master-agent must now fall himself into the pit which he had dug for others. The surveyor, who had been so mercilessly ridden by Sackville, on some new command rebels, and will no farther concur, unless he is allowed a sight of the fatal document which gives the tyrant his hold upon him. Sackville suspects his purpose, but resolves to indulge him—first, however, loading a pistol in his presence, and clapping it to his breast, and then presenting the paper for the unhappy's man's contemplation, whose purpose had been to attempt its destruction; but the resolute air of his employer deters him, and the paper is returned, and deposited again in a drawer. The surveyor marks the spot, and soon after contrives to get into the house, and abstracts the paper and proofs. Thus freed from his chains, he sets Sackville at defiance; and a complete exposure follows. Agnes releases herself from her engagement, and she and Herbert, with the concurrence of all parties, eventually, even of Sackville himself, tie the nuptial knot.

The tale is a very appropriate one for young people—inculcating, as it does in their full extent, the execution of filial duties—neglected as those duties must necessarily be, where boys and girls are made men and women before their time; and the author, in accordance with the lesson he reads, himself dedicates, like a very good child, these his labours to his own papa. Again, we repeat, the tale is very well told—with taste and elegance—qualities which we are sure he must estimate at a much higher rate than higher endowments. It only wants the essentials of pith and vigour; the sentiments are every where liberal, and full of good feeling; but the stock and fund of the whole spring from other novels. If the writer expects to make a name, he must find something of his own—*all* of other people's will not do.

MONTHLY THEATRICAL REPORT.

THERE are some theatrical customs, which, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, are so unchangeable, that the idea of change never enters into the heads of managers. One of these is—never to bring forward any thing likely to be attractive from its novelty, for the month before Christmas. The theatres generally open in October, and will probably continue to do so until the Lord Chamberlain alters his mind, which he may do next month; or ceases to be Lord Chamberlain, which unhappy event may occur within any twenty-four hours. However, this must be said for the Duke of Devonshire—that he spells quite as well as his predecessor, is more reluctant to trespass against the decorums of grammar, and has infinitely less confidence in the honour, conscience, and morality of Mr. George Colman, jun.

His Grace has certainly found office no sinecure, between his perpetual reversal of the decrees in the *courts below*, held by the deputy-licenser — his arbitration of the restless quarrels of the theatres, and his voluminous correspondence on the subject of licensing a French company at the Lyceum.

This last, we understand, his Grace has done; and ratified his permission, by taking

a box, where the world may see that he is not ashamed to sit and take lessons in French. The idea of suffering a foreign company to make its claims upon the shillings of the English, has, of course, excited a vast deal of patriotic displeasure. But what can be more short-sighted than such displeasure? All that tends to revive a theatrical taste among the higher ranks is so much gained. The only thing that the theatres have to dread—the true source of decay—is the decay of that theatrical taste among the nation; and though the higher ranks have long lost the *premier pas* in matters either of taste or utility, yet they go for something still; and the general account is not the worse for the accession of even the lazy population of the Red Book.

If nothing but the French play will bring the peerage from its nine o'clock dinners, let the French play do its work for a season; and habit may stir even the best blood to move from the table before the third bottle. The British stage will thus gain recruits; for, bad as it is in its present dearth of matter, there can be no comparison, in the mind of any human being under the rank of marquis, between the actual merits of the English and French stages. Our Gallic neighbours shine in trifles; and with trifles the English are the greatest bunglers that ever attempted to make fools of themselves. The French luck is always to make much of little; the English ill-luck, to make little of much. The maxim holds from cookery up to constitutions. The faculty of dressing a dinner out of nothing, or of making a commonwealth that will not last a week's wear, belongs pre-eminently to the ingenious sons of Clovis.

On their stage (the happiest emblem of the national mind), the triumph is of the same class. Two characters, a single scene, and half a sentiment, make up the *matériel* of a multitude of those pieces that are the glory of the Parisian stage—for whose sight the populace save up their half-francs for a month before, the *belles* prepare their best weeping faces, and the newspapers cast aside politics, and order new fonts of type.

But of things of this kind, *we* can make nothing. Our national awkwardness is instantly out at elbows in the suit which the French author wears with such adroitness. Our actors, with the best will in the world, want the perpetual *finesse*—the meaning that exists in a tweak of the finger, or a turn of the eye. The whole vocabulary of nods is an Egyptian dialect to them; and the whisper, on which the entire of the catastrophe turns, evaporates without catching eye or ear. The difficulties that this dexterity imposes on the respectable race of adaptors, who labour with such restless industry to supply the chasms of the English drama, are pitiable. From three to six melodrames of the *Porte St. Martin* are the smallest allowance for a single melodrame of Covent Garden: from six to nine farces of the *Variétés* are essential to the composition of a single farce, on the usual scale of Drury Lane; and the consumption of *drames* of the *Théâtre Français* for a single comedy is beyond calculation. Nothing but a patent condensing machine, or hydrostatic press, is equal to the operation; and some of the most popular and vigorous human condensors of the present age are sinking into rapid decay under this superhuman fatigue.—The truth is, that the English audience require, like the English frame, something solid. They like the *entremets* of the French taste to fill up the intervals; but woe be to the manager who covers his table with them! The people will not be fed with syllabubs; and our lively neighbours can supply us with nothing else. The manliness and force of character of our genuine English comedy, the natural probability of the plot, and the native spirit, power, and brilliancy of the dialogue, undoubtedly have no equal on the Continental stage. The French is, like the furniture of a French house, gilded, graceful, and good for any thing but use. The German is the heavy material—rough from the forest, or carved into sullen or grotesque figures, that only make the original heaviness still heavier. The Italian is filagree-work—shreds of paper and tinsel; but not to be handled, and scarcely worth being seen.

As to the Duke of Devonshire's acceding to the French license of the Lyceum, we cannot perceive either the injury or even the inconvenience of the grant. It would have been ungracious in the extreme to have refused it, after the civilities with which our actors have been received in Paris; and, though we undoubtedly set the fashion in this instance, and gave the "politest people of the earth" a lesson of politeness in listening to *Laporte's* dreadful attempts at the English tongue, while the *badauds* of the "première ville du monde" were pelting our *Imogens* and *Hamlets* with their last farthings, we are not sorry that the lesson is understood, nor that we are called on to shew that we can repeat it on occasion.

The reception of an English company in Paris forms an epoch in dramatic history. We know of no previous instance of the kind, and we see no reason why a friendlier feeling of the two nations may not grow out of an intercourse of the players. A very vivid friendship is not likely to occur under any circumstances; but playing together is at all times better than fighting; and, if we could pardon the horrors of French-English on our stage, we may endure Frenchmen talking their own language even within the precincts of London. It is said that we may expect a strong French company; and we shall thus have the best plays given in the best manner, without the trouble of going two hundred miles to see them.

But the result of the unchangeable law against novelty, with which we began our remarks, is—that the audience has been wearied with perpetual repetitions. "Ham-

let" and "Othello" are already enshrined. Criticism and comparison have nothing to do with them; yet even they may be seen too often. But one exception may be made —Charles Kemble's *Falstaff* in the First Part of Henry the Fourth. It is incomparably the best that we have seen, after seeing all the humourists in succession, and seeing them all with pleasure. Mathews conceived the part with the spirit of the author; but his figure was against him, and all the pillows of the earth could not make the spectator believe that he was *the* fat knight. Dowton's pleasantry was excellent; but his figure was too much undersized, and the illusion was destroyed. Charles Kemble looks the living man; and his humour is even more fitted for *Falstaff* than the dexterous form of Mathews, or the rich drollery of Dowton. *Falstaff* is *not* so much a *merry* man as a humourist; and the pleasantry of the part arises in no trivial degree from the *gravity* of the individual. He is perpetually the *but* of others, who rate him unmercifully; and the amusement of the audience arises chiefly from the audacious and indefatigable assurance with which he attempts to outface charges and detections which he thoroughly dislikes. His character is sly evasion, or bold lying. He outwits no one but *Master Shallow*, and tramples on no one but his fiery-faced follower. Even *Dame Quickly* makes a fair fight with him. Before *Prince Harry* he is a perpetual fugitive. Kemble personates the fat knight, to all points, in a manner that does great credit to his conception.

The "Seraglio" has sustained itself at Covent Garden. The admirable beauty of the scenery, and the general skill of the equipment, have kept it alive. The music, too, is of course better performed, by repetition; though we may be fairly justified in expressing our fear that Wrench, Power, and Penson—pleasant fellows as they are—were never intended by nature for singing Mozart; and that their being led to do so is nearly as great a surprise to themselves as to their audience.

"Othello," performed with the strength of the house, deserves more than the passing remark that we can give it. Young's *Iago*, Charles Kemble's *Cassio*, and Kean's *Moor* are unrivalled, and unrivallable by any thing upon the European stage. It has been thus performed but lately, and will doubtless form one of the principal displays of the theatre during the season. Young's *Iago* is at least equal to any of his performances, and in this we mean to speak highly of it; for we have a high opinion of the capacity and conception of this very able performer. Charles Kemble's showy and unsuspicious drunkard has been long at the head of its class. Nothing in intoxication can be more graphic, yet freer from grossness. His *Cassio* is the gentleman, in the midst of his excess, and preserves the respect of the audience in the full swing of folly.

Kean's *Othello* was, a few years since, the finest performance on the stage. The part seemed, beyond all others, to have been written for him. His crabbedness, ferocity, and alternate restraint and bursts of rage, seemed made for the man before our eyes. But circumstances have largely altered since. Ill-health and ill-fortune have relaxed the sinews of this distinguished performer; and his *Othello* has suffered in the general feebleness of his frame. However, it still contains fine points—the early energy starts out from time to time—and those electric splendours, which once shone perpetually, if they are now more rare, yet can still flash with a brilliancy that reminds us of their original power.

At Drury Lane, the altered opera of the "Pirates" continues its popularity. Braham sings with the indefatigable spirit and skill that have long made him the Prince of English singers; and Mrs. Glossop—who still absurdly determines not to be an Englishwoman, thinks that *Madame* has witchery in the sound, and is content to throw a slur on her reputation, by resuming her unmarried name—goes on singing with the same defects and merits as usual. Her voice is wiry, and she sings with distressing effort; but her execution is admirable, and her style brilliant. A new opera ought to be found for her; for the world will soon grow tired of excellence in the same shape for ever; and the adaptor of the "Pirates" ought to be set to work. The "Haunted Tower" has enough of Storace to build a little of our modern melodies upon, and enough of Cobb, to allow of the engrafting of a little of Dimond. We by no means coincide in the opinion expressed of this adaptor's want of skill. On the contrary, we think that he has done as much with the "Seraglio" and the "Pirates" as could fairly be expected. His task was difficult. Both operas were worn out. The dialogue and plot in both were meagre beyond endurance; and now, if neither plot or dialogue are quite worthy of Sheridan, nor likely to eclipse the "Duenna," they are at least quite as ingenious as the general performances of the day.

Young Kean has played occasionally. But if his vocation is the stage at all, he must take time, and exercise his powers diligently, before he can take any satisfactory rank on the boards. His voice has the huskiness of his father's, without the force; and his manner is so close an imitation, that its defects become the more striking from the comparison.

He has obvious intelligence—he conceives well—but nature has been stern to him; and nothing but the development of new powers, or the most extraordinary result of unwearied diligence, can make him so far successful as to render productive or prudent his devoting himself to the stage.

But all—tragedy, comedy, opera, and farce—may be dismissed. The pantomimes are coming, that will throw them all into shade—the pantomimes, that are as exclu-

sively English as the Congreve rockets, the steam-boat, or the gas-light—are as much beyond the management of foreign hands—and are as brilliant as the most dazzling of the three. Unfortunately, they will not appear, till too late for record in our present pages. But the promises made by the respective magicians, Farley and Barrymore, are of the most overwhelming kind. Covent Garden brings out *Harlequin and Number Nip*, founded on the most famous of German stories, and, of course, full of the adventures of water-sprites and air-sprites, ending with the marriage of Harlequin and Columbine under the centre-arch of New London Bridge. At Drury Lane, *Harlequin Cock Robin* charms the wondering world with a domestic story—leads the delighted fancy into the kingdom of birds—then roves on the wing through every zone, from Kamschatka to Wapping—and finally marries Harlequin and Columbine in the centre of the Thames Tunnel.

But we must not anticipate. The delight of curiosity is too exquisite, and the sacredness of secrecy is too solemn, for us to let mankind in general into the *penetralia* of the pantomimes. We need only say, that the genius of Farley and Barrymore, in full lustre—the pencils of Stanfield and Roberts, in full beauty—and the purses of both managers, in full profusion, have been devoted to the encounter. We, who are determined, like Austria, to stand neuter, till we see which side is likely to triumph, will say nothing. But we should disdain to force our opinions on the public, in matters of such matchless moment; and recommend every man to see the pantomimes for himself, on the penalty of being charged with want of taste for the most happy combination of pictorial beauty, and mechanic skill, of the powers of the human frame, and the dexterity of stage artifice, that is to be seen in the "round world!"

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

DOMESTIC.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

This body re-assembled on the 15th of November last, when the Croonian lecture was delivered by Sir E. Home, on the muscles peculiar to organs of sense in particular quadrupeds and fishes. A paper was read by Captain Sabine, on some experiments to determine the difference in length of the seconds pendulum in London and Paris.—22. Two papers, by Dr. Davy, on a peculiarity in the structure of the ductus communis choledochus; and some observations on the action of the mineral acids on copper, under different circumstances, were read by Dr. Davy. Also, another, on the structure of the knee-joint in the echidna setosa and ornithorynchus paradoxus, by Dr. Knox.—30, being the anniversary of the Society, which is held on St. Andrew's days, an election of officers took place; and Davies Gilbert, Esq., M.P., was nominated President.

FOREIGN.

INSTITUTE—ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Paris.—Sept. 24. M.M. Prony, Girard, and Dupin delivered a highly commendatory report upon a memoir of M. Vicat, one of the principal government civil engineers, entitled, "Physico-Mathematical Observations on some Cases of the Fracture of Solids." On the report of M.M. Thenard and Chevreul, the second memoir of M. M. Robiquet and Collin, concerning the colouring substances of madder, was ordered to be inserted in the collection of memoirs by persons not members of the Academy.—Oct. 1. M. Julia Fontenelle displayed to the Academy the head of a New Zealander. It was remarked, as its osteologic character, that the occipital region was of great extent, and that there was a very distinct longitudinal crest. The frontal region is extremely narrow, and presents a vertical osseous partition of more than two lines in breadth: the sutures of the scull are ossified, although the individual does not appear to have been more than thirty-five years old. M. M. Bosc and Latreille, as reporters, recommended that a monographic essay on the tribe of Zygenides, belonging to the Lepidopterous order of insects, should be published in the "Recueil des Savans Etrangers;" and, on the report of M. M. G. St. Hilaire and F. Cuvier, the same honour was accorded to a notice of M. Rambur, a physician at Ingrandes, concerning a monstrous infant, born at Benais (dept. Indre et Loire), August 30th, 1826, and which died September 10th, 1827. M. Poisson read a note on the vibrations of sonorous bodies. M. Cauchy announced that he had been engaged for a long time with the equilibrium and internal movement of a solid body, considered as a system of distinct molecules; and that he had obtained some equations, in which the components of the forces exercised on each molecule are not generally reduced to integrals: the manuscript of his researches was submitted to the Academy; and—8 and 15, M. M. Pelletan, Boyer, and Magendie reported on a memoir of M. Breschet, concerning the false aneurism of the heart, and the true aneurism of the arteries, which paper would have been inserted in the "Recueil des Savans Etrangers," if its learned author had not given it another destination. M. Michel made a verbal report on the botanical part of the expedition of M. Freycinet, arranged by M. Gaudichaud; M. F. Cuvier, an extract from a memoir on the organization and development of the quills of a porcupine; and M. Binet read another, on the resolution of indeterminate equations of the first degree in whole numbers.

VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Perkins's Steam Machinery.—After all that has been conjectured, and insinuated, and surmised, and written about Mr. Perkins's modifications and improvements of steam machinery, we are happy to give from his own pen the following summary of them, which is abridged from a most interesting article inserted in one of the scientific journals of America, the land that gave him birth. Is it not new, he inquires, to generate steam of all elasticities, from the minimum to the maximum without the least danger—in the generation of steam to substitute pressure for surface, which he considers the basis of his invention—to have a pressure of 1000lbs. to the square inch on one side of the piston, while on the other side of it all resistance is taken away by a vacuum, and this produced without an air-pump, or any more water than is used in generating the steam—to have invented a metallic piston, which requires no lubrication, and yet is as tight as the piston of an air-pump—to have applied Davy's zinc protectors to steam cylinders to prevent oxidation, which took place when the engine was not at work—to dispense with the eduction valve and pipe, having no other than a small induction valve, and that so constructed as to neutralize the pressure, requiring no oil, and very little power to open and to close it—to allow steam to escape at an opening 250 times larger than the steam pipe; and lastly, to have discovered that steam may be generated although in contact with the water, at all temperatures, without producing corresponding elasticity? In the steam artillery, which this eminent engineer is constructing for the French government, he guarantees the perfect safety of the generator, its indestructibility, the ability to keep the steam up at any required temperature for any length of time, and its great economy. The piece of ordnance is to throw sixty balls of four pounds each in a minute, with the correctness of the rifled musket, and to a proportionate distance. A musket is also attached to the same generator for throwing a stream of lead from the bastion of a fort, and is made so far portable, as to be capable of being moved from one bastion to another. This musket is to throw from one hundred to one thousand bullets per minute as occasion may require, and that for any given length of time. As regards economy, it is within the truth, that if the discharges are rapid, one pound of coals will throw as many balls as four pounds of powder. The mischief of this steam artillery is that it will be to nations what the pistol is to duellists, it will bring all, whether strong or weak, upon a par. Among the very curious results from Mr. Perkins's experiments upon steam is one, which proves practically what Dr. Hare, of Philadelphia, has so ably attempted to establish theoretically, namely, that caloric is matter. The proof, he says, is simple and direct, and, I am persuaded, conclusive. Mr. Perkins's explanation of the bursting of boilers will appear very plausible—it is this: that the water is suffered to get so low as to bring a portion of the boiler not covered with water in contact with the fire; this becomes red hot, and imparts its heat to the steam; the redness gradually extends itself below the water, which is at length repelled from the water and thrown up among the hot steam (like a pot suddenly boiling over), which overcharged steam immediately imparting its excessive heat to the water, forms steam of the greatest power, and occasions the disastrous explosion.

Timbuctoo.—At one of the last meetings of the Geographical Society of Paris, an interesting communication was made relative to Timbuctoo, the Atlantis of the moderns. It was stated that a detailed history of this city was in existence, written by Sidi-Ahmed-Baba, a native of Darawana, a small town in the country of the Kentes. It is therein stated that its foundation was not prior to the year 510 of the hegira (1116 of our æra). The Arabian author attributes its origin to a woman named Buktou, of and belonging to the horde of the Touaries, who at first established herself on the banks of the Nile of the negros, in a cabin sheltered by an umbrageous tree. She possessed a few sheep, and was fond of displaying hospitality to the travellers of her nation. Her humble habitation soon became a sacred asylum, a place of repose and enjoyment for the neighbouring tribes who called at Tin-Buktou, that is the property of Buktou. In the end various tribes established themselves there, and made a vast entrenched camp, which subsequently was transformed into a great and populous city. Of the races which compose the inhabitants of this city, it may be remarked, that it formerly belonged to the Kohlans (a pagan people); it is now occupied by the Fellars, followers of Mohammed. The Touarics form a third race; a fourth is that of the Kentes, who are supposed to have come from Bambara.

Theory of Flame.—Sir H. Davy ascribes the security which the safety lamp affords, to the conducting power of the metallic gauze, by which it is supposed the temperature of the flame is so much lowered as to be insufficient to ignite the inflammable mixture on the outside. Some facts known to Signior G. Libri, of Florence, were at

variance with this hypothesis, and he found, upon trial, that when single rods were made to approach a flame, the latter was always inflected on all sides from the rod, as if repelled by it; and that this effect was independent of the conducting power of the rod, whether good or bad. The amount of inflection or repulsion was directly as the mass, and inversely as the distance from the flame. It was not diminished by increasing the temperature of the rod even to such a degree as to render it scarcely possible for it to abstract any of the caloric. In fact, when two flames are made to approach each other there is a mutual repulsion, although their proximity increases the temperature, instead of diminishing it. From these principles, Sig. L. says, the theory of the safety lamp is easily deduced. A metallic wire exerting, according to its diameter and its own nature, a constant repulsion upon flame, it is evident that two parallel wires, so near each other as not to exceed the distance of twice the radius of the sphere of repulsion, will not permit a flame to insinuate itself between them, unless it be impelled by a force superior to the intensity of repulsion. If to these two wires others be added, a tissue is formed impenetrable to flame, especially when the conducting power of the wires adds its influence to that of the repulsion. He conceives that, from the views above stated, the number of cross or horizontal wires in Davy's lamp is unnecessarily large; and that by rejecting all of these excepting a number sufficient to secure the firmness of the tisue, the lamp would afford as great a security as at present, and, at the same time, diffuse a much greater light—this opinion he has verified by actual experiment.

Animal Magnetism.—A volume on this subject has been published in Paris, in the form of letters, addressed to Professor Alibert, by Dr. Amedée Dupau. The author has sought to demonstrate, not that animal magnetism is nothing, but that it is a different thing from what the magnetisers suppose. He shows that magnetic phenomena have existed at all times, and that they present themselves to the observations of medical men in various nervous and mental diseases. From all the facts before him, the author deduces the following conclusions:—1. That magnetic effects are only nervous diseases under the form of convulsions, extatic delirium, comatose sleep, somnambulism, &c. 2. That magnetism developes these cerebral neuroses only in persons predisposed to these affections. 3. That magnetism is a dangerous process, since it tends to favour the development of these diseases. 4. That magnetism is still more dangerous in its moral relations. Such are the principal results of this work, which, by its mass of facts, and the novelty of its views, must very much contribute to extend a knowledge of the nature of animal magnetism.

Ancient Armour.—The antiquarian will be astonished to hear, that there has been discovered, about fifteen miles north of Craftsbury, in the State of Vermont, North America, a shirt, without sleeves, made of wire, a little larger than that of the small steel purses—in fact, a real coat or shirt of mail of the ages of chivalry. It was found in the valley of Black River, within the limits of the town of Coventry. It was much rusted and decayed, but sufficient of it remains to show its shape.

Chinese Paper.—Chinese paper, of which so much use is now made in Europe, chiefly for copper-plate impressions, is distinguished by its homogeneous texture, its smooth and silky surface, its softness and extreme fineness. It is sold in very large sheets, some of which are four or five yards long, and a yard wide. The Chinese fabricate their paper from different materials. In the province of Se-Tschuen, it is made of hempen rags, like the paper of Europe; that of Fo-Kiew, is made of the young shoots of the bamboo; that of the northern provinces, of the inner bark of a tree called ku-tschu, which is only the paper mulberry (morus papyrifera). It is this paper which is most commonly employed in China. They resort to chemical solvents, and especially the ley of ashes, to bring it to a soft pulp or paste; and they make use of rice water and other infusions to render it properly consistent, and sufficiently moist and white.

Magnetic Polarity.—From some magnetical experiments instituted at New York, by Mr. Barnes, the following curious and interesting result has been deduced, *viz.* that a plane elevated from the north, at an angle of 22° 30′, and cutting the horizon in a line due east and west, is a neutral plane or magnetical equator; and that a bar revolved on this plane shows no polarity; and if the bar make with this plane, on the upper or south side, any angle equal to 22° 30′, or greater, the lower end is the North Pole; and if the bar make on the under or north side of the plane a less angle with the plane of the horizon than the magnetical equator makes, the end which touches the equatorial plane is the South Pole. Whether these results are uniform in various parts of the world, or whether there are such lines as magnetical tropics on each side of the magnetical equator, as the above results seem to intimate; whether the magnetical equator is the same in different latitudes, or varies its position according to latitude, future experiments must determine.

Mean Temperature of the Air.—The following algebraic formula, which correctly represents the mean temperature for all Europe, has been investigated by M. G. G. Hallstroem. $v =$ mean temperature. $n =$ the ordinal number of the month for which the temperature is to be calculated (thus for April $n = 4$). $\frac{1}{2}(xf + xe) =$ the mean temperature taken as the mean of observations taken at 10 A.M. and P.M: then $v = \frac{1}{2}(xf + xe) - 0{\cdot}33 + 0{\cdot}41 \sin [(n - 1)\ 30° + 124°\ 8']$. In winter $\frac{1}{2}(xf + xe) = v$ very nearly, while in summer this quantity is $\frac{3}{4}$ of a degree greater than v at Paris, Halle, and Abo.

Botany.—A tree shoots out its branches like all other trees of the same species, external circumstances being similar; but there is one thing remarkable that has not hitherto been noticed—*all trees with spreading branches accommodate the direction of the lower branches to the surface of the earth over which they extend.* This may be seen in orchards growing at the sides of hills, and all open forests. This presents a curious fact for the investigation of the physiologist. The question presented is this:—What influence can the earth have upon the branches on the upper side of the tree, which causes them to form a different angle with the body of the tree, from the angle formed by the branches on the lower side, so that all the branches hold a parallel direction to the earth's surface? Mr. Knight's central vessel hypothesis, and the authority of numerous able physiologists, seem to be at variance with the idea that the growth of trees is not influenced by any circumstance connected with their internal woody parts, but as the sugar maple (acer saccharinum), after being tapped and drained of its internal sap fifty years, and, after the whole interior has become dead, grows as fast, and presents an aspect as vigorous and blooming, as any sound tree of the same species, and same age, which stands by its side; and the common apple-tree (pyrus malus) grows thriftily, and bears abundance of fruit, many years after its interior is so completely rotted away, as to leave but a very thin hollow cylinder in possession of the living principle; and as all depositions of matter, in any way affecting the growth of the tree, are made between the bark and wood, after the first year, in the form of a mucilage, called *cambium*, it seems that the internal woody part has no influence upon the external growth. We prefer solid trees in our forests and orchards, because they have more strength to withstand the force of winds, and because the unfavourable circumstance which caused the interior to decay may effect the total destruction of the tree.

To Increase the Odour of Roses.—A German horticultural writer recommends a large onion to be planted by the side of the rose-tree, in such a manner that it shall touch the foot of the latter. The roses which will be produced will have an odour much stronger and more agreeable than such as have not been thus treated; and the water distilled from these roses is equally superior to that prepared by means of ordinary rose leaves.

Preparation of Blacking.—Take of plaister ground and sifted 2lbs. 4oz., lampblack about 9oz., barley malt, as used by brewers, 18oz., olive oil 1oz.; steep the malt in water almost boiling hot until the soluble portions are well extracted; put the solution into a basin, stir into it the plaister and lampblack, and evaporate to the consistency of paste; then add the oil, the quantity of which may be increased by degrees. To the mixture may be added, if desired, a few drops of oil of lemons, or of lavender, as a perfume. If ground plaister be not attainable, its place may be supplied with potter's clay. This, which is the composition of a French chemist, M. Braconnot, is undoubtedly the cheapest and finest blacking; it spreads evenly, dries and shines quickly on the leather by a slight friction of the brush, and has not the objection of burning the leather.

Destruction of Moles.—The following method of destroying these mischievous little animals has been practised in France with much success. A number of worms must be procured, killed, and powdered with pulverized vomica-nut; the whole is to be mixt, and left for twenty-four hours. The mole tracks are then to be opened, and two or three of these worms placed in each hole. If the meadow be large they cannot be placed in every hole, but by multiplying them as much as possible, a good result is sure to be obtained.

Powder Mills.—Although great care is taken to exclude from these manufactories all articles of iron, and to substitute copper and other metals in the metallic parts of the machinery, which will not strike fire, yet it is well known that explosions, attended with disastrous consequences, are very frequent. Excited by an occurrence of this nature, Colonel Aubert, of the French artillery, was induced, in conjunction with Captain Tardy, to resume some experiments which he had successfully tried to ascertain whether gunpowder would not explode by the shock of copper. The result was, that powder would inflame by the stroke of copper upon copper, or upon the alloys of copper. This gave rise to further investigations in presence of the Committee of Safety, and it was ascertained that gunpowder could be exploded by the stroke of iron upon iron, iron upon copper, copper upon cop-

per, iron upon marble, and, by using the balistic pendulum, by lead upon lead, and, with suitable precautions, even by lead upon wood. The experiments were successful both with English and French powder, and clearly show that in all the manipulations of a powder manufactory, all violent shocks and percussions should be carefully avoided, since they may occasion the disengagement of sufficient heat to produce the inflammation of powder.

Fluid Object Glass Telescopes.—Messrs. Gilberts have executed, under the direction of Professor Barlow, two telescopes, with fluid object glasses. The smaller has an aperture of 3·25 inches, the larger of 6 inches. The smaller glass, with a power of 46 shews the star Polaris, distinctly double, with the small star well defined; and with higher powers, all the double stars of Sir W. Herschell's third class are distinctly separated, and several of the second class. In the larger class, a secondary spectrum is formed, which is very obvious with light stars, as Lyræ and Arcturus, but with smaller stars scarcely perceptible. The inventor expects to remove it by altering the mixture of his fluids. The tube is materially shortened, by separating the fluid glass lens, by a considerable interval, from the exterior lens of crown glass. The principle is said to be different from that of the late Dr. Blair, whose son is still actively engaged in giving effect to his father's discovery. He has object glasses of Dr. Blair's construction, in which the fluid has been now enclosed the long space of twenty-one years, without suffering the slightest alteration. The telescope on which Mr. Blair is at present employed, will have 5⅜ inches aperture, and 5 feet focal length.

Fossil Bones.—In a cavern in the commune of Lunel-Viel, recently explored, there have been found the bones of twenty-one recognized species, imbedded in a fresh water alluvium; they are heaped together in a confused manner, sometimes entire, often broken and mutilated, but never worn or rounded—they include two varieties of the hyena, the lion, bear, rhinoceros, horse, deer, ox, shark, and sea tortoise. — Professor Buckland, on visiting the cavern of Oiselles, near Besançon, which was an object of curiosity from the brilliancy of its stalactites, observed that it had all the appearances of the caverns of bones in Franconia, he was therefore led to examine the soil, and found his conjecture verified. On further investigation it has been found to contain as surprising a quantity of bones as the caves of Franconia; but it is remarkable that these bones, without exception, belong to the ursus spelæus.

Barometrical Reductions. — Various tables have been published by different authors, to reduce observations of the barometer to a standard temperature, the following method appears easy and simple:—The expansion of mercury from 32° to 212 is, according to De Luc $\frac{1}{56}$—Lavoisier and La Place, $\frac{1}{55\cdot22}$ — Hallstrom, $\frac{1}{55}$—Dulong and Petit, $\frac{1}{55\cdot5}$—the mean of these is $\frac{1}{55\cdot43}$—this for each degree of Fahrenheit's scale $= \frac{1}{9977\cdot4} = \cdot00010023$ which does not differ sensibly from $\frac{1}{10\cdot000}$ —if then before the first three figures of the observed height we place two cyphers, and multiply by the excess or defect of the temperature from 32°—the product substracted or added to the observed height will give the required reduction. For example, let the observed height of the barometer be 30·597, and the temperature of the mercury 74° — ·00306 + 74—32 = ·129 and 30·597 — ·129 = 30·468 the corrected height.

Professor Airey's left Eye.—Some two or three years ago, Mr. Airey accidentally discovered that his left eye was totally useless; some considerable time afterwards, he made the further discovery that there was something peculiar in the refraction of that eye. By a mathematician and philosopher of less pretensions than Mr. Airey this might have been unheeded; but as new lights are now *à la mode*, he followed it up by instituting a course of appositeexperiments on the defective eye, and ascertained that it had a different refractive focus in two planes at right angles to each other. He, in consequence, procured a double concave lens, with one surface spherical, the other cylindrical, having previously calculated the radii which would be required; and we have the satisfaction of learning that the defective eye can now be used in almost every respect as well as the other, in fact, like many other sons of *alma mater*, he is now enabled to see double; but the above explanation may serve to account for a certain obliquity of vision we had occasion to remark a few months ago.

Remarkable Hybrid.—A correspondent of M. de Freussac has advertised him of the production, at Berlin, of an animal between a stag and a mare—the appearance of the creature is very singular, the fore part being that of a horse, the hinder part that of a stag, but all the feet like those of the latter animal. From the intimacy of the same stag with another mare, a second specimen is confidently anticipated.

Arrhenomorphous Hen Pheasants.—It has been usually supposed, that the circumstance of hen pheasants assuming to a certain degree the male plumage, takes place only at an advanced age. Mr. Yarnell, F.L.S., has discovered that it may occur at any period of life, and even be produced artificially. In all the instances which he has examined the sexual organs were found diseased, and to a greater or less extent in proportion to the change of plumage. A partridge, too, having a white bar across the breast, and the first three primaries in each wing white, exhibited on dissection the same sort of organic disease. Mr. Yarrell, however, ascertained that the change of plumage in the pheasant was not necessarily an immediate consequence of the disease, as also that all variations of plumage are not traceable to this cause; in most of the excepted instances, however, the individuals are dwarf birds; and he attributes their variety to defective secretion, the effect of weakness.

Encke's Comet.—This comet, at its appearance in 1818, was suspected to be the same with that which had been observed in 1805 and 1786; its elements were afterwards calculated by M. Encke, who assigned it a period of $3\frac{1}{3}$ years only; and, in perfect agreement with his determination, it has since been observed in 1822 and 1825; its next return to its perihelion it is calculated will take place on 10th January 1829. But in comparing the elements deduced from its later appearances, with its observed place, in 1805 and 1786, there are discrepancies amounting to 24 minutes in A.R. and dec. M. Damoiseau attributes these to errors in the earlier observations. M. Encke, however, thought them too considerable to be thus accounted for, and recurred to the hypothesis of a resisting ether. He has lately announced that, by taking into consideration this tangential force, and making a suitable supposition in relation to its intensity, these great differences might be made to disappear, or at least to be so reduced as to be attributable to errors in the observations; this comet then may be destined to exhibit to us the effects of a force, of the necessity of which no other phenomenon has ever yet made us sensible; no doubt the effects of that resistance would be greater in the motion of comets than of planets, as their density is incomparably less; but it must require a great number of revolutions of that body to establish so delicate a point in astronomical science.

WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN PREPARATION.

A Portrait of Lady Jemima Mann, daughter of Earl Cornwallis, from a Painting by Pickersgill, is in preparation—and will form the 38th of a Series of Portraits of the Female Nobility and Ladies of Distinction.

Mr. Leitch Ritchie is preparing for publication, in two volumes, 8vo., a Series of Essays, Literary and Biographical, on the private characters and domestic Life of celebrated English Writers, with the title of The Loves and Marriages of Authors.

Illustrations of the University of Cambridge, being a Series of Picturesque Views, representing the Colleges, Halls, and other Public Buildings, also the different Parochial Churches, are announced for publication.

Mr. Frederick Salmon, Surgeon to the General Dispensary, and formerly House-Surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, has in the Press, a Practical Treatise upon Stricture of the Rectum—illustrating, by cases, the connexion of that Disease, with Affections of the Urinary Organs, the Uterus, and with Piles.

An Original Treatise on Self-Knowledge. By the late Stephen Drew, Esq., Barrister, Jamaica, will shortly appear in 2 vols, 8vo.

The Annual Biography and Obituary for the Year 1828, will appear on the 1st of January. The principal Memoirs will be those of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, the Marquis of Hastings, the Right Hon. George Canning, Lord De Tabley, William Gifford, Esq., John Flaxman, Esq., Charles Mills, Esq., Philip Rundell, Esq., Miss Benger, John Nicholls, Esq., Archdeacon Daubeny, Dr. Evans, Signor Ugo Foscolo, Mr. Thomas Holloway, Dr. Kitchiner, &c. &c.

Travels in Sicily and the Lipari Islands. By a Naval Officer.

The Rev. Edward Mangin, of Bath, has in the Press, a Translation, with Additions, of the Life of the celebrated Naval Chieftain, Jean Bart.

Sketches of Modern Greece. By a young Volunteer in the Greek Service.

Mr. W. Orme, Author of the Memoirs of Urquhart, has in the Press, The Blasphemy against the Holy Spirit and the Doctrine of Spiritual Influence, considered in several Discourses, with Notes and Illustrations.

Mr. Robert Vaughan is preparing, in 2 vols, 8vo., The Life and Opinions of John de Wycliffe, D.D., illustrated principally from his unpublished Manuscripts, with a preliminary View of the Papal System, and of the State of the Protestant Doctrine in

Europe, to the Commencement of the Fourteenth Century.

The Rev. H. C. O'Donnoghue, of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Domestic Chaplain to the Right Hon. the Earl of Dunraven, will publish shortly an Essay, entitled Marriage.

Dr. Armstrong is about to publish an octavo volume on the Remote Causes, Prevention, Nature, and Treatment of Diseases of the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels. This work will be preceded by a Series of Coloured Drawings, in 4to., with copious letter-press, illustrative of the Morbid Anatomy of the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels.

Tales of an Antiquary, by the Author of Chronicles of London Bridge.

Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries, by Leigh Hunt, will appear in January.

Seven Years of the King's Theatre, by Mr. Ebers, the late Lessee, is announced.

The Subaltern's Log-Book, during Two Voyages to and from India, with Reminiscences and Anecdotes of well-known Military Characters.

Mr. Carne, Author of Letters from the East, has in the Press, Tales of the West, illustrative of the Habits and Manners of the various classes of the Population in the Western Counties of England.

Viscount de Châteaubriand's Travels in America and Italy.

Tales of Passion, by the Author of Gilbert Earle.

The Roué, a Novel of real Life.

Yes and No, by Lord Normanby, the author of Matilda.

The Night Watch, or Tales of the Sea, by a Naval Officer: being Sketches in Various styles of Sea Life and Manners.

The Confessions of an Old Maid, intended as a Companion to Confessions of an Old Bachelor.

George Godfrey, a Novel, chiefly touching on Commercial Life and Peculiarities, and intended as a Satire, among other things, on certain Stock Exchange and recent City Proceedings.

Mr. Britton's History and Illustrations of Peterborough Cathedral, will be completed in February 1828; and consist of Sixteen Engravings, by J. Le Keux, &c.

No. I. of Gloucester Cathedral, at the same time.

A Dictionary of Cookery, Confectionery, &c. &c. &c., will appear in January.

Mr. W. J. Thoms announces for the next of his Series of Early Prose Romances, The Hystory of Helias, Knyght of the Swanne, from the unique copy, printed by Copland, in the Garrick Collection.

The famous History of Fryer Bacon, with the Lives of the two Conjurors, Bungye and Vandersnash, will form the Tenth Part of Mr. W. J. Thom's Series of Early Prose Romances.

The Author of the Tale of a Modern Genius (Mr. J. F. Pennie) has nearly ready a Tragedy, entitled Ethelwolf; or, the Danish Pirates, which has been produced at one of the Minor Theatres.

The Third and Fourth Volumes of Mr. Cradock's Literary and Miscellaneous Memoirs will soon appear, containing a Life of the Author, accompanied by two Portraits; copious additional Anecdotes of his eminent Contemporaries; and Re-prints of Mr. Cradock's former Publications. Edited by J. B. Nichols, Esq.

Professor Scholefield is editing a New Edition of the Tragedies of Æschylus, 8vo.

The Rev. Edward Patteson is about to publish an Exposition of the Morning, Evening, and Communion Services in the Liturgy of the Church of England. In Thirteen Lectures. 12mo.

The Bishop of Down and Connor is preparing, Biographical Noticcs of the Apostles, Evangelists, and other Saints. With Reflexions adapted to the Minor Festivals of the Church. In 1 volume, 8vo.

The Rev. George Croly has in the Press, a Second Edition of his New Interpretation of the Apocalypse of St. John.

The Fourth and concluding Volume of the Rev. H. Soames' History of the Reformation of the Church of England, is in the Press.

Mr. M. Brydges is preparing, in 1 volume, 8vo., a History of the Roman Empire under Constantine the Great.

LIST OF NEW WORKS.

FINE ARTS.

A Portrait of Lady Burke, sister of J. Calcraft, Esq. M.P., forming the thirty-seventh of a series of Portraits of the Female Nobility and Ladies of Distinction.

Pugin and Le Keux's Engraved Specimens of the Architectural Antiquities of Normandy, consisting of Eighty Engravings, by the latter Artist, illustrating various examples of the Christian Architecture of that Province. Medium 4to. 6 guineas, and imperial 4to. 10 guineas.

Picturesque Views of the English Cities, from Drawings, by G. F. Robson, in one Volume. Medium 4to. 4 guineas. Imperial 4to. proofs, 8l. This work consists of 32 Engravings, by J. Le Keux, Varral, Tombleson, Taylor, Jeavons, Redaway, Woolnoth, &c.; and is edited by J. Britton.

Vol. II. of Illustrations of the Public Buildings of London, with 72 Engravings, and Historical and Descriptive Accounts of all the Edifices represented. Edited by J. Britton, F. S. A. Medium 8vo. 2 guineas and a half; Imperial 8vo. 4 guineas, and 4to. with Proofs on India Paper, 7 guineas.

LAW.

Wilcock's Office of Constable. 8vo. 7s. boards.

West's Reports of Chancellor Hardwicke. Vol. I. Royal 8vo. 1l. 10s. boards.

History of the Court of Chancery, with

Practical Remarks on the recent Commission, Report, and Evidence, and on the Means of Improving the Administration of Justice in the English Courts of Equity, by Joseph Parkes, 8vo. 15s. boards.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Burke's Dictionary of the Peerage and Baronetage. A new Edition, corrected to the present time, and greatly enlarged. 1l. 11s. 6d.

A Treatise on the Steam Engine, Historical, Practical, and Descriptive. By John Farey, Engineer. Illustrated by numerous Wood-cuts and 25 Copper-plates; engraved by Wilson Lowry, from Drawings by Mr. Farey. In 1 vol. 4to. 5l. 5s. boards.

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PATENTS FOR MECHANICAL AND CHEMICAL INVENTIONS.

New Patents sealed in November 1827.
[Omitted last Month].

James Smethurst, of New Bond-street, in the county of Middlesex, lamp manufacturer, for an improvement, or improvements upon lamps.—6th November; 2 months.

Frederick Foveaux Weiss, of the Strand, in the city of Westminster, and county of Middlesex, surgeon's instrument maker, for his invention of certain improvements in the construction of spurs — 6th November; 2 months.

James White, of Paradise-street, Lambeth, in the county of Surrey, engineer, for his invention of a machine, or apparatus, for spring—8th November; 2 months.

John Platt, of Salford, near Manchester, in the county of Lancaster, fustian-dresser, by virtue of certain communications made to him by a foreigner, residing abroad, for an invention, of which he is in possession, of certain improvements in machinery for combing wool, and other fibrous materials —10th November; six months.

William Collier, of Salford, in the county of Lancaster, fustian-shearer, in consequence of certain communications made to him by a foreigner, residing abroad, for an invention of certain improvements in the power-loom, for weaving—10th November; 6 months.

John Walker, Esq., of Weymouth-street, in the parish of St. Mary-le-bone, in the county of Middlesex, for his invention of an improved castor for furniture—17th November; 2 months.

Henry Pinkus, of the city of Philadelphia, state of Pensylvania, in the United States of America, gentleman, for his having invented, or found out, an improved method of purifying carburetted hydrogen gas, for the purpose of illumination—17th November; six months.

Samuel Sevill, of Brownshill, in the parish of Bisley, in the county of Gloucester, clothier, for his invention of certain improvements, applicable to raising the pile, and dressing woollen and other cloths — 20th November; six months.

List of Patents, which having been granted in December 1813, *expired in the month of December*, 1827.

4. Samuel Tyrrell, Paddington, Sussex, *for his broad-cast rowing machine.*

9. John Waterman, Wyler, York, *for an improvement in musical instruments.*

— Thomas Wright, London, *for a method of making a composition for dyeing scarlet and other colours.*

14. John Twarbreck Rogers, Chester, *for a mode of making plain and mixed woollen yarn.*

14. Joseph White, Leeds, *for improvements in steam-engines.*

20. William Allamus Day, Poplar, *for a method of extracting all the grass, or mucilaginous matter from Whales' blubber, so as to improve the oil.*

— William Sprattey, London, *for an improved axle-tree for carriage wheels.*

— John Sutherland, Liverpool, *for an improved copper and iron sugar pans and boilers.*

24. Lord Cochrane, *for improved lamps.*

— Ralph Sutton, Birmingham, *for a security against the accidental discharge of fire-arms.*

— James Cavanagh Murphy, London, *for an Arabian method of preventing decay in timber, &c.*

New Patents sealed in December 1827.

To Robert Wheeler, of High Wycombe, brewer, for his having invented or found out an improvement or improvements on or in refrigerators for cooling fluids—Sealed 22d November; 6 months.

To William John Dowding, of Poulshot, clothier, for his invention of certain improvements in machinery for rolling or rollering wood from the carriage-engine—22d November; 2 months.

To John Roberts, of Wood-street, Cheapside, engineer, and George Upton, of Queen-street, Cheapside, oil-merchant, for their invention of certain improvements on argand and other lamps—24th November; 6 months.

To John Alexander Fulton, of Laurence Pountney Lane, spice-merchant, for his invention of a process of preparing or bleaching pepper—26th November; 6 months.

To Joseph Apsey, of John-street, Waterloo-road, engineer, for his invention of an improvement in machinery to be used as a substitute for the crank—27th November; 2 months.

To Joshua Jenour, jun., of Brighton-street, St. Pancras, gentleman, for his new-invented cartridge, or case, and method of more advantageously inclosing therein shot, or other missiles, for the purpose of loading fire-arms and guns, of different descriptions—28th November; 6 months.

To Thomas Bonner, of Monkwearmouth-shore, merchant, for his invention of certain improvements on safety-lamps—4th December; 6 months.

To William Fawcett, of Liverpool, engineer, and Matthew Clark, of the island of Jamaica, engineer, for their invention of improved apparatus for the better manufacture of sugar from the canes—4th December; 6 months.

To Robert Water Winfield, of Birmingham, brass-founder, for his invention of an improvement or improvements in tubes or

rods, produced by a new method or method of manufacturing, and in the construction o and for manufacturing the same, with various other improvements, into parts of bedsteads and other articles—4th December; 6 months.

To John Meaden, of Milbrook, near Southampton, coach-maker, for his invention of certain improvements on wheels for carriages—4th December; 6 months.

To Samuel Wilkinson, of Holbeck, mechanic, for his invention of improvements in mangles, which he intends to denominate "Bullman's Patent Cabinet Mangle"—4th December; 6 months.

To Maurice de Jough, of Warrington, cotton-spinner, for his invention of an improvement or improvements in machines, adapted for spinning, doubling, twisting, roving, or preparing cotton, and other fibrous substances—4th December; 6 months.

To Thomas Tyndall, of Birmingham, gent., in consequence of a communication made to him by a foreigner, residing abroad, for an improvement inthemanufacture of buttons, and in the machinery or apparatus for manufacturing the same—4th December; 6 months.

To Daniel Ledsam and William Jones, of Birmingham, manufacturers, for their invention of certain improvements in machinery for cutting sprigs, brads, and nails—4th December; 6 months.

To Joseph Robinson, of Merchant's-row, Limehouse, brush-maker, for his invention of an improvement in the manufacture of brushes of certain descriptions, and in the manufacture of a material or materials, and the application thereof to the manufacture of brushes and other purposes—4th December; 6 months.

To Paul Steenstrup, esq., of Basing-lane, for his invention of certain improvements in machinery for propelling vessels, which improvements are applicable to other purposes—11th December; 6 months.

To John Harvey, of Hoxton, saddler, for his invention of certain improvements on the power-loom for the weaving of silk, cotton, linen, wool, flax, and hemp, and all mixtures thereof—13th December; 6 months.

To Ralph Rewcastle, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, millwright, for his invention of a new and improved method of ballasting ships or vessels—13th December; 6 months.

To Robert Stein, gent., of Regent-street, Oxford-street, for his invention of an improvement in applying heat to the purpose of distillation—13th December; 6 months.

To Henry Peto, of Little-Britain, surveyor and builder, for his invention of an apparatus for generating power—13th December; 6 months.

To Frederick Benjamin Geithner, of Birmingham, brass-founder, for his inventions of certain improvements on casters, for furniture, and other useful purposes—13th December; 6 months.

To Joseph Anthony Berrollas, of Nelson-street, City-road, watch-manufacturer, for his having invented, or found out, a method of winding-up a pocket-watch, or clock, without a key, which he calls, "Berollas's keyless watch or clock;" and also a certain improvement to be applied to his late-invented detached alarum-watch—13th December; 2 months.

To Andrew Motz Skene, esq., Lieutenant R. N., of Jermyn-street, for his having invented and found out an improvement or improvements in the mode of propelling vessels through the water, and for working under-shot water-mills—15th December; 6 months.

To John Lee Stevens, of Plymouth, merchant, for his having invented or found out a new or improved method or methods of propelling vessels through or on the water, by the aid of steam, or other means or power, and for its application to other purposes—18th December; 6 months.

To Thomas Tyndall, gent., of Birmingham, in consequence of a communication made to him by a foreigner, residing abroad, for certain improvements in the machinery to be employed in making nails, brads, and screws—18th December; 6 months.

To John George, esq., of Chancery-lane, barrister-at-law, for his having found out or discovered an invention for preserving decked ships, or vessels, so as to render them less liable to dry-rot, and for preserving goods on board such ships and vessels, from damage by heat—18th December; 6 months.

To Thomas Stanhope Holland, esq., for his invention of certain combinations of machinery, for generating and communicating power and motion applicable to propelling of fixed machinery, as also floating bodies, carriages, and other locomotive machines—19th December; 6 months.

To William Harland, M.D., of Scarborough, for his having invented certain improvements in apparatus, or machinery, for propelling locomotive carriages; which improvements are also applicable to other useful purposes—21st December; 6 months.

To Charles Augustus Ferguson, of Mill-Wall, Poplar, mast-maker, and James Falconer Atlee, gent., of Prospect-place, Deptford, for their invention of certain improvements in the construction of made masts—22d December; 6 months.

To William Hale, of Colchester, merchant, for his invention of certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for propelling vessels—22d December; 6 months.

List of Patents, which, having been granted in January 1814, *expire in the present month of January* 1828.

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10. William Stocker, Martock, Somerset, for *an improved liquor cock.*

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

JOSEPH PLANTA, ESQ., F.R.S.

This gentleman, who has been for several years known as the principal librarian of the British Museum, is a native of Switzerland, He was born on the 21st of February 1744; and was educated under the eye of his father, who, during his latter years, was an officer of the British Museum. With the usual accomplishments of a scholar, Mr. Planta became master of the most important modern languages. After having been employed some time abroad, he returned to England in 1772; and, on the death of his father, in 1773, he succeeded him, as an assistant librarian in the Museum. In 1774, Mr. Planta became a Fellow of the Royal Society; he soon afterwards had the honour of conducting the foreign correspondence of that learned body; and, in 1776, he was elected to the office of its secretary. In the latter year, also, he became under-librarian of the British Museum; an appointment which he held until 1799, when, on the death of Dr. Morton, he was advanced to the office of principal librarian. Such he remained until the day of his death.

Although a foreigner, no man could be more generally esteemed, or could discharge more satisfactorily, the onorous duties of his office. It is related of Mr. Planta, that when the Emperor Alexander, of Russia, on going over the library, happened to remark that the Museum of Paris contained a superior collection of the rare, of the curious, and of the valuable—he replied, "Your Majesty should consider that we have nothing here but what has been honestly bought and paid for."

Mr. Planta's son was, several years since, introduced into the Secretary of State's office; and, for some time, he was under-secretary to the late Marquess of Londonderry, by whom he was much and confidentially employed, in his important negociations on the continent.

The late Mr. Planta had distinguished himself in the world of letters. He published "An Essay on the Runic, or Scandinavian Language;" "The History of Helvetia," in two volumes, quarto, in 1800; and, in 1802, a "Catalogue of the MSS. in the Cottonian library." Not long since he produced "a Short History of the Restoration of the Helvetic Republic."

Mr. Planta died on the 3d of December; and, on Sunday the 9th, his remains were interred in the parish church of St. George, Bloomsbury. They were attended to the grave by his son, and also by the chief officers of the Museum.

Mr. Planta has been succeeded in his office of principal librarian of the British Museum, by Henry Ellis, F.A.S. and LL.D., one of the Secretaries of the Society of Antiquaries, and Keeper of the MSS. in the British Museum. Mr. Ellis is well known as the author and editor of many valuable publications.

THE EARL OF TRAQUAIR.

Charles Stuart, Earl of Traquair, Baron Stuart of Traquair, and Lord Linton and Caverston, and a Baronet, was born about the year 1744. His ancestor was James Stuart, a natural son of James, Earl of Buchan, who obtained a charter of legitimation in the year 1488-9; and, by his marriage with Catherine, daughter and sole heir of Richard Rutherford, he obtained the Baronies of Rutherford and Wells, in the county of Roxburgh. He was killed, with James the Fourth of Scotland, at the battle of Flodden Field. His grandson, John, was created Baron Stuart, of Traquair, in 1628, and Baron Linton, and Earl of Traquair, in 1643. From him, the sixth in succession to the title, was the late Earl. He married, in 1773, Mary, daughter and co-heiress of George Ravenscroft, of Wickham, in the county of Lincoln, Esq., and, by her, who died at Madrid, in 1796, he had issue a son and a daughter. His lordship died at his seat, Traquair House, Peebleshire, on the 15th of October. He is succeeded by his only son John, Lord Linton, now Earl of Traquair, born on the 31st of January, 1781.

MADAME GUIZOT.

The name of Madame Guizot, the daughter of M. de Meulan, by his wife Jeanne de Saint Chamans, has long been familiar to every person acquainted with modern French literature. Elizabeth Charlotte Pauline de Meulan, was born on the 2d of November, 1773. Her father, one of the friends of M. Neckar, held an important office in the finance department. The education of Mademoiselle de Meulan experienced every attention; but, although she acquired knowledge with the utmost facility, it was not until at a considerably advanced period that she evinced either genius or talent. M. de Meulan's fortune was destroyed at the commencement of the Revolution; and, as he died in 1790, it can scarcely be said that he survived its loss. Of quick and lively feelings, it was then that Mademoiselle de Meulan's powers were called into action Her mind rapidly developed itself; yet it was not till the year 1794 that she became impressed, instantaneously as it were, with the consciousness of her intellectual superiority. She then devoted herself to a life of moral activity. She felt herself opposed to the progress of the Revolution, not in its political theory, but in its practice of despotism. Her mother, her sister, the whole of her family, were suffering

around her. Something whispered to her that she alone could save them. She determined to write for the public; and, under the auspices of M. Suard, and M. Devaines, men of genius, and old friends of her family, she produced a lively and piquante romance, entitled *Des Contradictions.* Her second romance, *La Chapelle d'Ayton*, was founded upon an English work of fiction. It evinced great spirit and feeling; and, as well as its precursor, was very successful. About the same time, Mademoiselle de Meulan wrote various articles on general literature, the drama, &c. in *Le Publiciste*, a paper edited by M. Suard, and in other journals. Some of these papers have been collected under the title of *Essais de Littérature et de Morale.*

Hitherto, it must be allowed, Mademoiselle de Meulan has displayed more genius than judgment: her opinions were deficient in precision and consistency; her principles were unfixed and incongruous. In the month of March, 1807, the death of M. Dillon, her brother-in-law, and a decline of health, obliged her to suspend her literary pursuits. An incident remarkable in its character occurred. She received a letter from a person, who, without naming himself, offered to write for her in *Le Publiciste* as long as she pleased. At first she declined the offer; but, on renewed application, she acceded. In consequence she soon received several articles in happy accordance with her own taste and feelings. Still the author remained concealed; conjecture and inquiry proved equally futile. At length, after a fortnight's suspense, she addressed her mysterious correspondent through the medium of the paper; and the result was that M. Guizot, a young gentleman of a Protestant family, avowed and presented himself. M. Guizot was born at Nismes in 1787; consequently, at the time of his introduction to M. de Meulan, he was only twenty years of age, and fourteen years younger than the lady. Notwithstanding this disparity of age—and on the wrong side too—there seems to have been a perfect congeniality of sentiment and character between the parties. M. Guizot had been sent to Geneva for his education, and had studied principally philosophy and German literature. From Geneva he went to Paris, where he devoted himself entirely to literary pursuits. The most friendly intimacy succeeded the first interview between M. Guizot and Mademoiselle de Meulan; to friendship succeeded exclusive preference, and passionate tenderness; but it was not till 1812 that they were married. Monsieur and Madame Guizot conjointly edited, at different times, *Le Publiciste, La Gazette de France, Le Mercure*, and *Les Archives Littéraires.* Madame Guizot's attention became more particularly devoted to moral philosophy, and to the science of education. Her husband had undertaken the publication of a periodical entitled *Les Annales de l'Education;* and to that work Madame Guizot contributed various articles: amongst others, the Journal of a Mother, which contains the germ of her last and greatest production, The *Lettres de Famille sur l'Education Domestique*, published in 1826. About the time that she was a contributor to the Annals of Education, she produced two volumes of tales, entitled *Les Enfans*, which have been much and deservedly admired.

Until the year 1814, M. Guizot was known only as a literary man; but, after the Restoration, he obtained, under the protection of the Abbé Montesquieu, the office of Secretary General to the Minister of the Interior; and, after the return of the king from Ghent, he was made Secretary General to the Minister of Justice. He was also Royal Censor till that office was suppressed. M. Guizot's entrance into public life allowed his wife a season of repose. In 1820, however, he retired, and Madame Guizot resumed her pen. This was chiefly to aid her with the means of educating her child. In 1821, she published *L'Ecolier*, a romance of education which obtained for her the prize of the Academy. In 1823, appeared her *Nouveaux Contes;* and, in 1826, as already mentioned, her Letters on Domestic Education.

It was soon after this that Madame Guizot was attacked by a slow disease, against which she unsuccessfully struggled for nearly a twelvemonth. At length she resigned herself to her fate. On the 30th of July, 1827, she tenderly and tranquilly bade adieu to her husband, her son, and her family. On the morning of the 1st of August, she requested her husband to read to her. He read a letter of Fenelon's for a sick person; after which he began a sermon of Bossuet, on the Immortality of the Soul. In the midst of this sermon she expired. Madame Guizot was buried according to the rites of the Reformed Church—the religion of her husband, and the only form of worship the funeral ceremonies of which presented nothing contrary to the tenets of her belief.

THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

The Right Reverend George Tomline, D. D., Lord Bishop of Winchester, Prelate of the Order of the Garter, Provincial Sub Dean of Canterbury, and Visitor of Magdalene, New Trinity, St. John's, and Corpus Christi Colleges, Oxford, F. R. S., &c., was born about the year 1750. His family name was Prettyman. He was the

son of a tradesman at Bury St. Edmonds, in the county of Suffolk; and, at the grammar school there, he, with his brother, John Prettyman, received the early part of his education. From Bury he was removed to Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, where he was distinguished as a good classical scholar and mathematician. In 1772, he came out senior wrangler; and, having been elected a Fellow, in 1781, he served the office of moderator.

Fortunately for Mr. Prettyman, Mr. William Pitt, afterwards the celebrated premier, was sent as a student to Pembroke Hall College. To what is generally termed chance, but which others regard as the special provision of Providence, he was greatly indebted. The Earl of Chatham, when upon a visit to his son at Cambridge, was one day in conversation with the master of the college, respecting the future prospects of the youth. He inquired if he could recommend to him a person competent to take upon himself the office of his tutor. The master paused for a moment—looked out of the window, and then pointing to a person who was passing at a little distance, exclaimed, yes; the young man walking yonder will exactly suit your Lordship's purpose. The person thus indicated was Mr. Prettyman. Lord Chatham immediately sent for, and engaged him as tutor to his son.

When Mr. Pitt became Chancellor of the Exchequer, he proved himself not unmindful of his college instructor. Aware of his general talents for business, and especially of his great skill in calculation, he took him to be his private secretary. He also obtained for him, in the first instance, the valuable rectory of Sudbury, with the chapelry of Orford, in Suffolk; and then, a prebendal stall, in the church of St. Peter, Westminster. Upon the translation of Dr. Thurlow, to the see of Durham, in 1787, Dr. Prettyman was, in opposition to the claims of some of the first men on the bench of bishops, appointed Bishop of Lincoln; and, soon afterwards, Dean of St. Paul's. He is said to have been offered the bishopric of London, but to have declined it.

While his lordship was private secretary to Mr. Pitt, he was most severely and unjustly satirised, by the author of the work entitled, "Probationary Odes for the vacant Laureateship." In that work, he was designated as a man destitute of all regard for truth. The reverse of this was the fact; for, in point of integrity, his character was at all times irreproachable; and he possessed an urbanity of manner and an easiness of access, which endeared him to all. As a bishop, he governed his diocese in a most exemplary manner, being vigilant, impartial, and compassionate. Of his attention and benevolence, the inferior clergy experienced abundant and substantial proofs.

In the year 1796, Dr. Prettyman published a sermon, which he delivered in the cathedral church of St. Paul, before the King and both Houses of Parliament, on the day of thanksgiving for the success of his Majesty's fleets. The style of that discourse (as is that of all his other sermons, &c.) is simple and perspicuous, pathetic, and animated by a glow of devotional feeling.

In 1799, the Bishop of Lincoln published his celebrated Elements of Christian Theology, in two volumes, octavo. This work, though professedly written for the use of students in divinity, is also admirably adapted for general perusal. In the interpretation of the thirty-nine articles, great good sense and liberality are evinced; and it is remarkable, that although the work exhibits a strong vein of orthodoxy, the right reverend author expresses himself in terms unfavourable respecting the Athanasian creed; not, indeed, on account of its doctrine, but for the damnatory clauses which it contains. The bishop's Elements of Theology were keenly attacked by Mr. William Friend, in a series of letters to the author.

His lordship published, in the succeeding year, a Charge to the Clergy of his diocese; and, in 1812, came out his triumphant Refutation of the Charge of Calvinism against the Church of England.

It was in the year 1820, that his lordship was translated to the See of Winchester, the second bishopric, in point of emolument, in the kingdom, and bringing with it the prelacy of the order of the garter. His latest publication was a Life of his pupil and patron, Mr. Pitt; but the work was not distinguished by that peculiarity of information, which he was considered qualified to impart, and which the public consequently expected.

Some years since, a person to whom the bishop was almost unknown, left him a very considerable fortune, on condition of his taking the name of Tomline.

His lordship had recently become a widower; and the loss of the companion of a long life, evidently preyed upon his spirits. Previously to that event, his appearance was, for his age, remarkably hale and vigorous. While upon a visit to his friend, H. Bankes, Esq., at Kingston Hall, near Wimborne, in Dorsetshire, the Bishop of Winchester was seized with a paralytical affection, which, as was at an early period anticipated, terminated in his death. He died on the 8th of November. Dr. Sumner, Bishop of Llandaff, is promoted to the See of Winchester, vacated by his death.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

YESTERDAY morning brought a change of the weather, giving hopes of a period to the constant rains, which, during many weeks past, have deluged the country. In the northern parts, especially, great hindrance has thence arisen to the culture of the soil, to wheat sowing, and considerable damage to the young wheats, much of the plants being washed out of the ground, together with the manure, and some activity of the slug experienced. On the best soils, though the wheats look most beautifully healthy and luxuriant, they are deemed somewhat too *proud* and forward, to the apprehended premature exhaustion of the substance of the roots. The turnip has wonderfully improved, the mildew abated, and on the best soils the crop is great. Never was a more plentiful grazing season, or one in which dry fodder has been more spared for spring use, or in which the stock of roots was more abundant—most fortunate, should the winter prove severe, as has been prognosticated, on the continent; an idea which receives some countenance from the early visits of wild fowl to our rivers. In the north, the damage to the wheat crop, from the variable and wet latter harvest, has been great; aud few good samples will be produced from those parts. Their barley, also, has been much damaged, and is selling at a very low price. A similar complaint is made of all kinds of live stock, pigs excepted, which still retain their full market value, or even an increase, in all parts. Tilths, too, are backward in the north. The reverse of all this, however, is, fortunately, the case, on all our good lands southwards. Wool remains in every part of the country in the same dull state, with the exception noted in our last.

Wherever the harvest was protracted and difficult, the sample of both wheat and barley is considerably inferior in weight and quality to that of last year. Farmers, in general, have thrashed very freely, yet good wheats bear a high price, and find a ready sale, whilst the inferior are scarcely moveable, at a very low comparative rate. There seems yet, notwithstanding former reports, a sufficient stock of old wheat on hand to grind with the inferior new. Beans and peas, not fortunately harvested, are, in course, soft and not readily saleable. Potatoes, as we before stated, are a great crop, and purchased at a low price, in the distant counties, and in Scotland, for the London markets. They make a large and comfortable bread-store through every season. In our great cattle districts, stock of the improved kind, fetch great and satisfactory prices. Sheep, notwithstanding former losses by mortality, are sufficiently numerous for the demand, and mutton is lower in proportion than beef. In the horse markets, there is no noticeable variation; good ones of all kinds are neither plentiful nor cheap. Nothing is yet said of preparation for the forward crops. Notwithstanding the crop of apples was so abundant, that cider is much below the price of late years, considerable quantities of apples have been imported. It seems probable that good wheats will hold their price throughout the ensuing season; and that flesh-meat, from the very favourable circumstances which have attended grazing during autumn, and the great stock of winter provision, will experience a reduction of price.

The Smithfield cattle-show still maintains its full attraction with farmers, graziers, and the public, though it is remarked that few of the men of rank, formerly its constant visitors, have, of late years, honoured it with their presence. Manufacturing and engineering ingenuity is annually on the rack to produce something new, ofttimes useful for this exhibition; and the farmers are by no means reluctant or backward with their encouragement. Feeding for the SHOW is, as much as ever, the fiddle and hobby-horse of the country; and bullocks, fattened up, at vast expenses, to elephantic dimensions and weight, do not, indeed, travel post, but are sent up five or six score miles from the country in carriages or by water! Even the ladies, in imitation of the late-lamented and patriotic Duchess of Rutland, have caught the make-fat mania, and we had, at the late show, a fine beast fattened by Miss——. These remarks are not given to ridicule or disparage the system, which we are practically convinced has been, in various modes, eminently serviceable to the country, if nor profitable, in the particular instances, to the feeders of the animals exhibited.

The meeting of parliament approaching, all other topics seem absorbed on that grand one, of the success of the new corn bill, among that bustling and energetic party in the country, which has, for years past, kept alive such a strenuous opposition. They have, perhaps, overshot the mark, and injured their own cause, in that excessive high colouring which they have given to their arguments. Neither their present, nor probable future distress, in that gloomy picture which they are perpetually exhibiting, have obtained credence or countenance with the nation at large; and, it is said, on aserted confidential authority, that the way is actually smoothed in the upper house for the easy passage of the bill, by the opinions of certain noble lords having taken an opposite course. Our great and growing population will be the security of the landed interest against any material depression of the national agriculture. The artillery of empty words, however harmless, constantly directed against Mr. Huskisson, has been impolitic; he is honoured by the nation

at large, as an able, enlightened, and active statesman, who means well, and is really capable of serving the general interests of his country, of which, the commercial must not be neglected, as our grand dependance, and the support of our greatness as a nation. Much has been said of the present distresses, of our farmers; but surely nothing of this kind can be predicated of those farmers possessing capital; or from the present improved and improving state of the country, and its immense stocks of every species of provision. That the labouring lower classes, particularly the agricultural, cannot obtain their just and due share, is the thing to be remedied; and the first step towards a remedy, is the dissolution of a monopoly, which has long merited dissolution, on that and other grounds. In the mean time, every well-wisher to his country, must also be a well-wisher to its agriculture, and equally to those engaged in it, who not only ought to live, but whose industry, equally with the industry of other classes, ought, in due time, to be rewarded with opulence. We wish them equally liberal sentiments towards their labourers, the indspensable promoters of their well-being and success. These, however, have been always neglected,—too often wronged and oppressed. Modern light has, indeed, redeemed them from the law of the *maximum* on their wages, but their number has been too great to admit of their receiving any benefit from that source. The conduct towards those miserables has been neither politic nor charitable, and has proved the dire occasion of an almost general demoralization among them. Most farms would profitably have admitted of the assistance of an additional number of hands, which, at the foot of the account, would not have amounted to more than the charge of additional poor's-rates. Happily, late accounts from various parts, state an improvement in this most important respect. The number of the unemployed is decreasing, and wages have advanced; females, particularly young servants, are said to be in request at advanced wages.

Smithfield (Christmas Market).—Beef, 3s. 8d. to 5s. 8d.—Mutton, 4s. to 5s. 4d.—Veal, 5s. 4d. to 6s. 6d.—Pork, 5s. 2d. to 6s. 2d.—Dairy, 6s. 8d. to 7s.—Raw fat, 2s. 8d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 40s. to 65s.—Barley, 25s. to 36s.—Oats, 17s. to 34s.—Bread, 9d. the 4 lb. loaf.—Hay, 70s. to 100s.—Clover ditto, 90s. to 120s.—Straw, 27s. to 36s.

Coals in the Pool, 32s. to 40s. 6d. per chaldron.

Middlesex, December 24, 1827.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Sugar.—The Sugar market was heavy last week, and several determined sellers appeared, and they disposed of their Sugars at a further decline of 1s. per cwt. There were no sales reported; the stock of Sugar is now 10,504 hogsheads less than at this time last year. The Refined market was in a very depressed state, all last week; the only demand was for some small parcels for export. Good Lumps offered for 84s. 6d. and low at 83s. In fine goods, few or no sales were lately reported. Molasses are heavy, and lower.

Indigo.—There are no purchases to report.

Oils.—The price of Oil is fully supported, and there is no more business doing.

Cotton.—The Cotton market here is steady.

Coffee.—There were no sales of Coffee last week, the demand by private contract was confined to small parcels of British plantation.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—The sales of Rum are quite inconsiderable; the market has rather a heavy appearance. Brandy continues to be offered on low terms. In Geneva, there is no alteration.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—Tallow appears steadily advancing; the prices are 6d. higher than on Tuesday last. In Hemp, there is little alteration. Flax is quoted higher.

The Sale of Tea.—Congou finished yesterday; the following were the prices:—

Common 2s. 1d. to 2s. 1½d. Middling 2s. 1d. to 2s. 2d. Good 2s. 6d. to 3s. 3d. per lb.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 3.—Rotterdam, 12. 3.—Antwerp, 12. 3.—Hamburgh, 36. 6.—Altona, 36. 6.—Paris, 25. 25.—Bordeaux, 25. 60.—Frankfort, 151.—Petersburg, 10d. rouble.—Vienna, 10. 2.—Madrid, 35½.—Bilboa, 35.—Barcelona, 34.—Seville, 34½.—Malaga, 34½.—Cadiz, 35½.—Gibraltar, 34½.—Lisbon, 47½.—Oporto, 47½.—Leghorn, 48½.—Genoa, 40.—Venice, per 6 Austrian livres per cent.—Dublin and Cork, 1½.

Bullion per Oz.—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—In bars, £3. 17s. 6d.—New Doubloons, 3*l.* 14s.—New Dollars, 4s. 10.—Silver in bars, standard, 6*s.*

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint-Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE BROTHERS, 23, *Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Birmingham CANAL, 303*l.*—Coventry, 1220*l.*—

Ellesmere and Chester, 112½*l.*—Grand Junction, 311*l.*—Kennet and Avon, 28¾*l.*—Leeds and Liverpool, 395*l.* — Oxford, —*l.* — Regent's, 25¾*l.* — Trent and Mersey, 850*l.*—Warwick and Birmingham, 275*l.* — London DOCKS, 91*l.* — West-India, 211*l.*—East London WATER WORKS, 124½*l.*—Grand Junction, 65*l.*—West Middlesex, 71½*l.*—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE.—½ *dis.* — Globe 150¾*l.*—Guardian, 21*l.* — Hope, 5*l.*—Imperial Fire, 97½*l.*—GAS-LIGHT, Westmin. Chartered Company, 55*l.*—City Gas-Light Company, 167½*l.*—British, 12 *dis.*—Leeds, 195*l.*

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced between the 22d of November and the 22d of December 1827; extracted from the London Gazette.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Dibbs, J. Dorset-street, Portman-square, plumber
Griffith, P. M. Birmingham, jeweller
Robinson, T. Porter-street, Newport-market, upholsterer

BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month, 127.]

Solicitors' Names are in Brackets.

Archer, F. Baldock, Hertfordshire, innkeeper. [Weymouth, Chancery-lane
Ashwin, W. Redditch, Worcestershire, grocer. [Lowndes and Co., Red-lion-square; Cresswell, Redditch
Atkinson, J. Oxford-street, oilman. [Willoughby, Clifford's-inn
Aspinall, W. Wigan, dealer. [Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Hopwood, Wigan; Scatched, Halifax
Allanson, R. Kingston-upon-Hull, printer. [England Co., Hull; Rosser and Co., Gray's-inn-place, Holborn
Bemrose, W. Bourn, Lincolnshire, chemist. [Green land Co., Spalding; Watson and Co., Token-house-yard, Lothbury
Buck, J. Norwich, carpenter. [Robberds, Norwich; Lythgoe and Co., Essex-street, Strand
Browne, T. Little Eastcheap, ironmonger. [Blunt and Co., Liverpool-street
Bamford, J. Drury-lane, victualler. [Baddeley, Leman-street, Goodman's-fields
Bee, J. Chesterfield, butcher. Hutchinson, Chesterfield; Smithson and Co., New-inn
Bayley, J. Manchester, agent, [Edge, Manchester; Milne and Co., Temple
Baxter, W. Norwich, draper. [Green and Ashurst, Sambrook-court, Basinghall-street
Beswick, S. Doddington-grove, Kennington, bricklayer. Loveland, Symond's-inn
Bray, F. J. Chichester-place, St. Pancras, ironmonger. [Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane
Barber, R. Upper Clapton, plumber. [Dicas, Pope's Head-alley, Cornhill
Brown, J. H. Duke-street, Manchester-square, chemist. [White and Co., New-square, Lincoln's-inn
Bremer, J. C. Somerset-place, New-road Whitechapel, merchant. [Freeman and Co., Coleman-street
Benton, W. Vange-wharf, Essex, wharfinger. [Bostock, George-street, Mansion house
Bryant, I. George-street, Hampstead-road, builder. [Hodson, King's-road, Bedford-row
O'Brien, J. Molyneux-street, Edgeware-road, grocer. [Baddeley, Leman-street, Goodman's-fields
Brooks, N. Doverdale, Worcestershire, mercer. [Cartler, Droitwich; White, Lincoln's-inn
Burder, J. Middleton-square, dealer. [Hodson, St. John-street
Baughan, J. Buckingham, innkeeper. [Yeates, Brick-court, Temple; Yeates, Northampton
Bigg, T. Curtain-road, straw-hat-manufacturer. [Brough, Shoreditch
Bailey, W. Dean-street, Soho, leather-seller. [Nias, Princes-street, Bank
Bushell, T. Grace's-alley, Wellclose square, linendraper. [Thompson, Minories
Burnand, J. Chesterfield, Derbyshire, coach-proprietor. [Hardy, Sheffield; King, Hatton-garden
Bolderson, W. Liverpool, grocer. [Chester, Staple-inn; Hinde, Liverpool
Braddock, J. Share's-hill, Staffordshire, victualler. [White, Lincoln's-inn; Smith, Wolverhampton
Broadfoot, S. and W. Ashbourn, Derbyshire, tea-dealers. [Holme and Co., New-inn; Brittlebank, Ashbourn
Cooper, H. Snow-hill, stationer. [Carter, Lord Mayor's Court-office
Christopher, W. Springbrook-forge, Kidderminster, Worcestershire, iron-master. [Jennings and Co., Elm-court, Temple; Winnall, Stourport; Brinton, Kidderminster
Crowther, G. H. Frodsham, Cheshire, bookseller. [Vincent, Clifford's-inn; Bartley, Dale-street, Liverpool
Carpenter, — Clifton, Gloucestershire, patent medicine-vender. [Highmoor, Walbrook; Hodgson. Green-street, Bath
Clitheroe, R. Horncastle, Lincolnshire, scrivener. Sellwood, Horncastle; Eyre and Co., Gray's-inn
Collier, J. Abingdon, brewer. [Graham, Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street; Graham, Abingdon
Crompton, E. Liverpool, paper-dealer. [Appleby and Charnock, Raymond's-buildings, Gray's-inn; Petty, Manchester
Charlton, A. Walthamstow, Essex, cattle-dealer. [Young, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house
Collins, W. Birlingham, Worcestershire, wheelwright. [Harvey and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Woodward, Pershore
Christie, J. and R., and J. Stewart, Mark-lane, merchants. [Oliverson and Co., Frederick's-place, Old Jewry
Collett, C. E. and E. Jones, Leeds, merchants. [Turner, Basing-lane, Cheapside
Dyson, S Catherine-street, Strand, picture-dealer. [Jones, Bury-street, St. Mary-axe
Dove, W. Paddington, brick-maker. [Goran and Co., Orchard-street, Portman-square
Darwin, J. and F. Frith, Chapelton, Sheffield, iron-founders. [Rodgers, Sheffield; Rodgers, Devonshire-square, London
Eyre, E. Sheffield, merchant. [Blakelock, Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street; Branson, Sheffield
Ebers, J. Old Bond-street, bookseller. [Dacie, Throgmorton-street, Bank
Ellis, J. George-cottage, George-street, Hampstead-road, brick-maker. [Isaacs, Mansell-street, Goodmans-fields
Edwards, W. Liverpool, commission-agent. [Wilson, Southampton-street, Bloomsbury; Smith and Co., Leeds
Fennel, S. St. Mary-axe, merchant. [Grimaldi and Co., Copthall-court
Franklin, S. Manchester-square, coal-retailer. [Pocock, Bartholomew-close
Frisby, R., R. M. and H. Mark-lane, wine-merchants. [Selby, Sergeant's-inn
Gray, J. Berwick-street, Soho, corn-dealer. [Lewis, Crutched-friars
Goodeve, B. Gosport, brewer. [Holme and Co., New-inn; Cruickshank, Gosport

Godwin, C. East Stower, Dorsetshire, dealer. [Stevens and Co., Little St. Thomas Apostle; Chitty, Shaftesbury, Dorsetshire

Guyatt, G. Dulwich, Surrey, butcher. [Turner, Percy-street, Bedford-square

Grey, G. Morpeth, Northumberland, woodmonger. Leadbitter, Bucklersbury; Charlton, Morpeth

Goldstein, N. Fenchurch-street, merchant. [Gates, Lombard-street

Giller, T. and J. Shepherd, Manchester, coach-makers. [Burgoyne and Co., Oxford-street

Goldsmid, H. Linton, Kent, wine merchant. [James and Co., Ely-place; James and Co., Staple-hurst

Garrett, J. sen. and J. jun. Hereford, bankers. [Wheeler, Gray's-inn-place; Smith, Walsall

Horrocks, J. Wigan, Lancashire, tailor. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Gaskell, Wigan

Heron, T. E. Beech-street, oilman. [Trehern, Basinghall-street

Harrop, B. and J. Tamewater, Saddleworth, Yorkshire, clothiers. [Browne, Oldham; Brundrett and Spinks, Temple

Haynes, M. A. Birmingham, spinster. [Norton and Co., Gray's-inn; Spurrier and Co., Birmingham

Hirst, M. Meltham, Almondbury, Yorkshire, clothier. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane; Whitehead and Co., Huddersfield

Horsley, J. Billiter-square, merchant. [Davies and Co., Corbet-court, Gracechurch-street

Harrison, J. Woodchester, Gloucestershire, clothier. [Cardale and Co., Gray's-inn

Hose, J. C. High Holborn, chemist. [Selby and Co., St. John-street-road

Hopkinson, I. Trawden, near Colne, Lancashire. [Hatfield and Co., Manchester; Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane

Henry, H. L. Finsbury-circus, jeweller. [Spyer, Austin-friars

Hague, R. and F. White, Cheltenham, painters [Pruen and Co., Cheltenham; Vizard and Co. Lincoln's-inn-fields

Howard, D. Dukenfield, Cheshire, cotton-spinner. [Duckworth and Co., Manchester; Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane

Kirk, R. Manchester, cotton-merchant. [Cunliffe, Manchester

Kinson, W. Bath, builder. [Williams, Red-lion-square; Watts, Wesgate-buildings, Bath

Kilsby, E. Nine-elms, Surrey, ship-broker. [Roe and Co., Gray's-inn-square

Knights, E. Debenham, Suffolk, currier. [Carter, Lord Mayor's Court-office, Royal Exchange

Lowe, E. sen. Birmingham, merchant. [Hicks and Braikenridge, Bartlett's-buildings; Beswick, Birmingham

Mnrefield, W. Kidderminster, Worcestershire, coach-maker. [Michael, Red-lion-square; Bird, Kidderminster

Melen, H. Pershore, Worcestershire, grocer. [Bousfield, Chatham-place; Workman, Evesham

Minton, C. Bishop's-castle, innkeeper. [Horton and Son, Furnival's-inn; Baynton and Co., Broad-street, Bristol

Morse, S. Hatfield Peverel, Essex, silk-throwster. [Taylor, Featherstone-buildings, Holborn

Meek, J. Hampstead, livery-stable keeper. [Robinson, Walbrook

Mathews, W. Birmingham, glass-toy-maker. [Burfoot, Temple; Page, Birmingham

Marshall, W. H. Liverpool, ship-owner. [Ramsbottom and Co., Liverpool; Blackstock and Co., Temple

Morgan, W. Bond-street, bookseller. [Clift and Co., Red-lion-square

Outtrim, T. Walthamstow, Essex, smith. [Thompson, Clement's-inn

Parsons, S. Chorley, Lancashire, linen-draper. [Cuvelje, Staple-inn; Topping and Co., Chorley

Plimer, N. Neath, Glamorganshire, plumber. [Few and Co., Henrietta-street, Covent-garden; Beddoe, Bristol

Pletts, E. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, ship and insurance-broker. [Bell and Co., Bow Church-yard; Stoker, Newcastle

Parkinson, J. Albany-road, Barnsbury-park, Islington, builder. [Wormald, Featherstone-buildings, Holborn

Parrey, J. Schank, Aldermanbury, scrivener. [Fisher, Queen-street, Cheapside

Pegg, J. jun. Lane-end, Stoke-upon Trent, mercer. [Young, Lane-end; Barber, Fetter-lane

Parkinson, T. Soothill, Yorkshire, farmer. [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Lumb, Wakefield

Richardson, J. jun. Sprowston, Norfolk, bricklayer. [Wiltshire and Co., Austin-friars; Coaks, Norwich

Rooke, J. S. Sheffield, button-mould-manufacturer. [Tattersall, Garden-court, Temple; Tattersall and Co., Sheffield

Ridley, W. Hatton-garden, carpet-dealer. [Bigg, Southampton-buildings, Holborn

Rideal, G. S. Manchester, innkeeper. [Appleby and Co., Raymond's-buildings, Gray's-inn; Whitehead and Co., Manchester

Rilsby, E. Nine-elms, Surrey, ship-broker. [Roe and Co., Gray's-inn-square

Roberts, J. Ross, Herefordshire, mercer. [King, Serjeant's-inn; Chadborn, Gloucester

Ringer, R. Aylsham, Norfolk, general shop-keeper. [Lythgoe and Co., Essex-street, Strand; Winter, St. Giles's, Broad-street, Norwich

Roberts, T. Rochester, brewer. [Weymouth, Chancery-lane

Salt, W. Liverpool-street, Bishopsgate-street, oilman. [Norton, Jewin-street, Aldersgate-street

Stallard, W. Shepton Mallett, brewer. [Willett, Essex-street, Strand

Stowell, J. Swallow-street, victualler. [Teague, Cannon-street, City

Simpson, W. Spondon, Derby, plasterer. [Clarke and Co., Derby; Capes, Raymond-buildings, Gray's-inn

Smith, J. Exmouth-street, Commercial-road, coal-merchant. [Teague, Cannon-street

Stevenson, H. B. C. Park-street, Grosvenor-square, coach-proprietor. [Ford, Great Queen-street, Westminster

Schofield, B. Rochdale, Lancashire, woollen-manufacturer. [Redfern, Rochdale; Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane

Simpson, J. Leeds, joiner. [Dawson and Co., New Boswell-court, Lincoln's-inn; Scott and Co., Leeds

Smith, J. sen. Bergh-in-the-marsh, Lincolnshire, grocer. [Brackenbury, Spilsby; Dax and Co., Bedford-row

Smith, T. Eccleshall, Staffordshire, maltster. Stanley, Newport; Harding and Co., Gray's-inn

Sykes, C. Leeds, surgeon. [King, Bedford-place, Russell-square; Granger, Leeds

Tucker, W. W. Exeter, carver and gilder. [Clowes and Co., King's-bench-walk, Inner Temple; Furlong, Northernhay, Exeter

Thompson, T. and Knight, J. Rupert-street, saddlers'-ironmongers. [Tattersall, Garden-court, Temple

Torriano, J. H. Fenchurch-street, scrivener. [Dignam, Little Distaff-lane

Taylor, J. Norwich, sack-manufacturer [Austin, Buckingham-street, Adelphi; Staff, Norwich

Turner, J. Cockerham, Lancashire, corn-dealer. [Higgins, Lancashire

Tyrrell, S. Bexhill, common brewer. [Verral, Lewes; Pritchard, New-bridge-street

Vaughan, J. Yazor, Herefordshire, tailor. [Gough, Hereford; Robinson, Walbrook

Watkins, W. L. Long Acre, coach-plater. [Davies, Palsgrave-place, Temple-bar

Walter, T. Woodford, Essex, victualler. [Lang, Fenchurch-street

White, J. Fleet-street, baker. [Norton, New-street, Bishopsgate-street

Wright, D. Lower Thames-street, ship and custom-house agent. [Wootton and Co., Token-house-yard

Waterfall, S. Coventry, tea-dealer. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Clay and Co., Manchester

Williams, J. Paternoster-row, bookseller. [Swain and Co., Frederick's-place, Old Jewry

Winn, S. Leeds, victualler. [Strangeways and Co., Bernard's-inn; Warwick, Leeds

Young, T. Wells, Somersetshire, baker. [Reeves, Glastonbury; Adlington and Co., Bedford-row

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. T. M. Sutton, to be a Prebendary of St. Peter, Westminster.—Rev. C. Richards, to be a Prebendary of Winchester.—Rev. S. W. Cornish. to the Vicarage of South Newington, Oxon.—Rev. J. Jenkins, to the Rectory of Llanfoist, Monmouth. —Rev. E. Crosse, to the Rectory of Kingsdown, Somerset.—Rev. J. B. Smith, to the Rectory of Sothby, Lincoln.—Very Rev. Dr. Coplestone, to be Bishop of Llandaff, and Dean of St. Paul's.—Rev. E. Harbin, to the Rectory of Kingweston, Somerset.—Rev. E. Palling, to the Perpetual Curacy of Tithby, with Cropwell Butler, Notts.—Rev. J. Eaton, to the Rectory of Handley, Chester.—Rev. U. Clarke, to the Vicarage of Neston, Chester.—Rev. Archdeacon Wrangham, to the Rectory of Dodleston, Chester.—Rev. G. B. Blomfield, to the Rectory of Coddington, Chester.—Rev. W. Harrison, to the Vicarage of St. Oswald, Chester.—Rev. J. Griffith, to be Prebendary of Rochester.—Right Hon. and Rev. Lord H. F. C. Kerr, to the Rectory of Dittisham, Dorset.—Right Rev. Dr. Sumner, to the See of Winchester.—Rev. W. Evans, to the Rectory of Shipston-upon-Stour, with the Chapel of Tidmington, Worcester.—Rev. H. Faulkner, to the Perpetual Curacy of Norton Juxta Kempsey, Worcester.—Rev. J. Sandford, to the Living of Chillingham, Durham.—Rev. S. Smith, to the Rectory of St. George's Bloomsbury.—Rev. E. M. Hall, to the Vicarage of Corringham, Lincoln.—Rev. F. Swanton, to be Chaplain to St. Mary's College, Winchester.—Rev. G. Harries, to the Rectory of Letterson, Pembroke.—Rev. E. Langdale, to the Rectory of East Hoathley, Sussex.—Rev. A. Hamilton, to be Archdeacon of Taunton, with the Prebend of Milverton the First annexed, Wells. —Rev. M. Webber, to the Rectory of St. Margaret's, Westminster.—Rev. M. Taylor, to the Rectory of Winnal, near Winchester.—Rev. T. Watkins, to be Precentor of Winchester Cathedral.—Rev. J. Bannister, to the Perpetual Curacy of West Wooldham.—Rev. J. G. Dixon, to the Vicarage of Waghen, Yorkshire.—Rev. H. Harvey and Rev. E. Coleridge, Chaplains to H.R.H the Duke of Cambridge.—Rev. H. Lee, to the Vicarage of North Bradley and Southwicke, Wilts.—Rev. F. H. Wollaston, to the *sinecure* Rectory of East Dereham, Norfolk.—Rev. T. Arnold, to be Head Master of Rugby School.

POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS.

The King has granted the dignity of a Baronet to the following gentlemen respectively, and to the heirs male of their bodies lawfully begotten, *viz.* —Robert Dalrymple Horn Elphinstone, esq.—Sir Richard Hussey Vivian.—Charles William Taylor, esq.—Uvedale Price, esq.—Richard Bulkeley Philipps Philipps, esq.—The Hon. Edward Marmaduke Vavasour—Robert Tristram Ricketts, esq., Captain in the Navy.—Francis Hastings Doyle, esq., Lieutenant-Colonel in the Army.—John Hutton Cooper, esq.—Henry Wakeman, esq.—George Philips, esq.—Henry Chamberlain, esq., Cousul-General in the Empire of Brazil.—John Forbes Drummond, esq., Captain in the Navy.

INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON, ETC.

CHRONOLOGY.

Dec. 2.—The Court went into mourning for the Queen of Saxony during three weeks.

4.—The Marquis of Lansdowne wrote a letter to the Lord Mayor, suggesting "the expediency of an inquiry into the conduct of the officers of police of the city of London."

5.—The Directors of the East India Company gave their farewell dinner to Lord W. C. Bentinck, Governor-general of India, previous to his departure.

— Reduction of the Yeomanry Cavalry announced by the Secretary of State for the Home Department.

6.—Sessions commenced at the Old Bailey.

7.—A general meeting of the country bankers, held at the London Tavern, when a deputation of seven was appointed to have an interview with Lord Goderich, on the subject of their complaints against the branch banks of the Bank of England.

11.—A deputation from the country bankers waited upon Lord Goderich and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who stated that they were aware of the great importance of the subject submitted to them by the deputation, and that all that had been communicated should receive the most deliberate and serious attention, which was all that they could undertake at present to promise.

12.—Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when 22 prisoners received sentence of death, 81 were ordered for transportation, and 62 imprisoned.

13.—Miss Macauley applied to the Bench of Middlesex Justices for a licence to give religious lectures, on Sundays and other days, which was not granted.

— A meeting of Portuguese merchants, held at the City of London Tavern, for the purpose of adopting measures to receive Don Miguel on his arrival in England.

— A Privy Council held, when the Recorder made his report, and two culprits were ordered for execution Dec. 19.

15.—Parliament further prorogued from the 20th December to January 22, 1828.

19.—A Common Hall of the Livery of London was held at the Guildhall, for the purpose of petitioning Parliament on the system of arrest in the City, when several resolutions were passed to that effect.

— A public meeting of the Jews was held at

the London Tavern, to take into consideration the oppressive measures established in Russia against the Jews, when an address to the Synagogues of Great Britain was proposed and carried unanimously, as well as the following resolution:—"Resolved, That our nation having for more than 2,000 years been subject to dreadful persecutions from all the powers and states of the earth, it is right and proper that at every favourable opportunity we protest against such persecution, and earnestly call on Government to render us equal justice."

— Two convicts executed at the Old Bailey, condemned at the last October Sessions.

20.—A circular sent by the Marquis of Lansdowne to the magistrates of the different police offices in the metropolis, ordering them to make out every day a detailed report, or account, of the proceedings of the various police offices, signed by one of the magistrates, at eight o'clock every evening, for printed circulation,

MARRIAGES.

At Mary-le-bone, Sir John Gerrard, bart., to Miss Monica Standish; G. Darley, esq., to Miss M. Homfray.—At All Soul's Church, G. R. Ward, esq., to Miss Webb.—At Harrow, Rev. L. Foot to Miss Cunningham.—At Havering Bower, Lieut. A. S. Robinson to Leonora Maria, only daughter of the late T. Rowcroft, esq., H.M.'s first consul general for Peru.—Rev. B. C. Goodison to Eleanor Maria, third daughter of J. Horne, esq., deputy assistant commisary general.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, C. R. Barker, esq., to Miss Mary Hammersley; Rev. T. Cooke to Jane, daughter of the Hon. C. Flint.—At St. Margaret's, Westminster, Mr. J. P. Harman, of the Stock Exchange, to Sarah Jane, third daughter of the late R. B. Curling, of the customs, Dover,

DEATHS.

At the British Museum, 84, J. Planta, esq., principal librarian of that place.—Mrs. Hoppner, relict of the late J. Hoppner, esq., R.A.—In Portland-place, General Ross, governor of Fort St. George.—66, Very Rev. Dr. W. Poynter, the Roman Catholic Bishop of London.—At South Lambeth, J. Pittman, esq.—In Craven-street, Eliza, the wife of Sir Charles Waller, Bart.—In George-street, Portman-square, 84, Lieut.-General G. Russell.—In Albemarle-street, Rear-Admiral Percy Fraser.—At Spring-grove, 67, J. Twining, esq.—68, T. Rouse, esq., principal export surveyor to the Board of Excise.—71, J. Farley, esq., Clapham Common.—At Twickenham, 71, Mrs. Ingram.—At Hammersmith, Lieut.-Gen. Count Joseph de Puisaye, commander-in-chief of the Royalist forces in Bretagne, and son of the Marquis de Puisaye de la Candrelle.—At Greenwich College, Andrew Brown, a pensioner, 105 years and 9 months old; he had been inmate there for the last 50 years, and the day preceeding his death he sang two songs to his brother pensioners!!

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At Paris, Manuel Godoy, Count of Castellsfiel, only son of the Prince of Peace of Spain, to Maria, third daughter of the late L. Crowe, esq., Stephen's-green, Dublin.—At the British Embassy, Naples, Count Alfred d'Orsay, to Lady H. A. F. Gardiner, daughter of the Earl of Blessington.—In Paris, Dr. W. English to Lady Maria Gordon.

DEATHS ABROAD.

In Wilkes County, Georgia, 93, Mrs. Hannah Clarke; she was a heroine of the American Revolution, and, amongst other vicissitudes, when once attending her husband (Major-General Elijah Clarke) on an expedition, she had her horse shot under her while two children were on its back with her. She was benevolent and hospitable to the prisoners taken by her husband.—In Jamaica, R. Barlow, esq.—Hon. A. Hope, fourth son of the Earl of Hopeton, on his passage from Corfu to England.—At Priola, Sicily, Mrs. Frances Dyer.—At Paris, the celebrated Helen Maria Williams.—At Madras, of cholera morbus, after an illness of two hours, Sir T. Munro, governor.—At Vienna, Field Marshall Count Broady; he first married the relict of T. Dillon, esq., of Belgard-castle, and secondly, the Princess Ann of Austria.—At Antigua, Capt. R. Dudgeon, of the Royals.—In the south-west part of Russia, Rev. A. Young, only son of the late celebrated agriculturist.—At Copet, 37, Baron de Staël, son of the celebrated Mme. de Staël, and grandson of the Minister Neckar.—At New York, the celebrated counsellor Emmett, one of the projectors of the formidable Irish rebellion in 1797, and in the event of success, was to have been included in the supreme government of Ireland.—H. Salt, esq., at a village between Grand Cairo and Alexandria; he was consul-general in Egypt.—At Pensacola, J. H. Purves, esq., His Majesty's consul.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES;

WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

The Trustees of the Newcastle-upon-Tyne Savings' Bank have made their annual report up to Nov. 20, 1827, by which it appears that the sum of £210,699. 10s. 10d. was in the hands of the commissioners for the reduction of the national debt, including interest; and that the number of depositors were at that period 4,002.

A meeting of the Trustees of the Reading room was held Dec. 7, at which a unanimous resolution of thanks was voted to the Duke of Northumberland, for the liberal accommodation thus afforded to the gentlemen of Alnwick, its vicinity, and the county in general. A committee was also appointed for the government of the establishment.

At the recent meeting of the Ship-owners at North Shields, Mr. Richmond, the chairman, thus terminated his speech, in allusion to Mr. Huskisson's *reciprocity* system:—"In the progress of this system of change, every interest of the community is, or has been, threatened with destruction or injury; we have seen many of them successfully resist and oppose the adoption of such of

these measures as relate to themselves; we saw with admiration the struggle the Silk Manufacturers *successfully made*. We saw the Scotch Bankers defeat those regulations intended for their annihilation. We see the English Bankers engaged in a struggle with the Bank of England, instigated by the advocates of this new system, against changes, in which, if they are defeated, it will go far to effect their ruin and extinction, as they can no more compete with their untaxed competitor, than we can with the untaxed ships of foreign nations. We see the Maltsters arrayed in active hostility to regulations which they assert will be the cause of their destruction; in short, which ever way we turn, we find some interest in a state of alarm and distress at contemplated, or actually effected, changes. The Landed Interest (recently in some degree exempt from the pressure of distress so heavily felt by others) is about to experience its full share of it, if the depressed state of the markets for its produce can be taken as a criterion on which to form a judgment. A deficient revenue, most unnecessarily and wantonly occasioned by a repeal of taxes, whose repeal has only benefited partial and individual interest, threatens the public creditor with the defalcation of his dividends. The Colonial Interest has long and loudly complained of their treatment: other interests, apparently more remote, are not less threatened. A union of all, therefore, who possess any stake in the country, appears indispensable, to arrest the progress of these changes, by which all are equally threatened. The proprietors of the ships of England, than whom His Majesty possesses no more loyal or peaceable subjects, must rouse themselves into exertion, as they are the most prominent link in the chain of destruction, now extending over this noble land; fortunately for them, all are interested in their preservation, from His Majesty on the throne—from the loftiest peer to the humblest peasant, *all*, *all* are equally interested in their preservation."

The Dean and Chapter of Durham mean to open the Galilee chapel, attached to the cathedral, and fit it up with free sittings for the inhabitants; divine service to be performed in an afternoon.

In two gales, on the 29th of November, and on the 5th of December, damage was done to the shipping in the port of Sunderland to the amount of £10,000.

A bridge is about to be erected across the Tyne, to communicate with the turnpike-road from Gateshead and Hexham.

The Tyne Yeomanry Hussars are dismissed from all further service after the 24th December, in consequence of the letter of Lord Lansdowne.

In the second week in December, there were some severe gales experienced in the city of Durham, which did considerable injury, by blowing in windows, and injuring roofs and chimnies.

Married.] At Bishop Middleham, Mr. W. Wright, aged 16, to Miss Mary Ann White, aged 15.—At Newcastle, John Trolove to Miss Wilkinson; T. W. Keenlyside, to Miss Louisa Pollard.—At Durham, Mr. J. Kitson to Miss Judith Taylor; Mr. W. Atkinson to Miss Stoker; Mr. T. Anderson to Miss O. Lowes.—At Bishopwearmouth, Mr. Macdonald to Miss Tullock.

Died.] At Durham, 86, Mr. Palmer; 61, Mrs. Isabella Appleby.—At Chillingham, the Rev. A. Thomas, LL.D.—At Newcastle, Mrs. D. Ions; Mrs. Ellison.—At South Shields, Mr. W. Turner, —At Gateshead, Mr. W. Hunt.—At Bishop Auckland, Mrs. Pickering.—At Stainton, 70, Mrs. Bainbridge.—At Monkwearmouth, Mr. Bell.—At Darlington, R. W. Johnston, esq.

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND.

The Trustees of the Savings' Bank established at Carlisle, have made their report of the state of its funds, by which it appears that the sum of £27,949. 0s. 5d. was invested in the bank at the date of Nov. 20, 1827.

Died.] At Whitehaven, 77, H. Jefferson, esq.; 81, Mrs. M. Royle.

YORKSHIRE.

Some poachers, who were *netting* in a field near Meaux, the last week in November, caught an unfortunate *bird* for them; they entangled a passenger in the meshes of their net, who immediately gave information to the magistrates, which led to their conviction.

There appears to be a numerous gang of villains dispersed over Yorkshire. Scarcely a week elapses but several burglaries and highway robberies are committed.

A cabinet of curiosities has been received in York from Ceylon. They consist of a very curious lady's work box; a silver statue of the mother of Boodha; a figure of Boodha, preaching; four carved ivory figures, three about five inches, and the fourth about two inches in height, beautifully executed; a cinnamon peeler, and a tom-tom beater, carved in wood; specimens of the Singhalese mode of writing, on slips of the talipot leaf: these slips are folded in a particular way, according to the rank of the party addressed; drawings of Singhalese idols; specimens of jewellery, in brooches and rings, the workmanship of which is very fine, &c.

A coin of Vespasian's was found lately in York; being one of those struck to commemorate the capture of Jerusalem. The Emperor's head is on the obverse; inscription—"*Vespasianus, Rom. Imp. Aug.*" On the reverse is a paper tree, the emblem of Judea, and at the foot stands a Jew, with his arms bound, to denote the state of captivity to which the Jews were reduced. The inscription is, "*Judea capta.*" In the exergue there are the letters S. C.

On the night of the 30th of November, a most desperate encounter took place in Kirkley plantation, near Huddersfield, the property of Sir G. Armitage, bart., between the watchers and a party of poachers, twelve or fourteen in number. The latter were armed with guns and bludgeons, the watchers had only sticks. One of the watchers was killed at the beginning of the affray, by a blow from a bludgeon, and three others were badly wounded. Four of the poachers have been apprehended, and committed to York Castle for the murder.

The first stone of the New Junction Dock at Hull was laid on the 10th of December by J. C. Parker, esq.

Preparations are making for the Yorkshire Musical Festival of 1828. The Rev. W. H. Dixon, prebendary of Ripon, has accepted the office of chairman of the committee; and various arrangements have been made.

Lodging-houses are about to be built at Whitby, for the accommodation of visitors; and considerable alterations are making in the Museum of the Whitby Philosophical and Literary Society, by the

addition of groined lights in the ceiling, which will materially improve the appearance of the building, and shew the Society's magnificent collection to greater advantage.

The Methodist Society in Leeds has been in a state of great confusion for some time, owing to the Conference having given leave to erect an organ in Brunswick Chapel, which was opposed by some of the local preachers and class leaders. A district meeting has been held there, by which a trustee, leader, and local preacher, and the Society's steward, have been formally expelled, and twenty-one leaders removed from office.

No less a sum than £21,800 has been appropriated to public buildings and works at Scarborough this year, *viz.* Cliff bridge, £9,000; new church, £6,000; new baptist chapel, £2,400; new bank for savings, £400; museum, £1,000; waterworks, £1,000.

November 22, the True Blue Leeds and Wakefield coach was overturned, by which accident Mr. Cope, of Leeds, and Mr. J. Burrill, of Arkendale, and Herfield, the coachman, were killed, and several passengers dreadfully wounded. It appeared on the coroner's inquest, and since signed by Mr. Bruce, the foreman of the jury, that several individuals residing in the immediate neighbourhood of the accident were detected in the act of committing robberies on the persons of the sufferers. Whilst expressing their abhorrence at such atrocious conduct, the jury return their sincere thanks to Mr. W. Lee of Leeds, and Sarah Smith of Belle-hill, for their kindness and attention on that occasion.

His Majesty has pardoned the 15 stuff weavers, who were convicted at the Leeds April Sessions of a conspiracy, riot, and assault, on condition of good behaviour for 12 months.

The county disbursements, April 3, 1826, to April 3, 1827, have been published, and they amount to £47,787. 17s. 2½d.; upwards of £15,000 for repairs of bridges, roads, &c.; and a sum exceeding £20,000 for criminal jurisprudence and its connexions!!! However, all the manufactories are at work, and we do not recollect ever to have seen less distress amongst the labouring classes at mid-winter.

Married.] At Ripley, T. W. Beaumont, esq., M.P., to Ann Henrietta Atkinson, sister to Lady Ingilby.—At Thirsk, J. Bumby, esq., to Miss M. Mercer.—At Bolton, J. D. Whitehead, esq., to Miss C. Jambutts.—At Hull, Mr. T. Weddle to Miss Boyle.—At Scarborough, W. D. Thornton, esq., to Miss Travis.—At Cantley, J. Greaves, esq., to Miss Duckey.—At Otley, C. J. Walker, esq., to Miss Earnshaw.—At York, Mr. Todd to Miss Bell; Mr. Quarton to Miss Adamson; Mr. W. S. Walker to Miss Stafford.—At Leeds, Mr. Ritchie to Miss Jane Baines; G. R. Ward, esq., to Miss Webb.—At Pickering, T. Binks, esq., to Miss Ness.—At Staveley, H. Tennant, esq., to Miss Gray.—At Whitby, Mr. B. Simpson to Miss Barry.

Died.] At Doncaster, H. Parker.—At Fulford, J. Boyes, esq.—At Hull, 65, Mrs. Day; Miss Todd; 66, Mr. R. Allanson.—At York, J. Mason, esq.; Mrs. Kay; Mr. Hindsley; T. Townend, esq.; 86, Mrs. Dring; Mrs. Backhouse.—At Gate Helmsley, Mrs. Farrow.—At Whitby, Mrs. Laurence.—At Sherburn, the Rev. T. Jameson.—At Richmond, Mrs. Rosamond Hayward.—At Busby-hall, the Rev. G. Marwood.—At Holme on-Spalding-Moor, Mrs. W. W. Calvert.—Near Wakefield, 76, Mrs. Glover.

SALOP AND STAFFORD.

The produce of the sale at the Ladies' Bazaar at Shrewsbury, from fancy work, made by themselves, has netted upwards of one thousand guineas! This sum is to be appropriated for the benefit of the new county infirmary.

LINCOLN AND NOTTINGHAM.

Married.] At Welton, R. Raikes, jun., esq., to Eleanor Catherine, eldest daughter of Rear Admiral Pigot.—At Newark. R. W. D. Flamstead, esq., to Anne, second daughter of the late Rev. W. Rastall.—At Hawton, Rev. W. Fowler to Miss Scales.

Died.] At Stanwick, within two days of each other, Mr. and Mrs. Morris; she was 78, and he 81 years of age!

LANCASHIRE.

It appears from the annual report, and from that of the committee of justices, that within the last ten years there have been expended in building, enlarging, improving, and furnishing the various prisons of the county, and the pauper lunatic asylum, the following sums, *viz.*

Lancaster castle.....	£29,917	1	5
Preston house of correction	13,699	13	0
Kirkdale do. do.	94,167	14	9
Salford do. do.	40,653	15	3
County lunatic asylum....	37,201	13	2
Making together	£215,699	17	7

About £10,000 of the above enormous sum has been expended on treadmills; respecting which the keepers of the several prisons unanimously report that they have entirely failed in deterring those who have once committed crime from being guilty of the repetition of it; whilst, from the report of the committee of magistrates, it appears that by the putting of prisoners to this species of labour, a positive loss has accrued to the county of not less than £3,000 per annum.

Distribution of the net receipts of the late Liverpool Musical Festival:—Infirmary, 1,600*l.*; Dispensary, 900*l.*; Blue Coat School, 400*l.*; School for the Blind, 200*l.*; Ladies' Charity, 200*l.*; Female School of Industry, 100*l.*; Marine Society, 100*l.*; Welsh School, 100*l.*; Caledonian Free School, 100*l.*; Benevolent Society of St. Patrick, 100*l.*; Parish School, Moorfields, 100*l.*; Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, 100*l.*; Female Penitentiary, 60*l.*; Refuge for the Destitute, 60*l.*; Ophthalmic Infirmary, 40*l.*; Liverpool Institution for Curing Diseases of the Eyes, 40*l.*;—Total, 4,200*l.* This is the largest sum, by nearly 1,800*l.*, ever divided among the public charities of that town after a musical festival.

Died.] At Preston, 82, Rev. J. Dunn; he was one of the members of the Old Society of Jesuits, and pastor of the Preston congregation 52 years.

DERBY AND CHESHIRE.

At the annual meeting of the Trustees and Managing Committee of the Derby Savings' Bank, held Dec. 15, at the Town-hall, the directors made their report from Nov. 20, 1826, to Nov. 20, 1827, when it appeared that the sum in the hands of government amounted to £96,060. 10s. 4½d.; and that the present number of depositors amounts to 2,335, being an increase of 65 this year.

Died.] At Derby, Rev. E. Maddeley, minister of the New Jerusalem Temple.—At Congleton, 80, R. Harrison, esq.—At Moorwood Moor, 103, Mrs. Turner.—At Little Eaton, 95, John Creswell; he was a native of Little Eaton, and never lived out of it; his widow, Catherine Creswell, survives him, and is in her 94th year!

LEICESTER AND RUTLAND.

An infant school has been opened at Hinckley, under the patronage of the ladies; thus affordtng an asylum and education suitable to their age, and relieving, which is a main point, their parents from the care of attending during eight hours of the day.

Died.] At Gilmorton, 84, Ann, relict of the late Mr. T. Stretton.—At Smithland, the Hon. Lady H. Erskine, wife of the Hon. and Rev. H. D. Erskine, and daughter of the Earl of Portarlington.

WARWICK AND NORTHAMPTON.

A meeting of the Warwickshire Bankers has been held at Birmingham, when resolutions were entered into for more effectually protecting the country bankers from the injurious consequences of the unjustifiable attacks to which they have been subjected—and that the continuation of special privileges to the Bank of England, renders the establishment of Branch Banks inconsistent with the principles of free trade.

Several persons have been taken up lately and committed to gaol for bull-baiting, under the Act 3 Geo IV. (commonly called Mr. Martin's) "to prevent the cruel and improper treatment of cattle."

The Holyhead and Chester mail was overturned near Walford Bridge, which divides the counties of Northampton and Leicester, when one of the inside passengers, W. Egerton, esq., was killed on the spot, and others grievously wounded.

Married.] At Tuxford, W. Kirke, esq., to Anne, sister to Sir T. Woollaston White, bart.—At Pilton, Mr. J. Baseley to Miss Selby.

Died.] At Warwick, 76, Rose French, cook at the Woolpack-inn, who for more than 60 years served in the family of the late and present proprietors of that establishment.—At Ladywood-house, near Birmingham, Lady Essington, relict of the late Vice-Admiral Sir W. Essington.—At Welford-bridge, Major-general Egerton, of Gresford-lodge, Denbighshire, killed by the upsetting of the Holyhead mail in which he was a passenger.—At Northampton, Col. Thursby.

WORCESTER AND HEREFORD.

On St. Andrew's Day, the foundation stone was laid of Netherton Chapel. After divine service, the mayor, with a numerous train of gentlemen, preceded by a band of music and 500 charity children, repaired to the site, which is a fine elevation, commanding one of the most extensive and varied prospects in England, when the vicar of Dudley laid the first stone. The chapel is to be plain gothic, to contain 1,500 sittings, 1,000 of which are to be free.

A very handsome window of stained and painted glass, of the Crucifixion (after Le Brun), is now erecting at the east end of St. Martin's Church, Worcester.

Married.] At Worcester, T. Chavasse, esq., to Catherine Margaret, daughter of Col. L. Grant, Kempsey.—At Great Malvern, T. F. Cobbe, esq., to Rosella Emma, daughter of Col. Torre.—At Inkborough, T. S. Heptinstall, esq., to Miss Heath.

Died.] At Hereford, 65, J. Perry, esq.—At Downton-castle, A. Knight, esq., junior, whose death was occasioned by a most melancholy accident. He was with several friends on a shooting party, when a pheasant rose, and one of his companions, his most intimate friend, brought up his gun to fire at it: the instant he pulled the trigger. Mr. K. advanced from behind a tree, within the line of the shot, received part of the charge, and fell. He expired about 10 o'clock the following morning; and was interred near the tomb of his uncle, R. Payne Knight, esq., who bequeathed his valuable marbles and statues to the British Museum.

GLOUCESTER AND MONMOUTH.

Within the last five years, "a new-created world" of rational delights, if not of elegant sociality, has arisen in the south-east district of the Royal Forest of Dean. This has been accomplished, in the construction of a church, in a truly ecclesiastical style of architecture, capable of holding 800 worshippers, a parsonage-house, and a school-house, with all needful domestic appendages; by means of which two hundred boys and girls are already learning to "remember their Creator." The organ, lately removed from Ross, (to give place for a larger instrument) being well adapted to the dimensions of St. Paul's, Park End, has been re-edified in that church, and was, November 29, made vocal to the surrounding neighbourhood, aided by a full cathedral order of vocal and instrumental music, which passed off with a degree of spirit and correctness, that proved the possibility of conducting an amateur choir without either visible or audible markings of the time, such as have been too often supposed a needful exhibition in the presence of devotional hearers, by singers, who had yet to learn, that those only "sing well together" who "listen while they sing."

OXFORD AND BERKS.

The parochial authorities of Faringdon have determined to apportion small tracts of land for the use of the poor; convinced that if the system were brought into general practice, it would tend in a great measure to do away with that abject state of pauperism under which our agricultural labourers are suffering.

The late Lieut.-Col. Boden, of the East-India Company's Service, has bequeathed a property to the University of Oxford, to be appropriated towards the erection and endowment of a Professorship in the Sanskreet language, in one of the colleges of the said University, being, as the will states, "of opinion that a more general and critical knowledge of that language will be a means of enabling his countrymen to proceed in the conversion of the natives of India to the Christian religion, by disseminating a knowledge of the sacred Scriptures amongst them, more effectually than all other means whatsoever."

The University and the City of Oxford have each offered a reward of £100 for the discovery of the person or persons who so atrociously murdered Ann Crotchley. The body has been disinterred for further examination.

Died.] At Buckland, 85, Rev. J. Berington, priest of the Roman Catholic church, author of the "Literary History of the Middle Ages," &c. His funeral was attended by several clergymen of the Church of England.—At Oxford, Mr. R. Eaton.—80, Elizabeth, relict of the late Dr. Parsons, bishop of Peterborough.—At Henley, 27, W. Neale; he had undergone tapping 49 times within the last 8 months, and lost in all 589 pints of fluid.—At Newbury, 25, James, the eldest son of Mr. J. Wells.

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK.

By the report made at the last annual meeting of the subscribers to the Norfolk and Norwich Museum, it appears that the museum has been greatly augmented during the last year by numerous do-

nations, but particularly with one from Mr. Morrison, which is very interesting and valuable: it is a skeleton Egyptian mummy, brought from Sakara, about three miles south of Memphis, and is of a class remarkable for its antiquity.

The members of the late musical festival met and dined together, and made their report of the balance in favour of the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital, which appears to have been £1,672. 12s. 1d., notwithstanding the expenses amounted to nearly £5000! Next autumn there will be a grand musical festival at Bury, for the benefit of the Suffolk County Hospital.

The magistrates of Norwich have written to the Secretary of State for *another* gaol delivery in each year, as at present they have only *one*.—At the present moment, a female is in custody on the charge of murder, who must lie in prison *eight months* before she can be brought to trial!!!

Married.] P. Dykes, esq., of Beccles, to Mrs. Smith, relict of H. Smith, esq., of Ellingham-hall.—At Scrivelsby, A. L. Massingberd, esq., to Miss C. G. Pearce.

Died.] At Gorleston, F. F. Hope, esq.—At Lynn, 101, J. Aldrich.—At Little Cornard, 71, T. Fitch, esq.—At Pulham, Mrs. Styfield, mother to Lady Barton.—79, S. Keer, esq., of Earlsham.

HANTS AND SUSSEX.

Notice has been given of an intended application to Parliament during the ensuing session, for a pneumatic railway from Brighton to Shoreham, a distance of six miles, which, when completed, will afford a satisfactory experiment of the merits of the invention. Looking at the principle of atmospheric pressure in a practical way, and inquiring how it will act at a speed of only 10 or 20 miles an hour, we shall see that it is perfectly within our power to obtain a pressure sufficient to produce such a velocity, and much more.

The ladies of Brighton having established a Fancy Fair, in aid of the funds of the County Hospital; it took place at the Old Ship Tavern, and continned four successive days, when the sum obtained amounted to £1,250, after all the expenses had been deducted!!!

Married.] At Arundel, Lieut.-Col. Long to Miss Sidney Atherley.—At Andover, R. Sutton, esq., to Miss Ludlow.—At Romsey, Mr. Fifield to Miss Snuggs.—At Brighton, J. Congreve, esq., to the Hon. Louisa Dillon, sister to Lord Clanbrook.—At Horsham, H. Tredcroft, esq., to Miss Eversfield.

Died.] At Eastbourne, 70, Mr. J. Pendrill, the receiver, as heir male of his family, of the annual pension allowed by government for the preservation of Charles II. in the oak at Boscobel.—At Winchester, 87, W. Knapp, esq.—In Portsmouth Workhouse, nearly 105, Lucretia Shipway; she was born in the reign of George I.

DORSET AND WILTS.

By the abstract of the receipts and payments of the treasurers for Dorsetshire, it appears that from June 24, 1826, to June 24, 1827, the sum of £11,016. 14s. 1¾d. was disbursed—out of which £4,000 was paid for building and repairing bridges, and upwards of £4,000 for the criminal jurisprudence and its accompaniments.

The Trustees of the Dorchester Savings' Bank have published their accounts up to November 20 of the present year, whereby it appears that the invested sums in the bank, with cash in hand for temporary purposes, amount to £37,566. 8s. 7d.

From the tenth annual report of the Bridport Savings' Bank, made up to Nov. 20, 1827, it appears that the Trustees have deposited in the bank the sum of £41,212. 11s. 4d.

Married.] At Lyme, J. Sloman, esq., to Miss Louisa Hillman.

Died.] At Corsham, Lieut.-Col. J. A. Castleman.

DEVON AND SOMERSET.

The tenth annual report of the West Somerset Saviugss' Bank (established at Taunton) has recently been published, and it appears that up to November 20, 1827, the balance due to the concern in government securities and interest, amounted to £199,982. 19s. 4d.—this amount exceeds that of last year by upwards of £3,000.

At the general annual meeting of the Trustees of the Yeovil Bank for Savings, the account made up to Nov. 20, appears to be £30,198. 4s. 1d.

Married.] At Stonehouse, W. Hitchens, esq., to Miss A. E. Kinsman.

Died] At Newton Abbott, Mr. R. Smale, sen. for 50 years waggon-master from that place to Exeter, &c.—At Chudleigh, 100, Mary Marshall; her husband died in February last at the age of 102.—At Bath, 72, A. Dolmage, esq., of Jamaica, where he had been register of the Courts of Chancery, and vice-admiralty provost marshal general, &c.

CORNWALL.

Lately vast quantities of pilchards were discovered in St. Ives Bay. All the seans, except four, had been laid up, and the boats were hauled up on the beach, it being supposed the fishery had recently closed. The seans were got out with all expedition, and two were quickly shot, when they enclosed about 2,000 hogsheads of fish. The great weight of fish made the nets give way, and the whole of their contents escaped; but two other seans were also shot, and secured about 1,000 hogsheads. The appearance of such a quantity of fish, at so late a period, is unprecedented in the recollection of the oldest fisherman.

WALES.

A handsome and commodious chapel, capable of containing near 600 persons, was consecrated at Dowlais, by the Bishop of Llandaff. It was erected and endowed by Messrs. Guest and Lewis.

It appears by the last report of the Brecon County and Borough Savings' Bank, that £50,846. 14s. 2d. had been received from its commencement to Nov. 20, 1827.

A grand organ, on the largest scale, is putting up in the parish church of Wrexham; the cost is £1,300, which was raised by voluntary contributions.

Part of Newtown (Montgomeryshire) was lighted with gas, Dec. 17, when much rejoicing was manifested upon the occasion.

Married.] T. Hughes, esq., of Denbigh, to Miss M. Williams, of Pentremawr.—At Tallvlly, Mr. T. Morgan and Mr. T. Bevan, to the Misses Margaret and Elizabeth Barrette.

Died.] At Swansea, 68, J. Minshull, esq, brother-in-law to the late Lord Craven.—Mr. Williams, who for many years had resided, as harper, at Tregib, Carmarthenshire.—At Llan-Nefydd (Denbigh) 97, Mrs. Roberts.—At Llanymynech, 87, Mrs. Edwards.—R. Hughes, esq., of Plas-yn-Llangoed, Anglesey.—At Denbigh, 82, Mrs. M. Foulkes.

SCOTLAND.

Died.] At Leith, 80, Rev. Dr. J. Colquhoun.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS,

From the 26th of November to the 25th of December 1827.

Nov.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Red.	N 4 Pr. C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exch. Bills.	Consols for Acc.
26	206½207	85⅛ ¼	85⅝ 86	—	91⅝ ⅞	101⅜ ¾	19 1-16 ⅛	250¾	82 86p	52 55p	85⅛ 86¼
27	206½207	85¼ ⅜	86 ⅜	92⅜ ½	92⅜ ⅜	101⅜ 2	19⅛ 3-16	—	87 90p	54 56p	86⅜ ⅜
28	206½207½	85⅜ ⅜	86¼ ½	92⅜ ½	92⅜ ⅜	101⅜ 2⅛	19⅛ ¼	252½253	88p	54 56p	86½ ⅝
29	207½208¾	85⅜ ⅜	86⅜ ¼	92⅜ ⅜	92⅜ ⅜	101⅜ 2¼	19 3-16 ¼	253	88 90p	57 56p	86⅝ ⅝
30	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Dec											
1	205 206	82½ 83⅜	82⅜ 84⅜	—	89½ 90	100⅞ 99⅞	18 11-16 ⅞	250	—	51 55p	83⅛ 84⅝
2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
3	—	82⅛ ¼	82⅜ 83½	—	89⅛ ⅜	99⅝ 100½	18 11-16 ¾	245 246	65 68p	40 44p	82⅛ 83⅝
4	203 ⅛	81½ 82	82½ ¾	89 ⅛	88⅜ 89	100⅛ ⅜	18⅛ ⅛	245	60 66p	40 44p	82¼ ⅞
5	203 204	81½ 82⅜	—	89⅛ ¼	88⅜ 89⅛	—	18⅛ 13-16	—	65 73p	40 44p	82⅜ 83¼
6	205	82⅜ ¼	—	89⅛	89⅜ ⅜	—	18 13-16 15-16	247	70 72p	42 44p	83⅜ ⅜
7	—	82⅜ 83	—	89¼	89⅜ ⅜	—	18 13-16 ⅞	—	70 72p	42 44p	83⅜ ⅜
8	—	82¼ ⅞	—	—	89⅜ ⅜	—	18 13-16 15-16	—	70 73p	43 45p	83½ ⅝
9	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
10	204	82¼ ⅜	—	—	89½ ⅜	—	18 13-16 ⅞	—	70 73p	42 45p	82⅝ 83⅜
11	205	82¼ ⅜	—	89⅜	89⅜ ⅜	—	—	—	—	42 44p	83⅜ ½
12	204½	82⅜ ⅜	—	89½	89⅜ ⅜	—	18 13-16 15-16	—	71 72p	42 44p	83⅜ ⅜
13	—	82⅞ 83⅛	—	90	89⅜ ⅜	—	18⅛ 19	—	70 72p	42 43p	83⅜ ⅜
14	—	82⅜ 83	—	90 ⅛	89⅞ 90	—	18 15-16	—	70 72p	42 44p	83⅜ ½
15	—	82⅜ 83	—	—	89⅛ 90	—	18 13-16 15-16	—	70 72p	43 44p	83½ ½
16	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
17	206	83⅝ ⅞	—	—	90⅛ ⅝	—	18 15-16 19	—	72p	44 47p	84 ⅝
18	205 ¾	83⅝ ⅞	—	—	90⅝	—	18 15-16	—	73 74p	46 47p	84½ ⅝
19	204 ¾	83⅜ ½	—	90½	90⅛ ⅞	—	19	—	73 75p	46 49p	84¼ ⅞
20	205	83¼ ½	—	90⅛	90⅝	—	18 15-16 19	—	77p	48 51p	83¾ 84⅜
21	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
22	—	83⅞ 84	—	90¾	90⅛ ⅞	—	19 1-16	—	85 87p	55 57p	86½ ⅞
23	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
24	205¾	83¼ ½	—	90½	90⅜ ⅝	—	19 1-16	—	84 87p	55 58p	83⅝ 84½
25	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

E. Eyton, *Stock Broker*, 2, *Cornhill and Lombard Street.*

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

From November 20th to 19th December inclusive.

By William Harris and Co., 50, High Holborn.

November.	Rain Guage.	Moon.	Therm. 9 A.M.	Therm. Max.	Therm. Min.	Barometer. 9 A.M.	Barometer. 10 P.M.	De Luc's Hygro. 9 A.M.	De Luc's Hygro. 10 P.M.	Winds. 9 A.M.	Winds. 10 P.M.	Atmospheric Variations. 9 A.M.	Atmospheric Variations. 2 P.M.	Atmospheric Variations. 10 P.M.
20			46	50	41	29 96	29 97	100	93	W	NW	Fair	Fair	Fair
21			42	43	29	30 08	30 02	86	84	NE	NNE	—	—	—
22			30	36	25	29 77	29 65	83	86	N	NNW	—	—	Snow
23			26	36	27	29 55	29 51	86	89	NW	N	—	—	Fair
24			30	34	28	29 67	29 88	88	88	N	N	—	—	Snow
25		☽	33	39	37	29 83	30 21	96	98	WSW	WSW	—	Rain	Clo.
26			42	45	34	30 20	30 25	98	100	WSW	W	Foggy	Clo.	Sleet
27			34	45	34	30 22	30 12	100	98	W	SW	—	—	Fine
28			36	45	41	29 92	29 70	98	87	SW	S	Clo.	—	Clo.
29			44	48	43	29 24	29 38	100	98	NW	NW	Rain	—	Fair
30			46	51	47	29 36	29 35	96	98	NW	S	Fair	—	Clo.
Dec.														
1			48	53	44	29 01	28 96	86	87	WSW	WNW	Clo.	—	Sleet
2			45	47	43	29 00	29 27	90	96	NW	ENE	—	Sleet	—
3		○	45	48	44	29 55	29 71	96	86	ENE	W	—	Fair	Clo.
4			50	56	49	29 66	29 71	97	93	W	WNW	—	—	—
5			51	56	47	29 95	29 73	95	95	W	W	—	—	—
6			47	49	36	29 68	30 00	80	85	WNW	NW	—	—	—
7			39	50	45	30 14	29 80	90	85	WNW	NW	—	—	—
8			46	47	35	29 77	29 86	88	90	NW	NW	Fair	—	Fair
9			40	55	51	29 79	29 55	90	98	W	NW	—	—	Sleet
10			54	55	45	29 36	29 24	98	98	SW	SW	Clo.	Sleet	—
11		☾	45	53	41	29 39	29 30	86	93	WSW	SW	—	Clo.	Clo.
12			44	46	42	29 25	29 21	97	100	ESE	SE	Dense F.	—	Rain
13			42	45	39	29 37	29 57	97	90	WNW	SW	Clo.	—	Clo.
14			44	52	43	29 35	29 34	92	98	SSW	W	Rain	Rain	—
15			47	55	44	29 57	29 46	98	98	WSW	SW	Fair	—	Rain
16			44	51	38	29 62	29 92	92	90	W	WNW	—	—	Fine
17			42	49	40	30 08	29 96	90	90	W	WSW	—	Fair	Fair
18		●	51	55	49	29 68	29 57	97	98	WSW	WSW	Rain	—	Rain
19			53	55	46	29 49	29 46	98	98	WSW	WSW	—	Rain	—

THE

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THE GAME LAWS.

THERE is a proverb traceable in the idiom of most ancient and modern nations, that "No persons are so blind as those that *won't* see!" This inference is quite true; and the *light* must be *very strong* which penetrates the darkness of such people. But these strong lights *do* occur now and then; and one of them (it gives us great pleasure to see) is just glimmering upon the obscurity, of the opponents of a reform in the system of the Game Laws!

It has never been any part of our opinion, nor, we believe, of the policy of any advocate of a moderate and practicable reform in the system of the Game Laws, that the right to kill game, without exception or restriction, should be thrown open to the whole community. Whatever may be the effect in the less thickly peopled countries of the Continent, to pass such a law here, would be to decree the extinction of game pretty nearly altogether. We have no mild and settled climate, in England, favourable in all seasons to the production and preservation of feathered game; no vast wastes, upon which it can always find sufficient subsistence without robbing any body; nor half-cultivated tracts, over which it may be followed without injury to the proprietor. In England, between our great manufacturing towns and our barren mining districts—our eternal parks and mansions, and turnpike roads, and navigable canals—the game is almost as much straitened and cooped, for compass, as we are ourselves. Every acre of ground, capable of subsisting any thing, is applied to some profitable account, and is the property of somebody. All that is taken from the soil by the birds, is so much lost to the harvest of the farmer; and landowners would no more consent to feed partridges in their fields, than they would raise apple and pear-trees in their gardens, if the produce belonged at large to the community. We are not aware that there is any commodity capable of being taken possession of (and worth taking possession of) that exists, or has recently existed, as public property in England; and we perceive no peculiarity about hares or pheasants, which should make them an exception to the

general rule. The first effect, as it seems to us, of any law that gave an unlimited liberty to shoot, would be the waste and extermination of nine-tenths of the game in the country; and the crusade would only cease, when (between the extent of the havock, and the refusal of the landowners to go on producing), the quantity left became so small (and that little so widely scattered), as not to repay the trouble of pursuing.

But we have no need of Game Statutes to secure us from a state of things like this: statutes, equitably and reasonably constructed (upon this, as upon other subjects), might, and no doubt would, be convenient: but the common law of the country—following only the dictates of common reason—protects game from pillage and spoliation, just as it protects every other description of property. Game is not found in the public highways, nor upon the tops of the houses: if it is to be shot or hunted down, it must be shot or hunted upon some man's *land:* and, upon that land, the law of the country—the natural and reasonable law of trespass—prohibits the public from coming. To talk of a "natural" or abstract "right" to shoot or possess "game,"—or any other kind of wealth—is, practically, nonsense. Society is made up out of the abandonment of such natural rights. The community can have no more just (as it has no more available) right, to the partridges which are fed by the corn-fields of a proprietor of land, than to the horses, or sheep, or oxen, that are fattened in his meadows. No doubt, every man has a "natural right" to kill game; and he has also a "natural right" to drink claret: but he has no more right to kill game on his neighbour's preserve, than he has to take claret out of the cellars of the London Tavern. No part of our policy goes to question the *absolute right* of the owner of land to the game that may be found upon that land: on the contrary, the denial of that right (strange as it may appear!) constitutes the case of many of the landowners themselves—and of our opponents.

The changes desired by those writers, who have been the advocates of a fair and reasonable adjustment of the question of the Game Laws, may be stated thus:—They have desired to see game declared private property; and its property distinctly vested in the owner of the soil:—to get rid of the absurd and offensive distinction of "qualification," as it exists either by birth or by estate:—and to allow the game proprietor the same control over that particular produce of his land (whether for purposes of use, or of alienation), which he possesses over property of every other character. These two last dispositions arise so self-evidently, and indeed so unavoidably, out of the first, that the whole, perhaps, for the purposes of argument, may be treated as one proposition.

The fair and equitable right, then, of the landowner to the game produced upon his ground, seems a point so clear, that we think we may dismiss it. The land breeds the game; feeds it; without the shelter and food of the land (and often without the direct purchase and outlay of the proprietor), the game would not be in existence. We take it there can scarcely be two opinions as to that which *ought,* in justice, to be the investment of the property of game; and we shall at once, therefore, proceed to that which *is* its actual distribution, under that part of the Game Law called the Law of "Qualification."

By the statute, the 22d of Charles II., cap. 25; extended and made perpetual by the 5th and 9th of Anne, caps. 14 and 25; it is enacted, "That every person *not having* lands or tenements, to the amount of 100*l.* a year; or leases for ninety-nine years, of the value of

150*l.* a year *(other than the son and heir apparent of an esquire, or person of higher degree);** shall be a person *not allowed* to have or keep any guns or dogs, for the killing of hares, rabbits, pheasants, partridges, or other game; *but prohibited* to have, keep, or use the same." And the 5th and 9th of Anne impose, as penalties for offending against these acts, "a fine of five pounds (on conviction before one magistrate), to be levied by distress upon the offender's goods; and, in *default of goods,* the offender to be *imprisoned for three months in the house of correction.*" Moreover, it is provided, by the statutes of Anne, "that any justice of peace, or lord of a manor, may *take away* any game *from persons not duly qualified.*" And the statute of Charles II. gives a power to *one justice of the peace* "to grant a warrant to *search the house* of any unqualified person for dogs or nets, *suspected;* and to *secure* or *destroy* the same, in the name of the lord of the manor."

Now we do not propose to go into a history of the innumerable quibbles—all of them very contemptible, but some extremely diverting—which have come before our courts for solemn adjudication under these statutes: nor shall we notice the excessively protective provisions of one or two obsolete, but *still unrepealed,* statutes; by one of which—the 1st of James I.—the shooting of game, or taking it with nets, is *prohibited altogether!*† But the above statutes of Charles II. and Anne, form the received law of "qualification" at the present day; and for insolence, absurdity, and incomprehensibleness of purpose, we doubt whether the whole range of the Statute-book can produce any thing equal to them.

The persons by these acts adjudged and selected, to be so far honoured and entitled above their fellow-subjects, as to enjoy the capability of shooting (and eating) game, are—freeholders who have 100*l.* a year in lands or tenements—in right of their estate: leaseholders, who have 150*l.* a year in leases for ninety-nine years—in right of their leasehold possessions: and the sons and heirs apparent of esquires, and persons of higher degree—by the force of their mere bodily excellent worth and reverence, and independent of any havings, or holdings, or possessions at all. Now what it is that gives these particular persons—any one of the three classes of them—as the law is worded—any claim to peculiar right or interest in the possession of game, we think it will be difficult to indicate.

The fair and rational title to the game seems to exist, beyond doubt, as we have already observed, in the owner of the soil. He raises it; feeds it: in fact, in a great measure, originally *buys* it. The most valuable species of our game, the pheasants, have been imported almost within the last half century. But even the first description of the qualifications *(declared by law)*—the qualification by estate—gives no advantage or preference to the possessor of the land: not a jot. The "estate" that qua-

* Esquires are—the younger sons of noblemen, and *their* heirs male, for ever: the eldest sons of baronets, or knights of the bath, or knights bachelors, and *their* heirs male in the right line. Great numbers of persons are also esquires *by degree,* who do not transmit the rank to their descendants; as, for example, all barristers, officers in the army holding the rank of captain, and all magistrates, during the time that they are in the commission. Persons of a higher degree than esquires are—field officers in the army, sergeants at law, and doctors of law, physic, and divinity. There are other parties entitled both as "esquires," and "persons of higher degree;" but the above description will be sufficient for ordinary purposes. The title of esquire, as commonly bestowed upon men of certain property, is merely a distinction of courtesy.

† This law (which is unrepealed) extends even to the killing *pigeons!*

lifies may be equally in "lands" or "tenements;" and under the value of 100*l.* a year—though a man's whole property lay in wood-land—"estate" forms *no qualification at all.* So that, the proprietor of sixty acres of corn land in Surrey, worth 99*l.* a year, must not touch a single feather of the birds, that his own land is rearing and feeding; and those same birds may be shot by the proprietor of a pawnbroker's shop (being worth 100*l.* a year) in High-street, St. Giles's—who never contributed so much as a crumb to a sparrow—(so far as any claim can accrue out of assistance and expenditure towards the maintenance of the game)—in the whole course of his existence!

If the claim of land, founded on its service of production, receives little attention from this law of estate, the claim of wealth, and general interest in the state, is negatived entirely. The merchant, who freights twenty ships a year to Spain or India, is not of that virtue in the empire that he may have leave to shoot a partridge. The fundholder, with an income of 5,000*l.* a year, who has lent 100,000*l.* to the country, is in the same situation. Neither of these persons may kill a hare or a pheasant, though bred upon their own land, without subjecting themselves to be dragged before a magistrate, and mulcted in a penalty: nor even *taste such a delicacy*—(bred no matter where)—*at their tables*—but by the bounty and allowance of some "qualified" person; of whose possible condition in life, and claims to such pre-eminence, we shall say a word hereafter.

The most extended possessions in landed property, meet with very little more consideration. The possessor of an estate containing a thousand acres, with fifty thousand head of game upon it, if he be not an "esquire," cannot authorize his sons to shoot a single bird.* Although he have the degree of esquire, yet, if he had twenty sons, not one of them is permitted to kill game except the eldest. And even a peer, although the whole of his sons are "qualified," cannot offer a day's shooting to an "unqualified" friend who may be visiting him. Lord Lonsdale, with five thousand pheasants, at a guinea each, prime cost, in his preserves, could not give a morning's sport to Mr. Southey, the poet laureate—without subjecting the bard probably to the chance of an "information,"—with "three months' imprisonment," in default of "goods" to pay the penalty,—at the hands of the very gamekeeper that might be deputed to attend him.†

But the most singular part of the whole system, and that to which all that we have described, seems cool, and moderate, and reasonable, by the comparison, is when we come to look at the law of "qualification by descent"—to observe the class of persons, in whose favour, and for whose benefit, the rights of every other order in the state seem to be curtailed or set aside! That any man, having the fear of Bedlam before his eyes, should be able to venture to rise in the House of Com-

* This is a case of every day's occurrence; as no extent of *property* makes a man an esquire.

† In fact, this particular statute (the statute of Anne) would be a very mild one to proceed under. For, by an act still in force, the 4th and 5th of William and Mary, any person not duly qualified, in whose possession any game [again including *pigeons*] shall be found, not giving, in convenient time, to be named by the justice, a good account how he became possessed of the same, is to forfeit 20s., to be levied, under warrant of the justice, by distress; and for want of distress, to be committed to the house of correction for a time not exceeding one month, *there to be whipped, and kept to hard labour.*

mons and defend such a law at the present day, does seem to be beyond comprehension!

The persons qualified by "descent," or mere natural and corporal worthiness, to kill game—independent of any possession of "estate," are "the eldest sons of esquires, and persons of higher degree"—the circumstances and condition necessary to give which titles or distinctions have been already shortly described. Now we wish to ask, what circumstance of divinity it is about these people—themselves devoid of estate, and descended from, and claiming in right of persons who perhaps never possessed a shilling of estate*—that gives them a title to property, produced by persons with whom they have—neither proximately or remotely—any connexion? We say nothing about the weakness and culpable inefficiency of a law, which, wilfully and constantly—as if of purpose—raises a question, which those who should try it have no ready means of determining. For there is no outward or visible sign, by which an "unqualified" man, shooting where he is unknown, can be distinguished from a "qualified" man! No mark—no document—beyond the assertion of the party himself—by which it can be ascertained, whether a stranger, shooting in Hampshire or Yorkshire, be the eldest son, or the second son—or any son at all—of the "esquire" in Kent or Essex, whose name he thinks proper to assume! And, therefore, for any man who is content to *lie*, the law, most wisely and praiseworthily, makes a peculiar and beneficial opening: and the only individual on whom the prohibition presses, is the man whose sense of honour forbids him to evade it. But we pass over all these minor circumstances of excellence, to come to that which has always seemed to us to be the point of *ultra* perfection in this law of "qualification by descent:" to wit, the provision, that, while the *son* of the "esquire" or "person of higher degree," is qualified—the "esquire," or "person of higher degree," *himself*, IS NOT! By a departure from the common principles of law, a man is enabled, upon this description of property, to give a better title to another, than that which he possesses himself. The man who *has* the rank or degree of "esquire," does not possess the *qualification*: but he qualifies his son, who *has not* the rank or degree! A colonel in the army, nay a general officer, by rank, is *not* qualified: the son of a captain, by rank, *must have* the qualification! In fact, the right altogether seems to exist very oddly, and to hang by a sort of sympathy (like Mahomet's tomb hanging between heaven and earth) generally *between two* persons. For though the son of the esquire most undutifully takes the title, while the father has it not; yet the father has his revenge, for, when *he* dies—though never crowned himself!—the reign of his usurping offspring ceases.†

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* For, as no extent of property makes a man an "esquire," or "person of higher degree," so, the party having that degree—as a captain in the army, or a doctor of physic—has it equally, and equally qualifies, and *must* qualify, his eldest son, although he should never, while he lives, at any one moment, be the master of twenty pounds. The eldest son of a barrister without business, living with his father in two garrets in the Temple, *has* a qualification: the eldest son of a proprietor of five thousand acres, in Norfolk or Suffolk, may be *without* it.

† The qualification of the son of an esquire, in the greater number of cases, ceases with the life of the father: as in the case where the father is an officer in the army, a barrister, a sergeant at law, a doctor of the learned professions, or a magistrate: at the death of any of these persons, the qualification of their eldest sons will cease. In the last case (that of the magistrate) the son is qualified, or disqualified, as the father happens to be in, or out of,

Therefore, it appears, it is not rank that makes us worthy of the qualification; for a peer—so far disgraced as to *deserve* his title—a peer, of *first creation*—is *not qualified*. It is not land; for the owner of a hundred acres may be without it: it is not wealth; for a man may have 100,000*l.*, and not possess it. As it is neither rank, nor wealth, nor character, that give the right; so—at last we have a consequence not entirely opposed to reason—it may be held without the connexion of any one of these distinctions: a common swindler may (and hundreds of common swindlers do) enjoy it. And this is the law of England, in the year 1828; and the law, which the higher branch of her legislature refuses to endure any alteration of!

The result is that which might be anticipated—the law is hated, and laughed at, and violated, from one extremity of the kingdom to the other. Men in a free country have always a feeling in favour of justice. They are content to see preferences granted—against themselves, where fair reason can be shewn for such preference. But here—here, the whole arrangement seems to be contrived in a spirit of the greatest possible contempt and insult of reason and justice! as though to say—"We have the power: mark now, how far we can and will abuse it!" Why is it that the holders of six hundred millions of government stock are to be excluded from those privileges which beggars may possess? Why has not the proprietor of government stock, or India stock, or Bank stock, as sound and reasonable a title to shoot or eat game, as—we will not talk of the owner of *land*—but as the owner of *nothing*—or the owner of houses in Holborn or Cheapside? On what principle is the arrangement founded, that a merchant or manufacturer, expending an income of 5,000*l.* annually, is not qualified to shoot game:—but may have a bill clerk, at fifty pounds a year, in his employ—(the son of some M. D. without practice, or petty mayor of a corporation)—who is qualified to shoot it for him? Half the sharpers who hang about the race-grounds and the gaming-houses—the disgrace of the police, and the nuisance of the country—are "qualified" men. The Insolvent Court is crowded with "qualified" people: and treats them with great kindness—for it insists upon *retaining* two out of three that appear. We have a list before us of the "qualified persons" who have been charged at the Old Bailey, and at the London police-offices, with swindling, "horse-chaunting," forgery, and theft, in the course of the last ten years. It is a curious document; but would be of no value, without the *names of the parties* (which humanity and justice forbid us to publish); but a little trouble of reference will enable any person, who may be anxious to do so, to construct a similar record for himself. We would desire, however, merely to hear the reason—the "most exquisite reason"—why persons of this description should enjoy a privilege, or mark of distinction, of which one half of the most respectable and meritorious subjects in the country are deprived?

A state of law so purely contemptible merits to have no weight—and it has none. The law against shooting game without qualification is obeyed scarcely by any one: that against purchasing it—by not a single individual, we

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office. The anomalies which arise out of this arrangement are ridiculous in the highest degree. The son of an esquire worth £1000 a year, in funded property, while the father lives—although he is without a shilling—must be qualified. At his father's death, although he becomes possessed of the property of £1,000 a year, he *loses his qualification!*

believe (who desires to have the article), in the whole country! Men, perfectly scrupulous upon all other subjects, make no difficulty of uttering a falsehood on any question connected with the Game Laws. The sons of considerable landowners shoot, on the one hand, without any qualification: and *inform* against any person (less able to bear litigation than their father), whom they find taking the same liberty, on the other. At Oxford and Cambridge, one qualification (and often one certificate) passing day after day from hand to hand, serves perhaps half a college: and the young men, who commit this fraud without the slightest compunction, would feel disgraced for ever by having lied or equivocated upon any other subject. In fact, the universal feeling is, that the case is one in which evasion is justifiable: all people do it, and in that which all do, there ceases to be discredit. Every child can see that the law is a mere farrago of arrogance, and contradiction, and impracticable absurdity. It is known—published—that many of those who are most forward to impose it upon their neighbours, and even fellows, secretly violate every article of it themselves. The whole country votes it an insult. The only struggle is, who shall violate it to most purpose. And when a chance conviction does take place, the cry is—not that the party concerned has committed any act of impropriety; but that the statute is a very disgraceful one, under which he is to be punished: and that a horse-whipping might, with very great advantage, be communicated to the informer!

It is no answer to all this, to tell us—that these complaints of the Game Laws are unfounded; for that "any man may have a qualification to shoot—there is no mystery in the process—*who has money to purchase it.*" The same argument would apply, with equal truth, to almost any possible arrangement of injustice and extortion. If the streets of London were kept without foot-pavement, we might be told, that "every man might avoid the mud," by "getting into a hackney-coach." And, in the same way, when he reached his journey's end, he might put an end to any fear of overcharge on the part of the driver, by simply paying him three times the amount of fare that was his due. The question is not—whether a qualification to shoot game *can* be bought by the man who has money?—but, whether it is necessary, or advantageous, that he should be compelled to pay the *price* that is demanded for it? And even this is consenting to waive the anterior question—why one man should obtain that privilege by an expensive purchase, which another, no way more visibly entitled or deserving than himself, receives as a matter of grace?

It is injustice and oppression—and even more than these—to impose any tax upon individuals, which does not tend to the advantage of the state; or, at least, to the obvious protection and security of some considerable (and deserving) class or interest in the state. But the law that fixes the manner of "qualification by purchase" compels a man to make an investment, perhaps very inconvenient to himself; and by which neither the general community, nor any class of claimants in it, seem to be in the remotest degree benefited! The purchase to be made—by a strange eccentricity of arrangement—has no earthly perceptible connexion with the right or power which the purchaser desires to buy! What would be the reasonableness of enacting, that no man should go to hear the Italian opera, who did not buy two tons of lavender-water, or become the holder of twenty-five cases of Havannah cigars? What would the public gain

by having this inconvenience imposed upon the lovers of music? If a candidate for the right of shooting game were compelled to pay a tax to the government for his qualification; or to hold, *de facto*, a specific quantity of land, that he might contribute to support the property that he destroyed; either of these arrangements might exhibit some shew of reason or purpose: but what do we mean by a law, which insists that a man shall purchase houses in Round-court, in the Strand, to acquire the right of shooting hares in Buckingham or Bedfordshire? The act seems not like compliance with a requisition of law, but like a trick of witchcraft or conjuration!—the conundrum of curing a man of a wound in one country, by rubbing salve upon a sword in another; "laying Obi," as it were, for the landowners; and affecting them by a transaction to which they are no parties, and of which they are not even cognisant. And this is directly the fact:—for the party who sells the houses in Round-court actually *does sell* with them, the exact number—whatever that may be—of partridges or pheasants that the purchaser can manage to kill upon the estates of every landed proprietor in the country; before each individual owner has time to inform him that he is legally, as well as morally, something very like a depredator; and that proceedings will be taken against him in that capacity, if he does avail himself of the immediate opportunity to retreat!

Our limits compel us to pass over those iniquitous provisions of the law, which, besides depriving the holders of an immense mass of wealth of their fair and equal rights on the subject of killing game, expose them to insult and obstruction in the course of their ordinary lives and avocations, in consequence of their "disqualification" to possess it. The holders of all the funded property in the country may not *kill* game under a penalty. They may not *have game in their possession*, or eat it (unless by gifts); and the lords of any manors in which they live, have authority *to take it away from them.* Their *houses may be searched* for game or nets, suspected only to be concealed; and this upon the warrant of a single justice of the peace—the servant of such justice being, perhaps, the party "suspecting" and laying the information. If it appear that a *dog* belonging to any of them has been seen to chase game—(it is not necessary that the game should have been taken or killed)—that dog may be *seized* by the lord of the manor, and *destroyed.* A vast number of other penalties follow, which, in any other situation than in rural districts—in towns, for instance, where a disposition to public spirit exists—it would be impossible to enforce for a twelvemonth, and which any man probably would attempt to enforce—even in a single instance—at some hazard of his life:* but we pass over the whole tissue of extravagance and

* It would be curious to imagine the result of an attempt to execute the provisions of the statute of Charles or Anne, upon a tradesman at Charing Cross; whose spaniel, for instance, had coursed or killed a stray hare on a walk with his master to Bayswater or Kensington Gravel Pits; and thereby incurred the penalty of death, by the hand of the gamekeeper, searching (under the warrant of a justice of the peace) in the name of the lord of the manor. The first case of such a kind would probably be got through securely—owing to the astonishment into which such a proceeding would throw the attacked party: and the confidence he would feel of prompt satisfaction for the wrong, at the hands of Mr. Conant, or Sir Richard Birnie. On the second occasion—when it was ascertained that the course was *legal*, and that there was no redress for it, the result would probably be not so satisfactory. The baker, or grocer, threatened, as the case might be, would, incontinently, kick the visiting gamekeeper out of his doors, or throw him out at the window. The mob,

tyranny, in order to devote the short remaining space allotted to us, to that most monstrous and intolerable of all the evils arising out of the present insolent and oppressive system—the calamitous account of robbery and homicide which is, year after year, inflicted upon the country, by that part of the law which prohibits *the public sale of game.*

It would scarcely be within the capacity of belief to any educated native of a foreign country, if the fact were stated to him, without absolute evidence of its truth—that there was a law in England, enacting that a commodity of English produce, constantly in demand, and brought to market as regularly as any other article of commerce, should be supplied wholly and solely to the consumer by no other means than theft. The first question of such an individual would be—as a justification of his incredulity—"What *object* is such a law passed to attain?" That question is one, to which a well-informed man might be puzzled to give an answer.

We wish to legalize the sale of game—to get rid of the absurd and mischievous prohibition which makes men offenders against the law by force, as if we had not sufficient of crime and misery to contend with naturally—not at all for the sake of the unqualified consumer—who does sufficiently well for his purposes already; and not very much for the sake of the producer—the great landowner—who, though he suffers materially from the law, deserves little sympathy, since he is himself the author of it; but, in some degree, for the sake of the common sense and reputation of the country, and still more for the sake of the lives and liberties—the moral feeling, and the personal safety—of the lower classes of its inhabitants; all of which circumstances that law is compromising, in a degree shameful to the constituted authorities which uphold it. Our argument on this point will be short; for the disgusting tendency of this portion of the generally selfish and stupid law—even by the most brutally obtuse and self-willed abettors of the system—is now admitted. The supporters of "the right of search," and of "qualification by descent," confess that the *sale of game* can be resisted no longer.

The effect of the law, as it stands at present, is this.—There exists in England—in London, at the "watering places," and in the more wealthy commercial and manufacturing towns—as systematic a demand for game, as for fish, poultry, or any other luxury of life. The whole of this demand is abundantly supplied; but the law insists that it be only supplied through the violation of the law—through the means of fraud or of robbery. Every body buys game; and every body knows that the game which he buys has either been stolen from the landowner, or sold to him, secretly, and contrary to law, by the landowner himself. The occurrence of a single instance of this last offence conveys an extent of baseness which it is sickening to imagine the existence of. That there

attracted by the riot, would roll any constables, that proposed to assist, in the kennel. The windows of the "lord of the manor's" house (in St. James's Square, or elsewhere) would be broken from top to bottom. The Guards would be called out, and after the loss of a life or so, the ringleaders of the riot would be secured. These last would be tried, and *probably acquitted.* If they were found guilty, some very lenient sentence would be passed upon them. But the law that authorised the killing tradesmen's dogs, in shops within the liberty of Westminster—though it were the law of Alfred, instead of that of Charles II.—*would be at an end for ever!* The enforcement of this law, however, in the agricultural counties, is by no means uncommon.

should be a single example of a man of large estate—a peer of the realm, perhaps—or at least a magistrate—himself a steady advocate for prohibiting the sale of game, selling his own game privately—or resorting to subterfuge, and bartering it—doing this by himself, or allowing his relatives and dependents to live or profit by doing it—cheating not only the public, for whom by his place he undertakes to watch, but the very companions who are associated with him in their common juggle ;—that there should be one such example as this, could scarcely be credited, if respectable individuals had not sworn to the fact before the Parliamentary Committee ; and a nobleman of high rank, himself of unquestioned character (Lord Suffield), openly declared his entire belief of it.*

But it is only a portion of the general demand for game that can be supplied by this last channel; and the remainder has to rely upon a regular notice—a kind of oral advertisement—published through the mouths of higglers, carriers, van-drivers, stage and mail coach "guards," and coachmen, and other persons daily traversing the country—that there are pheasants in the fields of A, which may easily be stolen, and which, when stolen, B is desirous to buy. This invitation, coming upon numbers of villagers, pressed sufficiently by need, and often in a state of absolute pauperism, produces that continued system of poaching which fills our gaols with prisoners; and which an odd error sometimes confounds with an effect of "the passion of the population of England for what are called field sports."

Because it is as great a mistake to say that a poacher steals game, out of a love of the "sport," or amusement that he finds in taking it, as it is to say, on the other hand, that he is a fated or determined thief, who, if he did not steal game, would steal something else—would steal, for instance, sheep or poultry. The love of the poacher for sport, never by any accident directs him to any but the most valuable game: he never looks for a partridge where he can find a pheasant, or for a rabbit, where he can find a hare: and a fox he never troubles himself about at all. On the other hand, the assumption of his predestination or predisposition to thieve, is a still more mischievous delusion. The temptation which leads a man to steal is made up of several ingredients. His want is probably the first: the second is the degree of facility with which he can obtain the object to be stolen: the third, the facility with which he can dispose of it. Now both these last conveniences the law touching game takes care very amply to provide the poacher with. If a labourer conceives the thought of stealing poultry, he must break open doors, and probably hazard being seized by dogs or inmates, in order to obtain it. When he has it—he must sell it at *a thief's* price: for it is known that it cannot be his own; and no reputable person will purchase fowls

* Several dealers in game (respectable poulterers) stated to the Committee (as a matter, perfectly well known in their trade), that noblemen and gentlemen were in the habit of bartering, and otherwise disposing of their game to the fishmongers and poulterers with whom they dealt; and Lord Suffield, in his very liberal and able pamphlet upon the Game Laws, speaks of several instances (not giving the names of the parties) in which, from facts within his own knowledge, he has no doubt of the existence of the practice. His lordship would not feel himself called upon to volunteer a disagreeable office ; but it certainly would be perfectly justifiable to *publish the name* of any proprietor, who could be *shewn* to have committed this sort of offence, and who was an *opponent* of a change in the system of the Game Laws.

or geese that shew marks of having been stolen. But partridges or pheasants may be *taken* almost without hazard: when taken, they can hardly by possibility be *identified:* though known to be stolen, they are readily *bought* by every body: and—that which perhaps goes still farther to promote the perpetration of the offence—public opinion *favours the offender*. Every man will stop the robber of a pig-stye or a hen-roost; but few people—except a landowner or a game-keeper—would inform against a poacher, though they saw him at work. The facility with which an exposed property like game may, under all circumstances, be taken, is aided by the practice (of modern introduction) of assembling vast quantities of it within very narrow limits. There only wanted one circumstance to make the attacks upon it certain and incessant—a market for the spoil: and that requisite, the admirable policy of our law has most liberally provided!

It remains to inquire, then, what objections arise to an alteration of the law: for the existing mode of preserving game, by weekly combats and bands of armed keepers, is inconvenient. It seems to be rather inefficient too—for the market *is* supplied, in defiance of it. And it would be likely to be so, because the force of *numbers* is against the proprietors—a manor will always be able to supply ten poachers at a less expense than the lord of it can furnish one keeper; and the former have only to assemble in very large bodies (as they are getting the habit of doing), and the power of resistance is at an end. But, in looking to the objections of those parties who still resist alteration, we suspect we should begin by digging out some little *hidden weaknesses* which those who indulge them are careful to conceal, and which they may be tempted, even when challenged with them, to disavow. That which we propose involves no abatement of any rational or equitable right. On the contrary, it assists, and sets up, and adds to, all such rights, very materially. When these advantages are obstinately rejected, there is cause to suspect some principle at work, which the possessor is not proud of, and which he is conscious it is for his convenience, as far as possible, to deny.

There is a little reluctance incidental sometimes to the human mind—generally little talked about, but not on that account less treasured—to part with any symbol of distinction, however weak or valueless, our own possession of which seems to vex or annoy our neighbours. We all love parties, clubs, coteries, clicks, circles—every circumstance that savours of exclusion. To *have*, at "No. 8," is nothing, unless the gentleman at "No. 10" be *without:* the more deserving and fit he is to have also, the greater our joy and triumph. This is a feeling hopeless of eradication from the minds of individuals; but it is one which a legislator should refuse to indulge. We may laugh at the Spanish wool and ice-cream dissensions at "Almack's," or the cuttings and blackballings that take place between the people that wear stays and mustachoes on one side of Bond-street, and those that exhibit them on the other: but it is work for blood, and disorder, and revolt, and malice, when the ("exclusive") Protestants of Dublin *will* "dress King William's statue"—because Protestants *alone* do this; and the (scarcely less obstinate and bigotted) Catholics, hug their grievances (as a bond of "union") so fondly, that one half their number would be sorry to have them redressed (and taken away) to-morrow. And the state of things is not considerably more

desirable in England, when the distinction between "disqualification" and "qualification" has reached to this—that the first class says frankly to the whole larceny, approved or nascent, of the community—"Rob the property of our opponents; and we will buy the pillage of you.

We are afraid that the real motives which produce an indisposition to change in the system of the Game Laws approach to these: because the objections put forward, are too weak and futile even for childhood itself to be amused by. The unqualified capitalist desires to have the law altered; because, as it stands, without aiding the public or the landed proprietor, it inflicts much inconvenience and annoyance upon himself. He sees no justice in being compelled (if he desires to have game) to invest a large sum of money in a way useful to nobody; and he desires to get rid of certain oppressive liabilities to which his disqualification *may* subject him, although the apprehension of personal consequences (so peculiarly unjust and insolent are the statutes) prevents them from being very frequently inflicted. But, for the rest, *he* has nothing to *gain;* for he has all the game that he wants already; and at a reasonable price. The necessities of the people who have the game, will always be an abundant warrant for his getting plenty of it. If he is a shopkeeper, he eats it as a *tribute,* from some "qualified person," who cannot pay his bill. If he is a banker, or a merchant, from some man who wants "discount," or "pecuniary assistance." If he is a poet, from some "lord" who fears his wit: if a lawyer, in "the House," from one who wants his assistance, or fears his opposition. If he is a clergyman, he gets it from some esquire, who desires to set an example of munificence to the clergy. If a physician, from some duke, who has the fear of death (not to speak of worse matters) before his eyes; and, in every little alarm, makes a pet of the doctor. If a man of wealth, he *buys* it in the market—perhaps with the superadded satisfaction of knowing, that he buys it of his opponent, the landowner, whose extravagance compels him—in evasion of his own law—to sell it. In each case, he thanks none of these people; and he has their grouse or woodcocks; so that *he* (the unqualified proprietor) has not a great deal of new advantage to desire!

But the great landowner has an enormous direct advantage, both in pecuniary gain, and in deliverance from annoyance, to acquire out of a change of the law: and it is incredible that any such man should believe that his interests would be compromised by it. The truth is, they smell a consequence. They dread touching the law—even the portion that annoys them—for they feel that it is but a touch, and it must crumble away altogether: and the little rag of pride—the symbol of "exclusiveness"—the "peculiar privilege"—and the "descent"—must go along with it. It seems impossible to believe that any man—even of 50,000*l.* a year—can be idiot enough to believe that the legalizing the sale of game would increase the amount of poaching! The market is *supplied already*—abundantly, and more than abundantly, supplied. It is supplied either by the fraudulent sales of the land owners themselves, or by the thefts of poachers—let them take their choice by which. If by the first, they cannot surely propose to bind the country at large by a law, and serve their own purposes whenever they think fit, by breaking it! If by the latter—why then *the poacher fully supplies the market already;* and how, under *any* circumstances, will he be able to do *more?*

The least beneficial result, to the landowner, of a law which enabled him to sell his game, would be, that he would share the market with the poacher, which the latter now holds entirely: but we believe that the true result would be, that he would have the Lion's share of it; and that the poacher would be almost wholly driven out. It is true that the first demand seems a startling one—"Can any man *sell* an article, cheaper than the man who *steals* it?" But, practically, there are a great many answers to this proposition: and we have one in direct words; we say—"Yes: the man who *has* it, and uses it only *to give away*." At present, the landowner's game, according to his own account, produces him *nothing*. He rears it; feeds it; and eventually shoots it, as a matter of diversion;—whatever he may get for it—be it much or little—is so much of *profit*. The poacher, whom we treat as getting the game for *nothing*, it must be recollected gives his *time* for it: gives the chance of his *liberty* (perhaps of his life) for it; and, after all, sells it for a *mere pittance*, because there are a long train of *capitalists* between him and the consumer, the whole of whom the landowner would avoid. In the illegal trade, the poacher who *kills* the game must be paid for his risk. The carrier who *takes it to town* (in small parcels, and therefore expensively) must be paid for his risk. The "salesman," who *sells it in the wholesale market*, charges an extra commission, for he must be paid for his risk;* and the poulterer, who *supplies it to the consumer*, will be paid for *his* risk. Must not any man be ignorant of the first principles of trade—or born a natural ass—who can believe that a commerce loaded with all these charges, will stand against the trade of the lawful proprietor, who has the game at first hand cheaper than the poacher can have it, and sends it to market, as he sends sheep or hogs, unexposed to any such intermediate expenses?

When we talk of the "sufficiency" of the price, which a landowner would be able to obtain in the market for pheasants, which he breeds at 10*s.* or 20*s.* a head, it must be remembered that he breeds these birds already—without looking to get any thing for them. And it is forgotten, too, how much of the cost of rearing game arises out of the present expensive system of "watching," four-fifths of which the destruction of the market for the plunder would render entirely unnecessary. A fresh instance of ill faith or imbecility appears in the long talked of apprehension, that the throwing open the trade in game would enable the small landowner to rob the great one. If the sale of game were equalized—this is the absurd argument—and the right thrown open to every man of shooting game upon his own lands, the proprietor who had large preserves, might be plundered by any petty proprietor in his neighbourhood. "The little proprietor, by strewing corn—(we are almost ashamed to discuss these absurdities, but they are not of our own introduction)—upon such of his fields as adjoined the preserves of the great proprietor, might entice the pheasants that the latter had reared into his own ground, where he may shoot and take possession of them."

Now if objections like this are worth notice, it is really surprising that the legislature should not have been called upon—between the

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* See Report of the Parliamentary Committee.

proprietors of land—to take measures that no one enticed to himself, an over-portion of the air or sunshine, to the deprivation of the rest! How it is that no bills have been brought into Parliament to guard against the encroachments of rival dove-cots, we profess ourselves, seriously, at a loss to understand. In the first place—if we must teach grown gentlemen how to carry their walking-sticks without poking them into each other's eyes—we apprehend that the same quantity of "temptation corn" which the holder of fifty acres could afford to strew on one side of a hedge, the owner of five thousand acres might afford to strew upon the other; or the rich man, if he really dreaded the attractive powers of his poor neighbour's barley, on one side of his estate, might go so far, for the sake of a law which would advantage all the kingdom, as—to remove his pheasants preserve to the other side. Or, if this latter course were inconvenient, he might—where such an extreme case did occur—maintain a gamekeeper on the look-out—as he now is compelled to do twenty; and it would something ill repay any farmer, who had only fifty acres of land, to stand upon it all day long with a gun in his hand, ready to knock down the chance pheasant that should fly over out of his neighbour's property!

But the most ridiculous part of this complaint is to come! for—if any thing could happen of that which is anticipated—why does it not happen *already?* The thing may happen just as well now, as under any improved system. The market is open. Game is bought and sold, without difficulty, both by proprietors and poachers. The man who has 100*l.* of yearly land, may shoot *now*—why does not *he* put in practice this device against his richer neighbour? It is not his additional 1*l.* a year of property (the difference between the 100*l.* that qualifies him, and the 99*l.* which would not)—nor an additional 500*l.* a year—that would prevent him from doing it! there are rogues that have as much as 1,000*l.* a year, or we are mistaken: some say with higher incomes still. Why do not these small "qualified people" commit the depredation now, if it is worth doing, or likely to be done? But we go yet farther. The present "unqualified" proprietor—he whose land does *not* amount to 100*l.* a year—nay whose land is not equal to 30*l.* a year—*he* may commit this fraud *now* with perfect security. He may "strew the corn" upon his ground, under the present system, in the way proposed. He may entice his neighbour's pheasants out of their preserves, under the present system, in the way proposed. And, although he may *not* shoot upon his land *himself*, under the present system, in the way proposed, yet he may *allow a qualified man* to do so; and no man can molest that person, or question his right. He has only to hire a "qualified man"—which he might do, if necessary, for five shillings a day—to *kill the birds for him:* and the whole of this ruinous plot against the property of the great landowner is executed—under the existing law! Why does not somebody attempt it?

We are tired of combating scruples like these: scruples, of which those who urge them must be sure of the futility; and which are thrown out only to divert public attention from the real grounds of resistance to the proposed improvement. And what are these? The petty pride, and weak and miserable aspiration to peculiar privilege, which we have already adverted to, and exposed. At least, it might be imagined that these statutes (which annoy all other persons) were highly satisfactory,

if not personally advantageous, to the higher landowners, by whom they are supported. On the contrary, they are exposed by them scarcely more to losses than to constant dissension and annoyance. The law of "descent" "qualifies" ten thousand people, whom they wish (and reasonably) to keep out; and they themselves are unable to qualify their families, but by an expensive, and often inconvenient process. Your "qualified" man—by descent—who never had a foot of land, nor ever looks to have—is the great scarecrow for which the gamekeeper is constantly on the watch. Such a man sneaks round the preserve of a proprietor, as cautiously as a poacher (according to law) would do: and with as much fear of being observed. He gets in, when the owner and his keepers are abroad; slaughters away—every thing—right and left—flying or sitting; and moves off at the first glimpse of a servant approaching, that he may not be "warned off," and so have an opportunity of committing his paltry depredation again. The true game proprietor is hardly put to more expense or inconvenience in keeping off the parish labourer, who turns poacher for a livelihood, than in watching the "qualified" depredator, who comes with his legal right, and shoots his game for the mere pecuniary value of it.

The same sort of teasing inconveniences, and more than teasing, dangerous inconveniences, pervade every department of the system. Two-thirds of the personal quarrels: three-fourths of the jealousies and heart-burnings: four-fifths of the prosecutions which take place in the agricultural districts, have their origin in the "Game Laws." The watching an unqualified man—who only stirs with a gun in his hand, lest he should shoot a partridge under cover of looking for a snipe; the getting a man just qualified "warned off" by neighbouring farmers—a bit of "jobbing" that the suffering party takes care at proper time to recollect; the quarrels about the right of "following game;" the almost nightly waste of life in the battles between keepers and poachers: and, to conclude, the trials of offenders at sessions and assizes—the whole charge of which is borne by the county:—all these are but a type of the evils which the Game Laws fasten upon the country; and which the legislature would seem to court, and to encourage, from the obstinacy with which their absurdities are maintained.

A simple law, which should repeal every statute in existence—without a single exception—touching the property of game; and vest the right to that property in the owner of the soil, with the same rights and powers which attach to every other description of possession, would be one of the most valuable boons that the present administration could confer upon England. The country is deeply indebted to Mr. Peel, for the candour and manly firmness, with which, while in office,* he pressed that reform upon Parliament, even in opposition to many of his personal friends and supporters; and we trust that, although out of office, he will not relax, and that the present session of Parliament will not be allowed to pass over, without some earnest and determined effort at amendment. We have suggested the vesting the property of game in the owner (in preference to giving it to the occupier) of the land; because we desire to see no step taken which should trench upon any

* It seems more than probable, that, before this paper is published, Mr. Peel will be in office again.—*Ed.*

right which the landowner possesses; and because the property, once fixed, may be as easily regulated, as to lease or disposal, as the already disposable property of the land out of which it arises.* That which we are anxious to see, is a law, capable of being plainly understood, and readily applied; and which shall put the competencies of individuals (their properties it is not desired to deal with) upon an equal footing. The same short process, before a magistrate, for killing game upon any man's land without his permission, as now applies to the doing the same act, without an unintelligible (and frequently unascertainable) qualification, would be sufficient for all purposes of maintaining the rights of individuals; while the demand of a certificate might still continue to afford a sufficiently unobjectionable duty to the state.

The convenience of a law like this would be, that property only would give any man a title; but that, having such property, he would dispose of it as he thought fit. Our object is, simply, to enable every man to do that which to himself seems good—provided that in doing so he injures no party—with that which is *his own:* a right so obvious, that how men ever consented to renounce it among themselves, seems almost a matter of mystery. We repeat our confidence that ministers will—we might almost say that they *must*—do something in this matter early in the present session. No cause exists *here* for delay: the question is one in which all but an interested few are "hearted." The country has been content to pay the penalty of a liberal policy abroad: we trust that the benefit of the same principles is not to be denied to her at home. Some changes, it will be recollected, have taken place even in the House of Lords, since the subject was last discussed; and it is said that more are contemplated. There can be no doubt that the dispensation of titles of honour should be guarded, or those titles lose their value; but almost any (constitutional) course is preferable to allowing a particular body to sit like an incubus upon the country, cramping and paralysing the general rights and energies, for the sake of its own peculiar pride, or personal advantage.

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* Of course, in this event, *existing* leases would be held to leave the right to the game in the landlord; in new contracts, that right might be granted to the tenant, or reserved as might seem most consonant to the interests of the parties.

THE PARTING OF SUMMER.

Thou'rt bearing hence thy roses,
Glad Summer, fare thee well!
Thou'rt singing thy last melodies
In every wood and dell.

But in the golden sunset
Of thy latest lingering day,
Oh! tell me, o'er this chequered earth,
How hast thou passed away?

Brightly, sweet Summer! brightly
Thine hours are floated by,
To the joyous birds of the woodland boughs,
The rangers of the sky.

And brightly in the forests,
To the wild deer wandering free;
And brightly, 'midst the garden-flowers,
Is the happy murmuring bee.

But how to human bosoms,
With all their hopes and fears,
And thoughts that make them eagle-wings,
To pierce the unborn years?

Sweet Summer! to the captive
Thou hast flown in burning dreams
Of the woods, with all their whispering leaves,
And the blue rejoicing streams;—

To the wasted and the weary
On the bed of sickness bound,
In swift delicious fantasies,
That changed with every sound;—

To the sailor on the billows,
In longings, wild and vain,
For the gushing founts and breezy hills,
And the homes of earth again!

And unto me, glad Summer!
How hast thou flown to me?
My chainless footstep nought hath kept
From thy haunts of song and glee.

Thou hast flown in wayward visions,
In memories of the dead—
In shadows, from a troubled heart,
O'er thy sunny pathway shed:

In brief and sudden strivings,
To fling a weight aside—
'Midst these thy melodies have ceased,
And all thy roses died.

But, oh! thou gentle Summer!
If I greet thy flowers once more,
Bring me again the buoyancy
Wherewith my soul should soar!

Give me to hail thy sunshine,
With song and spirit free;
Or in a purer air than this
May that next meeting be!

F. H.

VILLAGE SKETCHES.

No. IX.

The Bird-Catcher.

A London fog is a sad thing, as every inhabitant of London knows full well: dingy, dusky, dirty, damp; an atmosphere black as smoke and wet as steam, that wraps round you like a blanket; a cloud reaching from earth to heaven; a "palpable obscure," which not only turns day into night, but threatens to extinguish the lamps and lanthorns, with which the poor street wanderers strive to illumine their darkness, dimming and paling the "ineffectual fires," until the volume of gas at a shop door cuts no better a figure than a hedge glow-worm, and a duchess's flambeau would veil its glories to a Will-o'-the-wisp. A London fog is, not to speak profanely, a sort of renewal and reversal of Joshua's miracle; the sun seems to stand still as on that occasion, only that now it stands in the wrong place, and gives light to the Antipodes. The very noises of the streets come stifled and smothered through that suffocating medium; din is at a pause; the town is silenced; and the whole population, biped and quadruped, sympathize with the dead and chilling weight of the out-of-door world. Dogs and cats just look up from their slumbers, turn round, and go to sleep again; the little birds open their pretty eyes, stare about them, wonder that the night is so long, and settle themselves afresh on their perches. Silks lose their gloss, cravats their stiffness, hackney coachmen their way; young ladies fall out of curl, and mammas out of temper; masters scold; servants grumble; and the whole city, from Hyde Park Corner to Wapping, looks sleepy and cross, like a fine gentleman roused before his time, and forced to get up by candle-light. Of all detestable things, a London fog is the most detestable.

Now a country fog is quite another matter. To say nothing of its rarity, and in this dry and healthy midland county, few of the many variations of our variable English climate are rarer; to say nothing of its unfrequent recurrence, there is about it much of the peculiar and characteristic beauty which almost all natural phenomena exhibit to those who have themselves that faculty, oftener perhaps claimed than possessed, a genuine feeling of nature. This lovely autumn, when the flowers of all seasons seemed mingling as one sometimes sees them in a painter's garland—the violets and primroses re-blossoming, and new crops of sweet-peas and mignonette blending with the chrysanthemum, the Michaelmas daisy, and the dahlia, the latest blossoms of the year—when the very leaves clung to the trees with a freshness so vigorous and so youthful, that they seemed to have determined, in spite of their old bad habit, that for once they would not fall—this lovely autumn has given us more foggy mornings, or rather more foggy days, than I ever remember to have seen in Berkshire: days beginning in a soft and vapoury mistiness, enveloping the whole country in a veil, showy, fleecy, and light, as the smoke which one often sees circling in the distance from some cottage chimney, or as the still whiter clouds which float around the moon; and finishing in sunsets of a surprising richness and beauty, when the mist is lifted up from the earth, and turned into a canopy of unrivalled gorgeousness, purple, rosy and golden, disclosing the splendid autumn landscape, with its shining rivulets, its varied and

mellow woodland tints, and its deep emerald pasture lands, every blade and leaf covered with a thousand little drops, as pure as crystal, glittering and sparkling in the sunbeams like the dew on a summer morning, or the still more brilliant scintillations of frost.

It was in one of these days, early in November, that we set out about noon to pay a visit to a friend at some distance. The fog was yet on the earth, only some lightning in the south-west gave token that it was likely to clear away. As yet, however, the mist held complete possession—a much prettier, lighter, and clearer vapour than that which is defiled with London smoke, but every whit as powerful and as delusive. We could not see the shoemaker's shop across the road—no! nor our chaise when it drew up before our door; were fain to guess at our own laburnum tree; and found the sign of the Rose invisible, even when we ran against the sign-post. Our little maid, a kind and careful lass, who, perceiving the dreariness of the weather, followed us across the court with extra wraps, had well nigh tied my veil round her master's hat, and enveloped me in his bearskin; and my greyhound, Mossy, an elephant of a dog, who had a mind to give us the undesired honour of his company, carried his point, in spite of the united efforts of half a dozen active pursuers, simply because the fog was so thick that nobody could see him. It was a complete game at bopeep. Even mine host of the Rose, one of the most alert of his followers, remained invisible, although we heard his voice close beside us.

A misty world it was, and a watery; and I that had been praising the beauty of the fleecy white fog every day for a week before, began to sigh, and shiver, and quake, as much from dread of an overturn as from damp and chillness, whilst my careful driver and his sagacious steed went on groping their way through the woody lanes that lead to the Loddon. Nothing but the fear of confessing my fear, that feeling which makes so many cowards brave, prevented me from begging to turn back again. On, however, we went, the fog becoming every moment heavier as we approached that beautiful and brimming river, which always, even in the midst of summer, brings with it such images of coolness and freshness as haunt the fancy after reading Undine; and where on the present occasion we seemed literally to breathe water—as Dr. Clarke said in passing the Danube. My companion, nevertheless, continued to assure me that the day would clear—nay, that it was already clearing; and I soon found that he was right. As we left the river we seemed to leave the fog; and before we had reached the pretty village of Backham the mist had almost disappeared; and I began to lose at once my silent fears and my shivering chilliness, and to resume my cheerfulness and my admiration.

It was curious to observe how object after object glanced out of the vapour. First of all, the huge oak, at the corner of Farmer Brookes's field, which juts out into the lane like a crag into the sea, forcing the road to wind around it, stood forth like a hoary giant, with its head lost in the clouds; then Farmer Hewitt's great barn—the house, ricks, and stables still invisible; then a gate, and half a cow, her head being projected over it in strong relief, whilst the hinder part of her body remained in the haze; then, more and more distinctly, hedgerows, cottages, trees, and fields, until, as we reached the top of Backham Hill, the glorious sun broke forth, and the lovely picture lay before our eyes in its soft and calm beauty, emerging gradually from the vapour that

overhung it, in such manner as the image of his sleeping Geraldine is said to have been revealed to Surrey in the magic glass. A beautiful picture it forms at all times that valley of Backham. Fancy a road winding down a hill between high banks, richly studded with huge forest trees, oak and beech, to a sparkling stream, with a foot bridge thrown across, which runs gurgling along the bottom; then turning abruptly, and ascending the opposite hill, whilst the rich plantations and old paling of a great park "come cranking in" on one side, and two or three irregular cottages go straggling up on the other; the whole bathed in the dewy sunshine, and glowing with the vivid colouring of autumn. The picture had, at the moment of which I speak, an additional interest, by presenting to our eyes the first human being whom we had seen during our drive (we had heard several); one, too, who, although he bore little resemblance to the fair mistress of Lord Surrey, was yet sufficiently picturesque, and in excellent keeping with the surrounding scene.

It was a robust sturdy old man, his long grey hair appearing between his well-worn hat and his warm but weather-beaten coat, with a large package at his back, covered with oilskin, a bundle of short regular poles in one hand, and a large bunch of thistles in the other; and even before Mossy, who now made his appearance, and was endeavouring to satisfy his curiosity by pawing and poking the knapsack, thereby awakening the noisy fears of two call-birds, who, together with a large bird-net, formed its contents,—before this audible testimony of his vocation, or the still stronger assurance of his hearty good-humoured visage, my companion, himself somewhat of an amateur in the art, had recognized his friend and acquaintance Old Robin, the bird-catcher of B.

We soon overtook the old man, and after apologizing for Mossy's misdemeanor, who by the way seemed sufficiently disposed to renew the assault, we proceeded at the same slow pace up the hill, holding disjointed chat on the badness of the weather these foggy mornings, and the little chance there was of doing much good with the nets so late in the afternoon. To which Robin gave a doleful assent. He was, however, going, he said, to try for a few linnets on the common beyond the Great House, and was in hopes to get a couple of woodlarks from the plantations. He wanted the woodlarks, above all things, for Mrs. Bennet, the alderman's lady of B., whose husband had left the old shop in the Market Place, and built a fine white cottage just beyond the turnpike gate—so madam had set her heart on a couple of woodlarks, to hang up in her new shrubbery, and make the place look rural.

"Hang up, Robin! Why there is not a tree a foot high in the whole plantation! Woodlarks! Why they'll be dead before Christmas."

"That's sure enough, your honour," rejoined Robin.

"A soft-billed bird, that requires as much care as a nightingale!" continued my companion. "By the way, Robin, have you any nightingales now?"

"Two, Sir; a hen——"

"A hen! That's something remarkable!"

"A great curiosity, Sir; for your honour knows that we always set the trap for nightingales by ear like; the creature is so shy that one can seldom see it, so one is forced to put the mealworm near where one hears the song: and its the most uncommon thing that can be to catch a hen;

but I have one, and a fine cock too, that I caught last spring just afore building time. Two as healthy birds as ever were seen."

"Is the cock in song still?"

"Aye, Sir, in full song; piping away jug, jug, jug, all the day and half the night. I wish your honour would come and hear it." And, with a promise to that effect, we parted, each our several ways; we to visit our friend, he to catch, if catch he could, a couple of woodlarks to make Mrs. Bennet's villa look rural.

Old Robin had not always been a bird-catcher. He had what is called fallen in the world. His father had been the best-accustomed and most fashionable shoemaker in the town of B., and Robin succeeded, in right of eldership, to his house, his business, his customers, and his debts. No one was ever less fitted for the craft. Birds had been his passion from the time that he could find a nest or string an egg: and the amusement of the boy became the pursuit of the man. No sooner was he his own master than his whole house became an aviary, and his whole time was devoted to breeding, taming, and teaching the feathered race; an employment that did not greatly serve to promote his success as a cordwainer. He married; and an extravagant wife, and a neglected, and, therefore, unprosperous business, drove him more and more into the society of the pretty creatures, whose company he had always so greatly preferred to that of the two-legged unfeathered animal, called man. Things grew worse and worse; and at length poor Robin appeared in the Gazette—ruined, as his wife and his customers said, by birds: or, as he himself said, by his customers and his wife. Perhaps there was some truth on either side; at least, a thousand pounds of bad debts on his books, and a whole pile of milliners and mantua-makers' bills, went nigh to prove the correctness of his assertion. Ruined, however, he was; and a happy day it was for him, since his stock being sold, his customers gone, and his prospects in trade fairly at an end, his wife (they had no family) deserted him also, and Robin, thus left a free man, determined to follow the bent of his genius, and devote the remainder of his life to the breeding, catching, and selling of birds.

For this purpose he hired an apartment in the ruinous quarter of B. called the Soak, a high, spacious attic, not unlike a barn, which came recommended to him by its cheapness, its airiness, and its extensive cage-room; and his creditors having liberally presented him with all the inhabitants of his aviary, some of which were very rare and curious, as well as a large assortment of cages, nets, traps, and seeds, he began his new business with great spirit, and has continued it ever since with various success, but with unabating perseverance, zeal, and good humour—a very poor and a very happy man. His garret in the Soak is one of the boasts of B.; all strangers go to see the birds and the bird-catcher, and most of his visitors are induced to become purchasers, for there is no talking with Robin on his favourite subject without catching a little of his contagious enthusiasm. His room is quite a menagerie, something like what the feathered department of the ark must have been—as crowded, as numerous, and as noisy.

The din is really astounding. To say nothing of the twitter of whole legions of linnets, goldfinches, and canaries, the latter of all ages; the chattering and piping of magpies, parrots, jackdaws, and bullfinches, in every stage of their education; the deeper tones of blackbirds, thrushes, larks, and nightingales, never fail to swell the chorus, aided by the

cooing of doves, the screechings of owls, the squeakings of guinea-pigs, and the eternal grinding of a barrel-organ, which a little damsel of eight years old, who officiates under Robin as feeder and cleaner, turns round, with melancholy monotony, to the loyal and patriotic tunes of *Rule Britannia* and *God save the King*—the only airs, as her master observes, which are sure not to go out of fashion.

Except this little damsel and her music, the apartment exhibits but few signs of human habitation. A macaw is perched on the little table, and a cockatoo chained to the only chair; the roof is tenanted by a choice breed of tumbler pigeons, and the floor cumbered by a brood of curious bantams, unrivalled for ugliness.

Here Robin dwells, in the midst of the feathered population, except when he sallies forth at morning or evening to spread his nets for gold-finches or bullfinches on the neighbouring commons, or to place his trap-cages for the larger birds. Once or twice a year, indeed, he wanders into Oxfordshire, to meet the great flocks of linnets, six or seven hundred together, which congregate on those hills, and may be taken by dozens; and he has had ambitious thoughts of trying the great field of Covent Garden. But in general he remains quietly at home. That nest in the Soak is too precious a deposit to leave long; and he is seldom without some especial favourite to tend and fondle. At present, the hen nightingale seems his pet; the last was a white blackbird; and once he had a whole brood of gorgeous king-fishers, seven glorious creatures, for whose behoof he took up a new trade, and turned fisherman, dabbling all day with a hand-net in the waters of the Soak. It was the prettiest sight in the world to see them snatch the minnows from his hand, with a shy mistrustful tameness, glancing their bright heads from side to side, and then darting off like bits of the rainbow. I had an entire sympathy with Robin's delight in his kingfishers. He sold them to his chief patron, Mr. Jay, a little fidgetty old bachelor, with a sharp face, a hooked nose, a brown complexion, and a full suit of snuff-colour, not much unlike a bird himself; and that worthy gentleman's mismanagement and a frosty winter killed the kingfishers every one. It was quite affecting to hear poor Robin talk of their death. But Robin has store of tender anecdotes; and any one who has a mind to cry over the sorrows of a widowed turtle-dove, and to hear described to the life her vermilion eye, black gorget, soft plumage, and plaintive note, cannot do better than pay a visit to the garret in the Soak, and listen for half an hour to my friend the bird-catcher.

M.

THE EARLY ENGLISH DRAMA:

No. I.

The Revenger's Tragedy.

Perhaps too much has been written in general terms on the character of the old English *dramatists* respectively, and too little on that of the various *dramas* which they produced. We have been told of each of the writers in question, that he is this, and that, and the other—a variety of attributes being collected together and heaped upon him, many of which are incompatible with each other—instead of being presented with a full and fair examination of the most complete and characteristic of their separate dramas—letting the work so examined speak in a great measure for itself. In short, we have been called upon to look too much into the supposed *minds* of old dramatists through their works, instead of fixing our attention and confining our examination to the works themselves; and have been too much accustomed to build up ingenious theories and fallacious generalizations, without an adequate foundation for them to rest on—leaving unformed those individual estimates for which we in fact have the most ample and tangible materials in our hands.

It will be the object of these papers to avoid this mischievous error, by confining themselves to an examination of individual plays, with an almost exclusive view to their own respective qualities, and not looking at any one through the medium of any other, or of any thing else whatever—not even the mind of its author. And, perhaps, it will be found, that, from this method, the reader will, in the end, gain not only a more positive and distinctive, but a more comprehensive notion of the authors whose works will be treated of (much more of those works themselves), than he would by any general estimates that can be made of them, however ingenious, elaborate, or profound. At any rate, he will gain, by this method, a more clear and characteristic notion of each drama examined, than he could by any other method of examination whatever;—to say nothing of there being many of the old dramas that are absolutely unique in their way, and that therefore cannot be brought within the pale of any general classification that has ever been made of them, or that ever can be made.

In order that we ourselves may not be tempted to set foot in the flowery paths that we are deprecating, let us, without farther preface, address ourselves to the immediate subject with which we have chosen to commence our series of papers on the "Early English Drama."

We are inclined to believe that the *Revenger's Tragedy*, and its author, Cyril Tourneur, are scarcely known by name, to a great majority even of those persons who make up that vast abstraction, "the Reading Public," of the present day; and yet, we will venture to say, that Shakspeare himself has produced no single work which is more strongly calculated to impress the general reader with lofty notions of tragic power, no less in regard to the construction of plot and incident, than the conception of character, and its development in poetical language. And in regard to moral effect, we know of nothing in the whole circle of the modern languages which surpasses this extraordinary work. There is a unity of purpose in it, which, after it has acted upon the reader for a short time, becomes truly appalling, and which, at the close of the work, leaves him with an accumulated weight pressing upon his spirits and his heart,

which it requires something more than the ordinary business of life to remove.

The scene of the *Revenger's Tragedy* is laid at the court of one of the reigning dukes of Italy; and the *Dramatis Personæ* consist entirely of the duke's family, with the exception of two brothers *(the Revengers)*, and their sister and mother, who are made at once incitements and instruments of that revenge which forms the subject of the play. It may be as well to premise that, with one exception, the whole of these persons are represented in colours which, at the very commencement of the play, cut them off from the reader's sympathy, and in some degree prepare him for the havoc that is in the end to be made among them, in order to satisfy the "great revenge" of Vindici, the principal—and, indeed, it may be said the only—*character* in the drama; for Castiza, the sister of Vindici, and the redeeming spirit of the piece, is not so much a dramatic character, as she is a kind of abstraction or personification of the virtue whose name she bears—Chastity.

It would be difficult to name a drama, in any language, which opens more poetically as well as dramatically, and the opening of which at the same time so effectually answers its more immediate end, of preparing the mind for what is to follow, by means of hints relating to what has passed. As it is a very principal object of these papers to present our readers with beautiful and characteristic specimens of a department of our literature with which, notwithstanding all that has been of late years written about it, we must venture to consider them as for the most part practically unacquainted, — we shall, instead of describing the commencement of the *Revenger's Tragedy*, let it speak for itself.

The reader will observe that the language of this opening scene is in no degree inferior generally to that of its period—the only period of our literature in which *dramatic* language has been in the least degree understood among us. It also contains two or three passages in every respect worthy of Shakspeare himself.

SCENE I.

Enter VINDICI. *The Duke, Duchess,* LUSURIOSO *the Duke's Son,* SPURIO *the Bastard, with a train, pass over the stage with torch-light.**

Vin. Duke! royal letcher! go, grey-haired adultery!
And thou his son, as impious steeped as he!
And thou his bastard, true begot in evil!
And thou his duchess, that would do with devil!
Four excellent characters! O, that marrowless age
Should stuff the hollow bones with damned desires,
And, 'stead of heat, kindle infernal fires
Within the spendthrift veins of a dry duke—
A parched and juiceless luxur! O God! one
That has scarce blood enough to live upon,
And he to riot it like a son and heir!
O, the thought
Turns my abused heart-strings into fret.
Thou sallow picture of my poisoned love,†
My study's ornament—thou shell of death!

* As it should seem, from what follows, that Vindici is supposed, during this scene, to be in his own study, we must bear in mind the practice of the old stage, of exhibiting two scenes at the same time, one above the other.

† Here he addresses the skull of his dead mistress, murdered by the duke.

Once the bright face of my betrothed lady,
When life and beauty naturally filled out
These ragged imperfections;
When two heaven-pointed diamonds were set
In those unsightly rings! then 'twas a face
So far beyond the artificial shine
Of any woman's bought complexion,
That the uprightest man, if such there be,
That sins but seven times a-day, broke custom,
And made up eight with looking after her.
Oh, she was able to ha' made an usurer's son
Melt all his patrimony in a kiss,
And what his father fifty years told,
To have consumed, and yet his suit been cold.
But, oh, accursed palace!
Thee, when thou wert appareled in thy flesh,
That old duke poisoned,
Because thy purer part would not consent
Unto his palsied lust: for old men, lustful,
Do shew like young men angry—eager, violent:
Oh, 'ware an old man hot and vicious!
Age, as in gold, in lust is covetous.
Vengeance, thou murderest quit-rent, and whereby
Thou shew'st thyself tenant to tragedy,—
Oh, keep thy day, hour, minute, I beseech
For those thou hast determined.—Hum! who e'er knew
Murder unpaid?—faith, give Revenge her due,
She's kept touch hitherto. Be merry, merry!
Advance thee, O thou terror to fat folks!
To have their costly three-piled flesh worn off
As bare as this: for banquets, ease, and laughter
Can make great men, as greatness goes by clay:
But wise men little, are more great than they.

Enter HIPPOLITO.

Hip. Still sighing o'er death's vizard?
Vin. Brother, welcome!
What comfort bringest thou? how go things at court?
Hip. In silk and silver, brother; never braver.
Vin. Puh!
Thou playest upon my meaning. Prithee say,
Has that bold madam, Opportunity,
Yet thought upon us? Speak—are we happy yet?
Thy wrongs and mine are for one scabbard fit.
Hip. It may prove happiness.
Vin. What is it may prove?
Give me to taste.
Hip. Give me your hearing then.
You know my place at court?
Vin. Ay—the duke's chamber:
But 'tis a marvel thou'rt not turned out yet.
Hip. Faith, I've been shoved out; but 'twas still my hap
To hang by the duchess's skirt. You guess at that:
Whom such a coat keeps up can ne'er fall flat.
But to the purpose:
Last evening, predecessor unto this,
The duke's son warily inquired for me,
Whose pleasure I attended. He began
By policy to open and unhusk me

About the time, and common rumour:
But I had so much wit to keep my thoughts
Up in their close-built houses; yet afforded him
An idle satisfaction, without danger.
But the whole aim and scope of his intent
Ended in this: conjuring me in private
To seek some strange-digested fellow forth,
Of ill-contented nature; either disgraced
In former times, or by new grooms displaced
Since his stepmother's nuptials; such a blood,
A man that were for evil only good:
To give you the true word, some base-coin'd pander.
Vin. I reach you: for I know his heat is such,
Were there as many concubines as ladies,
He would not be contained; he must fly out.
I wonder how ill-featured, vile-proportioned,
That one should be, if she were made for woman,
Whom, at the insurrection of his lust,
He would refuse for once? Heart!—I think none.
Next to a scull, though more unsound than one,
Each face he meets he strongly doats upon.
Hip. Brother, you've truly spoke him:
He knows not you, but I'll swear you know him.
Vin. And therefore I'll put on that knave for once,
And be a right man then—a man o' the time:
For to be honest's not to be o' the world.
Brother, I'll be that strange-composed fellow.

He must have not only great confidence in his own powers, but a very rich vein of fine writing within him to justify that confidence, who could commence in a strain like this a drama that was to continue through five long acts, and depend for its interest on one subject from beginning to end—almost on one feeling. It will be observed that in this opening scene the motive of Vindici's revenge is but glanced at; and yet we at once feel it to be more than sufficient if not to justify, at least to excuse all that is afterwards to follow from it, whatever that may be. The author, however, does not permit us to be so easily satisfied, but most skilfully contrives that every act which brings about the consummation, on the hope of which his hero has been so long living, shall at the same time bring with it additional grounds for making his catastrophe come within the limits of poetical justice; for Vindici's determination is, not merely to get rid of the wretch who was the immediate cause of the ill over which he has brooded till he has no other feeling within his heart or thought within his brain—but to cut off "all who trace him in his line"—to extirpate the whole "nest of dukes,"—as he afterwards calls them;—for "his great revenge has stomach for them all."

We have seen, in the opening of the drama, that Vindici catches at once at the first probable opportunity of furthering his views; and he is shortly afterwards introduced to the duke's son, as a person able and willing to assist in compassing his ends, whatever they may be.

Previous to this, however, we have a long scene which introduces to us nearly all the other characters, in a very striking point of view, and prepares us for all that we are to expect from them. It appears that the duchess's youngest son has just committed an atrocious outrage on a most virtuous lady of his mother's court; and in the scene in question he is brought in to be condemned to death, according to the laws of the

state. But both he and his mother evidently depend on his step-father, the duke, interfering to save his life; which he can do by a mere word, but which word he hesitates to pronounce, and, instead, defers the judgment. This gives occasion to open out some of the other characters, and particularly those of the duchess and Spurio, the duke's bastard: and truly, they are made to sketch their own portraits with a pencil that combines all the off-hand ease of Rubens with all the terrible depth of Caravaggio. After the court has broken up, the duchess remains alone, and communes with herself as follows:—

Was ever known a step-duchess so mild
And calm as I? Some, now, would plot his death
With easy doctors, those loose-living men,
And make his withered grace fall to his grave,
And keep church better:
Some second wife would do this, and dispatch
Her double-loathed lord at meal or sleep.
Indeed 'tis true an old man's twice a child:
Mine cannot speak: one of his single words
Would quite have freed my youngest, dearest son,
From death or durance, and have made him walk
With a bold foot upon the thorny law,
Whose prickles should bow under him. But 'tis not;
And therefore wedlock faith shall be forgot.
I'll kill him in his forehead: hate, there feed!
That wound is deepest, though it never bleed!

At this moment the bastard enters, and she immediately proffers love to him; which he at first pretends to reject; till she urges it on him as a just revenge for his blighted destiny:—

Duch. Who would not be revenged of such a father,
E'en in the worst way? I would thank that sin
That could most injure him, and be in league with it.
Oh, what a grief 'tis, that a man should live
But one in 'i the world, and then to live a bastard!
The curse o' the womb—the thief of nature—
Begot against the seventh commandment—
Half damned in the conception, by the justice
Of that unbribed, everlasting law.

* * * * * *

Cold still? In vain then must a duchess woo?
Spur. Madam, I blush to say what I will do.
Duch. Thence flew sweet comfort. Earnest, and farewell.
Spur. Oh, one incestuous kiss picks open hell!
Duch. Faith, now, old duke, my vengeance shall reach high;
I'll arm thy brow with woman's heraldry. [*Exit.*
Spur. Duke, thou didst do me wrong; and by thy act
Adultery is my nature.
Faith, if the truth were known, I was begot
After some gluttonous dinner; some stirring dish
Was my first father, when deep healths went round,
And ladies' cheeks were painted red with wine,—
Their tongues, as short and nimble as their heels,
Uttering words sweet and thick.

* * * * * *

In such a whispering and withdrawing hour,
When base male-bawds kept centinel at stair-head,
Was I stolen softly.

And so he goes on, in a strain terribly true to the nature of one in whom an involuntary injury is rankling, and who would fain make that an excuse for a sin that he has already a mind to.

It may be well to observe here, that a principal characteristic of this play now begins to develop itself; namely, the absolute unity of purpose by which it is contrived that all the actions which take place shall spring more or less directly from the same feeling—of revenge for some real or supposed injury: all, however, being kept in subservience to that of *the* Revenger *par excellence*. Our extracts have also already included one or two examples of another characteristic of this singular work, of which we shall have occasion to speak again hereafter: we mean the occurrence of single lines, which, for the *weight of metal* contained in them, cannot be matched out of Shakspeare.

We now approach the main action of the drama, which is to be brought about by the connexion of the disguised Vindici with the duke's son, Lusurioso. To say that the following short apostrophe reminds us of that (in Lady Macbeth), from which it was in all probability borrowed, yet without suffering in any great degree by the association, is to give it praise that but few passages of a similar kind would justify:—

Enter Vindici *and* Hippolito. Vindici *in disguise, to attend* Lusurioso.

Vin. What, brother—am I far enough from myself?
Hip. As if another man had been sent whole
Into the world, and none wist how he came.
Vin. It will confirm me bold; the child o' the court;
Let blushes dwell i' the country.
Impudence!
Thou goddess of the palace—mistress of mistresses—
To whom the costly perfumed people pray,—
Strike thou my forehead into dauntless marble—
Mine eyes to steady sapphires! Turn my visage;
And, if I needs must glow, let me blush inward;
That this immodest season may not spy
That scholar in my cheeks, fool Bashfulness.

Lusorioso now enters, and discloses his views—which, it appears, point at no other than Castiza, sister to Vindici. This, while it fires anew his desire for revenge on the "nest of dukes" collectively, delays his main design against the reigning one; and he determines on trying to the uttermost the virtue of his beloved sister, whom he finds all that his heart and his honour could hope for. Not so, however, their mother, Gratiana. She is for a moment tempted, by the dazzling offers and persuasive tongue of the disguised Vindici, to turn aside from her better nature, and consent to assist in urging her daughter's dishonour. But the latter triumphantly resists them both, and at length indignantly leaves them. Of the fine scene in which this conference takes place, we can only give the following passage, which we conceive to be in its way unsurpassed. The lines marked in italics display a vigour and vividness of imagination which is truly wonderful; and the triumphant exclamation of Vindici is beautiful in the highest degree:—

Castiza. False! I defy ye both!
I have endured you with an ear of fire;
Your tongues have struck hot irons on my face.
Mother come from that voisonous woman there.

Gra. *Where?*
Cas. *Do you not see her? She's too inward then!*
Slave, perish in thine office! Yon heavens please
Henceforth to make the mother a disease,
Which first begins with me. Yet I've outgone you. [*Exit.*
Vin. O angels, clap your wings upon the skies,
And give this virgin crystal plaudities!

Vindici now meets Lusurioso, and in order to appease his rage at the temporary failure of his mission to Castiza, informs him of an intrigue, which is at that moment supposed to be taking place, between the duchess and Spurio. Lusurioso immediately rushes to the supposed scene of his father's shame, and is about in his fury to dispatch them both, when it turns out that the old duke himself is sleeping in the place of the expected paramour; and before Lusurioso can explain the motive of his extraordinary appearance at such an hour, he is hurried away to prison on a charge of treason; for, instead of following Vindici's counsel, and approaching the spot cautiously, he rushes upon them with a headlong fury, which is nobly expressed in the following brief passage:—

Vin. ——————Be soft, my lord.
Lus. Away! my spleen is not so lazy: thus, and thus,
I'll shake their eyelids open, and with my sword
Shut them again for ever. Villain! strumpet!

This incident, which is collateral to the main design of Vindici's revenge upon the old duke, brings about two or three scenes which need not be described particularly, because they only assist in maturing the circumstances which at last lead to the extirpation of the younger branches of the family. Perhaps these scenes, in which the four aspirants to the duke's throne are engaged in intriguing against the lives of each other, and in which the younger one is dispatched by a sort of contrived mistake, were better away, because they distract our attention from the main design of Vindici. But at any rate they form an effective foil to the magnificent, though terrible and appalling scene, which immediately follows them; and which we will venture to say is not to be surpassed in its way, if paralleled, by any one in the whole circle of the English drama: and elsewhere than in the English drama there is nothing which in the least degree resembles it. As our limits do not enable us to give this splendid scene, we entreat the reader of the play to pay attention to it: for when he has perused it (or rather *seen* it—for it is written with so truly *dramatic* a power of style, that we see rather than read it), he will be exclusively absorbed in its *general* effect. We would point out, first, the triumphant delight of Vindici, at the mere prospect of the "measureless revenge" he is about to take—at the mere thought of "nine years of vengeance crowded into a minute." Next, let it be observed with what an extraordinary power of imagination he is made to revive, as it were, the spirit of his lost mistress, and not only address her as if she were living, but make her *address him*, and answer what she says. Then the rich tide of reflections that flows in upon him as he looks upon her remains; and the "quaint malice," with which he applies them. Then the momentary touch of deep but bitter pathos with which the thought of his "once-betrothed wife" intrudes itself upon Vindici, and the seemingly accidental disclosure which this makes to the duke, of *who* it is under whose hands he is suffering. And finally, and

above all, the appalling effect of "the music," breaking in upon the sacrificers in the midst of their bloody tragedy, added to the thought of *what* that music announces. This whole scene is, indeed, as Hippolito says of it, "most dreadfully digested."

It is a principal fault of this tragedy, however, that this splendid scene, which should have consummated the revenge of Vindici, and brought the work to a close, occurs in the very midst of it: so that the chief exciting interest here is over; and the two following acts drag along no less tediously than confusedly. They consist partly of the plottings and counter-plottings of the duke's and duchess's sons to get rid of each other, and partly of the still deeper plot by which Vindici, in conjunction with some discontented nobles of the court, contrives to bring about the murder of them *all*, at a great banquet given by the new duke, Lusurioso. All this, however, though interspersed with many admirable passages, ends in little better than a scene of vulgar butchery, which forms a sad anti-climax to the splendid one which should have closed the drama. And this fault arises from the injudicious determination of the author to "on horror's head horrors accumulate." At any rate, he might have so contrived his plot, that it should have reached its catastrophe by regular gradations—the greatest delinquent, and he to whom the principal instrument in the work owed especial vengeance, dying last.

But, to return to what *is*—not dwell idly on what *might have been*—the fourth acts open with a conference between Lusurioso and Hippolito; in which the former, desiring to get rid of his late instrument, because he "knows too much," urges Hippolito to find him another—hinting at a discontented brother of his own, of whom he has heard, but never seen. This gives the plotters another opportunity of at once furthering their future designs, and screening their late act; and Vindici is again introduced to Lusurioso, in his own proper person.

> *Hip.* So, so, all's as it should be—you're yourself.
> *Vin.* How that great villain puts me to my shifts!
> *Hip.* He that did lately in disguise reject thee,
> Shall, now thou art thyself, as much respect thee.
> *Vin.* 'Twill be the quainter fallacy. But, brother,
> 'Sfoot, what use will he put me to now, thinkst thou?
> *Hip.* Nay, you must pardon me in that. I know not.
> H'as some employment for you; but what 'tis,
> He, and his secretary, the devil, know best.
> *Vin.* Well, I must suit my tongue to his desires,
> What colour soe'er they be; hoping at last
> To pile up all my wishes on his breast.

All this latter portion of the play is most inartificially contrived, and we shall not go into any minute details in regard to it, or present the reader with any lengthened extracts; for, to say nothing of our limits precluding the latter, we are not willing to efface, by any thing less powerful, the impression which the foregoing scene is calculated to produce; because we would fain have the reader close our paper with a no less exalted notion than we ourselves possess of the true tragic vein of this almost unknown writer. Suffice it, therefore, to glance at the remaining scenes. At the commencement of the fifth act, there is a very fine one between the two brothers, Vindici and Hippolito, and their mother and sister; in which the mother is taxed with her base designs against the honour of Castiza—repents—and is forgiven; not, however, before

she has been fearfully punished, by the latter pretending for a moment that her mother's arguments and persuasions have wrought to their desired end, and that she is determined to receive the addresses of Lusurioso. This scene ends very beautifully :—

> *Cas.* O mother, let me twine about your neck,
> And kiss you till my soul melt on your lips !
> I did but this to try you.
> *Gra.* O speak truth !
> *Cas.* Indeed I did not ; for no tongue has force
> To alter me from honest.
> If maidens would, men's words could have no power ;
> A virgin's honour is a crystal tower,
> Which, being weak, is guarded with good spirits ;
> Until she basely yields, no ill inherits.

This is followed by a scene in which Vindici so contrives the discovery of the murdered duke, that the whole court are satisfied to throw the crime on the supposed absentee, whom Vindici himself lately represented. During the whole of this scene, a great and striking effect is produced by the presence of the actual murderer, and still more by the strain of quaint irony in which he replies (aside) to the remarks of all present, on the catastrophe. After this, we have a short scene, in which the final catastrophe is plotted between the brothers and some discontented noblemen ; and then follows the banquet, at which all is consummated—somewhat extravagantly and fantastically, it must be confessed, amidst dancing and music—but still with a terrible truth and vigour of hand in many of the details which ensue. It appears that the step-sons and the bastard have plotted to murder the new duke, Lusurioso ; but they are discovered and anticipated by Vindici and his friends ; and are, in turn, dispatched themselves : such at least seems to be the catastrophe of the duke's family—for the details of it cannot with any certainty be made out, from the very confused nature of the stage directions, &c. of this last scene. But the final catastrophe of the *Revengers,* though clear enough as to fact, involves an uncertainty as to motive, which strikes us as displaying, in more than one particular, a very subtle and profound acquaintance with the workings of the human heart. Antonio, heir to the dukedom (and who is also husband to the lady on whom, at the commencement of the play, one of the duke's step-sons had committed an outrage which cost him his life), is well enough satisfied with the circumstances (bloody as they are) which have so unexpectedly placed the dukedom in his hands ; but he seems marvellously perplexed as to the manner in which the *old* duke came by his death. Upon which Vindici immediately confesses, or rather boasts, that it was he and his brother who murdered him :—

> *Ant.* You two ?
> *Vin.* None else, my lord, i'faith. Nay, 'twas well managed.
> *Ant.* Lay hands upon those villains !
> *Vin.* How ! on us !
> *Ant.* Bear 'em to speedy execution.
> *Vin.* 'Heart ! was't not for your good, my lord ?
> *Ant.* My good ! Away with them ! *Such an old man as he !*
> You that would murder *him,* would murder *me.*

Now what we would remark in this is, first, the sympathy of age with age, in Antonio. He could see with perfect calmness the younger branches

of the family cut off by these wholesale assassins, though none of them had injured him. But when he finds that their hands were also red with the blood of *an old man like himself,* his fears take fire in a moment, and he gets rid of them without delay. This is, no doubt, a very fine touch of nature, and not unworthy of Shakspeare himself: who, however, would not have developed it in the somewhat formal and logical manner which our author has adopted. But the other point involved in the mode of bringing about the final catastrophe of this play, *is* truly Shaksperean, if we are not investing it with more meaning that it actually possesses. We conceive that the author intended to leave us in a state of entire uncertainty, as to the motives and feelings of Vindici in disclosing his connexion with the murder of the old duke. That it never could have been discovered but by his and his brother's disclosure of it, he well knew. "This murder might have slept in tongueless brass," he says, "but for ourselves." Then, on the other hand, he must have been pretty sure that, if he did disclose it, present death awaited them both. And yet, the moment the matter is brought in question, he tells it as if any one else, and not himself, had been the agent. Still, however, he is surprised at the consequences of the disclosure. But then, again, on his brother taxing him with having brought on those consequences, he immediately recovers the bitter levity which has borne him up all through his task of revenge, and retorts upon his brother as unreasonable:—

> Thou hast no conscience. Are we not revenged?
> Is there one enemy left alive amongst them?
>
> * * * * *
>
> I'faith we're well; our mother turned, our sister true;
> We die after a nest of dukes.—Adieu!

Surely all this is no less delicate and subtle, than it is profound; and, moreover, it gives the tragedy a conclusion which would otherwise have been "lame and impotent." That Vindici, after having watched and prayed for vengeance during nine long years—with no other desire in life—no other motive for living—and with no other companion all that time but the dead remains of that "betrothed lady," in whose cause the vengeance was sought;—that Vindici, after having sought this vengeance so long, and obtained it so fully, should still wish or even consent to live, would be altogether inconsistent with the nature of his character. And yet, that he should deliberately and advisedly make an avowal which would at once doom him and his brother to an ignominious death, and which (as far as we are led to suppose in the drama) did, in point of fact, secure them such a death; this would be still more inconsistent with his cool and calculating nature; especially when it is considered that he was leaving a mother and a sister behind him. The author, aware of all this, has most judiciously contrived to bring about the necessary catastrophe of his hero's death, in a way that shall satisfy the "poetical justice" of the case, and yet leave him guiltless of that last resort of fools and cowards, self-destruction. He permits his death to be the result of that perfect indifference as to either life or death, which would inevitably attend such a character as Vindici's, when his sole active *motive* for living was taken away.

It only remains to give a few specimens of the many separate passages of extraordinary vigour and beauty with which this tragedy abounds. We have already referred to the single lines which occur every here and

there throughout the work. Several of these will be found among the extracts already given. What follow are of a similar character, and seem to proceed for the most part from a similar quality of mind—namely, a most powerful and vivid imagination. It strikes us that nothing can be finer in its way than the application of the *epithet,* in the following passage, spoken by Vindici, in reference to Lusurioso, whom he has made up his mind to kill, but to whom he is compelled, in furtherance of his ulterior views, to confess that his (Vindici's) mother has consented to assist in the dishonour of her own daughter:—

> Now must I blister my soul—be forsworn—
> Or shame the woman that received me first.
> I will be true: thou livest not to proclaim;
> Spoke to a *dying* man, shame is no shame.

What follows, though not so refined, is still more striking and splendid. It is spoken by Vindici, immediately on the exit of Lusurioso, after he has disclosed his designs on Castiza:—

> ———My loved lord!——
> Oh, shall I kill him o' the wrong side now? No!
> Sword, thou wast never a back-biter yet.
> I'll pierce him to his face; he shall die looking on me;
> His veins are swelled with lust: this shall unfill them:
> Great men were gods, if beggars could not kill them.

The following is in a very different style, but exceedingly beautiful:—

> Our sorrows are so fluent,
> Our eyes o'erflow our tongues: words spoke in tears
> Are like the murmurs of the waters—the sound
> Is loudly heard, but cannot be distinguished.

The first of the following passages is spoken by Vindici, in anticipation of the bloody catastrophe which he is plotting to bring about at the banquet which closes the tragedy; and the second, when that catastrophe has taken place:—

> And when they think their pleasures sweet and good,
> In midst of all their joys, they shall *sigh blood.*
>
> [*It thunders.*]
> Hark! thunder!
> Dost know thy cue, thou big-voiced crier?
> Duke's groans are thunder's watchwords.
> * * * * *
> No power is angry when the lustful die:
> When thunder claps, Heaven likes the tragedy.

We must now close our account of this noble tragedy, by saying generally, that we know of few single works capable of impressing the reader with so high a notion of the powers of its writer.

MR. FIELD'S MEMOIRS AND OPINIONS OF DR. PARR.*

"My Lord Chief Justice, speak to that vain man!"—SHAKSPEARE.

IT is perhaps the strongest possible illustration of the extent to which what is called a "reading public," exists in this country, the number of useless books that are published (and that bold and well-informed booksellers make their fortunes by publishing) every year. Dr. Parr was an honest man, and a good schoolmaster: or, to borrow Byron's description of him—"he was a sound teacher, and an expert flogger"—(or "an expert teacher, and a sound flogger")—for we forget the exact arrangement of the words—but nothing else. Nevertheless, the need of the circulating libraries was great! and, the moment the breath was out of the doctor's body, a whole field of authors started—helter-skelter—whip and spur—neck and neck—to make a great man of him! First there came a hasty volume, of condensed sagacity—merely for pocket circulation—called his "Aphorisms." Then the Bibliotheca Parriana! that schoolboys read of; and blessed themselves, to think how much learning they had escaped. Then came articles innumerable, terrible in the matter of "Reminiscence," in all the magazines, and literary papers (not excepting, we are afraid, our own publication); and even in the newspapers—better matter running short. And last (not least) comes the heavy four hundred page octavo of the Rev. William Field—even this the first only of two volumes—which the writer hopes "may prove gratifying to the friends and admirers of Dr. Parr, and not altogether uninteresting or uninstructive to others:" a hope which nevertheless we should be flattering him exceedingly, if we were to say seemed to us to be by any means well-founded. In fact, the worthy doctor was, as Byron expressed it—"a sound teacher, and an expert flogger"—(or "an expert teacher, and a sound flogger")—but *nothing else*. And, without supplying one word from our own knowledge or opinions, upon a subject which has already been debated till all the world is sick of it, we shall just glance over a few of the statements of the memoir before us, and see how far even the biography of his friends can succeed in making any thing else of him.

Dr. Samuel Parr was born in the village of Harrow, in the year 1747; and was the eldest son of Mr. Samuel Parr, surgeon and apothecary, and Miss Ann Meynard, the daughter of a gentleman in the same profession. We pass over a rather lengthy pedigreee which traces both these families back—not quite as far as the Conquest: and come at once to the history of the really excellent scholar, whose weak points all the world seem to be in a conspiracy to expose.

The memory of Dr. Parr appears to have been one of the most extraordinary gifts bestowed upon him: and there are persons who will be struck with its early development: as his biographer relates, that "he has sometimes been heard to declare, that *he recollected being suckled at his mother's breast!*" It appears, moreover, that the failure in after life, too commonly the fate of precocious persons, did *not* befal *him:* and on this point, again, we have the best of evidence—himself: for—"he often observed" (Mr. Field continues) "that his mental faculties were unfolded very prematurely; but added, that, *with him*, prematurity *did not*, as years advanced, sink into *imbecility:*" an opinion, which we have the

* Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Opinions of Dr. Samuel Parr; by the Rev. William Field; 2 vols. Colburn. 1828.

pleasure afterwards to find him retaining to the very last moments of his life.

If this, however, was said by the doctor *himself*, it may well be guessed what would be the opinions of other people. And, accordingly, it seems, that, when a boy at Harrow, his "excellent and celebrated master," Dr. Thackeray, whose rule it was "*never to bestow the least praise*, even on the *best* performances of his pupils; because he conceived that applause tended only to produce indolence and vanity;" "could not help expressing" (in Parr's case) "by his complacent *looks*" —(good man! we see him now!)—"those praises, which an *uncompromising* adherence to system forbad him to utter with his *lips!*" This was, perhaps, rather a Jesuitical mode of evading the "compromise;" but we all have our weaknesses; and the doctor's, at least, was an amiable one.

We now find Parr living, however, in close intimacy with the leading spirits of his day:—Sir William Jones, Dr. Bennet (afterwards Bishop of Cloyne), and "*Peter, the Hanover wild boy*," who was a *fellow-boarder* of the last two gentlemen! And as they walked abroad in the fields, each "assumed to himself *some ancient name*," and "appropriated to himself" (in fancy's fee) "*some particular district;* the honour and integrity of which he was to maintain against all assailants." Thus, "Jones was called Euryalus, king of Arcadia; Bennet, Nisus, king of Argos; and Parr" (who had a double empire) "Leander, prince of Abydos and Sestos!" (p. 21). They "also discussed abstruse questions;" in which difficult exercise, Parr "carried his inquiries" (again according to his *own account*) "farther than his two associates;" whose "*wonder*, he said, was often excited, by the manner in which *his* thoughts seemed to be *absorbed*, and *lost in speculations*," which "*they*" were unable (at that time) to comprehend!" (p. 22). We mark the pages, that our readers who are not credulous may satisfy themselves that we have extracted fairly.

But the days of our youth, like its pleasures, are fleeting! At the age of sixteen, Parr commenced in his father's shop the study of physic: for which pursuit he immediately discovered an extraordinary aptitude, by "doubling" (of his own suggestion) "*the quantity of laudanum*" prescribed, in a dose which he was desired to make up! Of course, the effect (from such a hand) was admirable; and such as proved very curiously too, that a man may be an apothecary, as Falstaff was a coward, "upon instinct:" for it was only when he reported, with "exultation" to his son "the good effects of the medicine," that Mr. Parr, senior, learned from his adventurous *élève*, the materials of which it had been composed.

As repeated speculations on the same principle, however, might perhaps not have turned out quite so well; and as Parr had a knack of always *reading*, while he made up or dispensed medicines (a practice which leads every day to mistakes between Epsom salts and Oxalic acid), the medical career was abandoned, and Samuel permitted to study for the church. This allowance, which had ever been his object, rendered him perfectly happy; and he went to Cambridge in 1765; from whence want of means compelled him to return in little more than twelve months, when he became chief assistant (under circumstances very honourable to himself) at the school in which he had been originally educated, at Harrow. Five years subsequently, failing on the death of Dr. Sumner

to obtain the mastership, he quitted Harrow, and set up a rival establishment at Stanmore, which did not answer his expectations. From thence, he went to Colchester, and from thence again to Norwich—at both which places he encountered disappointment. And from the last, he went to his well-known and favourite residence—Hatton, where he remained nearly *forty* years, and where his extremely useful and respectable life eventually terminated.

In the course, however, of these changes, the biographer is not idle; and we learn that it was shortly after his quarrel at Harrow, that the doctor entered into the holy state of matrimony. Having taken Stanmore-school, Mr. Field says, the doctor discovered, "that it was desirable that *a female superintendant* should be placed at the head of the new establishment;" and therefore married (rather suddenly) "Jane," only child of "Zachariah Marsingale, Esq., of Carleton, in Yorkshire," &c, &c.; which union, as "it was indeed a match of *convenience*, rather than of *love*—(from great unsuitableness of temper)—never was the source of *much* connubial felicity."

Nevertheless, the doctor recollecting the example of the wise Socrates, was enduring and jocose; and about this time first clothed himself in the "huge wig," which, "with the aid of features marked with age even in youth," made him appear a considerably older man than he actually was: and, on one occasion, gave rise to an admirable pleasantry from Sir William Jones; who said to Parr, "Upon my word, Parr, you are *a fine fellow!* if you should have the good luck to live forty years, you may stand a chance of overtaking your face!" This, our readers will admit, we are sure, to be a most excellent and inimitable jest. But a story, even still more humorous, follows, of a chambermaid at "the Hercules' Pillars, Piccadilly," who being called after a jollification to wait upon some party to bed—who was older than Dr. Parr—actually mistook the latter for the oldest!—"No, Sir," said she *(curtseying respectfully)*, and casting a *side glance* towards the gentleman in the large wig—"I hope I know my manners better than *that* too: being taught to *respect age*, I must attend *that* gentleman first"—moving towards Dr. Parr, who was the *younger* man!!! By a strange omission—for which our author, we think, is almost accountable—the name of this amusing and well-instructed bed-warmer is omitted. But we need scarely add, that "a loud laugh followed" the sally. In fact, it is in mere compassion to the risible muscles of our readers (which we shall have to tax farther as we go on), that we forbear to extract the whole details of the story.

At Stanmore, the scholastic discipline of Dr. Parr (on his own account) is described; and it seems to have been a little eccentric. He flogged his pupils vigorously from time to time; but allowed them to hold "morning breakfast parties;" "evening conversation parties;" and sometimes even "more convivial meetings—attic symposia:" a course, which Mr. Field candidly admits did seem to imply "some want of due vigilance on the part of the preceptor." Our feelings, however, are comforted by the assurance, that "no intemperance—no indecorum—no rude or riotous mirth—every disgraced the scholars of *philosophy* and of *Parr!*"* (p. 99).

The practice of boxing Dr. Parr encouraged in his school—it seems, against the opinion of his reverend biographer; and we confess we are

* From a note, added to page 91, we regret to say this does not appear to have been *invariably* the case. The scholars—even of "philosophy and of Parr"—used now and then to get drunk in the alehouses about the neighbourhood.

not quite satisfied with the terms in which that gentleman speaks of *this part* of his friend's conduct and character. He says—"It was *amusing* to hear him (Parr) speak of the tacit agreement which subsisted, he said, between him and his pupils at Stanmore—that all their battles should be fought upon a certain spot, of which he commanded a full view from his private room; as then he could see, without being seen, and *enjoy the sport, without endangering the loss of his dignity.*" (p. 102). Now, we began this article with the view rather of shewing that Dr. Parr was an over-rated man, than of praising or defending him: but, certainly, this passage looks like an attack upon his moral feeling, which must have proceeded from some miscomprehension. Surely the fact must have been—or at least the more charitable supposition from a friend would have been—that the doctor caused all pugilistic battles to be fought under the circumstances described, in order that, without sanctioning them by his actual presence, he might see that they were fitly conducted, and confined within safe and reasonable limits? Another assertion, too, of Mr. Field's (p. 118) strikes us as a heavy reflection upon the character of the doctor—heavier, perhaps, than the writer contemplated, when he penned it. He says—speaking of the petition of the clergy to the House of Commons in the year 1772, to obtain relief from the Thirty-nine Articles—and of Dr. Parr's conduct with reference to that affair—that he (Parr) "was bold in *thinking*, and even *talking*," but "often fearful of *acting*;" and that he "not unfrequently *advised* and *approved*, and even *secretly promoted* measures, which he had not always the courage to avow publicly or support openly!" We shall not decide how far this was the fact: but, certainly, Dr. Parr's political friends will not thank Mr. Field for the accusation.

The specimens, however, of our doctor's powers of conversation at this time are delightful! and leave no doubt of his perfect parity with Johnson. On one occasion, dining with his biographer (who was also a schoolmaster), he insisted on dining with "the boys," and faring alike with them; and, dinner being announced on these terms, no sooner—says the author—was he seated in the midst of his youthful company, than he began to talk!—"*Where do you come from?*" was the first question he asked every body; and, once upon the scent, away he rattled.—"To one, who came from Banbury, he talked of the battles of Edge-hill; and to another (who came from Market Bosworth), of that 'bloody strife,' by which one king lost, and another gained, a crown! To a third, who said he came from Birmingham,—'*I suppose*,' replied he, *you mean Brom—wych—ham?* Perhaps,' continued he, '*you* do not know the derivation or signification of the word?—but *I do*.' And then *he explained* the first syllable to mean the name of a small tree, to which the neighbouring soil is favourable: the second, a steep declivity, such as that near the High-street, the site of the original town: and the third, a home, or dwelling-place: *i. e.* a town on a hill, abounding with broom."

With the same pleasing freedom and simplicity, he was accustomed to speak, too, upon all points—(this appears to have been a marked trait in the doctor's character)—connected with his own deserts or performances. —"How I wish," he said one day, in a discourse touching upon toleration and amity between the established church and the dissenting clergy—"How I wish to be *upon the bench!*—were it only to shew to *all around me* the example of a *wiser* and better spirit!" &c. &c.

He thought favourably of Dr. Johnson; with whom he had once a conversation upon the liberty of the press. He used often to say after-

wards, "I remember that interview well! *I gave him no quarter!* Our subject was the liberty of the press." But he *added* afterwards, that Johnson (in that conversation) had been "very great." (p. 161). We regret that we must pass over the dispute with Boswell, which occasioned at the time a terrible warfare in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Parr, however, was *not* satisfied with Boswell's Life of Johnson, and proposed writing a life of that eminent man himself. Of this he often spoke; and said—"it would have been *one of the best things* he ever wrote: it would have been the *third most learned work* that had ever yet appeared!" On another occasion, he said—still speaking in anger of Boswell's insufficient "Life"—"*Mine* should have been, not the *droppings of his lips*, but the history of his mind."

We now leave Norwich, where Parr's scholastic exertions had met (as has already been stated) with indifferent success; and proceed to Hatton, where he resided for so long a period, and where the author of the present work first met him—under circumstances particularly interesting and picturesque.—"Formerly," he says [this is Mr. Field], "on the summit of Hatton-hill there stood a *windmill;* and as Dr. Parr was sitting on one of its *lower steps*, on a fine day *early* in the summer of 1790, *in a flowered damask morning gown, and a pipe in his hand*" [for the good man took tobacco], "the present writer had the pleasure of seeing for the first time," &c. &c. "that extraordinary person." The pleasure, it need hardly be added, turned out to be mutual.

A peculiar feature in the doctor's domestic arrangement was the management of his library; which was "hung round with numerous prints," chiefly "the portraits of literary men." Mr. Burke was once a member of this "illustrious assemblage;" but when he cried down the French Revolution, "his picture was suspended *in an inverted position;* and some time after, *entirely removed*." A similar token of displeasure was once inflicted upon the picture of Dr. Paley; but "this was afterwards restored to its right position, and suffered to retain its allotted place."

We have already hinted that a gentle style of "flogging" was one of Parr's specifics in the management of his academy. The following exquisite anecdote in illustration of this fact, the biographer copies from a memorandum in the *New Monthly Magazine*.—"*Lumbos dolare virgis*, Dr. Parr considered so essential a process in the business of education, that, when, asked respecting any one—whether he had been his pupil?—his usual reply was—'Yes—I *flogged* him.' Introducing one of his pupils, on some occasion, *to a lady*, he addressed her in the following words:—'Allow me, madam, to introduce to you an old pupil of mine, whom I have often *flogged*, and who I assure you is all the better for it.'" The delicacy of this allusion (under *such circumstances)* may be something doubtful: but, for the affair of the rod, we agree with the doctor entirely. Because what is so natural, when we find that we cannot beat sense into one end of a person, as to try what can be done at the other?

From this point, saving and excepting the story of the preface to the Treatises of Bellendenus—about which nobody cares a farthing; and the disappointment of Dr. Parr in his view to obtain a bishopric, at the time of the late king's illness in 1789;—on which occasion—(oh, this hope!) Mr. Field says—"With so much confidence did he look towards this flattering prospect, that his domestic plans he said were *settled* with his family; and the great principles *fixed in his own mind* which should guide his conduct both as the *head of a diocese*, and as *a lord* of Parliament!" From this point, the remainder of the book treats more of the

doctor's friends and acquaintance than of himself; and our conclusion must necessarily be abrupt, as the *first volume* only is as yet before the public. What may be expected from the second—as well as what *worth* or *reason* there is, in writing the biography of such a man as Dr. Parr—the short description that we have given may afford the public an opportunity of judging. In the same style of extract which we have already presented, we might go on—from this *one* volume—and about this *great man*—half through our Magazine.

For instance, what shall we say of a *philosopher*, who could write, *with his own hand*, the following passage about himself—contained in a published epitaph upon his daughter?—"Her venerable father, whose ATTAINMENTS are only exceeded by THE STRENGTH OF HIS UNDERSTANDING, will long and deeply feel," &c. &c.! And this, too, while, in another place, he expresses fierce indignation at the "*false* and *injurious* intimation" of Dr. Lucas, the rector of Ripple; who, in a pamphlet published upon some dispute between Parr and Bishop Hurd, accused him of "having written puffs in the newspapers, about his own learning and his claims," &c.

Again: that he should have been a dupe to Ireland's hoax of the Shakspeare Papers, was no impeachment of his understanding; because there are worse things *in Shakspeare* (or in works attributed to Shakspeare) than many, even of the mediocre passages, written by Ireland. And that he should have been forward, and ready to *put his name down*, in testimony of his belief on this subject, is not surprising: because he was a busy, self-important person—and naturally very anxious that *he* should appear to take the lead, in determining that doubt—or any other. But there is not much candour, after this, in talking of "Ireland's" "impudent" and "infamous" "forgery;" and calling the author a "detected impostor." The same device used by Ireland had been attempted, and used with success, and laughed at, a hundred times over. At worst, the fault was venial; and we doubt if the mere success that attended it did not go a great way towards its (literary) redemption. Ireland's "impudent forgery" would never have been so very loudly railed against, if a great many people, very high and mighty in their own estimation, had not become open to ridicule from their having been the dupes of it. To talk of the "solemn asseveration of the bold literary forgers" is unworthy cant and trash. Did the believers—(we put the question to all of them)—did they believe upon *Ireland's affirmation*—or did they believe, because, *upon reading*, they believed the poems to be Shakspeare's? And this is the sort of man—God help us!—that called "Pitt by a Greek appellation;" "avoiding, *in testimony of contempt*, to give him his proper name!"

The truth is—and it is a truth which, if any doubt existed in the individual's life, his friends have taken care to make sufficiently unquestionable since his death—that Parr was a scholar, and a worthy man, and a man of competent understanding; but that, of claim to *intellectual greatness or superiority*, he had not an iota. He was an imitator of Johnson's pretence, with nothing at all of Johnson's genius. Like the "rivers" in "Macedon," and in "Monmouth," they both wore wigs, and were both christened Samuel; but there the resemblance ended. Johnson was pedantic and ostentatious; but the *matter* contained in what he said and wrote will make it last for ever. Boswell's history of his life and gossipings—though parts of the detail are petty enough—will be read for centuries by every man that can appreciate *power:* but we put it to any sane individual—what there is—delivered by Mr. Field—worth an hour's remembrance—of the habits or conversations of Parr? Through every

chapter—for five hundred pages—we have it!—"Dr. *Parr's* opinions" on this, that, and the other! On "Parliamentary Reform"—on "The Fortification Plan"—on "The Indian Government"—on "Burke's Reflections"—on "Paine's Rights of Man"—on "The Riots at Birmingham"—on "Mr. Erskine"—"Mr. Windham"—"The French Revolution"—and a hundred other subjects (for all subjects were alike); and under every head, almost without exception, where the reader looks for originality and wit—up comes some comment as poor and pointless, or argument as trite and ostentatious, as futility could desire!

Of the doctor's talents for conversation, we have given some examples. Of his powers as a preacher, the two chief anecdotes recorded, are—that in his second sermon at Norwich (which, when printed, "filled *seventy quarto pages*," and "occupied full an hour and a half in the delivery"), the impatience of the auditors was not only visible in their looks; but openly displayed, by "appeals to watches, and other significant hints!" —and the "Spital Sermon" at Christ-church encountered a fate as bad or worse.* And even, touching his claims as a schoolmaster—these observations are absolutely forced from us—but it will be remembered that his schools always *failed!* and, certainly (from the present work), there do seem to have been some causes at work which rendered it not wholly unaccountable that they should have done so.

The matter rests, then, as it seems to us, between the doctor and his biographers. Either Mr. Field, who speaks of him from a long acquaintance, and also from the added testimony of a long list of friends—either Mr. Field has treated the doctor unfairly—or the doctor—(we challenge contradiction, after the extracts we have made)—was any thing rather than an extraordinary person.

The truth will probably lie something midway. Dr. Parr was no conjurer; but it is a hard trial to put any man's mind to, to take him upon his statements of those who write his life. There are one or two points, too, upon which, as we take it, Mr. Field has inadvertently reflected more severely upon his friend than he intended to do—we hope more severely than full justice and consideration would have warranted. The statement that the doctor caused his pupils to fight under his window, that he might "see the sport, without compromising his dignity," must, we think, be founded in some misconception or mistake. And the other general accusation—that he was "disposed to urge and promote measures privately, which he dared not openly avow,"—if it be the fact, is at least a piece of information which Parr's political friends (and Parr a clergyman, too!) will scarcely thank his historian for bringing forward. It is possible that both these passages may have been written by Mr. Field, without a sufficient perception of the strong reproof which they convey: but, *as they stand*, they certainly do constitute charges against the moral feeling of the doctor, which we—who do not appear as his apologists—should not have thought of urging.

* The account of this affair (p. 381) deserves to be given in Mr. Field's own words.—"Before the service began," he says, "I went into the vestry, and found Dr. Parr *seated, with pipes and tobacco before him on the table.* He evidently felt the importance of the occasion, but felt at the same time *a confidence in his own powers.* When he ascended the pulpit a *profound silence prevailed*," &c. &c. And how does the reader suppose all this breathless excitement and expectation ended? "Unfortunately, from the great extent of the church, his *voice was very imperfectly heard*, especially towards the close of his sentences. The sermon occupied *nearly an hour and a quarter* in the delivery." And in allusion to its extreme length, it was remarked by a lady, who had been asked her opinion of it,—'Enough there is, and more than enough—the first words of its first sentence."—All this puts one so much in mind of that other good old man, "Major Cartwright!"

DUNKERQUE.

I HAVE always looked upon Dunkerque as one of the nicest and most agreeable towns in France. It struck my fancy the very first time I saw it, and has retained its place in my good opinion ever since; though that "since" includes a pretty long period, during which I have seen nearly all that is worth seeing of the same kind in France. As I write these letters for your satisfaction, not my own, you will, I hope, do me the justice to suppose that I express the above feeling (for a mere personal *feeling* it is, and nothing more), not for the mere momentary gratification that the expression of a personal feeling affords to all of us, but because I think the expression of it will illustrate, if not explain, one of the peculiar qualities of the place I am about to describe to you. There are certain persons, places, and things, calculated to please or displease us, we know not why. And thus it is with me (and I suppose with others) in respect to Dunkerque; I like it better than any other provincial town in France, of the same class; but am not very well able to expound "the reason why." You must not, however, suppose from this, that there is any thing about Dunkerque, which makes it extraordinary that any one should take a sudden and a lasting liking to it: on the contrary, I do not know of a single grave fault that can be found with Dunkerque: though I must in justice confess, that I am equally unable to point out in it any marked or striking beauty. Its situation is not fine—nor even good—for it stands low, and in the midst of an immense plain. The construction of its buildings cannot form its secret attraction, for they are plain, and chiefly of brick; nor the construction of its inhabitants either—for *they* are plain too—as much so as they can well be, short of absolute ugliness. What is it, then, that we so much like about Dunkerque? No matter. It is a bad sign when we grow anxious to discover *what* it is that pleases us, whether in person, place, or thing. I will, therefore, at once proceed to my merely descriptive duties.

Dunkerque is situated at the extremity of the northern division of France, and is the town nearest to the frontier which divides France from the Netherlands. This proximity to the latter country accounts for one, in particular, of the qualities which make Dunkerque at once so sightly, and so agreeable as a temporary or a permanent sojourn—namely, its extreme cleanliness. The towns nearest to the frontier on either side, of every country, invariably interchange some one or more of their good and bad qualities respectively. The Dunkerquois, in gaining from the Flemings some of their praiseworthy love of cleanliness, have been fain to accept a more than equal portion of their execrable language: which would be more than a counterpoise to any *other* quality whatever. Flemish is spoken every where—in the shops, the markets, the *cafés*, the public conveyances, and even at the private fire-sides of the bourgeois: consequently, English ears of any susceptibility, are almost as much offended at Dunkerque as their eyes are regaled.

Dunkerque is approached, on the French side, by two roads; one a very fine one, straight as a line for several miles, and flanked by double rows of trees, leading from Calais through Gravelines; and the other an inferior one, but the principal road to the interior, through Cassel, Lille, &c. Both roads lead to the same gate of the town, at which an appearance presents itself that will be very novel and interesting to those who have not been accustomed to a *canal* country. As you enter the

town, interminable lines of water stretch away or wind about in all directions, intersecting each other every here and there—each with its trim green banks rising slantingly many feet above the water, its lines of willows, poplars, or young elms, and its endless succession of locks, basins, and drawbridges—each of the latter objects being accompanied by a multiplicity of machinery, unintelligible to any but the initiated, yet producing a curious and interesting effect upon all. I know of no other town where objects of this class may be seen to so much advantage, as they are all in the most perfect repair; and most of them, being nearly new, are constructed upon the most approved and efficient principles. There is one portion of them, in particular, which I will mention here, while it occurs to me, and before we enter the town itself—of which it does not form a part. In front of the harbour of Dunkerque there rises a high *bar* (as it is called), or sand-bank, which is of infinite detriment to the traffic of the port, by preventing all but vessels of very light burthen from entering, except at nearly high water, and by excluding vessels of very heavy burthen altogether. For several years past a very noble work has been constructing, for the purpose of gradually reducing this bar, and, at all events, of preventing the perpetual increase of it, which has been observed of late years to take place. The work consists of an immense basin, at about a third of a mile from the situation of the sand-bank, which communicates with the port, and consequently into which the sea runs, as the tide flows, and fills it. The entrance to this basin consists of five sluice-gates, which, on the days that the works are intended to be put in action, are shut at high water, and so remain till nearly the point of low water—when they are suddenly opened, and the immense body of water contained in the basin is precipitated, in the form of five tremendous cataracts, directly towards the object they are intended to act upon. At the same moment, all the other sluice-gates of the canals which communicate with the harbour are opened also, by way of auxiliaries to the great body contained in the basin; and the whole keep pouring forth their resistless streams for the space of nearly an hour. The basin has been for some months completed, and its effects have been several times tried; and report says, that the bar is already reduced some feet in height. This is unquestionably one of the noblest works of its kind in Europe; and, as a mere *sight*, I know of nothing whatever so fine, as an effect of human industry and art. The body of water poured forth by the sluices, while in action, surpasses, both in strength and quantity, that of most of the celebrated natural waterfalls in Europe: and the whole being confined in its course to very narrow limits, by the two jetties which bound the entrance to the harbour, the whole force of the water is preserved till nearly the point where it has to play upon the sand-bank. The manner in which the two bodies of water—namely, that which rushes from the mouth of the port, and the sea itself, which is at the same time entering the same narrow course—contend with each other for mastery, produces also a very noble effect; when it is considered *what* the artificial stream has to contend against—namely, nothing less than the great body of the ocean itself.

The gate of entrance to Dunkerque, on the French side, is at a bridge called the Pont-rouge, which crosses the canal leading to Bruges, and flanking the first two leagues of the Lille road. This canal runs in nearly a straight line its whole length, and has a very agreeable appearance from the bridge just named, near which are assembled the various kinds of

craft that bring merchandize to Dunkerque. The long coal barges—as long as a street—ribbed like some strange animal, and shining with varnish almost like a piece of French household furniture—offer an agreeable contrast to *our* vehicles for the same purpose.—Here also the stranger is amused by the perpetual pokings of the custom-house officers, with their long shining iron spikes, into every vehicle that passes, to detect any of those objects of traffic that are not allowed to enter the French towns, without paying the *octroi*, or town-duty. On passing the abovenamed gate and drawbridge, you are, in fact, within the town of Dunkerque; but you are not so in appearance and effect, till you have passed a second gate and drawbridge, over another canal leading to the opposite side of the town, and the view of which is more pleasing than that of any other canal in this neighbourhood, on account of the extreme neatness of its banks of smooth turf, and the perfection of its various locks and drawbridges. On passing this second gate, the road turns abruptly to the left, and you are immediately within the city. Hitherto the road, though of a noble width, and flanked with handsome houses, is paved in the middle only. But on entering the second gate, the pavement covers every part, up to the walls of the houses, and gives that effect which is peculiar to continental cities. I will venture to state it as a fact—(I would announce it as a *discovery* of my own, but that I know you are apt to smile at the supposed merit of such discoveries, even when you allow them to be such)—that the irreconcilably *foreign* look which belongs to all provincial cities on the continent, in the eyes of most *English* travellers, arises chiefly from this circumstance of the *road* pavement covering the whole open space of the streets, up to the very doors and walls of the houses, so that not a foot of natural earth is to be seen, if you look for it ever so carefully: not a vestige of any thing appears, that is not obviously, and almost obtrusively, the work of *man's* hands. And this arrangement acts on the eye in two ways—it not only gives that unfinished, and yet altogether artificial look, neither quality of which is agreeable to an English eye, but it is the immediate cause of that other appearance, which at first seems so odd to us—of every body, even to the most gaily attired of the female foot passengers, walking in the middle of the carriage road—*that* being, in fact, not only the dryest and best paved part of the street, but there being no other part where you *can* walk with equal convenience—that portion of the street which is next to the houses on either side being intersected and cut up by the entrances to the *caves* which are beneath every house, and which entrances are almost always open, for the purposes of those by whom they are inhabited: it being the custom for every house—even the finest in the city—to let their cellars to the poorer inhabitants for distinct dwellings, and purposes of trade, manufactures, &c. Having announced to you one of my discoveries in the above sort, I may as well follow it by another, that you may punish my sins in that particular both under one. You may be assured, then, that the custom of dispensing with a *trottoir*, or foot pavement, in the French streets, has arisen, not from the want of perceiving or appreciating the extreme convenience and comfort of such an arrangement, but from the impossibility of making it coincide with another custom, which they cannot afford to part with, of turning to the utmost possible account all the ground within the walls of the cities. In many of the French fortified cities, perhaps a fourth, or at least a sixth part of the inhabitants, live under ground, in the cellars of the better sort of houses;

and a foot pavement would be perfectly useless, where the openings to these subterranean dwellings must break into it at every ten or twenty yards.

We will commence our particular examination of Dunkerque at the Grand Place—that ornament of all French towns, great or small—and, above all, of this one—for I do not know of any elsewhere, that, upon the whole, produces a more pleasing and noticeable effect. The Grand Place of Dunkerque is an oblong square, of about 150 paces by 120; with dwelling-houses on all the four sides, no two alike, yet none differing enough from the rest to destroy the general uniformity of effect. These lines of houses are unbroken, except on the west side; but from each corner of the square the principal streets of the town branch forth—running from thence to the extremity of the town in each direction, and being intersected at right angles by others, running equally to the extremity of the town respectively. This regularity, in the arrangement of the streets, is one of the characteristics of Dunkerque; and the effects of it are excellent in every point of view, whether for the purposes of beauty, health, or utility.

In regard to the picturesque effect of its private buildings, there are few towns of its size that can compete with Dunkerque: for though the houses are all of brick, the excellent taste in which many of them are designed, and the mode in which the brickwork is moulded into friezes, architraves of the windows, &c., enables them to produce all the effect of stone buildings. I speak particularly of the principal private streets—such as the rue du Sud, rue de l'Ancienne Poste, &c. These streets are spacious, regular, perfectly straight, and the external face of the houses so designed,—as to the architraves of the windows, the cornices of the parapets, &c., that they look more like those of an Italian than a French town; and to some an unity of look (as if of stone-work) is given, by means of a sort of *rasping* or rubbing with some rough-faced instrument, which the surface of the brick-work has undergone, and which hides almost entirely the joining of the bricks. In the more busy and central streets, most of the houses have been stuccoed, and are painted of different colours from time to time, as the custom is in most of the French and Flemish towns; and everywhere they have undergone more or less of a restoration, which gives a half modern effect to the whole town. You here and there see a house with a pointed roof, as if it had the gable-end turned towards the street. But this is so rare, that though there is, perhaps, scarcely a house that has not stood for more than a century, the place has all the appearance of a new town, in the most frequented parts of it, by reason of the extreme beauty and regularity of the pavement, and the perfect state of repair in which every thing is maintained.

The longest and most populous street in Dunkerque is that which runs from the gate of entrance on the south, to the port on the north—forming nominally three streets, under the names respectively of rue Royale, rue d'Angoulême, and rue d'Eglise. This is the great line for the houses of retail business; and the centre portion of it forms one side of the Grand Place. Next to this line, the most busy, and also the most agreeable and picturesque, is a street that runs at right angles with it to the other extremity of the town, called rue de Moulin. There is a look of cleanliness, comfort, and respectability about this street, which, added to its liveliness and variety of aspect, make it altogether

the most agreeable one in the town. There are no other, of what may be called the public streets of Dunkerque, so extensive or so well maintained as the above named. The next to them, of the same kind, are those which run off at right angles from the centre one. The principal of these is the rue de la Vierge, running from the north-west corner of the Grand Place to the Port. The others are the rue de Berry, rue St. Julien, and rue de Pierre, running in the same direction. There is also another long and very lively business street—the rue Neuve—running nearly parallel with the rue d'Angoulême. The above streets (with the exception of the rue du Moulin) are devoted chiefly to the retail trade of the town, and include by far the greater share of it. But of the town itself, they form but a small proportion. All the great streets lying on the east and south sides of the Grand Place, are more spacious than the above, much more regular in their style of architecture, and, consequently, produce a more imposing, if not a more lively and agreeable effect. Most of them abut upon the plain in front of the barracks, or upon another open space, planted with trees, which lies on the banks of one of the principal canals. They consist of the rue des Vieux Remparts, rue du Sud, rue de Soubise, rue de l'Ancienne Poste, rue de Sechellers, &c. There are many other excellent streets, several good ones, a very few that are indifferent, and not more than one or two that can be called bad. In this latter respect, perhaps, there is scarcely any other town of its size so advantageously distinguished as Dunkerque; you may perambulate it for days in every direction, and scarcely be able to persuade yourself that it includes many of the very poor among its inhabitants. I am afraid this is very far indeed from being a true indication; but, nevertheless, it is a great and noticeable advantage, as far as it goes.

Dunkerque includes within its limits several fine open spaces, besides the principal one in its centre. The chief of these is, the Place Jean Bart—a handsome oblong square, planted at regular intervals all over with lofty elms and poplars, and having in the centre a fine bust of the celebrated sea-captain whose name it bears. The next in size and regularity of appearance, is the Place de Louis XVIII. This is surrounded by good houses, and has several of the best streets branching from it. There is, close to the last named, another Place, planted with trees, and extending on one side to the quay of one of the canals; and another close to the Grand Place, where the fish and the meat markets are held, which has a public fountain in the centre. Besides these, there is a pleasant little green enclosure, turfed and planted, called (somewhat too ambitiously) the Park—one side of which forms the bank of the great inner basin of the port. But the most agreeable promenade of the town is a large open space in front of the barracks, called the Plain. It consists of a fine piece of turf, running along nearly the whole of one quarter of the town, and presenting the rarity (in France) of a regular unbroken lawn, almost flat and smooth enough for a bowling-green—kept so by the horses and other cattle that are allowed to feed upon it.

Dunkerque is not very rich in public buildings; but it has two, well worthy of notice; namely, the great detached tower, which you meet with in so many of the continental towns, and which serves the joint purposes of a belfry, a clock tower, and a look-out; and the cathedral church of Saint Éloi, the façade of which is the only part claiming attention. The great tower stands quite detached, a few paces from the

north-western corner of the Grand Place. It is built of the yellow bricks used for most of the edifices here; and the effect of them, in this instance, now that they are time-worn, and discoloured down to a picturesque hue, is I think, even better than that of stone. The tower is square, supported by buttresses from bottom to top, and gradually diminishing in size as it ascends; and the view of it, looking upwards from the bottom, at but a little distance, is very noble; but seen from outside the town, the general effect is greatly injured by a little wooden erection, which is placed at the top, and surmounted by a flag-staff, with cords, &c., on which certain flags are hoisted on fête days. The French generally contrive to spoil their fine buildings by something of this kind, and seldom with any sufficient reason. The little cabin which is here erected, I suppose for purposes of observation, might just as well have corresponded in look with the place on which it stands, instead of having the appearance of a smart, newly-painted peasant's cottage, escaped, nobody can tell how or why, from its appropriate situation in some secluded dell. The Roman façade of the cathedral of Saint Eloi, would be a very fine one, if it were not disfigured by an extra column, beyond the extremity of the pediment at each end, above which an ugly eastern-looking tower rises; and if it were not, moreover, cut up in another essential part of its general effect, by the barbarism of nearly the whole of the architrave and frieze being run into one flat surface for the purpose of receiving an inscription:—*Deo optimo maximo Sacro:* as if any body could doubt the purposes of a building of this kind.

Dunkerque has a theatre, which is about on a par, in point of size and condition, with that of Calais; but the *morale* of it is much superior. The Dunkerquois have a *passion* for theatrical amusements, and especially for those connected with music—which makes the management of their theatre a better speculation than it usually is in the provincial towns of France. The troupe assembled here is usually an operatic one; and the comic opera may in some sort be said to take in the whole of those boasts of the French stage—the vaudevilles, and other petites pièces; since these always contain more or less of those agreeable little epigrammatic couplets—epigrammatic both in words and music—in which the modern French writers so much excel, and the ability to sing which with grace and spirit is an indispensable qualification of all their comic actors. It is the great merit of a French audience—even a provincial one—that it cares little or nothing for that which, with us, is almost every thing—namely, the external embellishments of a theatre, including its "scenery, machinery, dresses, and decorations." Accordingly, their provincial theatres are much better supplied with actors than with any thing else. Those of the Dunkerque theatre at present would form a very fair company, if the somewhat too refined and ambitious taste of the Dunkerquois did not exact from them more than they have any right to expect out of Paris. The "Grands Opéras" of the Académie Royale de Musique, which are execrable any where—even in their splendid birth-place itself—are here as much *worse* than execrable as you choose to imagine any thing: in short, they are as much worse as bad music sang out of tune is than the same music sang *in* tune, and no more: for the only noticeable difference between French singers is, that some sing out of tune, and others do not. But the vaudevilles, and other light comic pieces of the day, they contrive to make very entertaining here. They have one actor, in particular (Dumas), who comes

nearer to the exquisite Brunet, than any I have seen. Dumas is a close imitator of an actor who has not a single fault to imitate: so that he has an advantage which most imitators are without—the *faults* of their original being, in the eyes of imitators, their only beauties.

Judging from the cafés and restaurants (no bad criterions), the people of Dunkerque are singularly domesticated in their habits. For a population of more than twenty thousand, there is but one of the latter establishments, and of the former only three or four that are at all *comme il faut*; and these are not frequented as the like places are in most of the provincial towns of France—to say nothing of Paris itself. The reason may perhaps be, that they are not conducted with the same degree of spirit and *éclat* that the French usually bestow upon such matters. In Paris, and the first-rate provincial towns, the café is the Frenchman's home; but this is because he finds there all sorts of attractions and *agrémens*, which, necessary as they are to his existence, he seldom thinks of connecting with his home, even when he has the means. But in Dunkerque, though it is one of the most flourishing among the second or third rate French towns, money is a scarce commodity, even as compared with other similar portions of the kingdom; and there is no one who better understands the true value of money than a Frenchman. In Paris he is dissipated, and lives in cafés and out of doors, because it costs him no more to do so than it does to be steady and domestic at home: in Dunkerque he contrives to make himself happy in the latter character, because to go out of it is inconsistent with his calculations as to the relative value of any given number of sous, and the entertainment that may be purchased for them. He cannot, any where, do without his cup of *café noir* and his *petit verre* after dinner; but here he cannot persuade himself to pay ten sous for them abroad, when he can have them for three at home. The same causes which tend to make a community fond of theatrical amusements, tend equally to make them religious—or, I should rather say, fond of religious ceremonies. Accordingly, those of the Dunkerquois, who are not theatrical, are *dévote*, and many are both one and the other. The consequence is, that the demand for religious ceremonies is greater here than in most other French towns, and the supply is in proportion. The most imposing of all the ordinary religious ceremonies of the French church is at the same time the most common—I mean the military mass that is held every Sunday at noon in all the garrison towns. Perhaps, among the feelings called forth by the various artificial sights and sounds, united, that have been invented by human ingenuity with a view to the excitement of the human passions and affections, there is no one so new, and so striking in its immediate effects, as that which results from the first striking up of a full military band within the walls of a great cathedral filled with religious worshippers. The instantaneous change, without any apparent warning or signal, from profound silence to the mad rattle of drums, the clashing of cymbals, the blare of trumpets, and the shrill and piercing cry of fifes: the characteristic effect of each class of these instruments heightened tenfold by the resounding roof and echoing walls of the place in which they are heard; —the effect of this upon a *Protestant* ear, not prepared for it beforehand, is perfectly indescribable. Military mass is performed every Sunday in the cathedral church of Saint Eloi, at Dunkerque. At noon, the battalion that is stationed in the town marches in at the great centre-doors of the church, drums beating, and the full band playing—preceded by the field officers, the authorities of the town, &c.; and the whole take their

station in an open column up the centre aisle of the church, reaching from the great door to the steps of the principal altar. The commandant of the day then gives his orders, in as loud a voice as if he were in the field of battle, and they are executed with as little view to the place—the bayonets rattling, and the butts of the muskets thundering on the marble floor, till the whole edifice shakes with the noise. During all this time, the religious ceremonies of the priests at the altar do not intermit for a moment; and the same orders, for *grounding* arms, *carrying* arms, &c. are repeated at several intervals during the half-hour which the military remain in the church. At certain points of the service, too, the band joins the regular church music; and at the termination of that part of the service in which the military are supposed to join, the whole double band again strike up, and the battalion leaves the church in the same order that it entered.

Though the above is more imposing and effective (notwithstanding its almost painfully anomalous nature) than any other religious ceremony, it is not so much sought after as many, on account of its so frequent occurrence. Those which most excite and interest the Catholic spectator are the Fêtes of the Saints, which occur each but once in the year. Now, while I write (on the evening of the 11th of November), the streets of Dunkerque present a singular and not unpleasing appearance. Innumerable painted lanterns, hoisted on long poles, and with lights enclosed in them, are flitting about in all directions, as if floating upon the air; for it is so dark that you cannot see the bearers of them. In a walk of ten minutes, you would encounter not less than five hundred of these lanterns—of various forms, sizes, and colours, and all differently ornamented with figures, flowers, devices, &c., according to the fancy of those who hold them. They are chiefly borne, out of doors, by the children of the poorer classes; but there are few children, even of the better sort of the inhabitants, who will not be found with one in their hands, either inn-doors or out, on this fête of the patron of little children—Saint Martin. It is he who, here, acts the part of the *fairies* with us, and puts the silver penny into the shoes that are placed in due order over-night, and sends other such like rewards and punishments, according as his little protégés are "*sages*" or "*méchants*." This "feast of the lanterns" is one of the few Catholic religious customs that do not strike us heretics as either blasphemous or ridiculous; and the rather, perhaps, as the observance of it is confined to little children. It has, however, one crying objection: many of the little *dévotes* carry, besides their lantern, a cow's horn, with which they make a most uncouth and intolerable noise, from dusk till bed-time.

Dunkerque is one of those towns which "the English" have been accustomed to frequent since the peace; consequently, it is always pretty well supplied with furnished apartments—a thing scarcely to be met with in towns peopled by the natives alone. Perhaps there is no other place in France where this convenience is to be had on more moderate terms than here. The Englishman who first seeks a sojourn of this kind, is not a little surprised to find that at Dunkerque he may have a handsome and spacious suite of apartments, of four or five rooms, furnished with every comfort that he can need, and with many objects of even unnecessary show and luxury—(such as superb Parisian clocks, bronze candelabras, and so forth)—for (say) a hundred francs a month (four pounds); and this in the best situations of the town, and the most reputable of the houses. But a couple, who are economically disposed, and are

content with a good sitting-room, bed-room, servants'-room, and kitchen, may have them from thirty to fifty francs, according to the goodness of the furniture, &c.

It only remains for me to speak of those immediate environs of Dunkerque, which form virtually a portion of the town. To say that they are more picturesque and agreeable than those of most French towns, is saying very little indeed in their favour; since a French city is almost always a precise and settled thing, having certain fixed and, as it were, *legal* limits—having passed which, you are as much out of the town as if you were out of the world. This is necessarily the case with *fortified* towns; but it is so with almost all, by reason of feeling and habit. There are few in regard to which it is so little the case as it is to Dunkerque. Having canals branching from almost every part of it but that which faces the sea, houses of business, as well as little *campagnes*, or country-houses, have sprung up in many parts of the immediate vicinity, which give a comparatively pleasing effect to the aspect of the country—which would otherwise be dreary to the last degree—partly from its absolute flatness, and partly because the soil is not favourable to the growth of wood vegetation. But the most agreeable portion of the environs is a little village called Rosendahl, which does not border either of the canals, but is situated on each side of a winding road, paved, and thickly bordered with pollard trees. Through this lane you may wind along for two miles, in the hottest day of summer, without feeling the sun, but merely seeing it chequering the earth as you walk; and here the Dunkerquois betake themselves every Sunday literally in *flocks*, to enjoy the open air, and spend an innocent afternoon in one or other of the various public gardens which are situated on either side. The principal of these is the "Jardin Royal," a spacious plot of ground, so thickly planted as to form almost a wood, and presenting an appearance as much superior to any of our public gardens even in the vicinity of the capital, as our Vauxhall is to any of the *evening* places of a similar kind in France. It is a garden altogether *French:* that is to say, of all the innumerable trees and shrubs of which it consists, not one is in its *natural* state, but has been clipped, twisted, tied, trained, and tortured in conformity with certain received rules and fancies, which for time immemorial have held sovereign sway over the French taste in these matters. To this garden all the most respectable of the bourgeois repair every Sunday at least, as regularly as they do to mass; and evidently with no other motive than that of meeting each other: for to partake of any of the refreshments included in the price of admission—and particularly of that most popular of all refreshments in France, a dance in the open air—would be the depth of *mauvais ton*. Not so, however, the soubrettes and bonnes, and their male companions, the labourers and artizans of the town. *They* enjoy every where the unequivocal advantage over their betters, of not being too proud to make themselves as happy as they can; and here their never-failing Sunday's resource, with this view, is, the dancing and its concomitants at this and the various other guingettes in the neighbourhood. They bargain for it in their engagemects with their employers; and they enjoy it—not to say practice it—at least as well as the best of their betters. Rosendahl is the spot where most of the excellent vegetables are grown that supply the Dunkerque market. The soil is a light sand, mixed with a black loam; and it seems to do for its simple cultivators all that the most laborious efforts of art can do with us. I

have never any where (except in the Netherlands) seen such fine vegetables as here seem to grow merely by the simple efforts of nature. We boast of our potatoes, too, and fancy that they cannot be had in perfection out of the United Kingdom—Ireland being admitted, in this one particular, to an equality with her proud sister. What Ireland may be able to produce in this sort, I know not; but in England I have never been able to procure this vegetable in such perfection as here—to say nothing of the Dunkerque gardens producing three or four excellent sorts, of which we know nothing—at least in our public markets. Of cauliflowers, too, they produce two regular crops; so that you get them in as great perfection at the latter end of November as at Midsummer, and for the same price, of a halfpenny each; and if they are not so large and close as ours, they are, I think, much better flavoured. And yet the climate of Dunkerque is certainly not better than that of London. It is the same, too, with the common fruits. The currants and gooseberries are never pruned at all, but grow in many places in the form of hedges; and the apples (of which there is such a profusion as admits of their being sold at from six to eight or ten for a penny) all grow on *dwarf* trees, none higher than the hand can reach to gather them. The finest fruit that they have here is a late pear, called the mansuede. The good-sized ones weigh a pound each, and a good tree in a favourable year will bring to perfection seven or eight hundred, that in the London market would readily bring six or eight shillings a dozen. Taking their size, appearance, and flavour together, they are the noblest pears I have ever seen. The apples, though beautiful to look at, are not so good as ours. Indeed, there are no apples in France, or even in Europe, to compare with our nonsuch and nonpareil.

I do not know that any thing is wanting to complete my picture of Dunkerque, but a notice of its public hotels. They are few in number for so considerable a town; and they do not make up for this deficiency by any great extent in their accommodations. By far the best is the Hôtel de Flandre, situated in the principal street, the rue d'Angouleme. It is kept by the postmaster and entrepreneur of the diligences, and contains several elegant apartments, luxuriously furnished. Persons travelling post, and desiring the best accommodation, need not hesitate a moment in their choice here, as there is no comparison between the Hôtel de Flandre and its rivals; and its charges are by no means extravagant. It must not, however, be regarded as an inn of the first class; and its management is by no means correspondent even with its appearance and pretensions: its attendance is bad, its cooking worse, and its wines worst of all. Two of the other three hotels are in the same street with the above, within a few doors of it. But that which perhaps deserves to be named as the second best, is situated at the farther extremity of the town, close to the port. It is kept (and has been for these thirty years) by a Yorkshire dame, named Williamson, and has all the look and some of the comforts of a good country inn in the North Riding. I do not know that it would be fair to rank the other two hotels—the *Sauvage*, and the *Chapeau Rouge*—below the Union; but they must certainly not be placed above it. At all the three you meet with comfortable accommodation for a moderate price; and at one of them (the Chapeau Rouge) you meet with the *idéal* (not exactly *beau*) of a thriving, thrifty landlady, and her *naïve* little daughter;—the one changing her air and manner every hour in the day, in precise correspondence with the

appearance and supposed pretensiŏns of her various guests; the other, alike to all, with an immovable smile upon her face, half-innocent, half-coquettish, which is just as much at the service of the garçon d'écurie as of the colonel himself, who sometimes honours her mamma's military table d'hôte with his presence.

I must not forget to tell you that Dunkerque is one of the finest ports of France, but that the causes which make it so take away all the *other* advantages of its situation on the sea-coast. You might live in it for years without knowing (except by the sight of the shipping coming up as it were into the middle of the town) that you were near the sea: and this not from its distance, but from the unfavourable nature of the coast, and the peculiar manner in which the sea is shut out by the sand-banks, and only permitted to enter at that one opening in them which forms the harbour. This runs in a direct line from the sea for about a third of a mile, bounded on either side by a wooden jetty; and then it makes a right angle, and runs on again for at least an equal distance, to the great basin at the extremity: so that the port is very little less than a mile in length. The five quays, which border the last half of it, are lined, two or three deep, with the vessels of all nations; and there are, besides, seldom less than eight or ten merchant vessels building in the harbour. But, for a sea-side residence, I repeat, Dunkerque might as well be fifty miles inland. There is no such thing as bathing; for the shore is so flat, that, half an hour after high-water, the sea is almost out of sight: and so ill-adapted is the shore in every other respect, for purposes of either health or pleasure, that there is not a single dwelling-house even within sight of the sea.

I would here willingly close my description of Dunkerque, while it is likely to leave as favourable an impression upon your mind, as the place itself has always created in mine. But there is one fact connected with it, which I must not conceal from you. It is unquestionably not healthy, even to the natives of it, and still less so to the English constitution, at least during the autumn months. During that period, for the last two or three years, there has prevailed an intermittent fever and ague, similar to that which is so frequent in the low and marshy districts of England. The better classes of the inhabitants are not much, if at all, troubled by it; but, among the lower classes, and especially their children, it is often very fatal—chiefly on account of their extreme poverty preventing them from using the due means of preventing or counteracting it. The inhabitants themselves strenuously deny the existence of any such malady. But they would be puzzled to account in any other way for an average of eight deaths a day—which have taken place during this last autumn, in a population of two or three and twenty thousand. But among the English residents the Dunkerque fever has this year shewn no respect of persons; and, if it should return the next year, will completely, and with good reason, put an end to that growing liking which our countrymen were contracting for the place. In fact, if it were not for this serious objection to Dunkerque, there would be no other town in this part of France nearly so well adapted to the purposes of those English families in the middle classes, who seek a temporary residence out of their own country, either with a view to the education of their children, the temporary retrenchment of their expenses, or the permanent procuring of more of the comforts and luxuries of life, with an income of two hundred a year, than can be had at home with one of five or six.

THE ELDER'S JOURNEY.

In the town of Dodrum, in the west of Scotland, there dwelt a man of singular sanctity and great temporal respectability, whose name was Ebenezer Dick. He was by trade a clothier, or cloth merchant, as his sign-board designated him, a business which, in a small Scottish town, is usually found in the hands of a person of some substance, the staple commodity in which he deals being of more sterling and substantial value than the usual gear which forms the traffic of an inconsiderable community. In such a place too, the money being scarce, or coming in only in uncertain and unwilling dribbles, like the first out-pourings of a bottle of strong ale, magnifies, in a surprising manner, the personal importance of the trader who can afford to give a few months' credit; and, at last, by a seeming contradiction in the nature of things, makes the stream of riches play gluck, gluck, into his own till, more like the hinder end of the said decanting. The natural consequence of the "golden opinion," bought by this liberal mode of transacting business, is the elevation of the individual to such offices of trust and dignity as are in the giving, or under the influence of, his fellow-townmen; and many years before the occurrence took place, which I have undertaken to relate, Eben Dick was called up to go out and in before this small people as an elder of the national kirk. This honour could hardly be said to be unexpected, and yet its effect on Eben was like that of electricity. If ever the doctrine of a regenerating grace, which moves the heart of man, not as Archimedes would have moved the world—if he had something to stand upon—but by its own innate and incomprehensible potency, without aid or footing, were exemplified in the human life and conversation, it was those of Ebenezer Dick. From the moment he became an elder, he ceased to be a cloth-merchant, delivering over to his better, or rather now, indeed, his worser half, the whole charge of the business, and applying himself to no pursuit more worldly than the management of such temporalities of the kirk as it was his duty to watch over and administer. But it was not to things temporal alone that he directed his attention, for although Dr. Chalmers had not yet begun to thunder on the "drum ecclesiastic,"—and in his hands it was truly a base drum, in the awful majesty of its tone—the servants of the remoter tabernacles understood their duty as labourers in the vineyard almost as well as it was afterwards inculcated by that eminent minister. The elder, in such places, was not merely a kind of out-door flunky of the sanctuary, to stand at the plate and throw a "greedy glowr" at the passer by;—he was the assistant of the minister, even in the spiritual duties of his function, and except just in the out-pourings from the pulpit, and in the worldly matter of stipend, he might be looked upon as fully the equal of the appointed children of Aaron. To visit the poor, to comforted the afflicted, to pray by the sick, to re-assure the dying, to sanctify the occasion at a burial, to bless the meat at good men's feasts, and to wrestle in argument with the enemies of the true cause wherever he should meet with them, were the daily occupations of Eben Dick.

Sore were his travailings at the outset of the labour, for the evil-one thrusts himself even within the pale of the altar, in a thousand terrible shapes to harass and waylay. In pride, self-conceit, anger, envy, malice, and all uncharitableness, Eben recognised the emissaries of

Satan. There were those who looked at once with rage and fear on his advancement, and on the forward part he took in the business of the kirk, for Eben was not a man, when the good fight was to be fought, to lie sleeping among the baggage and the harridans in the rear; and there were those also who twitted him with the back-slidings of his youth, and would fain have shamed him from the van, crying, "Is Saul also among the prophets?" But he kept steadily on in the path of spiritual ambition, praying and praising, like the sweet singer of Israel, foundering one enemy with an argument, in which his extraordinary acuteness was allowed far and near, and drowning the voice of another in a psalm, the sound of which was, in dreadful sweetness, like the sound of the rams'-horns of Joshua, which threw down the walls of Jericho at a blast.

And thus he went on, conquering and to conquer, till his supremacy was acknowledged by the whole parish. There was, at last, not a sick soul within a dozen miles that could depart in peace without some spiritual communing with the ruling elder, nor a burial to which he was not invited as regularly as the doctor; and, although in the latter case, it behoved that the minister, through Christian courtesy, should be asked to sanctify to the hearts of the mourners, by public prayer, not merely the wine, and the almonds, and raisins, and almond-biscuits, placed before them, but the calamitous occurrence which had assembled them together; yet it was generally contrived, that in a second room, whether needed on account of numbers or not, Ebenezer Dick should perform that requisite solemnity. On more joyous occasions, too, at the dinner-meetings of friends, it was thought that nothing went right unless Eben was there to say "twa words,"* either the sheep's head was over-singed, or the hotch-potch over-thin, or something either over or under the mark; and at evening parties, patronized chiefly by elderly matrons and unmarriageable spinsters, at which a dish of tea and a hand at prayers were the fashionable amusements, there was not his equal in the county. At the setting of a star in Israel, more particularly, of extraordinary brightness —namely, the mortal extinction of Baillie Modiewart—his light shone forth in a manner that could not be hidden: his prayer at the thanks-giving for the wine and sweetmeats was a very model of piety and pathos; and, indeed, even Davie Moffat, the deistical wight, allowed that he was "bonnie on the corp."

It seemed as if, in this progressive gratification of his spiritual ambition, that the outer man sympathized, in a fleshly manner, with the inner; for as the latter grew in grace, so did the former in grease—if, on such a subject, we may be allowed this profane approximation to a pun. He increased, in fact, in corporal rotundity and bulk almost as fast as he did in righteousness and fame; and at last the physical magnitude of his figure inspired nearly as much awe as the moral and religious greatness of his mind. But there are still some foibles in our mortal natures, even when most purified—as gold, even when seven times tried, will still yield a portion of dross. The besetting foible of Ebenezer Dick was that very ambition which had led on to his advancement, and which now caused him to sit down on the summit, like a second Alexander, and weep for new worlds to conquer. There was no one now among his brethren in office who dared open his lips to him in argument—no one, indeed, whom he had not beaten over and over again to "immortal

* To say grace.

smash." In vain he went forth in the morning to make the tour of the parish, seeking whom he might devour; he returned home on the chap of two, an hungered both in soul and body; and although the sensual appetite did not fail to find ample satisfaction, Mr. Dick being a rare hand at the kail, the bowels of the spirit remained still croaking. On the occasion, indeed, of the renewal of the covenant, by the public dispensing of the typical elements, which happened twice a year, he found some employment for those mental faculties that were running all the rest of the year to seed: but even these occasions at last partook of the sameness which had began to make life tiresome, if not nauseous. It was pleasant, on the sabbath of the sacrament, to be permitted to approach in public, as it were, even to the veil which is before the ark of the testimony; but this was only one short day out of six months. It was pleasant, too, to think that from his mouth alone proceeded the orders for the preparation of the sacrifice; and that, like Moses, when he descended from the Mount, his lips had given command anent, "the table and his staves, and all his vessels and the shew-bread; the candlestick also for the light, and his furniture and his lamps, with the oil for the light;" but it was without opposition that those commands were given—without a single argument with his brother elders—dumb dogs, that barked not—and, in process of time, the whole affair became flat, stale, and unprofitable to the stirring spirit of Ebenezer.

Now, there was a man, named Timothy Mc Aslam, who had been a sojourner aforetime in the town of Dodrum, in the very human capacity of Eben—namely, as a clothier or cloth-merchant—and who, on the pressure of circumstances, had removed to the larger town of Skreigh, where he took root, and flourished exceedingly, and became in due time an Elder of the Kirk. It is said on high authority, that "a prophet has no honour in his own country;" but although this was true in regard to Timothy, while he tarried among his own people, yet he had no sooner began to spread forth in his new Canaan, than the fame of his goings-out and comings-in returned back to his former abiding-place, to some of the inhabitants thereof as an incense, and to some as a stink in the nostrils. Eben heard of the success of his townsman with a patronizing air of satisfaction, which encouraged such of the wayfaring inhabitants as visited Skreigh at the periodical markets to bring him frequent news of his brother in the spirit. But although this was pleasing at first, and indeed encouraging, in the midst of his own strugglings and wrestlings; yet, when these had ceased, and he became absolute master of the field of strife, it was but reasonable to expect some cessation of the "sough." But either the deserts of Timothy increased, or the townfolk, having found out a subject pleasing to their friend, were unwilling to part with it; for the clamour of disinterested praise, in place of subsiding, seemed to swell the higher and louder at every note. The fame of his distant friend appeared at length to overtop, as it were, his own success; and, from conquering substantialities, Eben came to fight with shadows. The gaunt form of Timothy never left the sight of his mind; his deep, but querulous voice, rung for ever in his ears; if he prayed in secret, a louder hum rose over and cloaked his words like a mantle; if he argued, an opponent, unseen and unheard but by himself, turned his wisdom to foolishness; if he slept, his spectral enemy squatted on his breast, like the nightmare.

At this time, a dispute of a speculative nature raged in the kirk of

Scotland, with a violence that may seem strange to unreflecting minds. The question was, simply, whether the memorial loaves, used at the supper of the sacrament, should be presented with or without the crust. Mr. Dick, with the staunch orthodoxy which distinguished him through life, defended the common practice of the kirk, in slicing away the uncleanness of the outer covering from the bread; while it was more than imputed that Timothy denied the utility of such a measure altogether. With this solid ground of dissension, superadded to the spirit of ambitious rivalship, the "princely fault" of Ebenezer's mind, it is no wonder that he felt a longing arise to change the shadowy, and as yet imaginary, warfare into a substantial conflict of soul against soul.

Without saying a word to his friends, or taking council of man, he indited an epistle to Timothy on the subject of dispute, and lovingly invited him to try a spiritual fall with him on the quarrel. Timothy, in reply, confiding more in his tongue than his pen, declined entering into a literary contest; but offered to meet his antagonist at the inn of Shotts, which was equidistant from both towns, and being a solitary house, with scarcely a cottage for a dozen miles on each side, was a scene very fit for the purpose either of religious or profane duelling. In an evil hour, the Elder agreed to this arrangement; and set about preparing, for the first time in his life, for what to him was really a journey—the inn of Shotts being not less than twenty-two miles distant. The mail coach, passing through Dodrum, on its way to Glasgow, about seven o'clock in the evening, seemed the most suitable conveyance; and as he should, in this manner, reach the inn before eleven, the fatigue of the journey would be removed by a comfortable night's sleep, and he would rise fresh for the onslaught on the morning of the trysting-day.

"The race is not to the swift, neither is the battle to the strong!" said he, half aloud, musing on the approaching adventure. "Lo! I will go forth to meet this Goliath of the Philistines; yea, I will go forth, like unto the Israelitish boy—[Mr. Dick was six feet by four]—neither with a helmet of brass, nor yet with a coat of mail."—"Atweel, Eben," interrupted Mrs. Dick, only intent on her preparations for his journey; "if ye dinna sit down, and take your dish o' tea, ye maun e'en gang without; for the mail will be here in a minute; and as for your coat, Jenny is just airing the lining o' the shoulthers at the fire, to keep awa the rheumateeze:—an' here it comes!"—"The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" cried Ebenezer, still musing, and stuffing a whole slice of toast into his capacious mouth. Having finished a very substantial meal, to which he had sat down "dressed like a bridegroom," as Mrs. Dick said, forgetting that the colour of his apparel was solemn black; he drew over these holiday habiliments, with the assistance of his wife and Jenny, his every-day suit of a more seedy complexion, and superadding an immense great coat, with divers shawls and handkerchiefs for the neck, he was fully prepared for the arrival of the coach, and awaited the sound of the trumpet with anxiety.

By this time, a report had gone abroad in the town that something out of the common was stirring; and although it was altogether impossible to divine the cause or motive of the journey, it was known that the Elder was actually preparing to go forth. Many of the people gathered about the shop-door, and some of the family intimates made their way into the back-parlour, where they were gradually followed by those who had hardly the plea of acquaintanceship for the intrusion; so that, in a little

while, the room, as well as the shop, was full. But the assemblage was not characterized by that rude eagerness of curiosity which might have been expected elsewhere: each spoke to his neighbour in whispers, or shook Mrs. Dick by the hand in silence. At length, Mrs. McSneeshin, the tobacconist's widow next door (who indeed had been something of a randy wife before she took to godliness), bustling through the crowd, made her way into the room, and producing a thick, round bottle of real noyau, which she had manufactered herself, by tempering the ardent flavour of strong whiskey, although without diminishing its strength, with the juice of blanched and crushed almonds, filled out a bumper, and handed it to the Elder, "to keep the cauld from his stamach." The good man, who could unbend sometimes, did not refuse the proffered civility; and, his heart opening under the genial influence, he soon after threw out such hints as gave the company to understand all the whys and wherefores of the matter. It cannot be told how proud the Dodrum people were at this instance of spiritual heroism having arisen among themselves; and a few minutes passed joyfully by, in discussing the subject and Mrs. McSneeshin's bottle of noyau. At length a hurried stir was heard among the outer crowd, which, followed instantaneously by the sound of a trumpet, gave intimation that the mail was coming; and Eben, attended by his friends, hurried to the street as fast as his cumbrous clothing permitted.

But it was mainly impossible to get him to the top of the coach, where he meant to have gone, partly for economy's sake, and partly to be enabled to keep a sharp look-out for the inn of Shotts, being informed that the government vehicles were so overhasty in their wayfaring operations of changing the cattle, *et cætera*, as to leave him in some dread of being carried half over the kingdom before he was aware. An awfully heavy man indeed he was, and somewhat slow of locomotion at the best; but, in this instance, being wholly unable to render any assistance himself, swathed and swaddled in his present fashion, with as many coverings as King Cheops had in his Egyptian tomb, it was altogether out of the question to get him farther than the top of the fore-wheel. It was necessary, therefore, to do as it would do with them, and they just rammed him into the inside, although not without a good deal of sticking at the door. This scene was the cause of some merriment to "sinfu' Davie Moffat," and a few other scoffers, who had been attracted to the spot by the crowd; but in general the people behaved themselves with great decorum, and, when the coach at last drove off, they resumed their interlocution in the low, simultaneous buzz, which follows the conclusion of divine service in the kirk.

The reflections of Ebenezer were suitable to the new, and perhaps dangerous, situation in which his spiritual ambition and line of argument had placed him. He looked wistfully out of the window, as the last of the houses appeared to rush past him; and a sinking of the heart attended his look when it rested on unknown objects, and the seemingly interminable expanse of strange lands around him, lying silent and gloomy under the dimly-lighted sky. Then the journeys of his favourite apostle, Paul, came one by one to his recollection; and a thrill of awful pride was mingled with his faint-heartedness. And then he conned over, both in hope and fear, the prayers he had prayed and heard, for those who, forsaking their warm homes and the flesh-pots and kail-pots of Egypt, made their exodus into the wilderness of the world—both those who

travelled by land, in the fallible vehicles of human construction—and those who went down to the sea in ships, and did their business in the great waters. Whether it was owing to the copiness of his wrappings, or to the lulling motion of the carriage, or to Mrs. Mc Sneeshin's noyau, is not known; but, as the darkness increased, his cogitations, as if in moral harmony with the laws of external nature, became more dim, and indistinct, and confused; and, when the last rays of daylight departed, and the night closed definitively in, he fell fast asleep. His thoughts, however, only seemed to acquire new vividness, when they were left at freedom from the interruption of the external senses; and the Apostle Paul, the round bottle, and the elder of Skreigh floated before him like the actors of a drama. At one time he imagined himself to be the very man of Tarsus himself, addressing his opponent *ex cathedrâ*, in the words transmitted from Laodicea to the Timothy of old, the first bishop of the Ephesian church:—"O Timothy, keep that which is committed to thy trust, avoiding profane and vain babblings, and appositions of science, falsely so called!"—and again, repeating with fresh emphasis, as Paul wrote a second time from Rome, "Shun profane and vain babblings, O Timothy!" he was awakened from this vision by the stopping of the coach.

With some difficulty he opened a vista for one eye through the shawls and the collars of his three coats; but no house was in view, at least from the window, through which he passed; and, whether or not, it was morally impossible that they could have reached the inn of Shotts already. He could hear, however, by the voices on the road, that the driver and guard had dismounted; and concluding, of course, that their business, in this lonely and uninhabited part of the route, could only be to fasten some part of the harness that had given way, he waited in anxiety till one of them should approach the door, that he might inquire into the extent of the damage. But, in the mean time, he was himself seized with a desire to dismount—caused, no doubt, by his wishing to inspect the harness in person; although this supposition does not appear to be borne out by the fact of his making his way to the side of the road, as soon as he was able to extricate himself from the vehicle. His back was to the coach, and his face directed towards what he imagined, through the darkness, to be either an ocean, or a new chaos, when he heard a loud crack of the whip behind: the horses struck their feet simultaneously into the ground, and a cracking, rushing noise proclaimed that the carriage was in motion. Ebenezer turned round in fury and dismay—like an elephant attacked in the rear. In vain he tore the manifold coverings from his face—it was pitch dark; in vain he ran after the coach, as Falstaff followed his annoyers, "like a church;" in vain he inquired of the son of "Belial," at the extent of his voice, wherefore he was left behind, and then implored him piteously, saying, "Tarry, good man, I pray thee—tarry yet a season!" He stood still, and wrung his hands in despair as the rushing became more swift and more distant. "Woe is me!" cried he, with a deep groan; "his driving is like the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi; for he driveth furiously."

He was alone; he was bound hand and foot by his garments; and even had he been at liberty, he was ignorant of the road; and even had he known every inch of the way, he was in all probability many miles from a human habitation. In a case like this, a pious man would put in practice the duty of resignation; and a fat man would adopt the alterna-

tive, which promised the greatest ease to his already overburthened limbs. Mr. Dick was both; and he sat down on the road, just where his short race had terminated, and drawing in his limbs to the body, and his head into the neck mufflings from which it had partly emerged, he looked like a huge tortoise sleeping in its shell. It must not be supposed, however, that he was as much of the Christian hero as to be able to maintain a perfect equilibrium of mind, in this alarming and extraordinary situation. On the contrary, a thousand awful fears and fancies took possession of him, turning topsy-turvy his best ideas, like a horde of barbarians ransacking a well-ordered city. By and by he would not have lifted an eye for a king's ransom; and even as it was, with the eyelids shut down, as if with screw-nails, and the organs of vision defended from outward intrusion by successive ramparts of silk, and cotton, and broadcloth, an obstinate acuteness of sight seemed to compel him to behold every appalling object he had ever seen or fancied in his life. The vision of the Temanite, and the apparition of Samuel, passed in terrible review before him; and these were strongly associated with the local superstitions of his native place, the messenger of heaven being marshalled by the ill man himself in the person of a blackamoor, and the prophet of the Israelites, linking arm in arm with Meg Limmer, a ne'er-do-weel who had haunted the Whin Hill both in life and death, as far back as his recollection extended, for the purpose of way-laying the male passenger. The failings too of the original seers seemed to mingle, as it were, with his own; like Eliphaz, he felt the hairs of his flesh stand up, and at the surprising conjunction of Samuel and Meg Limmer, like Saul at Endor, he was so sore afraid that he fell straight-way all along on the earth. His ears also were as busy as his eyes; and so dreadful were the supernatural sounds with which they were assailed, that it may be a question whether they were not rather relieved than otherwise, by a rushing noise on the road, like the coming of the wheels of a chariot, which threatened instant destruction to the prostrate traveller. With the instinct of self-preservation, however, he gathered himself up in a twinkling on his hands and knees, and crawled backwards to the side of the road; but here his foot plashing unexpectedly in water, gave him pause. He could not for some time withdraw the immersed member for fear of the danger on the road, and as little did he like to tempt the deceitful element further; it might be a ditch, or it might be the sea, and to one like him, who had an alacrity of sinking, either might be fatal. Even although a ditch, indeed, as he said himself, who knoweth but it might be as deep as the well Haran, as you go up to the city of Nahor? And thus, therefore, he lay, or rather stood, in the manner of some amphibious quadruped, till the sound, which might have been the rushing of a chariot, or of the wind, or of something more unsubstantial than either, had passed by. And there he lay, in "an horror of great darkness," alone, and in a solitary road, till his wearied senses found an equivocal kind of repose in a troubled sleep. In his dreams, his enemy in the spirit, Timothy, seemed to be standing over him, and taunting him where he lay, while, enchanted and tongue-tied, yet bursting with fiery indignation and wrath, he could not utter a word in reply. At length, slowly returning to a waking sense of his dismal situation, his outward faculties gradually resumed their functions, and as he recognized the sound of human voices, and the approaching footsteps of men, the bulky body of Ebenezer shrunk into half its natural compass. The

sounds came nearer, and the sense of touch was next invaded; he felt hands feeling about his neck, and drawing him by the legs; and at last, with the courage of despair, he raised himself on his hinder end, and suffered the mufflings to be removed from his face. It was the dawn of morning, and he looked round bewildered. The ditch, or sea, which had given him so much alarm, was a collection of muddy water, in the rut of a coach wheel; before him, on the opposite side of the road, stood an ancient-looking house, with the sign of a punch-bowl on the shutter of the window next the door, and several night-capp'd heads protruding from the higher apertures of the building, surmounting faces, which appeared gazing with eager curiosity on the foundered traveller; while on each side of him, ministered two human forms, one male, and one female. The latter, taking the precedence due to her sex, exclaimed, in a tone of anger and surprise, "In his name, wha have we here, routing like a whole herd of nowts, at this time o' the morning?"

"How long wilt thou be drunken? When wilt thou put away thy wine from thee?" said the other, in a sanctified and sepulchral tone, which fell upon the ear of Ebenezer like the sound of the last trumpet—for it was the voice of Timothy! Turning away sickening from the severe eye and marble features of the man of Skreigh, the elder, applying to her of the gentle sex, demanded, in the manner at once of solemn adjuration and pathetic entreaty—"Tell me, woman, I pray thee, in the name of all goodness,—where am I?"

"Whare am I? quo he," answered the landlady,—"Whare suld ye be, ye doited body, but at the inn o' Shott's?"

"The inn o' Shotts!" said Eben, wrathfully, "Thou liest, woman, and the truth is not in thee! I left Dodrum last night, in the King's coach, and, of a surety, before I had journeyed a dozen miles, the man of Belial left me on the road—even here—before I was aware, passing by, like the Levite, on the other side."

"The Gospel according to St. Luke, tenth chapter, thirty-first and thirty-second verses," interrupted Timothy.

"And yet in truth," Ebenezer continued, "there was then no house, nor even a dyke, nor any workmanship whatsoever of men's hands beside me—and methought the sea, or some great ditch, was behind, into which my foot was slipping continually, notwithstanding that I held on, like grim death, to the bank; and methought, although it might peradventure be only a ditch, yet it was wider than could be spanned by the legs of a man, and deeper than the well Haran, as ye go up to Nahor, in the land of the people of the east."

"Genesis—twenty-nine—the second verse," said Timothy.

"Of a surety this is the work of the enemy!" concluded Ebenezer, looking up, in fear and perplexity, into the face of the elder of Skreigh.

"Yea—of the enemy!" said Timothy, stepping upon the ledge of the footpath, where he poised himself gracefully, and extended his arms over his prostrate victim—"of the spirit, of the lusts of the flesh, and of the abomination of drunkenness! Look at thy garments covered with glaur, and thy foot with foul water; consider thy desolate condition, lying all night in the public road, and an open house on the other side of the way; thy vain imaginations anent oceans and ditches—thy groans and snorings while wallowing in the mire of thy filthiness! 'Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath

babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine.'—twenty-third Proverbs, twenty-ninth and thirtieth verses."

"As the Lord liveth," said Ebenezer, endeavouring, but in vain, to rise, "my soul is guiltless of this thing!"

"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red," continued Timothy, "when it giveth its odour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright: at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.—Thirty-first and thirty-second."

Ebenezer bowed his head upon his breast in anguish and despair; for while Timothy was speaking, he became convinced of the impossibility of clearing his reputation by words; and yet, unused to listen without replying, or to hear reasonings without reasoning against them, he could not help saying—"I allow, Timothy, that wine may be received by a judicious commentator as the generic appellation of strong drink, and that thus it may signify either ale or whiskey—or even noyau; but shall it be said that wine is forbidden, and that strong drink is prohibited? Doth not holy Paul himself, in his Epistle from Laodicea to thy own namesake—but different from thee, inasmuch as he was younger in years and milder in conversation—command the Ephesian bishop to drink no longer water, but to use wine, for his stomach's sake?—See the fifth chapter and twenty-third verse. But to-morrow thou shalt have thy belly-full, even as I promised in my letter!"

"And from thee!" exclaimed Timothy, spitting two yards over his body, "Is it with this dead dog I am come out to combat? Far be it from me that I should so disgrace myself in our Israel. Arise, and get thee gone; keep thy lips, if thou canst, from the cup of intoxication, and thy soul from foolishness with the mother of harlots and abomination of the earth, and from being made drunk with the wine of sin—foh! Revelations, seventeenth chapter, second verse, and last clause of the verse." And so saying, Timothy crossed over into the house, and in half an hour after went home to the Skreigh in the night coach. Mr. Dick returned soon after to Dodrum, as Davie Moffat said, "with his tail between his legs;" and, to this day, it is a saying in that town, of any one embarking foolishly on an ambitious enterprize, that he is going on *the Elder's Journey.*

L. R.

NOTES FOR THE MONTH.

The Coalition Ministry was in its last struggles at the date of our January number; and we sit down now, almost at the eleventh hour, to prepare for that of February, with nothing definitively settled as to the manner of replacing it.* This is a subject, however, upon which public curiosity has rather declined during the last few days. The material question, as every body is aware, being far less—what particular individuals are to fill particular stations? than, what *party of men*—or, in other words, what class of principles—are to regulate the affairs of the country? And this point is understood already to be decided—the Tories are the people that are to come in.

The causes assigned by public report for the dissolution of the late ministry are various: but probably the most really operative and imme-

* Since this article was prepared for press, the arrangement of the ministry has been concluded.

diate cause, was the admitted incompetency of Lord Goderich, and the difficulty of finding any other person (with whom all parties would consent to act) to supply his place. One other motive, or incentive, strongly urged by a considerable authority—the "intrigues of Mr. Herries"—seems to us open to an immediate answer. Is it credible that this Mr. Herries—of whose existence no creature ever heard until within the last six months, as a political character—is it likely that he should have had force enough to turn out the whole ministry? If such be the case, one inference would seem to be nearly inevitable—that Mr. Herries is a much more powerful man than he has been supposed to be? The breach created by Lord Goderich's secession is the more probable cause of the two; because it is perfectly well known that the impossibility of adequately filling his lordship's office, was the only excuse for his ever being appointed to it. All that was expected, even by his best friends, was that he would be a "mandarin" minister:—content to stand quietly in a certain position—for the purpose of keeping out other people who it was known would not be content to stand quietly in that position. As a minister of finance, he had been tried—he had been Chancellor of the Exchequer: and the best that could be said of him in that post was, that he had not done mischief in it. Of foreign policy he certainly knew extremely little, and had no reputation for knowing any thing; and, as a debater in the House, he was weak to puerility. But he had connexion, and personal character, and popularity (at least to the extent of being tolerated) with all parties; and his political opinions, as far as they went, were of the right school—they were on the side of liberality. Under these circumstances, he was raised to the premiership; not because any body who knew him, even a little, believed that he could *do* any thing in that situation; but because it was thought that he could maintain himself, by a certain good nature and unaffectedness, in the dignity of it, while a good deal of the duty was allowed to devolve upon other people. Unfortunately, this has not been the case; and Lord Goderich, in his elevation, has accomplished even less than was expected from him. His private worth will remain unimpeached; but, as a public man, his name must cease to be heard in this country for ever. That both his capacity and his firmness were overrated—slight as the estimate was, put upon them—is placed beyond doubt: and the mistake must have been shared even by himself, or he never could have accepted the office of first minister—so soon, and under such disagreeable circumstances, to relinquish it. There are other political causes, besides the noble lord's alarm or inefficiency, or the intrigues of Mr. Herries, stated, and confidently, as having contributed to the dissolution of the late ministry; but a more material subject for our present discussion is, the course of policy which the country has to expect from the administration that is to succeed it.

The understanding at this moment is pretty nearly universal, that the new government is to be high Tory; and that the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Peel are to be at the head of it: which of the two candidates is to have the place of Premier is not yet known. Of the talents of both these honourable persons, we have repeatedly spoken in the highest terms. Political ability is not so abundant in the present day, that the country should desire to fling away the benefit of any part of it; and the only circumstance which we regretted about Mr. Canning's administration, was that *they* (doubtless from honourable motives) refused to be included

in it. In our article of June 1827, upon the formation of that ministry, we endeavoured to do justice to the claims of the Duke of Wellington, and to the services which he has rendered to the country. The political opinions of his Grace are in many points widely opposed to those which we entertain, and to those which we believe, in this country, *must eventually prevail:* but the miserable fallacy of attempting to speak of him as a mere "soldier," we treated with the contempt and indignation which it deserved. We never doubted that the same mind which could conceive the plans of the campaigns of Spain and Portugal, and see the policy of assisting French credit in the affair of the loan after the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, must be able to apply itself with vigour and advantage to any subject which might be brought before it. We admit this; and we feel the full value which the mere name of the Duke of Wellington—though it were only for the influence which that name will have in foreign courts—has, and must have, in the councils of the country. But still we do not believe that the Duke of Wellington is a fit man at the present day to be prime minister of England To imagine a campaign, and to govern a country, are distinct duties, and require different characters of ability. It is one affair to discipline a hundred thousand soldiers; and another to reign over twenty millions of free men. The education of a military man is seldom of a nature to qualify him particularly well for the discharge of public civil duties: his habits and feelings still less frequently of a kind to make him popular in the execution of them. From the Duke of Wellington, the country may look probably for a course of domestic policy, not widely different from that of the late Marquis of Londonderry: marked by the same valuable firmness and vigour always in the work of repressing discontent; but displaying a full share of the same facility, in occasionally exciting it. And—of the memory of the late Marquis of Londonderry, *we* shall ever speak with respect. He had great and commanding qualities for the situation which he filled; and the triumphant ascendancy which he maintained in that situation—in despite of popular odium—proves the fact. But the day in which his qualities—imposing as they were—joined to his policy, could be tolerated in England—we believe, is gone.

Then, if we turn from the view of the Duke of Wellington in power, to the claims of Mr. Peel, the prospects of the country are not materially improved. The personal competency of the candidates is not exactly equal: but there are points, and unluckily most important ones, as to which the effects of their administration upon the country will be the same. Mr. Peel is the fitter man, perhaps, of the two for the office; though the least likely to obtain it. At home, there are circumstances in which he will give satisfaction: he will be less the minister of the few (against the many), than the Duke of Wellington, because he is, for the purposes of government, better informed and better educated. He knows that the eventual power is in the many; and that to do them something like justice is the easiest mode (and will soon be the only mode) of ruling them with safety. Mr. Peel will rid us of that stain upon the common sense and character of the country—the offensive as well as oppressive absurdity of "the Game Laws"—that is, he will do this if he can. He will render the Criminal Code of the country generally—(the Civil, he will not have courage enough to meddle with)—intelligible to the thousands who have to execute, and the millions who have to abide by it—as far as he can. He will tolerate some approach to the princi-

ples of free trade—where the interests of the landowners—or any other very wealthy and extensive interests—are not concerned. He will be anxious for general improvement—where it is quite clear that no individual advantage is endangered by it;—for the free agency of the poor—where it does not militate against the authority of the rich. And we have no doubt that he would advocate economy and retrenchment to-morrow, if he saw either that the necessity was vital, or that the thing could be done without putting a great many very genteel people to inconvenience. But he will be a slow exterminator of those abuses which have time and precedent to sanction them. In all disputes between the rights of freedom and the claims of power, he will be a modest pleader on the weak side, or his opinions will carry him to the strong. He will neither betray the liberties of the people, nor obstruct the progress of intelligence; but neither cause will gain any advancement in his hands; and he is the opponent of Parliamentary Reform, and the sworn enemy of Catholic Emancipation.

Upon this last point alone—and it is an objection applicable to both the parties equally—we should see sufficient cause to regret the accession either of the Duke of Wellington or Mr. Peel to power. Our own opinions upon the subject of Catholic Emancipation have been declared: we have no affection for the cause, and an infinite distrust of the pretenders who assume to "lead" it; but it is a cause which *must prevail*. Catholicism, we believe to be the greatest moral curse that can afflict a people. In Italy, Spain, Portugal—in every country where it flourishes—ignorance, poverty, and degradation are its allies. In France, the wealthy and industrious provinces, in the proportion of three to two, are those which are Protestant—beyond the Catholic. In Ireland, it is only necessary to find any symptom of a peaceful and prosperous community, to determine that you are in a district where Catholicism does not prevail. Our first wish would be that the faith—and every recollection of it, should be lost for ever; but penalties and privations will not effect that object: in every country where it is the established religion, it is losing ground and decaying; but in Ireland, where it is resisted, zeal lights her torch at the fires of persecution; and each successive defeat serves only to increase the virulence and determination of its followers. For the last ten years, indeed, the policy of England upon the Catholic Question seems little short of insanity. There is a right set up, which *must* eventually succeed; and we endanger the unity of the two countries, and make the fortunes of mountebanks and disturbers, by, for a season, resisting it! If a war with the Continent were to arise to-morrow, the Catholics of Ireland *must* be emancipated. No man doubts this. The Catholics themselves know it. Those who are the loudest agitators in their party so well know it, that they would rather wait for that event, to force their claims from the necessity of England, than accept them—if they had their choice—this moment from her justice. We see all this: and yet we coolly allow the thing to go on; and rather seem voluntarily to assist it! We tolerate the institution of Catholic Associations. We see these bodies corresponding and communicating by their agents all over Ireland. We allow them to raise money—to organize communication—to acquire every day fresh command over a population, whose ignorance renders them capable of being enlisted in any enterprise—while their distresses unhappily—in any event—leave them little worth to lose. And we do all this, absolutely, as if rebellion or

insurrection were our object; as if we intentionally, and of purpose, postponed all decision, until the period which the aggrieved parties will find most convenient for insurrection; and when no one we believe can doubt, that—successful or not—it will arise! It might be policy to grant to the Catholics those liberties which they are entitled to. Or it might be policy to take such measures as should cripple their means of offence, or exasperate them into resistance immediately. But the policy of *waiting*—sure that they will resist—for the time when they may be able to resist most advantageously—we confess is a refinement which we are at a loss to comprehend!

Our purpose here, however, is not the discussion of the merits of the Catholic Question—any farther than as that question forms one of the circumstances most important to the peace and security of England, which will be affected by the return of the Tory party to office. It is not that we apprehend any immediate consequence (of moment) from the disappointment of the Catholic party in Ireland. A few insolent, rather than violent speeches, will be made by the more vulgar demagogues; and a few partial burnings take place of the property or persons of the Orangemen: but here the matter will rest for the present. But the spirit which produces these outrages will not die; nor will it rest here. It will go on, gaining strength from repression, and wait only for the first symptom of embarrassment in the affairs of this country to shew itself broadly and openly. It will then burst out in organized, and perhaps incurable rebellion; and we shall have enough to do to regret that the time has been lost when such a result might have been prevented. The subject of Catholic claims is one only of many, which will be affected by the return of a Tory administration to power! But it is a subject which we look at with peculiar anxiety; because, while it is one of paramount importance, it is also one upon which a change, or even a modification, of the old policy, we fear, cannot be hoped for. The distribution of offices in the new government, it is not possible at the present moment to speak with accuracy; but it is stated that Mr. Huskisson stays in. For the post of Premier—it matters very little who has it—the Duke of Wellington, perhaps, is the more likely candidate to succeed; for Mr. Peel has no "birth" to bring to market—nothing but his character and talent; claims to which his friends of the "aristocracy" do sometimes defer, but always with great wry faces and ill-will. In the mean time, a new party is said to be forming in the House of Commons, to be headed by Lord Althorpe: a nobleman, who we suspect is qualified to take a more active part in public affairs than he has been used to do.

Bursting of the Thames Tunnel.—We regret to state that our apprehensions, expressed six months since, as to the event of this undertaking, have been realized. On Friday, the 11th inst., only a few weeks after the damage occasioned by the first irruption had been repaired, the water burst in the tunnel a second time, filled it almost in an instant, and destroyed six of the labourers employed; several other individuals; and among them M. Brunel, junior, himself, escaping almost by miracle. This rather rash, and certainly useless enterprize, may now, therefore, we suspect, be considered as at an end. Not the slightest blame can attach to M. Brunel, or to any of the engineers employed; but the predictions of most rational people are fully borne out as to the practicability of the work: besides that, even the most sanguine see now very clearly,

that it would never repay five per cent. of the sum that it has cost, if it were completed. When we were told, at the time of the first accident, that "the bed of the river had been surveyed," and that "no second accident could occur," we said that such a declaration was either imposition or nonsense. That the "surveys," when taken, were not worth one farthing, was clear; for they had been taken, and the assurance given, that no accident whatever could occur, before the work commenced. In fact, that such a survey *should* be of any value was impossible. The whole work is now inundated, by a weak point in the bed of the river, *only seven feet square:* does any engineer mean to say that he ever examined—or ever contemplated examining—every "seven feet square" of the bottom of the Thames, in the line that the tunnel was to take? And this weak point too—for the full proof of the benefit of the survey—is found distant only a very few yards from the spot of the former accident!

It might be possible (perhaps) by laying down an artificial bottom all across the river—a bottom of which, within two years, there would not be left a remnant—to carry the Tunnel through. But what insanity it would be to incur such an expense—independent of the strong probability of future insecurity—(when this artificial bed of the river shall have been washed away)—for a work which never can hope to pay five shillings per cent. upon the capital laid out upon it? Doubtless the undertaking would have been a splendid one, if it had succeeded—though a most monstrous destruction of all the property embarked in it. It has failed, in defiance of a zeal and ingenuity, almost unparalleled on the part of the engineer; but it *has* failed, and it would be a pity to allow him to cast away his own life, or the lives of other people, in endeavouriug to complete it. We do not affect the ultra humanity, of being deterred from any valuable purpose, by the apprehension of danger to parties employed: but the late accident has added one fact to those already within the clear perception of reasonable people:—to wit, that the machinery of the "shield," however curious and admirable, is quite inadequate to prevent irruptions of the water, or to secure the lives of the workmen when such take place. If the full number of persons usually employed in the Tunnel (independent of visitors) had been present at the time of the disaster, the loss of life must have been enormous. On the whole, we look with no hope whatever ourselves, to the completion of this enterprize; and we very much distrust some rumour that we hear, of parties *uninterested,* being willing to contribute subscriptions, rather than it should be abandoned. It is clearly proved—proved by two events—that the engineers know nothing, with certainty, of the difficulties that they have to encounter. And it is possible that those who have shares, may be inclined, by any means, to keep up the delusion some time longer; in the hope of being able to sell—even for a low price—that which is now worth absolutely nothing.

Reality of History.—A paper called "*The Revenant,*" appeared some time last summer in Blackwood's Magazine, describing the adventures and sensations of a man supposed to have been hanged and brought to life again. Three months after, the editor of an American newspaper copied half the article into his journal, and gave it as the particulars of a *real transaction,* which had lately occurred in England. The French *Globe* now, on the 6th of January, translates the story from the American paper; and gives a comment upon the philosophy of the *fact,*

with an account of the exact date at which it happened. This is almost as good as Dr. Franklin's story of "Polly Baker."*

The newspapers have been particularly prolific during the last three or four months, with complaints from "Correspondents" and "Constant Readers," of the various abuses to which the constitution of society is subject. First, somebody wrote a long and pitiful exposure of the frauds of linen drapers. This was followed by a revelation of the enormities of the wine merchants. Then came the robberies (peculative, not larcenous) committed by servants. Then an appeal on behalf of those unhappy victims to a passion for clear muslin and gentility, the ladies' "companions" and governesses. And finally, some twenty pens in a row pour out upon the public a most deplorable "full and true account," of the sufferings of the people called "school assistants," or "ushers."

Now we ourselves have found it absolutely necessary, for a long time past, to steel our hearts against all "ill-used people." And our readers may recollect, that, when the linen drapers' shopmen wanted a law made to shut up all shutters at eight o'clock, that they might be dressed in time for the "saloon," or "half-price" at the "Adelphi Theatre," we threw ourselves—as guardians of public reason—into the gap, and declared, in the face of watering pots and yard measures, that no case was made out for the enactment. In the same way with our present appellants, the "ushers"—the sum of whose claim is, "that they are gentlemen," and entitled to be treated "as such"—we are afraid that these open declarations of their title to respect—however honourable to their candour—will be apt to throw some suspicion upon their common sense, as well as on their modesty. Position in society, must be *tacitly* either assumed, or accorded; it cannot be argued for, or taken upon petition. Many a man, by the force of confidence or assurance, receives deference who has no just title to it: but no man can demand it—although from a chimney-sweeper—without incurring contempt—even if he escapes a taste of the soot-bag—for his pains. The complaint of the "gentlemen ushers," however, strikes us as peculiarly unreasonable: for example—to take that which appears to be pretty nearly the sum of it, from the gentleman who leads the cry, in *The Times* of the 21st of December.

This individual says, that, "being a graduate of a university," &c.; but "having nothing to depend upon but his acquirements as a means of livelihood"—in which case, instead of being a graduate, he would have done incomparably better to become a carpenter;—he "accepted" (which we suppose is his mode of saying "sought after and solicited")

* Old as this *story* is, some of our readers may not be acquainted with it.—In one of the years just before the American war, a sort of "Police Report," appeared in one of the Philadelphia papers, describing the bringing up of a woman, named "Polly Baker," before some magistrate, for the offence of a sixth bastard child. Mrs. Baker, on being reprimanded for such incontinence, made a speech, in which she defended her general moral character, and alleged that, in a rising state, like that of America, she ought to be considered as a benefactress rather than a criminal. The speech was thought a very admirable one at the time; and though perhaps something overrated, was eloquent and forcible certainly—proceeding from such a quarter. Several years afterwards, when Franklin was in France, in the course of a conversation upon the power of natural genius—especially in free states, &c. —with the Abbe Raynal, and certain other men of science, the speech of "Polly Baker" was quoted as an instance of what mere faculty, without assistance or cultivation, could do. Franklin waited till the inference was over; and then said, *I* wrote that speech myself. I was working for a newspaper at the time, and did not know what to write. There never was *any such person* as "Polly Baker."

the office of "mathematical assistant," &c. at some particular school;—where he was surprised to find that he was not treated as a gentleman—which fact he exemplifies in the following manner.

"My breakfast" he says, "was served up, at the desk in the school-room, ready made in a *compendious* form, as if I were a mechanic or a labourer. At dinner I was *treated like the boys;* with this difference, that I was obliged to see them served first. *Tea and supper* were served in the school-room like breakfast; and not once during the whole half year did I take a single meal with the principal, nor did I enter a room that had *a carpet on it.*"

Now we confess that all this strikes us as rather too high and mighty. For the matter of "not associating with the principal," a school-master, in person, answers that part of the case very well.—"Good God!" exclaims the despairing pedagogue,—"is it not sufficient that I am pestered with the scholars all day, but I must have the usher inflicted upon me at night!"—And we do think, certainly, that even a pedagogue is a man, and is entitled, in his hours of leisure, to choose his own society. A banker's clerk, to put a parallel case, is as good a "gentleman," as a school assistant. But what a fuss it would make, if all the people with pens behind their ears, at No. 250—or whatever the number is—of Coutts's banking house in the Strand, were to make a protest, because they don't go to the opera with the "Duchess of St. Alban's?" If by the "compendious" form in which his breakfast was served up, our mathematician means that in quantity or quality that breakfast was deficient, he has ground of complaint; but the former kind of iniquity seems hardly chargeable, and, in fact, is not charged, since he speaks of the indignities inflicted upon him by the dispositions at "breakfast," "dinner," "tea," and "supper." And the rest of the quarrel is singularly infelicitous—"At dinner," he says, "he was treated *like the boys.*" That is to say, he received the same respect and advantage as the scholars whom he was hired to instruct, and by whose payments the establishment which maintained him was upheld; and yet he is delicate and offended, because he does not sit "in a room that has a *carpet* on it."

Now we repeat that we have no inclination to depreciate either the claims or the qualities of "gentlemen assistants;" but, if "respect" is their object, they are taking a wrong course to obtain it. The secret of their degradation—if they are degraded—is, that they are too cheap; and they are too cheap, because the very unlucky desire (which they express) of being "gentlemen," makes very considerably too many of them. An usher in a school performs twice the labour, and receives about half the stipend, of a competent footman. Society is not in fault here; the footman (who is wanted) is well paid; but, for the tutor—he can only have his market price—why should we give Mr. A. forty pounds a-year salary, when Mr. B. intreats us to accept his services at five-and-twenty?

The same cause produces the notoriously inadequate payment of another unlucky class of professors, whom we have already alluded to—the clerks and haberdasher's shopmen. The desire of being called "Mr." among the first, and of having their hair curled, and wearing blue coats among the second, crowds the market for this sort of labour with applicants, who reject the more modest (although more gainful) sources of employment. The result is, that they must be ill paid—because their necessity makes them underbid each other: and they must be exposed to ridicule—because they are practically *impostors:* the ticket-porter, to

footman in livery, *will* laugh at the assumed importance of the "*gentleman;*" whose *real* condition in society is far more humble than their own.

Then there is nothing to object to in men's putting themselves in this situation; but it is absurd to see them afterwards disposed to quarrel with it. Females, who have to earn a livelihood, must be poor, and may honourably claim compassion, because the modes permitted to them of gaining support are unhappily very limited: but for men—away with the rogues!—while the country wants soldiers, we will not hear a knave—that can pass muster in a pair of breeches—complain of any thing. As to the cant about "the important duty of instructing youth," &c., it is mere trash. The fact is, that two-thirds of the business of ushers in schools, is to cram a quantity of useless matter very imperfectly into boys' heads, which they forget (and do well to forget) before they have been out of school half a-year.

But the Malthusian doctrine is the only rule for "ushers,"—or any other sort of people who feel their treatment to be below their merits. Let there be fewer of them, and they may depend upon it, they will be treated with all the consideration in the world. The *last usher* that is to be found on the lists of the "Register Offices" of London—whenever that proportion of the "supply to the demand" may be effected—will be taken down, as an absolute jewel, in a post-chaise and four, to Yorkshire; and enjoy "carpeted floors," and uncompendious breakfasts, with a power from which there shall be no appeal of birch and ferula, when he gets there.

We adverted, a little way back, to the failure of the projects of the Thames Tunnel; an undertaking which it is now generally agreed could scarcely pay the expense of keeping up, if it were completed. It would seem almost incredible that, in defiance of the loss that has been sustained here—with the Vauxhall Bridge paying scarcely anything; the Southwark Bridge still less; and the Waterloo Bridge (to the original proprietors) never yet a single shilling;—with all these facts before the public, there is actually a plan now advertised for building *another bridge* over the Thames—between Vauxhall and Westminster—at Lambeth. The effect of such an undertaking could only be to waste all the money that may be advanced by the speculators, and to destroy the proceeds of the Vauxhall Bridge, by dividing the little traffic that exists in that quarter between two. It would be an admirable check, and one to which we see no objection, upon these perfectly absurd speculations, if no *transfer of shares* in any Joint Stock Company were recognized as *legal*, until the Company had existed—say three years. This *veto* could give no inconvenience to the *bona fide* undertakers of a work; and it would put an end to the practice of starting ruinous schemes, for the sole purpose of obtaining contracts to execute them; or of disposing of the stock, in the first instance, at a premium.

An association of benevolent persons, calling themselves "The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," have been making a set lately at the butchers of the Metropolis; and propose to apply to Parliament that "Abattoirs," after the manner of those used at Paris, may be constructed in the suburbs of London; so that no market for cattle may in future be held, or beasts of any kind permitted to be slaughtered, within the limits of the city. On the other hand, the butchers have held counter meetings of their trade, at the Freemasons' Tavern; and have resolved that this proceeding of the Humane Society is an interference

with the rights and profits of individuals, and that it ought to be resisted.

As regards the construction of the "abattoirs,"—or public slaughter houses—for we agree entirely in one position taken by a member of the butcher's company, "that it is quite needless to adopt French terms, to express that which can be just as completely described in plain English—we think that the Society is decidedly in the wrong." The local circumstances of London, and of Paris, are extremely different. It can matter nothing at all to the animals slaughtered in England, whether they are killed at the private houses of butchers, or at public establishments: and the narrow streets of Paris, unfurnished with foot pavements, supply a case at once for forbidding cattle to be driven through the streets of that metropolis, which does not arise in our own. Apart, however, from the introduction of "abattoirs," the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty has ulterior views, with respect to the control and treatment of brute animals, and views which no individuals will be more happy than ourselves to see realised; but which we are afraid will not be assisted (while great inconvenience and vexation may be produced) by the course which they are pursuing. A few extracts, from a well written pamphlet, called "The Voice of Humanity," published by their order, will exemplify that which we take to be the impracticable part of their design.

After an account of the "pits" kept for animal fighting—against which we entirely agree that it is much easier to make a case than in their favour—the society proceed to speak of those wretched scenes of human degradation, and brute suffering, the yards of the horse slaughterers, or "knackers."

"On this subject (the writer says) as well as every other, we wish the public would judge for themselves. There the racer, the hunter, the hack, the carriage horse, and the cart horse, exhibit a picture that the pen cannot describe. Brought now to the last stage of life, from old age, disease, or accidents, they are turned into an open yard or pound, with no covering from the inclemency of cold and rain; no bed but the filth of the place; and all suffering pain from those diseases that have incapacitated them for future usefulness. Even death by starvation is very frequently added, as they have no food given them, and are slaughtered either according to the number in hand, or the demand for their flesh, it being often a matter of *indifference* whether they die in this way or are slaughtered."

Again, in speaking of another establishment of the same description:—

"We saw there a glandered horse which had been sent to be killed, but which had been worked in a cart for more than two years in this state. It is no uncommon thing when a knacker discovers a horse may be worked a few days or weeks longer, to sell it (frequently with an agreement to take it again, dead or alive, at a fixed price), for a dust cart or night hackney coach, subject to such treatment as would not be permitted to a sound horse, till it is *literally worked to death.* We would advise persons to have horses killed while in their possession, and then, and not till then, sell them to knackers."

The slaughterhouses for cattle, as they exist at present under the control of the butchers are also spoken of with great complaint:—

"The slaughterhouses for cattle, like the last mentioned sinks of depravity, are wholly without any legislative provision to protect the cattle slaughtered for our daily food from cruelty in every shape. The slaughterhouses in London are a disgrace to the nation. Those for calves, sheep, and lambs,

are frequently under ground, in such places as are used for cellars, into which they are precipitated a depth of several feet, and often have their jaws and legs broken by the fall. From the humane interference of persons who have witnessed this, a *partial* amendment, with a *few* butchers, has taken place, by substituting a broad plank, or a common step ladder; but the numerous accidents and injuries constantly happening to the animals render this plan as objectionable as possible."

"In the large slaughterhouses, men are employed to kill cattle who are known by the name of slaughtermen, who follow it as a trade, and regard the animals as if they were inanimate substances, insensible to pain and suffering. These persons are so habituated to cruelty, that they may be said to be incapable of humanity, and we have seen them with the utmost indifference *skinning* an animal before life has been extinct!"

"When the death wound is inflicted; when we would suppose that all cruelty must be at an end—no sooner is the reeking knife withdrawn, than an iron hook is immediately run through the nose of the animal, for no other purpose than that the head may be kept over a bucket placed to catch the blood! This is the *constant* practice with calves; and frequently with sheep and lambs. A sharp axe, on the principle of a punch, is used in slaughtering bullocks, not to kill them at once, but to cut a circular hole in the skull, into which a stick is introduced *to stir up the brains*, for the purpose of making the meat more tender! The throat is not attempted to be cut till after the infliction of this torture, horrible even to think of, which instantly causes the most convulsive agonies, such as are never seen in death of any other kind."

A chapter follows upon the disgraceful cruelty of useless experiments in dissecting living animals; in the feeling of which we entirely agree; but we omit to extract details, which it is almost horrible even to read.

In the horse markets, and indeed in the general treatment of horses, the Society find a great deal to reform.

"The Horse Market is without the least provision of rules available to the cause of humanity; and, of the kind, is an unequalled scene of cruelty, being frequented by such a great number of knackers, costermongers, and persons of the *lowest description*, who consider that no treatment of a horse is '*wanton and cruel*,' for the purpose of sale."

"As many stage coaches, with passengers and luggage, weigh between three and four tons, and considering the astonishing weight each horse has to draw, together with the increased speed at which it is now the fashion to travel, it may easily be conceived what a fertile source of cruelty this must be. The defence usually set up by coachmen, when summoned under the Act to Prevent the Cruel Treatment of Cattle, is, that the flogging was not 'wanton and cruel,' inasmuch as it was *necessary* for the speed at which the proprietors have determined the coach shall travel; while the horses are urged, by the greatest cruelty, to speed beyond their ability, or have a weight to draw to which their strength is unequal. This argument would hold just as good if the proprietors should order their coach to distance every one on the road, and the cruelty to the horses were continued till they dropt down dead."

"Mrs. Ann Nelson, the eminent coach proprietor, is running an opposition coach to Norwich. It left Norwich on Thursday morning at six, and arrived, in London, at the Bull Inn, Aldgate, at half past two, having passed over the distance of 112 miles IN EIGHT HOURS AND A HALF! We cannot but think this most shameful and disgraceful: whether it respects danger to the passengers, persons of every description on the road, or cruelty to the horses, it is equally calling for public reprobation. We are informed that THREE MEN supported one of the horses as it was led up the gateway of the Inn, at Aldgate, as, from exhaustion, it could no longer move without support, having been driven the last stage, of NINE MILES, in HALF AN HOUR! Surely the magistrates of every district through which this coach passes, will feel it to be their imperative

duty immediately to take steps to stop such iniquitous proceedings."—*Times*, *April* 7, 1827.

We might go on in the same way to considerable length, if our limits would permit us to do so; but the above extracts will be sufficient for the purposes of our argument. We repeat that we could wish that all which the society points out should be done; and a portion of it perhaps may be done; but it cannot be done, we suspect, by legislation. It is impossible to regulate the details of life by law; much offence of every description must be allowed, as far as the law is concerned, to pass unpunished. Cruelty, in particular, to the defenceless, whether among the human race, or of the brute creation, can be but very imperfectly restrained by penal statute.

The account of the horse killing houses, for example, is painful and afflicting; but does the society think it possible to make a *law* which shall compel any persons to give food to horses? Such an object could only be attained at the impracticable price of actual and constant inspection; and then—how very inadequate and partial our best efforts are!—why should we stop at *horses*? Why should we not see that the dogs or cats, which perish by hundreds, from hunger, or ill treatment—why should we not provide by law that these are fed?

In the same way with the paragraph that follows, on the subject of working unsound horses:—Who is to decide, *when* a horse, that *can* work, shall be allowed to work no longer?—into what hands could so dangerous an authority, with any reasonableness, be placed? The strictures upon physiological experiment, we are afraid must be met by the same answer! "Useless" experiments could only be made by a fiend: but who is to be the judge of what *is* "useless?" who shall say whether a given torture—at which, right or wrong, the soul recoils—ought, or ought not to be inflicted? And again, the complaint as to "Mrs. Nelson's rapid driving" is most just: but it is by the competition of such people—and by that alone it must be recollected—that our national system of public conveyance has been raised to its present unequalled height of excellence and celerity.

In the meantime, a more conclusive answer still presents itself to the complaints of the Society.—Partial justice is injustice; and it is oppression to cramp the hands or means of the traders in one particular calling, while in twenty others, equal or greater offence against the desires of humanity are permitted, almost without comment, to exist. The society forgets to take notice, when it speaks of the ten minutes' extra suffering, occasioned (perhaps) by a particular proceeding in the death of cattle, of the long account of mutilations and cruelties practised upon them, to improve them for man's use or appetite, while they exist. In complaining of the furious running of Mrs. Nelson's coach from Norwich, it forgets the far more furious running—patronised by all the land—of the race-horses at Newmarket. And the lashes—offensive as they are to feeling—which a hackney coachman inflicts upon an old horse, for the sake of bread, are hardly more unjustifiable than the tortures of "docking," and "nicking," and "cropping," to which a Lord subjects a young one, for the sake only of fashion.

The memories of these professors of benevolence (we use the term in no contempt) are apt even still farther to betray them. They forget not merely the mass of animal—but all the mass of human suffering, which exists—as matter of course, under their eyes; and which they make no

effort—as any effort would be hopeless and visionary—to cure. They forget the numbers of *men* employed in unwholesome and destructive trades: their health and lives sacrificed—not possibly, but certainly,—not for the necessity, but for the luxury, of those whom chance has placed above them. They forget the deleterious callings of peace; the horrors and the crimes of war; the thousands left, after a single engagement, upon the field: the other thousands (still more unhappy) mutilated and ruined, who escape from it. They forget that the "whip"—of which they so much complain—is used—and must be used—not upon horses only, but upon men. They forget the sacrificed, and wretched females, that crowd and disgrace our streets, and which are admitted to be inseparable from a state of civilized society. They overlook this whole mass of human misery and suffering—which it is confessed we cannot cure; and insist upon being very particular as to the condition of cows and horses!

This is hardly reasonable. As the feeling stands, it does no mischief: but, if the law were to intrust it with power, it would do mischief—it would become, and speedily, tyrannical and oppressive. Statutes exist, which affix a penalty for wanton cruelty to animals—where that can be *proved:* where distinct proof cannot be given—we cannot take a short cut to justice—the crime, like other crimes, must remain unpunished. The Society which we are examining may do something: we wish it could do much, but what it does must be done by influence, not by legislation. It must induce persons whose condition in life gives their example weight, to set a pattern of self-denial for the sake of benevolence. To give up hunting and racing;—to travel by slow coaches—there will then soon be an end to the rapid ones;—to kill sluggish or vicious horses (where they have such), instead of selling them;—to abstain from visiting exhibitions of dancing dogs or learned pigs;—to resist calling to hackney coachmen to "get on," although there is a danger of being late at the opera;—and to eat turkies as they come fresh from the poultry-yard, and veal as it comes from the field, to supersede the ingenious cruelties and inhumanities of "starving," "bleeding," and "cramming."

In the meantime, as regards the mere affair of the "abattoirs," we repeat, it strikes us that the interference of the Society is ill judged. It can make no difference to the cattle in what places they are killed: and the danger of driving them through the streets of town is greatly overrated. We do not recollect, in the whole of the last twelve months, to have heard of a single accident in London, from the driving of cattle to butcher's shops or slaughter houses; and, within the last fortnight, four persons have been nearly destroyed in our shows at the theatres! one man crushed by the falling of some piece of machinery upon his head; another, in the course of some tumbling trick, flung from the stage into the orchestra; and two women at Bath disabled for life—dashed almost to pieces— by being drawn up in the air with ropes, to represent the "flying ladies" in *Peter Wilkins!* The suggestion for transferring the cattle market of London from Smithfield, to the suburbs, and holding two or more markets, instead of one, at the different extremities of the town seems of a different character. This part of the scheme might claim support as a mere matter of local improvement; and, if no material interests are affected by it, we should be glad to see it carried into execution.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

The Establishment of the Turks in Europe; 1823. — This is an historical discourse, the facts of which were originally collected, the author says, for the purpose of illustrating the history of Europe, and which is now published because it contains, in a small compass, what is presumed to be a correct account of the government of an important and interesting part of the world, for more than three centuries. The publication is obviously well-timed, and accomplishes what it professes in a very distinct and unostentatious form. It may safely be assigned to the author of the State of Europe from the Peace of Utrecht.

The discourse commences with the capture of Constantinople, and the conduct of Mahomet on his entrance, which is represented in somewhat more favourable colours than is done by Knolles, whom the writer justly enough considers as a credulous old goose—notwithstanding Dr. Johnson's unaccountable eulogies. The Greek histories talk of merciless cruelties, and the Turks of forbearance and generosity, from which the author infers blood was not very profusely shed. Nevertheless, severities enough were inflicted; 60,000 Greeks were thrown into a state of slavery, and their religion, its temples, its altars, its ministers, treated with mockery and insult. Under separate heads, the writer proceeds at large to inquire into the extent of the Turkish conquests—the character and genius of the conquerors—the causes of their success—the kind of government they established, and the causes which arrested their career, and led to their decline. He pretends to no novelty, nor to a command of any but the common sources of information; he relies solely on D'Obisson, Thornton, Busbek, Volney, and other travellers in the East, exercising only his own judgment, which, though neither very subtle nor sagacious, perhaps, is evidently a sound one.

Under the first head, after stating the amount of Mahomet's conquests, he details the fate of Athens and the defence of Rhodes—the two most memorable events of his reign, next to the fall of the city of Constantine; to which he adds, a hasty glance of his son Bajazet's victories in the Morea, on the Danube and the Niester, and his grandson Selim's successes in Egypt, by which the Turkish empire was established in 1519. II. The character of the Turk he describes as being that of the pastoral and warlike nations—by turns active and indolent—cruel and merciful—as fond of the repose of luxury as the tumults of war—temperate in his mode of living—an implicit votary of the prophet, and contemner of the institutions of other nations. Though frank and sincere, too barbarous to entertain any very high reverence for the sacredness of treaties and promises, especially with infidels—venal and corrupt, but not without the virtues of the savage, generosity and hospitality. In dress and appearance, he is widely different from the Europeans, nor is the difference less in fact and substance. The Turk is stirred by few passions, and those few carry him straight to his object—if revengeful, he takes away the life of his enemy—if avaricious, he seizes the possessions of the weaker—if amorous, he buys and shuts up his mistress. Of the complicated intrigue, the perpetual bustle, the varying opinions, which influence the business of life in our northern countries, he has no conception. Still less can he imagine the active society, the distinctions of rank, the jealousies of rivalry, the conversations with nothing to say—the toys, by which vanity must be flattered, and the love of novelty be gratified. The activity of commerce, the ardour of science, the desire of distinction, the patient advances of industry, the thirst for notoriety, and the favours of public opinion—these, which are what distinguish civilized society, are all unknown to the Turk, or despised by him.—The absence of women from society, and the doctrines of Mahomet, are successfully traced in their influence on the character of the Turk.

III. Their successes are attributable mainly to the operation of their religion. The virtues enforced were such as were calculated to make effective soldiers—justice to each other—abstinence from wine—cleanliness—praying together and fasting together. Desertion was the most deadly offence, and felicity awaited those who perished in battle—victory or paradise: every Mussulman was a soldier; his law commanded him to make war on the infidel, and the infidel, when conquered, formed a separate and a degraded cast. The conquered lands, to the amount of a third, were distributed among officers and men—the greater divisions, of 500 acres and more, were called ziamets; the less, from 300 to 500, timars. The possessors—the Ziams and Timariots—were bound by tenure to attend the summons of the Sultan, and the possessions were not hereditary. All depended on the will of the sovereign; there were no distinctions of nobility—the meanest might aspire to the place next the sovereign. The difficulties, however, at last, of enforcing the service due by tenure, led, as every where else, to the establishment of regular troops—the Janizaries. These were originally the youth of the conquered countries; but afterwards, every fifth child, or the children of every fifth year, were taken from the Christians, and brought up as Mahometans. Some were attached to the person of the Sultan, others to the palace, to the arsenal, the dock-yards; they became favourites; their privileges augmented; an *esprit de corps* was encouraged

and by themselves fiercely maintained—a species of prætorian bands, with all their power and violence. By degrees, numbers were enrolled without serving—to escape the pressure of the capitation-tax, to which all who were not soldiers, in the new order, were subject, like infidels. The institutions of the empire partook, all of them, of a military character; and the military spirit is observable on all sides. The common proverb is—they gained the country by the sword, and by the sword they will keep it.

IV. Originally the Sultan had no *sacred* character; but, on the conquest of Egypt, Selim obtained from the defeated Caliph a cession of his rights, and thenceforth the sovereign was styled *Imam*, or pontiff, as well as Sultan or lord. By this accession, new authority, or, at least, new reverence, was secured in all civil matters; the Sultan's will is law; he sets aside whatever is not specifically established by the Koran; but, in religious affairs, he is controlled by the Ulemas. These are the clerical body, consisting of three classes—the doctors of the law, the judges, and the ministers of religion: the latter the lowest. The Koran is the law of the land, as well as the religion of it; and the doctors of the law are the interpreters of it. Their persons are sacred. Their sons are always preferred for admission among the Ulemas; and thus a sort of aristocracy—or even an hereditary nobility—after all, is formed. The Sultan, it is true, may exile, imprison, or displace even the Mufti; but it is certain, in modern times, the dread of the Ulemas has often prevented the Sultan from leaving Constantinople, when wishing to head the army. The mob of the city again forms a sort of constitutional check;—the Sultan must appear in public on Fridays, and take the petitions presented to him, and plain truths are then occasionally told. To please them bread is kept at a low price, though the provinces starve. The government is administered by the vizier, and several subordinate ministers. In Divan, the Sultan is placed behind a grated window—to see and not be seen—and thus preserve his dignity. The provinces are under the command of Beglierbegs and Pachas, whose authority extends over the military, the revenue, and the administration of justice—attended with the greatest insecurity—if the spoils they have gathered be wanted at home, their heads, by hook or by crook, are speedily slipped off. At home, the powers of the Cadhis, or judges, are vague and arbitrary. There are no appeals; and very little nicety is indulged in about evidence or precedent. Causes are quickly dispatched; each party pleads for himself; witnesses are heard, and the judge forthwith decides. The charge is in writing, but is never allowed to exceed "half a page." Cheap and rapid as all this may be, injustice, from ignorance, precipitation, passion, and mistake, must be pretty common. But the corruption of the judge is a more abundant source of injustice. It is difficult to do justice, said one Cadhi to another, when one of the parties is rich and the other poor. No, replied the other, I find no difficulty in such cases; I always decide for the rich; the difficulty is when *both* are rich. Witnesses, if possible, are worse; and numbers are known to live by trafficking evidence and oaths. Bad as is civil justice, criminal is worse. If a baker be found selling light bread, he is hanged before his own door, whether master or servant;—if any one is apprehended on the spot where a disturbance takes place, he is dispatched instantly—no matter whether guilty or not—he should have kept out of the way. On the rapidity of justice the Turk piques himself. A Russian minister complained of some outrage; the vizier made a horizontal motion with his hand to some of his attendants; and, before the conference was over, seven heads were rolled at the feet of the complainant. The oath of a Christian, unsupported by that of a Mussulman, stands for nothing. If a Mussulman kill a Christian, he escapes with impunity, but the least blow of a Christian against a Mussulman, is visited with the heaviest penalty. He must live in houses of a dark hue, and wear a dress of a dark colour; and, particularly, must abstain from green turbans, white shawls, and yellow slippers. If he have a good house, he must give it a shabby outside—if he have a fine horse, he must get a Turk to ride it.

V. The causes which checked the career, and have led to decline, are chiefly the indolence of the Turk. He is in the state in which he was four or five centuries ago. The great discoveries of Europe are lost upon him. Printing was not introduced till the year 1727; and he still prefers MS. The State Geometrician, when asked, from some suspicion of his ignorance, how many right angles there were in a triangle, replied—that depended on the *size*. The compass is adjusted to the variation of Constantinople; but the sailor has no notion of a different variation in different latitudes—and an High Admiral himself once confessed he knew nothing of its use. Of geography and history they have very scanty and incorrect notions—of morals and eloquence, none, but what is derived from the Koran. Predestination pervades the people practically—once the source of their valour, it is now also that of their inactivity. All is the will of God—whether successful or unsuccessful—it forms the ground of the Turk's indolence, the motive for apathy, the excuse for ignorance. With him truly ignorance is bliss—and his glory his shame.

This summary the reader will find very ably dilated in the book before us; and now that the Turks are a little more talked about than they have been for many years—it will be well worth while to consult it.

The Red Rover, by the Author of the "Spy," "Pilot," &c. 3 vols.; 1827.—After toiling through the labours of second and third rate performers, it is some relief, nay it is a positive pleasure to take up the work of a master-hand. The American novelist is Sir Walter Scott's perfect equal in very many respects. For the most part they both of them act wisely and warily; they work on their own grounds, and keep within the limits of their own experience. Sir Walter knows his own country, and his country's history, and there he is quite unrivalled. That in him which looks like a power of intense and laborious research, coupled with a sagacity and tact that sees at a glance what neither time nor labour can give, enables him to exhibit scenes of olden times with a degree of truth, or the appearance of truth, that few or none can compete with. Mr. Cooper, in like manner, knows America, and its short, but eventful and unique history—he has been, too, a sailor—and confining himself, with the wisdom of a sound understanding, to American character, and naval scenes and subjects, he, like his master, is in his departments without a rival. He could not have written the tales of Scott, nor could Scott have written those of Cooper. Sir Walter has indeed ventured, and in the opinion of numbers talked learnedly of storms and battles; but it must be a grudging, or a timid, or a despicable spirit that refuses to admit Cooper's superiority. The details of a storm, a chace, and a wreck, in the Red-Rover, are, beyond all comparison, the most powerful in their effects that ever thrilled through us, and are as little likely as substantial facts, to fade from our memories. The winds and waves are at his command, and the storms which his magic pen so readily raises, howl and roar—*aures perstringens*—with a truth and witchery, perhaps, too near reality—making the brain waver—and turn from the page for relief—and be sure of its security.

To turn to the tale. In the offing of Newport, in Rhode Island, lies a vessel of the most beautiful appearance—which is reported to be a slave-ship, but with respect to which suspicions are floating on shore that she is something worse. A sailor of mysterious bearing is introduced, attended by two others of an inferior class, one a "nigger." If any guess can be made about the chief, it is that he is some disappointed officer—the victim of a mutiny, or perhaps of some indignity, which can be soothed only by revenge—for he is soon found ready to join a common enemy of all law and legitimate authority. While contemplating with an eager and admiring curiosity the beautiful ship in the offing, they are abruptly addressed by a stranger in green, who speaks of himself as a lawyer—long conversation follows, without any understanding between them, till by degrees the lawyer betrays too much familiarity with naval matters, not to make it evident he is something more than what he seems, and on his separation, he drops a hint which the young sailor immediately seizes, and shortly after acts upon. But while they are thus discoursing—and examining a ruined building on the shore, a party of ladies come under the walls, and the strangers overhear their conversation. Two of them, it appeared, a lady and her governess, were going to sail the next day, in a large trading vessel, for the southern provinces, to join the young lady's father, a man of great wealth and importance. The strangers are both very much struck by the ladies—without however communicating their feelings with any frankness. In the night, the young sailor with his two attendants rows to the slave-ship—where he is instantly received, and welcomed with the utmost cordiality by the stranger in green—who proves to be her captain, and no other than the formidable Red-Rover, a pirate, the terror and scourge of the Caribbees. The young sailor's object—whose name is Wilder—appears to be to seek for employment; but before he can well explain his purposes, the pirate makes him a prompt offer of his first lieutenancy. The offer is forthwith accepted—and he returns to the shore—the next day to assume the duties of his new office.

In the morning he falls in with the ladies, whose conversation he had overheard the evening before—and endeavours to dissuade them from embarking on board the trader, by depreciating the vessel, and predicting misfortunes. His purpose is baffled by the obstinacy of a begging sailor, who controverts his statements, and the ladies pursue their resolution. Wilder, it seems, when on board the pirate, had learnt the intention of the Rover to seize the trader, and his purpose now was merely to rescue the ladies from such a calamity. In the course of the day he resumes the attempt, but is again thwarted by the old sailor—who proves to be an agent of the pirate; and just as he is abandoning all hopes of succeeding, he receives a note from the pirate with some papers, directing him to go on board the trader, and offer his services to command her—the captain having just met with a serious accident, which disables him. These offers are made, and accepted, and in a few hours he finds himself in command, and the ladies on board. They set sail, and going out of port, the pilot appears to be directing the ship close upon the pirate, and Wilder, the pilot being obstinate, can only prevent it by ordering him overboard, and then seizing himself the helm, with difficulty passes her. Knowing, or at least suspecting as he did the pirate's insention, he now takes the resolution if possible to defeat his purpose, crowding all sail to outstrip his pursuit. The risk incurred by straining the ship, and the seamanship of the young sailor, exhausting the resources of his art, are traced with a minuteness, that in the hands of a common artist would only have

excited a yawn in the reader—instead, as now, of interest and admiration. In the night, through the moonbeams, the masts and rigging of the far distant pirate—like a spider's web—are descried in the remote horizon—fresh exertions are made—in vain—the pursuer seems gaining on them, till, to complete the danger, a tremendous storm comes sweeping over them; and again the new perils, and the new expedients employed to contend with it are detailed; the masts are finally cut away; and by the time the storm subsided, the vessel is left a wreck, water-logged, without a stick standing. The crew desert her; but Wilder resolves to abide by her, and the two ladies and their attendant, whose confidence in him had been growing, determine to do the same. The water gains rapidly on them, and their sole hope of escape rests on their placing themselves in the larger boat, left by the crew, from the difficulty of launching it, placed as it was between the stumps of the two principal masts, and waiting till the sinking of the ship left it afloat. The peril of being sucked in by the sinking vessel was but too imminent. Happily they escaped absorption—and scarcely had they thus escaped, when the boat, in which the crew had fled, was seen, keel upwards, floating past them. Another night was thus passed, when the pirate hove in sight, and took them on board. To the surprise of the ladies, the next day Wilder was observed officiating as first officer. By degrees they suspect the nature of the vessel, ad Wilder has difficulty enough to elude their searching inquiries. In the midst of their worst apprehensions a sail was observed, which proved to be the very ship to which Wilder originally belonged, but his knowledge of which he laboured to conceal, and endeavoured to deter the pirate from attacking her by urging her superior size, and greater weight of metal. The vessel comes at length within speaking distance, and hails the pirate, taking her for a king's cruiser, and invites the captain on board. The Rover—who is ready for any masquerade, and equa to all disguises, assuming the name of an English captain, ventures on board—and while there, overlooking the ship's list, is led to suspect the first lieutenant, then absent, was the new officer of his own ship. The captain tells him the vessel was employed especially to discover the pirate, and put an end to his devastations, and that the lieutenant was absent for the purpose of forwarding the same object.

Struck by this intelligence, the pirate returned to his own ship—summoned Wilder to his presence—and charged him with being the lieutenant of the king's ship, and of course a traitor to himself. Thus driven into a corner, Wilder avows his purpose, a struggle of feeling on the part of the pirate follows, which ends in dismissing the adventurous Wilder to his own ship—with the two ladies, for he refused to stir without them. With his legitimate superior Wilder makes an effort, in gratitude for the generous treatment he had met with, to prevent an attack on the pirate, and is eventually empowered to propose to him terms of surrender, which are of course rejected—and Wilder narrowly escapes the resentments of the crew. The old captain of the king's ship is now no longer to be withheld; he advances to the combat—the pirate nothing loth to meet him—and, after a sharp engagement, is defeated and killed, and the ship taken possession of by the pirate. The crew, now acquainted with the whole treachery of the lieutenant and his two companions, demand their lives; to which demand the pirate apparently yields; but they are respited first by the elder lady discovering the lieutenant to be her own lost son, and working upon the feelings of the crew, and finally rescued by the generous determination of the pirate, who resolves—making, with the aid of Wilder, due preparations to secure his object—to break up his crew; and accordingly puts the lieutenant in possession of the conquered ship, and sets fire to his own, and is himself lost sight of—perishing, for any thing that is known, in the explosion. But, years after, when America had gained her independence, he re-appears, and, in a dying state, visits the lieutenant, now in high station, and the husband of the young lady, and residing with his mother, the elder lady, whose brother the pirate proves to be.

But all these family complications are of very, very inferior interest. To describe the manœuvrings of the vessel—the chace—the evasion—the horrors of the storm—the wreck—the escape—the battle—these are the prominent points of the story, and must fasten the attention of all who read—seaman or landsman. They have never been equalled.

The Seven Ages of Women, by Miss Strickland; 1827.—Miss Strickland writes unaffectedly, at least; and we may add with ease, propriety, feeling, with good sense, and as a woman should. The little volume before us is entitled "The Seven Ages of Women," and might as appropriately have taken its title from any other of the pieces that follow this brief composition of a page or two. It was probably considered the best specimen of the lady's muse; and it is undoubtedly good—in a certain moderate sense, we mean, of the term *good*, by which we understand, generally, a production, which challenges neither admiration, nor envy, nor ridicule; but one which is allowed quietly to slide along the even tenor of its way, and retain the unmolested favour of the sober persons, whose taste it suits. Perhaps, indeed, such poetry as Miss Strickland's, is the only poetry which a wise woman would wish to indite—Pegasus being but an unruly animal under any management, and under female management giving freer course to his

capricios, and exposing his fair readers to more imminent peril, and in their falls to more fatal effects. But Miss S. has no malicious criticism to dread; for if Spite herself, in bodily form, turned reviewer, she would be puzzled to pick out any thing here ridiculous, or obscure, or overdone, or in any earthly respect objectionable; while, we could, if the demon would not, point out several pieces that indicate generous, refined, subdued, tender, and religious feelings, clothed in the simplest dress. There are a few translations of sonnets; we will give one from Bernardo Tasso—to the Moon.

Ah! scatter with thy radiance cold and bright,
The dusky clouds that veil the earth and main;
Now night on her accustomed rounds again,
In sable stole and starry mantle dight,
Returns to shut the landscape from our sight.
Already each green hill and flowery plain
Demand thy lovely beams, and sigh in vain
For dews descending from thy locks of light.
Look forth in all thy beauty, and array
The earth in trembling glory—rise, and chase
Each envious vapour, and unveil thy face,
In rival splendour, to the orb of day.
Hear, then, oh Moon, shine forth revealed and fair,
In thy bright wanderings through the fields of air.

Sir Michael Scot, by Allan Cunningham, 3 vols: 1827.—Mr. Thomas Hood, afraid lest Fairyism should go quite out of remembrance, very lately built a volume of Spencerean verse, for the especial redemption of the Elfin race. Mr. Allan Cunningham, being we suppose under a similar causeless alarm for Sir Michael Scot, and his necromancies, presents us with a three-volumed romance of close print, to rescue from oblivion the superstitions of his native land. The tale begins with the battle of Flodden-field, long after the date usually assigned for Sir Michael's demise—but that's nothing. James IV., the monarch of love and chivalry, over whose brilliant reign the muse of Sir Walter hung so long bewitched, risked and lost all at a single cast in his rash war against Henry—life, treasure, and the flower of his nobility. His body was carried in triumph to Westminster, where after some delay—James having been under an interdict—and some difficulties made by the Pope, but removed by Henry's intercession—it was actually buried; but a belief long prevailed in Scotland, that their youthful and beloved monarch was not really dead; and that some one of his faithful adherents, who in the hour of danger was known to have worn a similar dress, had been mistaken for him, whom they could not endure to consider as irrecoverably lost. Enthusiasm and the love of mystery still induced a fond persuasion that he was wandering in the holy land, in penance for the past, and in preparation for the future—and that he would appear again at some distant day in augmented splendour, strength, and wisdom, to raise the importance of Scotland among the nations.

Upon this popular belief, Mr. Cunningham builds his story. Sir Michael Scot is introduced as a rude peasant, with his raven locks overshadowing his stern features;—he stands on the Cheviot hills to overlook the fatal conflict, and as day declines, and the contest approaches to its close, he descends towards the spot, evoking, as a preliminary measure, an impervious fog, which throws both victors and vanquished into confusion, and fairly puts a stop to all further action. He then proceeds straightway to the prostrate and wounded monarch, passing in his route whole ranks of slaughtered bodies of the vulgar sort, and dead and dying innumerable, of loftier extraction. A charmed balsam speedily sets Sir James (that is, the king) upon his legs again, and by stilling his bodily agony, left his mind at liberty to contemplate the sum of disaster and disgrace, which his fool-hardiness had brought upon the realm. Tribulation, and hot-headed despair follow—he will rush forward to seek immediate death, carrying a catacomb of enemies away with him to eternal night. "This may not be," says the peasant.—"And who are you," replies the king, that shall stay me?" The quiet consciousness of irresistible power, we suppose, tempts Sir Michael's vanity to play a little with the frantic wilfulness of his protégé. He lets him chafe and vaunt a while in the imagination of his independence; but when under this belief, he peremptorily insists upon engaging with a party of English riding near; the battle wounds, which had healed not genuinely, in the natural way, but only by enchantment, break forth again, and bleed afresh till he faints with exhaustion. In addition to this impediment, he finds himself, most unaccountably, presenting to his foes a continually changing shape—alluring them hither and thither, he knew not how—nearest to them when they fancied him most remote, and behind them when they were galloping in pursuit;—something unseen, but not unfelt, was exercising dominion over his movements, and at once protecting him and illuding him—a laughing elf was this invisible agent, who finally brings him back, reduced and humbled, to his peasant-friend.

At the wizard's command, the elf presents a visible shape, and Sir James beholds a comely, good-humoured, nut-brown youth, standing in an attitude of subserviency, before Sir Michael, ready to obey—"Go," cries Sir M.; "at yonder abbey a goodly feast is spread; bring us the best of the wine, and a barn-door capon from the table—we stand in need of refreshment." With the promptitude of Arabian magic, the dainties are provided, and elegantly served up; Sir James is consoled, and half reconciled to his new condition; and upon

learning that for the present, at least, his visible existence among men is suspended, that his infant son is king, that Scotland weeps her king departed, her nobles slain, and treasury exhausted, he girds himself in good earnest for a season of travel with the mighty wizard, and forth they go—accompanied always by the Brownie, and, after a time, joined by a fair lady, one Elfrida;—Elfrida and the Brownie, by their natural gaiety, their love of nuts, flowers, children, sunshine, and music, cast a gleam of hilarity over the dismal and monotonous journey, which all four are pursuing.

Sir Michael, like Merlin, is a combatant for the good cause, against the kingdoms and powers of darkness. He has materially enfeebled Satan's earthly dominion; and acquired a direct and indefinite control over the fiends themselves, and, of course, over all who worked by their efficacy. Our travellers visit the fairy realms, the infernal world,—regions allotted to the Great Unborn—numerous countries of the earth discovered and undiscovered—the paths below the ocean, and the approaches of paradise itself. As the travellers linger round the limits assigned to the yet uncreated shadows, an opportunity is given of tracing the coming events of two centuries, as they appertain to the nations in general, and our own island in particular; and those characters and those achievements, which have filled the mind of the enthusiastic author with admiration, are eulogized in the form of prophecy—a great deal of splendid imagination, of honest feeling, and of devotion to the cause of liberty, being plentifully poured forth from a fountain of fire and fancy, apparently exhaustless. Every chapter, indeed, teems with poetic power; but the book wearies, nevertheless, beyond description and endurance. The kingdom of shadows, the more shadowy it is, and the more effectually its representation is unlike our chequered earth of realities—of love, hate, hope, fear, want, plenty, hunger, thirst, winter and summer, night and morning, home and native land,—the more deeply oppressive do human bosoms feel the necessity for withdrawing the thoughts long together from these—the very essences of existence,—and more especially painful is it, when, added to such compulsory abstraction from the living and tangible world, those realms of fiction to which we are forced away, are industriously represented as visual illusion altogether—which a spell can create—a spell dissolve,

But not to forget the travellers—all the beauty and all the goodness that appear, turn out mere illusion—no host entertains them hospitably—no fair damsel captivates Sir James's eyes—no celestially apparalled youth, brilliant as morning, steps before them—no honied voice breathes inviting accents on their ears, but Sir Michael, apprehensive of James's inability to resist allurement, lays open unseen deformity and disguised evil;—from the youth's golden locks falling upon the fairest temples, horns spring up, and the eternal cloven foot peeps out of purple sandals; the lovely maiden, who in the realms of waters would detain Sir James a willing and permanent captive, is compelled by the wizard's mighty word, to unfurl a tail, stretching miles beyond her better half;—hate, treachery, and ruinous spells, lie in their path, and in their cup—and these the most disastrous when that sparkles the brightest,—till the spirit of the reader longs for flesh and blood again, and the vicissitudes of common life.

To trace out any distinct account of their journeyings to hell, paradise, or fairy-land, is utterly impracticable—from the great similarity of all and each of these several dominions—the most magnificent descriptions being lavished upon some favoured portions of even the lower empire, and the eternal weight of gloom, of which we complain, and which we feel so heavily, pervading and following their steps to the regions intended to represent the most exalted happiness. An inconsistency too, with regard to the tenants of these various sojourns, is constantly pressing upon us, and as glaring an absence of every thing like system of government and unity of purpose as in the heathen mythology itself. Good and bad seem promiscuously huddled together, wherever they go; in hell, some arrived at the last stage of purification; and the gates of heaven besieged by fat monks and scarlet popes—the supreme aversion of Mr. Allan Cunningham—who were kicked down again for their pains. The monks, indeed, fill the infernal worlds by thousands; and to popery and its control over the human mind, are ascribed all the power of satan, and every evil passion over which he sways.

The book is tedious, we repeat, to a most mortal degree—attributable mainly, we think, to the want of individuality in the circumstances and scenery, and to the constant inflation and wordiness of the style. The Arabian Nights' themselves do not present speeches more full of inanity and repetition; while *there* we do find something tangible to rest our hopes and fears upon. Here all is vague; every circumstance is one of a class, and spoken of under a general appellation; — immense seas rolled around; eternal snows stretched out on every side to a distance illimitable; walls of ice, coeval with creation, rose perpendicularly; cities of masts sprung up; cities themselves, with their towers, and minarets, and domes, lay along immeasurable coasts; nations, still nameless, flourished and spread their millions over trackless deserts, converting forests to fertility; night and her stars; day and his sparkling sun; spring and its flowers; forests, plains, lakes of ink, of fire, of

blood; walls of adamant; pillars of living existences; ruined towers; witches, on steeds of their own manufacture—follow in a ceaseless round, till the reader's heart aches with the unvarying gloom, which vagueness and generalities always create.

All things must have an end; and one day Sir Michael, with an approach, the first we discovered, towards attachment for any thing, lifts up his hands, and bids good by to animated nature—"good by, earth and sky; good by, green fields; good by, pleasant flowers, fruits, and birds." His companions enter with him into a cave, and are never seen more.

Present State of Hayti (St. Domingo). By James Franklin; 1828.—It is some time since we read a book, of this class, that has given us more information, more wanted; in truth, there are few parts of the world of which of late years we have known less than of Hayti; and the intelligence—coming as it now does in a respectable shape, collected by a man who has visited the island commercially and officially, and had full opportunities of observing the actual state of it,—who has himself a character to preserve, whose respectability is at stake if he prove to have palmed falsehoods on the public—the intelligence so coming, we say, is well calculated to excite curiosity, and we are sure will gratify it.

The predominant object—the point upon which Mr. Franklin is most zealously bent—is evidently to correct and lower down the general but vague impression in favour of negro intellect, and negro civilization—to shew that, in the most favourable circumstances, he actually made small advances—that freedom has done nothing for him—that, as to physical comfort and intellectual advance, he is actually in a state far inferior to the West Indian slave—and that therefore emancipation is to be held up to English philanthropists as a beacon to alarm rather than a precedent to encourage—as something to shun, and not to imitate. Not that the author is himself hostile to emancipation—but that emancipation will do the negro more harm than good, unless he be prepared for it. No doubt this is very near the truth; but then, most unjustly, every *step to preparation* is by some considered not, as it ought to be, a step to emancipation, but emancipation itself; and the yells of interest break forth accordingly.

The manifest bias and purpose of the writer must put us on our guard against too confiding a reliance—particularly as to his sentiments and inferences, of which, for a "statement," his book is much too liberal; and we heartily wish he had confined himself to an exhibition of the actual state of things, without so often and so earnestly recurring to his point—which really, considering how much men are biassed by their wishes, leads us to doubt, where otherwise the facts would themselves remove all doubt. As it is, the case looks as if the author was interested in the maintenance of slavery, and was only eager to muster arguments in support of his preconceived opinions; he takes not, or at least he *has* not at all the air of a man who has surveyed the state of things, and been brought by that survey to the conclusion that freedom has done nothing but mischief, but rather of one who is determined to see nothing favourable which contradicts the said conclusion.

Still, with these impressions, which the perusal of his book has painfully inflicted on us, the actual appeal to facts—stript of all argumentation and inference—is well calculated to assist us in taking a more accurate measure of the true state of things, and to force upon us the conclusion, that the civilization of the negro is not a matter to be accomplished in a day, or in a generation—and that hasty emancipation will too probably defeat its own object—the improvement of the negro's condition; but then we know not what man, or what body of men, entertains any hope so chimerical as the scheme of sudden and unconsidered emancipation—the shadow against which the author is battling.

More than one half of the volume is filled with the history of the island, from the period of the revolution; and in stating the source of it, he is anxious to convince the reader that it originated not in the negro, but in the mulatto—a fact which no body at all acquainted with the matter ever doubted—but the ground of his anxiety is, lest we should hastily conclude, if the negro had sense enough to contemplate liberty, and spirit enough to fight for liberty, he might also have ability enough to make a good use of liberty. No, Mr. F. is happy to affirm the fact is otherwise; the negro is much too sluggish, too careless, too stupid to stir in his own behalf;—and yet this is said in the teeth of numerous mutinies and rebellions, where negroes of great and decisive powers have had energy enough to rouse up that of their fellows, however unsuccessfully.

Mr. F.'s main purpose in tracing this history is to shew that the ablest rulers of the negro have always found it necessary to enforce labour at the point of the bayonet. Toussaint, Dessalines, Christophe, all, in succession, well knowing the negro character, did enforce labour. Petion, and his successor Boyer, both mulattos, who knew less of them, have left them very much to their own ways, and the consequence has invariably been deterioration. The native indolence of the negro can only be stimulated by force and violence. Wherever this force has been withdrawn, the condition of the negro has sunk. The stimulus of the ordinary compensation of labour is no stimulus for him; he is sensual, and inert, and indifferent to accommodations. The labour of a few days—in a whole year—in a fertile climate, gives what he wants, and he has no regard or concern for more.

Under Boyer, the whole island, for the first time, has come under one government; and over the whole has the severity of the regulations for labour, enforced by Toussaint, Dessalines, and Christophe, been relaxed, or rather the regulations themselves abandoned; and the effect has been a gradual retrograding, public and private—so much so, that now, at last, even Boyer has been compelled to have recourse again to the Code Rural, by which every man is forced to labour, and idleness severely punished. This is the letter and object of the code; but the indolent and imbecile character of Boyer himself gives little promise of its provisions being carried into effective execution. But here is the real cause of the failure. Boyer is a mulatto—the chief agents of his government are mulatto—the government, in short, is mulatto; and the spirit of the mulatto is as hostile to the negro as that of the white. Nothing which is likely to improve the condition of the negro will be promoted. Education accordingly is discouraged; and if the enforcement of labour again appears, as it will, to improve the condition of the besotted negro, the enforcement will be again withdrawn. Boyer, too, seems weary of his position. He is the author of the contract with France, by which, after a real independence of twenty years, the purchase of independence is made at an expense of six millions sterling—a sum which never can be paid—but which is probably leading to the reduction of the whole island under French dominion again. The produce of the whole country amounts not to one-half what it did under Toussaint, though he occupied only half of it. The population, which has amounted to nearly a million, is now not supposed to reach 700,000; and since Christophe's death all has deteriorated.

The brilliant accounts we have occasionally had of negro attainments, the author entirely discredits—and indeed they were, on the face of them, little worthy of credit.

"See the grown children"—somebody had called the negroes so—"planning the construction of impregnable fortresses, building palaces, calculating almanacks, possessing black writers, poets, and ministers of state." This was the language of the Baron de Vastey—himself a negro, and a warm advocate, says Mr. F., for the genius and talents of his countrymen. "But really," he adds—and we suppose truly enough—"I have not been able to discover where these impregnable fortresses, planned by Haytians, are to be found. I believe that when the Baron wrote there was not a single fortification erected from the design of a Haytian; they were the old works of the French repaired, where such repairs were wanted. The citadel Henry, or Fort Ferrier, is the only new fortress of which I have heard, and that was not constructed from the design of a Haytian, but from the plan of a British officer, from whom it takes one of its appellations, Ferrier. The same thing is true with respect to the palace Sans Souci. The only merit to which the Haytians can lay claim, in the erection of these works, is the preparing the materials, and the labour of carrying them to the spot on which they are built; for the whole of those materials which could not be obtained on the spot were carried from other parts on the shoulders of the people; and Christophe compelled blacks and browns, young and old, boys and girls, of all ages and denominations of citizens, to perform that labour, which ought to have been performed by brutes. Young and interesting girls were to be seen carrying bricks or boards up the mountains, almost ready to sink under their loads, followed by soldiers with fixed bayonets or the sabre; but on this subject both De Vastey and Prince Larnders are silent. As to writers and poets, I have only heard of those now mentioned, De Vastey and Larnders, except Chandlette, Count de Roziers, who, I imagine, being something of poet laureate to the king, or governor-general of the play-house, prepared pieces for representation, teeming with the most fulsome compliments to the monarch's virtues, and wrote sonnets to the peerless beauties of the queen and the princesses. Here, I believe," continues Mr. F., "ends the catalogue of architects, poets, and writers of Hayti; and unless the Baron de Vastey can adduce other proofs of Haytian capacities, I must be excused if I still remain sceptical. I must wait to see what time and a further intercourse with the world will accomplish; at present, but little of that improvement manifests itself, which has been the subject of so much praise and admiration."

His accounts of the senate, and commons, and judges are deplorable; titles under the republican government are all abolished. Of the twenty-six senators, four or five, he says, could not write their names, not even their initials; and of the seventy-two representatives, twenty-six were in the same impotent state. The judges are not so much distinguished for ignorance—though that is bad enough—as for corruption. One of them—the chief judge of the Court of Cassation is a black, and a small shopkeeper; and all the judges of this superior court are engaged in trades of some kind or other. M. Dieu Donny, chief judge of the lower courts, is spoken of as possessing some little knowledge, and some little honesty—but he is a man of colour, and educated in Europe.

Hope Leslie. 3 *vols.* 12*mo.*; 1827.—Whatever hostility, latent or open, exists between England and America relative to political rights, or commercial rivalry, or constitutional superiority, no grudgingness or envy appears in literary matters. Let America produce what is excellent, and we welcome it as cordially, with as thorough a good will and readiness, as if it were the

product of our own soil. Americans long depended solely, not to say helplessly, upon importations from the mother country; but they have begun to pay back the debt; and in another thirty or forty years we shall change places, and be in our turn the debtors. English literature is evidently palsying, and want of pith and force is every day becoming more apparent—a little infusion of younger blood will perchance invigorate us again. We are glad, and heartily so, to see this growing intercommunion of literature between the nations; it is in this way we shall become best acquainted with each other, and best serve each other—exchanging our taste for their strength—misapprehensions will thus be removed, and jealousies vanish with them; and by the united and spreading influence of the two countries, liberty, by which we mean the rights of communities, as contradistinguished from the usurpations of rulers, will be best advanced in the old continent of Europe.

The writer of the tale before us is known to his own countrymen, though quite a stranger, we believe, in England, by another production called "Redwood," and the present shews him to be no novice in the practice of scribbling. We are not sure it will generally take; there is too much of the wild and unreclaimed state of society, and too little of the elegancies of polished life, to please our modern and petted tastes;—as a story, too, it is defective in distinctness, and somewhat encumbered with ineffective agents; but we are sure it is the work of a man full of sterling good sense—thinking and speaking not by the rules of art, but the laws of nature—a close observer and an able painter, and lifted far above common prejudices, and casting from him the fetters of bigotry, religious and political.

The scene of the tale is laid in Massachusets, in the time of Charles the First, when so many of our countrymen, in despair of better days at home—not, as now, from bankrupt fortunes and bankrupt reputations—fled to the wildernesses of America, to secure, not so much freedom of action, as freedom of thinking, or at least freedom of worshipping, which was denied them in their native land. The passion for political liberty was an after-thought; religious liberty was the prime and moving principle. Political freedom was forcibly wrenched, as the means only of securing what to them was a higher consideration; the more resolute stood their ground, and fought the battle out—while the more timid, and especially the more impotent and fanatic, crossed the ocean, and took refuge in the solitudes of unbroken forests. In these unworn regions the Puritans prayed and preached, uncontrolled by bishops, and unshocked by surplices and written liturgies; but the freedom, which they thus pursued and enjoyed, to the sacrifice, it should seem, of every other comfort, they were little disposed to allow to others. They had no notion, indeed, of any one's claiming it. They had themselves but one object—escape from the tyranny of bishops and rulers; and their companions, high and low, they supposed, were as single and contracted in their views. That they themselves, in exacting conformity and obedience to their own ordinances, could be regarded as tyrants, was a consideration which never reached their understandings. They had no catholic views; none among them ever dreamt that it could be his duty, that it could even be consistent with Christianity, much less the very aim and spirit of it, to leave the sanctions of religion to man and his maker, to content himself with teaching, instructing, convincing his fellows, but never to proceed to compiling, imposing, and enjoining creeds and articles, and inflicting penalties for disobedience. They hated control; but having thus broken from it themselves, they exercised it with severity upon their dependents. As masters and parents, their very position in a lawless land made them patriarchs, and they used, without scruple, what appeared to them a patriarch's authority, and his duty; they surveyed their households—and they were large—with an eye of vigilance and scrutiny, that penetrated to every act of life, and ruled every member of it with a rod of iron, which to them seemed the sceptre of divine authority and natural justice. The very spirit, thus engendered, was severe; and self-denial was held up as the supreme virtue, and the control of all natural feelings as the best proof of a Christian's proficiency, which was itself to be enforced where it was not voluntarily observed.

At Boston, under the protecting vigilance of Governor Winthrop—a man whose virtues, and whose severities, in spite of the kindliness of his nature, are made known by his published journal—is placed Hope Leslie, the heroine of the tale—transferred to the governor's house for the purposes of discipline from her natural guardian's, whose indulgence, though himself a rigid Puritan, was thought extreme, and quite unjustifiable, by the creed and practice of the faithful. This guardian was a Mr. Fletcher, who in his youth had been devotedly attached to Hope's mother, his own cousin, but violently torn from her by the tyranny of relations. The cousins had sacrificed their happiness to a sense of duty, and each of them married where their hearts were not—the lady in England, Mr. Fletcher in America. The lady's husband died after a few years, and the widow proceeded to America, but died on her landing, and bequeathed her two daughters, Hope and Faith, to the care of her cousin.

At this time Mr. Fletcher was residing at Springfield—a newly broken up country. His family consisted of his wife and three or four children, and two Indian children—a girl, Magawisca, and a boy, Oneco—who

had been taken by force from a well-known Indian chief, under the impressions of duty, to make them Christians. The girl was about fourteen, of extraordinary grace and beauty, strong feelings, and resolute temper—full of truth and rectitude, but retaining an ineffaceable recollection of the injuries inflicted on herself and parents by being thus torn from them—a hatred of Christians, and a steady adherence to the faith of her fathers; not incapable of affection for others, for she was most grateful for the kindness of the Fletcher family, and between the eldest boy and herself was springing up an attachment that was likely to end, as no American of those times, nor any of these more enlightened days, could patiently contemplate.

Mr. Fletcher left his peaceful home for Boston to fetch his two youthful wards, Hope and Faith Leslie. Faith he immediately sent forward with her aunt; but business detaining him at Boston, he kept Hope with him, and in a few days proceeded homewards—full of fond and confiding feelings, Mr. Fletcher to rejoin his family, and Hope her sister, and see her cousin Everell, of whom she had heard so much; on their arrival, they found, instead of the dearest objects of their affections, a house of desolation. The Indians, headed by the father of Magawisca and Oneco, had visited the scene, and butchered the mother and children—all but Everell, the eldest boy, who was destined for sacrifice, and little Faith Leslie, who was carried away by the *lex talionis*. Everell was finally rescued from destruction by Magawisca, who at the very last moment rushed in between her father and his victim, and received herself the falling axe, which in its descent swept off her arm.

Everell was now despatched to England for a season, and Hope and his father were left each to lament their bereavements. But Hope is of a gay and lively temperament, and though not ridiculing or defying the restraints, which obstructed her movements at every turn, yet frequently restive, and offending against them—till it was thought advisable by the ruling powers to take her from her guardian, and place her for a time, as has been said, under Governor Winthrop and his lady's more controlling guidance. While residing with this family at Boston, young Everell returns, a handsome youth, full of energy, and activity, and ardour, and meets Hope in the streets in company with another lady. Hope, as ardent and natural as himself, rushes into his arms; but quickly coming to her recollection, she introduces her companion, between whom and Everett a recognition takes place. They had known each other in England. They had lived in the same house; Miss Downing had loved him, and in a fit of sickness, and apparently on her death bed, had disclosed to him her passion with all the purity and delicacy of a Puritan maid. Everell was grateful, but not enamoured, and the intercourse had not been renewed. Hope to herself seemed attached to Everell only by sisterly ties; she quickly penetrated her friend's secret, and, in the romance of her feelings, she exerted every effort to promote their union, and finally brought about a pledge of union. But, too soon, for her own comfort, she detected her own fond leaning to Everell; and he also, all along a passive instrument in her hands, and thinking her indifferent to him, but himself burning with admiration of her, discovers his mistake. Of all these *mal-a-prop* matters, a good deal is made, and very successfully.

In the meanwhile, Hope, who never forgot the sister who had been carried away by the Indians, receives intelligence of her, and at last has a meeting with Magawisca, and eventually with her sister. The greatest secrecy with respect to this meeting is insisted on by Magawisca, and in the arrangements Hope exposes herself to a good deal of suspicion and obloquy from all parties. The meeting at last takes place—the sister is now the wife of Oneco—and he and his father, though not in sight, are close at hand. By the interposition of a meddling person, to serve his own purposes, the meeting is interrupted, and Faith and Magawisca are seized, and Oneco, in his turn, catches Hope in his arms, and flies with her to a boat, holding her as an hostage. She escapes with difficulty. Faith is taken to the governor's house, and every effort is made by Hope to detach her from the Indians, but in vain—she has forgotten her native language, and is essentially an Indian. Magawisca is thrown into prison on a charge of conspiracy against the colony. Everell and Hope resolve on rescuing her, and in their efforts are so frequently brought together, and so united in purpose, that the long repressed flame breaks out in spite of every thing. Everell applies to Miss Downing for aid; but she has scruples; though the kindest, and most generous, and gentle of human beings, she dreads offending against what she believes a prohibition of scripture—the orders of the magistrates. Hope plunges in recklessly. She is filled with gratitude to Magawisca; Magawisca, too, suspects her of treachery, and that impression must at all hazards be removed. That object is effected, and Magawisca is rescued; and Oneco, in the meanwhile, by stratagem, recovers his bride. Miss Downing generously resigns her claim to Everell, and sails for England; and, with the concurrence of every body at last, Everell and Hope are united.

The Americans, we observe, in proportion as they write better, take fewer liberties with language than they did. We remarked as we went along *flavourous* and *variant*. Flavourous, to be sure, might be borne with, and a little use make it acceptable, because it may be said to be wanted; but for *variant* there is no excuse, while

we have various, varying, and variable at command—surely in full *variety*, as Mr. Hood would be tempted to say.

De Beauvoir, or Second Love; 3 *vols.* 12*mo. Longman and Co.: London.*—Among the multitude of novels that the few last years have poured from the press, it is remarkable that so few have touched upon the habits and manners of the sex. We are presented with drawing-room life, dinner life, gaming-table life, and theatrical life; but the actual embarrassments which task the delicate spirit and graceful virtues of woman, moving in a certain rank of society, have hitherto scarcely found a historian. Yet it is in the story of those difficulties, that the finest lessons for the conduct of woman must be looked for, that the contrast between morbid sensibility and real feeling must be felt; and the line drawn between the selfishness of a narrow mind, and the generous prudence of a heart capable of making the happiness of society.

We can conceive few subjects more capable of the most striking eloquence and taste, or of making a stronger impression on public intelligence and morals.

The novel before us is of this class, adopts the subject of those embarrassments with the force of a mind fitted to discuss them, and offers its lessons of wisdom and virtue with a dignity that makes them impressive, and a native elegance that makes them interesting in a very uncommon degree.

The limits to which we are necessarily confined, prevent us from going into the detail of a story, which is long, various, and animated. Mrs. Cavendish, a woman of condition, is married to a man of merit, to whom, however, her hand has been given with some degree of reluctance; an earlier passion is at her heart. But she perseveres in her duties with steady propriety, during his life. Her chief embarrassments then commence; she is pursued by suitors of various characters. She has a daughter, whose settlement in life becomes another source of care. She has relations and friends, to whose prejudices and singularities of opinion she is forced to pay a painful deference; yet, with perpetual hazard of offence, she finally surmounts all her difficulties, steers tranquilly through the troubled sea of family disquiet, and is at once honourable and happy. Specimens of the graceful and finished language in which these incidents are told, might be found in numberless parts of these volumes, yet they cannot be separated from the work without impairing their effect. The following is the sketch of one of the characters, under the pain of mind produced by a calumny:—

Amelia, with pallid lips, and fixed and tearless eyes, continued seated on the couch, where she had read the letter. It lay upon her knee. She sat, indeed, the image of a sudden and confused dismay. Her toilette but half completed, a character of negligence was strangely blended with the finished elegance of her beauty; the golden wreath hung loosely through her hair; the delicate and sandalled foot was scarcely perceptible amid the long foldings of her shawl. She wore altogether the air of one called suddenly from the elegancies of life to meditate upon its sorrows. How terrible was the change! How severe the suffering! Helpless and hopeless she sat. She was in the power of the injurer, whoever he might be!

The note was despatched, and Amelia found herself again in solitude. She gazed on the festal preparations that were scattered round her. How valueless in one instant had become the glittering parade of life. She threw herself on the seat she had quitted; tears bitter and agonizing; sobs sorrowful and deep, burst from her heart. She tore, with trembling haste and nervous energy, the ornaments from her hair, and threw them on the floor before her feet. She remembered not the lapse of time!

The following sketch is in another style, but not less true to nature:—

"The facetious Captain Bennet—a man who finds his way every where; and who establishes himself wherever it may seem to him best, by the force of either his wit or his will—a person who, let him have done what he may, never seems to imagine that he can have given the slightest offence, so that at last, you forget it too; one who can make himself useful, when he pleases, and affects to be always at the disposal of his friends.

The description of a high-minded man under the first influence of beauty, is faithful to nature, and expressed with very striking power of language—

De Beauvoir, with brow bent in thought, traversed the apartment. Every feeling that softens, every sentiment that exalts, were busy at his heart; a sympathy, complex in its causes, but bearing in view one effect alone, the compassion which a brave man feels for beauty, when he beholds upon its brightness a single tear—the consciousness of lofty energy, of personal influence, of impassioned will—the wish to carry those into action for the benefit and blessing of another. While, at the same instant, the spirit and the sentiment were subdued by the feeling, that the very being for whom he would have thus devoted himself, had paid worship to her own unhappiness, and would regard him as an intruder, did he but touch the steps of the temple. All those vivid passions of a mind generous, and aspiring, and delicate, sent their shadows, one by one, over the countenance of De Beauvoir.

After this picture of the bridegroom, we cannot resist giving its graceful and spirited counterpart in the agitations of the bride—

There was indeed in the situation of Amelia much to excite the sympathy of an observer like De Beauvoir. Alternately blushing brightly amid the preparations for her bridal happiness, and turning pale with the apprehension that over that happiness there would steal a vapour subtle to destroy; elate one moment, as childhood at its play, and depressed at another, as childhood in its tears—loving fondly her betrothed, and yet

wishing it had been her fate not to love him so well—watching his first glance when he entered, to see whether the fiery spirit were at peace; and knowing that, in the bitterness of her soul, she must hang upon his glances still, even if she read in them all that was fearful. How blended with pain was her happiness!

She was like one who walks upon fairy ground in the midst of bloom and blossom, and who, pausing to inhale the fragrance, and place the blossom next her heart, perceives the sun bury his head in darkness; and feels the ground shrink away from the pressure of her foot.

Here we must part with this novel; and leaving it to the public success, which its pure morality and intelligent portraiture of the sex so amply deserve, congratulate the writer on the prospect of a career, which has been so spiritedly and eloquently begun.

MONTHLY THEATRICAL REPORT.

The Pantomimes at both houses are as like as two pantomimes can possibly be. They are both showy, both crowded with the practical wit of thumping and tumbling. Pantaloon and the clown are beaten and burlesqued, with equal vigour and severity in both. They contain, perhaps, the same number of scenes, and by both are the audience equally fatigued. The singularity is the determined absence of pleasantry; the spirit of Quakerism has brooded on the heads of the inventors; or, as a celebrated humourist of the present day said of a lugubrious comedy, there is nothing in these performances bright, but the lamps; nothing marked but the canvass, and nothing to disqualify them from turning into general opiates, but the drums of the orchestra.

Yet Covent Garden, by making the most of its old talent, scenery, has contrived to do without a joke from beginning to end. Navarino, which ought to have made the material of an afterpiece—and which, in the days of Harris, conjunct with the twin genius of Reynolds and Dibdin, would have made one, and a popular one, within three days of the intelligence, has suggested some striking scenery, by much the most effective portion of the whole. The spectator passes with theatrical rapidity from Brighton to Gibraltar, to Malta, to Navarino, into the centre of the battle, ships battering, blowing up, and sinking. The whole is on the principle of the moving panorama, and with some exceptionable fragments, is a very clever display.

Kean, we regret to say, has been seriously indisposed. His late performances had exhibited a failure of bodily strength, which furnished painful presentiments. A career calculated to try the powers of a strong constitution, has had its effects upon a feeble one; and we fear that his idea of retiring from the stage must, at no distant period, become a matter not of caprice, but of prudence.

When this actor forced his personal habits before the public eye, we felt it a duty to express our opinion plainly. A man living by the public, makes himself amenable to its tribunal. But the period which has since intervened, has demanded none of that censure which we should so reluctantly pass upon a man of genius peculiarly exposed.

The physical feebleness of his acting has been apparent; but we are much inclined to doubt whether that acting has not given a pleasure to those of the audience, capable of relishing the fine touches of dramatic skill, fully equal to the success of his most flourishing days. The theatric evil of our time, is the tendency of every thing on the stage to melodrame. The tragedian looks for his effect in the violent gesture and remorseless vociferation that draw down gallery applause, and storm eye and ear in the midst of rolling oceans, charges of cavalry, and the blowing up of man, woman, and walls. In Kean's acting since the commencement of this season, there has been the full display of his taste and talent, purified from the extravagance of voice and action. His *Shylock*, *Richard*, and *Othello*, are among the master-pieces of the stage: and we never saw them performed in a more masterly style by Kean. But the general audience require more forcible efforts than the actor can now make; the size of our theatres absolutely prohibits three-fourths of the audience from any enjoyment but that of the eye; and Kean's popularity must perish with the multitude, unless he shall regain his old powers of voice and gesture.

But we feel too strong an interest in the stage, as both a fine popular enjoyment, and a great province of genius in action and poetry, not to hope that Kean's secession, if secede he must, may be only temporary. A few months' rest, a more propitious climate than our land of fog and eastwind, a slight interval between his periods of theatrical labour, and the anxieties attendant on the profession, to even its most favourite members, would probably go far to reinstate the health and powers of an actor, whose loss would leave a vast blank on the stage, and deprive the public of a man of as decided talent for the highest efforts of the drama, as ever, perhaps, appeared.

The force of Covent Garden has been thrown into Tragedy; that of Drury Lane into Comedy and Opera, in both of which it has succeeded very considerably. There

is, of course, an utter dearth of striking new performances; authorship either dreads or disdains the stage, and the ability that should delight and interest the British audience for years, is exhausted upon the feeble family of fashionable novels, the work of a month, and the reading of a day. Yet, what is to blame but the dulness of the legislature, which denies to dramatic authorship the protection given to every other species of writing? The copyright of a song, of a rambling rhapsody, of an almanack, of a novel, of any thing and every thing, is guarded in all sorts of ways: the pirate, who touches upon the invaluable nonsense of "Cherry-ripe," is brought neck and heels before the Chancellor, and nothing saves him from Newgate but retribution in the shape of fine. But the moment the dramatic author plays his performance, all the world may play it; it may be used and abused in every theatre, and every barn of the empire, until the public are cloyed even with its excellence, and men hate it as much as they sicken of a tune on the barrel-organ. If the dramatist print his work before performance, every theatre may, in like manner, use it, without giving him a shilling. Thus, if he publish his play as a book, it becomes valueless to him as a play. If he play it, it becomes valueless to him as either play or book, for all the world may do what they please with it. It is this neglect of one of the most powerful, and certainly the most brilliant portion of national literature—(for what has British literature to show in comparison with Shakspeare, or French literature in comparison with the writers of its stage, or Germany to contrast with Schiller and Goethe?)—that humiliates the drama, repels men of ability, and leaves our stage to struggle on, as it may, through French farces, compilations of forgotten jest books, and the meagreness and common-place of domestic vulgarity,

We must hope that some intelligent member of parliament will take up the subject, add a clause to the bill of copyright, protecting the rights of the drama, and placing the British author on the footing of the French. In France, the drama has been raised by that security into its present rank, and that rank enables it to exercise a most extensive and important influence on the national civilization. The security of the author's right makes it worth the while of clever men to attach themselves to the drama, as a regular pursuit; professional dexterity is acquired by the practice of theatrical writing, as a profession; good manners are displayed upon the stage, the stage reflects them to the people; and, probably, whatever morality may exist in France, and certainly a great portion of the national urbanity results from the grace and elegance of its stage, thus sustained by intelligent and accomplished men.

Mrs. Glossop, Braham, Miss Love, and a very able company, are still going on triumphantly in opera. The last year's adaptation, "The Turk in Italy," is revived, with additional songs and success. But the spell of the month has been the revival of the "Critic," with Matthews as *Sir Fretful*, Liston as *Don Whiskerandos*, Jones as *Puff*, and Mrs. Orger as *Tilburina*. Nothing new can be said of a production which will never grow old. But no one who desires to see the ablest work of Sheridan in dialogue (which we consider the first act of the "Critic" to be) represented by the ablest comedians of our day, should neglect going to see this performance. The second act, always intended to make the mere rabble laugh, and which no skill of the stage can make either pleasant or polished, is yet sustained, with an address and animation, by Jones, of which, highly as we think of that actor, we had scarcely thought him capable. He introduces a number of pleasantries, licensed by the habit of interpolation, in *Puff's* party, and which, from their immediate application, or their dexterity, excite no slight applause. The second act, from whose excessive caricature taste generally turns away, is thus made popular; and we have an additional instance of the value of combining the talents of able performers in the same piece. Mrs. Orger is new in the heroine, and nothing can be better; she rants, whines, and weeps delightfully; her sob is electric, and the white handkerchief is, in her hands, a weapon of very formidable influence. She is in a perpetual catarrh of the tender passion; and if Niobe ever screamed as well as wept, Mrs. Orger would be the true Niobe of burlesque.

The King's Theatre has opened at last; but under the curious auspices of M. Laurent, the indefatigable and universal *entrepreneur* of theatres, has taken it, in conjunction with Laporte, the comedian. Some treasury difficulties retarded the rising of the curtain; and the story went, that the Lord Chamberlain was to turn stage manager, but the dissolution of higher management than that of the stage having disburthened his grace of so heavy a responsibility, the honour has reverted into the hands of the two Frenchmen: we have thus the Opera and Drury Lane in the hands of foreigners. The next change will be Covent Garden purchased by some German; and English management will be completely relieved of its share of good or evil.

The Adelphi goes on prosperously. Two or three *petites pièces*, from the French, giving an opportunity of more ingenious dialogue and dexterous acting, have been introduced with success. Yates is the lord of the ascendant, and his diligence and pleasantry make him extremely popular. Terry is in Paris, sweeping away the whole

circulating medium of that play-hunting people. He has electrified the majesty of the mob in *Lear;* which, if he does not play exactly according to the standard of English opinions, we are quite satisfied that he plays with intelligence, feeling, and force. He has *Macbeth* before him, which ought to be still more effective from its prodigious dramatic capabilities, the rapid abundance of its incident, and the stirring vigour of its conception. Yet the white locks of *Lear* may do much more with the Parisians than the old man's uncontrolled fondness, and magnificent insanty; even *Macbeth* may not add to the supremacy which Terry, as much to the delight of Paris as to his personal gratification, has obtained.

Elliston, enfeebled in his frame by illness, yet exhibits the singular activity of mind which made his management of Drury Lane the most restless, and varied, the most lucky and unlucky on record. Master Burke, certainly a very clever little animal, breaks down the gravity of the whole Southwark metropolis; his wig, his littleness, his laugh, and his Irish accent, are causing hysterics and apoplexies among the fatter portion of the fair sex in the neighbourhood of the Surrey theatre; the younger sigh unequivocally, in admiration of the genius that can smile and sing for three hours together: the romantic are enraptured with his personal fascinations; the worldly think of his engagement for three years to come at a thousand pounds per annum, and resolve to lay siege to this Rothschild of the stage; and the sex, in general, wish to hasten the period when propitious time will invest his physiognomy with a more matrimonial beard than that of the dressing-room.

Elliston has, sagaciously enough, proposed that, like the Vauxhall people, a *juvenile* night should be given to those good children, who pine to see pantomimes; but whose prudence forbids them sitting up after nightfall. The house is to be opened at a fitting hour, to be regulated by the nursery clock; cradles are to be provided in the boxes for all infants under three years old. A levy of matrons is ordered, to obviate accidents to any of the mammas; cake is to be handed round between the acts, and the whole of the attending physicians of the Queen's Hospital, are to be stationed in the green-room during the evening. We have no doubt of the triumph of this project—conception, we had almost called it. Elliston deserves to have the thanks of the community, in the shape of the fullest house that ever was seen.

A project for licensing a Spanish theatre has been proposed. We fear that the language is too little understood (or too little pretended to be understood), for popularity. Doubtless, as many would feel its graces, as feel those of the French, a number that, if truth were told, would not fill half of one of the boxes. Yet the project *might* take, and it would be worth the trial, on a small scale, and by subscription.

Arnold has opened his theatre for a French company, who play the pretty little vaudevilles that charm all the French world, and will, in the course of the year, be, every one of them, seen mangled on the English stage. The stage company is good, and promises are held out of its being reinforced by many a great *réfugié* from Paris, where the English actors are stripping the native *artistes* of every *livre*. The French are, in their turn, invading *Londres*, and trying whether the fountain-head of loans and bullion is not the right place to look for fortune after all. However, both countries are benefited by the exchange. The French will learn to speak a Christian language, instead of their own intractable dialect, and the English will learn how to make fricassees, dance, and cut out their own shirts. War will cease between the two grand disturbers of the earth. Our cannons will be cast into earrings for the French *paysannes*, and their *feline* abundance will be consigned to our markets and coffee-houses, to supersede the necessity of rabbits and shoulders of mutton. We predict a revolution in matters of taste, that shall extinguish the game laws, *sub silentio*, and make nugatory the eloquence of Lord Kelmorsdale, Baron Durham, and the whole anti-poachery of the empire.

The French Theatre is beautifully fitted up, under the superintendance of Mr. Beasley, the most ingenious of architects, whether to build the lofty theatre, or the lofty rhyme; a man, as the poet says,—*Tam Musæ quam Mortario.* The whole is showy, and we wish that he could bite the managers of the winter theatres;—we mean, of course, only so far as decoration and taste are concerned.

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

DOMESTIC.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

November 30, 1827.—We stated in our last the election of Davies Gilbert, Esq., to the Presidency of the Royal Society: this situation having been declared vacant some weeks before, this worthy gentleman having in the interim been nominated chairman, delivered, on the day in question, the Royal and Copley medals, accompanying each presentation with some prefatory remarks. From the ensemble of these remarks, making what is usually denominated the President's oration, we draw a most unfavourable augury as to the qualifications of Mr. Gil-

bert for the place he holds. A man may be estimable in his private life, upright in his public conduct, distinguished for his philosophical attainments, and yet be ill suited to take the direction of a public body, unequal to the weight, and incompetent to the management. Mr. Gilbert commences with a panegyric upon the Fellows deceased within the preceding year: men no doubt respectable in their situation in life—but what does Europe know of them? To be entitled to an eulogy from the official organ of the Royal Society, an individual should rank among the first of those who have extended the domain of the human understanding. Custom may be pleaded as an excuse for this—but it is not too ancient to be abrogated, originating, as we believe it did, with Sir John Pringle. Speaking of the loss the society had sustained in its foreign members, Mr. Gilbert remarks, in the passage concerning Volta, that "Galvani has not affixed his name to the science of which he is in a great degree the parent," yet adds a few minutes afterwards, "galvanism was then unknown." Of La Place, he says, "the time is not arrived, nor can I presume to assign to this extraordinary man his rank among those that are no more. Yet . . . Newton holds, and ever must hold, the highest station in the fane of philosophical renown. That to him *non viget qui coquam simile aut secundum.* But although the second niche must remain unoccupied, yet one approximating to that of Newton will hereafter become the elevated station of La Place." We admire the elegance of this passage as highly as we think of its correctness. We long ago pointed out the iniquity of the principle which, in direct opposition to the recorded opinion of the council, regulated the first distribution of the Royal medals—that in fact it was plundering the present generation for the benefit of the past—the principle is in operation still—the first medal was awarded to Sir H. Davy—a paper communicated to the society in the course of last year served as a pretext—what was in that paper?—nothing at all: it was a recapitulation of the past. Sir H. Davy, as a chemist, held the highest rank—but he was no more than a chemist—in that character he was lost to the world by his elevation to the chair of the Royal Society, and placed upon science as an incubus. The other Royal medal was betowed on Mr. Struve—this selection, if it reflect honour upon the distinguished individual, is equally creditable to those who made it. The Copley medals were adjudged to Dr. Prout and Mr. Foster—an award equally well timed and judicious. From the labours of the former, chemistry and medicine have much to expect; and as a skilful and indefatigable observer of natural phenomena the second ranks in the highest class. We may incidentally mention the credit due to this gentleman for the candid and open manner in which he avowed an error into which he had been led by Captain Sabine, and the total destruction of all confidence in the results presented by the last, from the fact of his having employed an instrument during several months without a single experiment to determine the value of its divisions.

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

This enterprizing and useful society recommenced its meetings on November 9, when Mr. Baily presented a paper on the right ascension of γ Cassiopæ. This accurate astronomer having found a difference of one second of time in the r. a. of this star, as it appears in the catalogue published by the Society, and in that in the Nautical Almanack, was led to investigate the cause, which he considers to be a typographical error in Piazzi's catalogue, which had been employed in the computation of that with which this society has enriched the scientific world. A paper was read on double object glasses, by M. Littrow of Vienna; in a practical point of view, the results being rather questionable, we see no advantage in inserting them. Some valuable observations of the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, and of some occultations, were communicated by M. Slawinski, astronomer at Wilna.

FOREIGN.

INSTITUTE—ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Paris.—October 22, 1827.—MM. Legendre, Lacroix, Fourier, and Damoiseau, made a report on the memoir of M. Binet, relative to the determination of the orbit of planets and comets.—29. MM. Desfontaines and Mirbel reported on a botanical work of M. Despreaux, entitled essay on the *laminaires* of the shores of Normandy. The genus "laminaire", which belongs to the great class of hydrophytes, and which has given its name to the family of "laminaries," was established by Roussele, brought to perfection by MM. Lamouroux, Agardt, and Bory de St. Vincent. The work of M. D. received the approbation of the Academy. MM. Cordier and Brochardt de Villiers, in their report on the work of M. Serres, "Notice of the extinct volcanos in the South of France, of which the eruptions have been posterior to the deposit of the second fresh water formation of MM. Cuvier and Brougniart," recommended this able geologist to continue his researches, and communicate the result to the public.—Nov. 5. M. Savart was elected a member of the Academy, in the section of general physics. MM. Bouvard and Mathieu reported the utility of preserving a field work erected at Melun for the conservation of one extremity of the base measured for the trigonometrical survey of France. A favourable report was delivered by MM. Gay-Lussac and Cordier, and approved by the Academy, on a memoir, by Dr. Gendrin, on the hot springs of Plombieres. M. Cauchy

presented a memoir on certain fundamental propositions of the calculus of remainders.—12. M. Girard read a memoir on some standards of the ancient Egyptian cubit recently discovered. MM. Chaussier, Dumeril, and Boyer reported most favourably on two memoirs of Dr. Faure, relative to the iris and to artificial pupils. MM. Pelletan and Royer reported upon two memoranda forwarded by Dr. Barery of Limoges, entitled "two cases of luxation of the cervical vertebræ, with compression of the spinal marrow." M. Freycinet read a letter of M. Gaymard, dated New Zealand, March 4, 1827, communicating various details of the expedition of the corvette l'Astrolabe. MM. Desfontaines and Coquebert-Montbret made a verbal report on the first number of the Annals of Science of Havannah, published by M. Ramor de la Sagra, professor of botany in that city.

VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MICELLANEOUS.

Optical Phænomenon, from the Cambridge Philosophical Transactions.—Vol 2, Part 2, page 267.

Professor Airey shut an eye,
To miss of the discovery
The image formed therein Profess-
He could not see at all unless
This vile defect, quoth he, indeed
Should master, if I were to read
His clear eye well refracts the rays,
The blind did not, at which he says
Alas, he cried, was ever lot
It well might puzzle, might it not,
It passes all imagining—
Thought little more about the thing,
At last, he gazing from afar
The images of lamp and star,
'Twas the left eye that was not right,
The right was left with perfect sight,
So then beginning to reflect
He shrewdly deemed that "this effect
The major axis in appea—
As thirty-five degrees, or near,
In short, when northern breezes blew,
But when the wind was south, he knew
Thenceforward he began to pass
In striving to construct a glass
He thought a pair of cylinders
If their diameters transverse
In reading on it would appear
One surface being made a sphere,
So one cylindrical was made,
But the expression for the Rad-
The thing would only raise a laugh,
Suffice it, *r* was four and a half,
There were proportions which ensured
And he with much ado "procured
To artists skilful he applied
To work the lens was one man's pride,
Then Fuller's name (we give the hint)
Who with one eye made Airey squint
and would have been excuseless
that t'other eye was useless.
or A. makes learned mention
he gave it his attention.
by optics do I find, I
entirely with my blind eye.
but when he closed its casement,
he stared in all amazement.
deplorable as mine is,
the chancellor's own highness.
so turning on his heel, he
but gave it up—like Keely.
across his nose's tip sees
not circles but ellipses.
for though 'twas dim, he had one;
except that 'twas a bad one.
on Nature and her laws,
defective came by cause."
ance was inclined as far
from the perpendicular.
he saw as never man saw,
a hawk from any handsaw.
his meditative hours
of two dispersive powers.
the rays would disentangle,
were placed at a right angle.
his next step was in finding
would much assist the grinding.
one spherical, each hollow;
ii I cannot follow.
and so we'll let it be,
and great R three—three, three.
success to his inventions,
a lens to these dimensions."
successless, but he skips which,
Fuller, his name—of Ipswich.
let envy fear to smother,
as well as with the other.

Assamese Method of Blasting Rocks.—The old method of blasting rocks was by ramming clay, or a similar substance, over the charge of powder in the chamber; this was superseded by the practice of pouring loose sand over the powder, which, if it succeed with the softer rocks, usually fails with the harder and primitive ones, and the sand is blown out. We were the first to bring under the notice of the public, through the medium of this journal, the very superior plan of substituting small broken pieces of the rock to be blasted for the sand. In Scotland, an iron conical plug was not long since placed nearly at the bottom of the chamber, and the effect of the explosion is represented as prodigious. The Assamese close the mouth of the hole, by driving in with a mallet a stout wooden plug, some inches in length, through which a touch hole is bored. Between the powder and the lower part of the plug an interval of several inches is left,

the communication is perfected by means of a tin tubule filled with powder, and passed through the centre of the plug. The operation and effect of this method will be readily understood by the analogy of the bursting of a gun when the ball or charge of shot is not properly rammed down.

Diminution of the Waters of the Aral Lake.—One of the most singular circumstances recorded in the account of the Russian Embassy to Buckharia, is the manner in which the waters of the Aral Lake have diminished. It would seem that this retrocession is prodigiously rapid, for some Kirguisians assured the members of the embassy that their fathers yet remembered to have seen that sea in places where it is now distant about sixty versts, or nearly forty English miles. One of the bays of the Sir had, in the space of one year, diminished three versts, or nearly two English miles, in its eastern direction. It was on the borders of this sea that Bernardin de Saint Pierre, in his youthful and wild reveries, hoped to found a republic.

Antediluvian Footsteps.—In the red sand-stone quarry of Corncodale Muir, about two miles to the north of the town of Lochmaben, in the county of Dumfries, are numerous and distinct impressions of feet, which leave no doubt that this rock, while in a soft state, had been traversed by living quadrupeds. Casts taken from some of these prints are in the possession of several geologists. The simple inspection of the tracks make it impossible to doubt in what manner they have been produced. The great number of the impressions in uninterrupted continuity—the regular alternations of the right and left footsteps—their equidistance from each other—the outward direction of the toes—the grazing of the foot along the surface before it was firmly planted—the deeper impression made by the toe than by the heel, the forcing forward of the sandy matter of the rock, by the downward and scarcely slanting direction in which it is remarkable that all the animals have traversed this singular acclivity—and, in the largest specimen found in a different part of the quarry, the sharp and well-defined marks of the three claws of the animal's foot, are circumstances which immediately arrest the attention of the observer, and force him to acknowledge that they admit of only one explanation.

Medical Virtues of the Spider's Web.—Dr. Jackson, in his work on fever, pronounces that the web of the spider prevents the recurrence of febrile paroxysms more effectually than bark or arsenic, or any other remedy employed for that purpose. It is administered in pills of five grains every fourth or fifth hour, the patient being previously prepared by the usual evacuants. It is said to be useful also in spasmodic affections of various kinds, asthma, periodical headaches, and general irritability, also as an application to ulcerated and irritable surfaces. The web should be that of the black spider, found in cellars, and dark and damp places.

Lenses for Single Microscopes.—An ingenious artist, by name Pritchard, having succeeded in producing a small diamond lens for a single microscope, and its incontestible superiority being manifest, has induced him to apply himself to the formation of sapphire lenses for the same purpose; experiment having proved that after the diamond, it possesses a stronger refraction than any other substance, capable of giving a single image, while its dispersive power is very low. The faint blue tinge of the sapphire is not felt in thin small lenses formed of this substance, which thus comes next in order to diamond ones, and forms an excellent substitute for the use of those persons unable to afford the expense of the latter.

Novel Application of Hydrogen Gas.—In the salt mine of Gottesgabe, at Rheine, in the county of Tecklenbourg, there has issued for sixty years from one of the pits, which has on this account been called the Pit of the Wind, a continued current of inflammable gas. The same gas is produced in other parts of the mines. M. Roeder, the inspector of the salt mines, has used this gas for two years, not only as a light, but as fuel for all the purposes of cookery. He collects it in pits that are no longer worked, and conveys it in tubes to the house. It burns with a white and brilliant flame; its density is about 0·66; it contains only traces of carbonic acid and sulphuretted hydrogen, and therefore should consist of carbonated hydrogen and olefiant gas. It may be added, that in America, the village of Fredonia, on the shores of Lake Erie, is lighted every night by inflammable gas, from the burning springs, as they are called, in its vicinity.

Antiquities.—Two very interesting discoveries have recently been made in the south of Russia, by M. de Blaramberg, director of the Museums of Antiquities, established at Odessa and at Kertch; at one verst to the south of the town of Symferopol, he found the remains of an ancient edifice. Among the ruins were some bas-reliefs and Greek inscriptions: among the latter is a dedication to Jupiter Atabyrius, and in another the name of king Scilurus is legible. It is probably the famous Scilurus, who waged war against the generals of Mithridates Eupator, and who, according to Strabo, possessed in the interior of Tauris the castles of Chavrem, Neapolis, and Palacium. The recently discovered remains may have belonged to one of these places. Among the bas-reliefs is one representing the face of an old man with a thick beard, and wearing a singular head-dress. A perfect resemblance of this same countenance is found on an unpublished medal in the cabinet of M. Blakenberg, on the reverse of which is the name of king Scilurus. The bas-relief, therefore, doubtless, is the likeness

of this Tauro-Scythian king; and the discovery is of much importance to ancient iconography. The same enterprizing antiquarian, in his last researches on the shores of the Cimmerian Bosphorus, perceived, at the distance of four versts from Kertch, near the battery Pawlowsky, traces of the ancient city of Nymphea, a Greek colony, which at one time belonged to the Athenians, and subsequently to the kings of the Bosphorus. Traces of walls, and great flags of hard stone, were found dispersed along the shores of the strait, and pointed out the site of the ancient harbour of Nymphea, mentioned by Strabo.

Ancient Egyptian Cubit.—The following is a summary of a memoir on some standards of the ancient Egyptian cubit, recently discovered, communicated by M. Girard to the Academy of Sciences of Paris. The first was found in 1799, by M. Girard himself, in the ancient nilometer of the isle of Elephantine, described by Strabo. This unit of measure was divided into twenty-eight fingers, and into seven palms; its absolute length was 527 millimetres = 20·748 English inches. A second standard was found in 1822, in the ruins of Memphis, by M. Drovetti, the French consul-general in Egypt. This cubit was divided into seven palms; its length, measured with the greatest precision by MM. Plana and Bidone, is 523·53 millimetres=20·61 English inches. A third standard of the same description was also found at Memphis by M. Drovetti, and is now in Paris in the Royal Museum of Egyptian Antiquities, which is soon to be opened to the public; this is also divided into seven parts, and its absolute length is 525 millimetres=20·669. Lastly, a fourth standard, destined for the Museum at Florence, was discovered by M. Anastasy, Swedish consul in Egypt: its length is 526·5 millimetres=20·728 English inches. Like the others, it is divided into seven palms, or twenty-eight fingers. From these data, M. Girard considers the length of the Egyptian cubit as irrevocably fixed, and its mean value may be stated at 20·68875 inches English measure. The difference between the extreme limits above mentioned serves to explain in the clearest manner a passage of Pliny, concerning the length of a side of the great pyramid, and to determine the true length of the stadium (of 700 to a degree) known to geographers by the name of the stadium of Eratosthenes. This discovery of the true length of the stadium of Alexandria, allows, what has long been denied, a comparison to be made of the degree of the terrestrial meridian, measured by Eratosthenes, with that which the known figure of the earth assigns, and it appears that the result obtained by this great mathematician, whose labours excited the admiration of antiquity, is a mean between the length of a degree at 45°, and that which Bouguer ascertained under the equator, and exactly in the proportion to be expected from the position of places situated between Syene and Alexandria, the extreme points of the arc which Eratosthenes measured.

Antiquities.—An account has recently been given to the Society of Scottish Antiquaries of an unique bronze relic found three or four years ago on the sand hills of Culbin, near the estuary of the river Tindhorn. It is formed like a coiled-up snake, having rather more than three complete convolutions, lying spirally on each other. The whole coil is hollowed out on the inner side, a wide hemispherical groove running round the interior of the spiral from one extremity to the other. The whole seems to have been formed at length, and then twisted up into the coil. The serpents' heads, at the two extremities, are only to be recognised from the carving of the hoods, the faces and the eyes, in which last are inserted prominent eye-balls, of a deep blue enamel or glass. About 3·5 inches from each extremity there are somewhat similar indications of snakes' heads, with eyes also, filled with similar globules of the same blue glass. On the other side of each extremity there is a perfect circle of nearly an inch in diameter, surrounding and enclosing a flat hollow space of about one-sixth of an inch in depth, having a deeper and minute hole in the centre of each; and, from the appearance of the metal, there can be no doubt that the circular cavity was filled with some gem or artificial stone. It stands 3·5 inches high, and is 3·5 inches in diameter, externally; the interior diameter is 2·5 inches. Its weight is 2 pounds 9.5 inches avoirdupois. The metal is the very finest and richest Corinthian brass, and is estimated to contain about 14 ounces 5 drachms of gold. It is conjectured to have belonged to a Druid, and to have been the ornament worn on the left shoulder, through which the gathered robe was drawn, as represented in a bas-relief found at Autun, depicting the costume of a Druid.

Natural History.—The following remarkable phenomenon is recorded in the last volume of the Transactions of the Philosophical Society at New York. In boring for salt at Rocky Hill, in Ohio, about a mile and a half from Lake Erie, after proceeding to the depth of 197 feet the auger fell, and salt water spouted out for several hours. After the exhaustion of this water great volumes of inflammable air issued through the aperture for a long time, and formed a cloud; and by ignition by the fire in the shops of the workmen, consumed and destroyed every thing in the vicinity.

German Industry.—Among some anecdotes of his contemporaries, which Voss, the celebrated Grecian, has recently published, is the following memorandum of the labours of the late C. G. Heyne and himself. The former reviewed, in different journals, between 7 and 8,000 new publications, and he himself wrote about 100 dissertations and other works; wrote every year 1,000 letters

and 2,000 notes; delivered several courses of lectures, watched over the financial management of several public institutions, &c.

Chinese Literature.—We know not if the groundwork of the story of the Ephesian matron was originally furnished by the orientals, to whom Europe is indebted for most of her tales; but the following version of the memorable widow's adventure is to be met with in the volume of tales, translated from the Chinese, just published by M. Abel Remusat. A philosopher falls in with a young widow in deep mourning, who, bending over a small mound recently heaped together, is most earnest in playing an enormous fan over the fresh earth. This mound contains the body of the beloved husband she had lately lost. Why occupy herself in thus fanning the grave? Because, when dying, he had conjured her to wait till at least the surface of the ground which covered him should be dry before she thought of a second marriage.

Mineralogy.—A mass of native platinum, weighing 4,166 grammes, has recently been found in the Russian mines at Hijne-Taguilski. Its shape was round; its surface granulated, and in some places it bore a metallic lustre. Its specific gravity being only 16, it must have contained the various alloys met with in platinum. It is singular that this specimen was met with in digging an argillaceous stratum.

Antiquities.—In a field nearly opposite Old Brisach, the Mons Brisiacus of the Roman itineraries, a great number of ancient foundations have been discovered. The charcoal and cinders bear evidence of a conflagration, which is confirmed by the name of the canton, Edenburgh or Oedenburgh. Many cinerary urns have been found among the rubbish, some entire vases of elegant forms, medals, domestic utensils, styla, articles for the toilet, and fragments of bolts; and, what is much more important in regard to ancient geography, a brick, with the inscription, "L. XXI." Now it is known that the 21st legion was established in Upper Germany. Further researches are now making under the direction of a learned antiquarian.

Position of the Focus of the Eye.—From some experiments instituted by an ingenious surgeon of the name of Rumball, he has been led to believe that the images of objects which enter the eye are not painted in an inverted position on the retina. He found that when the axis of the eye is slightly elongated the image of the object is inverted: there is, therefore, a sufficient proof that the rays of light proceeding from it must have crossed each other before their exit from the eye. The focus is, therefore, within the axis. Also, when the axis is shortened, the real and apparent position of the object being the same, demonstrates that the rays have not crossed, consequently the focus of the eye is in a point posterior to it. But as the retina is situate between the point where, in the first instance, the rays are proved to have crossed, and the point which, in the second case, is determined to be anterior to their crossing, and as these extreme points approximate closely to each other, as in the first case, the focus is within, and in the second without, the axis, and as the retina is situate between them, he concludes that the focus of the eye is upon the retina.

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BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

WILLIAM GRENVILLE GRAHAM.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR:—

While I cannot agree with the hacknied adage of "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum,*" and think that we should be very ill justified in deifying a Caligula upon such a flimsy pretext of supererogatory charity, I cannot find language powerful enough to express my contempt for the writers of deliberate un-

truths respecting the dead. There is a class of men abroad who, unfortunately, meddle in the public press only to add fuel to the rage of its enemies, by labouring to afford real ground for the charge of its present degradation;—men who will propagate falsehood for the sake of a paragraph, and defame even their Maker rather than deviate for an instant into the paths of truth and charity, from the high road of slander and malignity. The individual whose name is at the head of this letter, had vices enough to answer for without their being aggravated, as I see has been done in a paragraph copied into the "Times" respecting him, I presume from no very reputable source,* and which those who conduct the most successful journal in this or any other country, would have flung aside with contempt had they known its falsehood. Numbers of men, respectable by rank or talent, or indeed both united, were once among his acquaintance, and admired his talents as much as they latterly abhorred his vices. Most, it is true, saw his headlong career during the last years of his life, and to what it must lead, and avoided him. They saw his conduct with deep regret, and remonstrated with him without avail, long ere he reached the brink of the precipice over which he fell. Who would not have pitied such a misapplication of time, and such extensive acquirements neutralized and finally blasted by a natural weakness, and want of mental energy in resistance to the temptations of vanity and the gaming table!

I have endeavoured to draw up here a brief memoir of Graham's life as far as it is known in this country. It will hence be seen that his conduct affords a singular example in the history of the human mind. Strength of talent contending with the weakness of nature, and the latter finally victorious. Strictly according to the proverb, "*Nema repente fuit turpissimus*," he descended the ladder of vice by degrees till he reached the lowest stave, and was for ever lost. Most of those allegations made against him since his death will be found hereafter stated as they really are, with their truth or falsehood shewn. A correspondent, from Plymouth, in the "Morning Herald," who writes what he did not know about him, is also noticed, and, in short, I have endeavoured to "set down nought in malice," but to give a plain brief narrative of facts, from authorities of which, Mr. Editor, I am ready to afford you due proof of validity. The two-fold advantage of the cause of truth, and the benefit of a warning example against similar temptations, must plead my excuse to you. Our literary brethren on the other side the Atlantic, in common fairness should also be set right upon a subject in which they were deceived by their countryman, as may be judged from their erroneous statements respecting him.

It was just when hostilities were breaking out between this country and America in 1812, that a vessel bound from New York to Bordeaux, was either detained at sea and sent in as a prize, or, being driven by stress of weather, put into the port of Padstow, in Cornwall. Hostilities had not actually commenced between the two countries, and the crew and passengers were suffered to be at liberty. Among them was a young man about seventeen years of age—it was William Grenville Graham. At that time his person was exceedingly interesting, and very different in point of manly and vigorous appearance from what it was during the later years of his life. His manners were mild, and his deportment superior to most at that early age, indeed he might well have been taken for one of four or five years older. He stated that he had been guilty of some extravagancies which had displeased his father, and that he had left the parental roof at New York, where his father lived, I think in the Broad Way, and was a merchant.* Graham left Padstow to try and get a passage back to New York by a Bristol or Liverpool vessel; passing through Plymouth, where accident made him acquainted with the only individual England contained who seemed to take an interest in his story. Being unsuccessful, (the last vessel permitted to clear out from England for America having sailed,) he came back to Plymouth, with a very small store of money, and a gloomy prospect before him.

The friend whom he had made at Ply-

* The writer was most probably some drunken poltroon, who had shared in the profligacy of this unhappy young man at the cider cellar or Offleys, but who would not have dared to breathe the softest whisper against him had he been living, and in this country—we imagine its origin. In this statement there was, however, a shadow of fact for the inventive faculty to work upon; but a writer in a "Windsor" paper, has closed an article on Graham with the foregoing from the "Times," that far out does it in mendacity. Seemingly prompted by hatred to the Americans for their panegyrical account of this unfortunate young man (of whose career they could have known nothing but what he himself told them), he cooks up a history of his own. This admirable specimen of newspaper paragraph-making states that Graham was very "humbly" born (of course the first charge made by vulgar intellect against all those it would vituperate) and was a bookseller's shop boy in Fleet Street, who, possessing some natural talent, was taken under the roof of a Mr. Burnell, with his master's permission. This gentleman adopted him, and gave him an education. His vicious propensities first attracted his patron's notice by his being called upon to liquidate a debt of honour, &c. &c. Who can wonder at the charges brought against the press by its enemies, when many of those who conduct it do not examine into the truth of what they receive in the way of communication, if indeed some of them do not invent the most mendacious tales to feed with agrbage the appetite of the *canaille*.

* He died, according to his son, some years ago, while the latter was in London.

mouth, was a young man of great singleness of heart, of superior talents, though of humble birth, and much esteemed. His means of livelihood were very limited, but he possessed a feeling heart, commiserated the fate of the young American, and when his purse was exhausted, nobly divided with him his own, scanty as it was. The education of Graham at this time was very superior to that of most English youths of the same age; besides having acquired the learned languages, he had read for the law, being designed for that profession in America, and he possessed much information as far as respected standard English literature. He certainly showed that precocity for which our brethren across the Atlantic are said to be remarkable. I can vouch, from competent authority, that his education had not been merely a superficial one. The whole of his time he assiduously devoted to study, and reading all the books he could obtain; and for the first time too, according to his own statement, he tried his hand at poetical composition. In the interim, efforts were made to get him employment: but in a vast seaport, where privateering and fitting out vessels were the main objects, his acquirements were of no use, though he would gladly have engaged in the humblest in which he could have done any thing to profit. Moreover, the fear of being taken up as a prisoner of war after hostilities commenced, rendered Plymouth, a naval arsenal, an unsafe place for him, and on this apprehension hung his future destinies.

Once or twice he volunteered his services in getting up an amateur play in the Plymouth theatre, of which the sire of a certain actress of Berkeley and Hayne notoriety, was manager. For an actor, however, he had no talents, though he would have gladly become one to obtain a livelihood. Had he possessed talent, however, the consideration of his personal liberty must have speedily driven him from it into concealment.

In this distressing situation, and every day expecting to be arrested as a prisoner of war, his friend, who had so nobly assisted him, at great personal inconvenience, introduced him to the editor of the Plymouth newspaper. It is utterly false, though it has been thus stated by a correspondent in the "Morning Herald," that Graham ever gave any assistance in conducting that publication. He was too young, and too little acquainted either with local intelligence or European politics to render aid to that or any similar undertaking. English literature was all of which he could be said to possess any general knowledge, and this might have availed him something in London; but in Plymouth at that time, except among a very few superior minds, no literary interest existed. We have the authority of the editor himself for this affirmation, and that he never saw a specimen of Graham's prose composition until he met him long after in London. At Plymouth, however, and for the first time, according to his own statement, Graham tried his hand at poetry, and the before-mentioned gentleman has favoured us with the following specimen of his composition, which, with two or three sonnets in the poet's corner of the newspaper, was all that he ever contributed to its columns:—

ON LEAVING MY NATIVE LAND.

Farewell, ye pleasant bowers,
Adorned with fragrant flowers,
Where passed my early hours—
Farewell! farewell!

Farewell, ye verdant meads,
Ye deep romantic glades
And solitary shades,
Farewell! farewell!

Farewell, ye towering hills,
Beside whose channelled rills,
Her song, sweet echo trills—
Farewell! farewell!

Farewell, ye hallowed spires,
Ye altars, where my sires
Would school my young desires—
Farewell! farewell!

Farewell, ye worthless few,
Whose bosoms never knew
The faith to friendship due—
Farewell! farewell!

Farewell, the treacherous maid,
Whose snares around me laid,
This too fond heart betrayed,
Farewell! farewell!

Farewell, my long loved home—
The dreaded hour is come,
A wanderer far I roam—
Farewell! farewell!

Farewell, the filial fear*
That bade me linger here,
Nor wish my kindred dear—
Farewell! farewell!

Farewell, the struggling sigh,
The tear drop in my eye
Proclaim how loth I ery—
Farewell! farewell!

Farewell my country! Never
Will fate, that bids us sever,
Rejoin us—O, for ever!—
Farewell! farewell!

Feb. 1813.

The malignant wretch, whose falsehoods have been copied into the "Times," alludes to a report that he first quitted New York for the same charge as that for which, fifteen years afterwards, he quitted England.

* This is consistent with his own story, namely, that his father was the individual whom he had offended by his conduct, whatever the cause of the offence might have been.

It is singular, if this be true, that he made the attempt to return to that very city again before American vessels were finally detained, a few weeks after his arrival, as has been already observed. Still more so, that, when he finally left England, he should have gone back to his native city, where the law (severe enough, though not demanding blood) must still have hung over him. His moral character, for many years after his residence here, was exemplary. Step by step he acquired his vicious habits, as those who knew him during the whole of his career can well show; and it was not until he became deeply involved by gambling (a more neck-and-nothing, open, or unskilful player, or less of an adept, never habituated himself to this execrable vice) that, with a sort of recklessness of every obligation, of every friendly remonstrance, even of his own personal safety, he plunged head-over-ears in irreclaimable profligacy. This worst period might be said to have extended to about a year and a half or two years only before he consummated his own ruin. With him the excitement of gaming was irresistible. He took no heed of chances; and once speaking of it, said, that the incertitude of winning or losing while he played was the most delicious feeling he could experience; but I shall return to this subject again.

All who saw Graham at Plymouth, and knew his story there, felt an interest in his fate. Hints were soon given that he must be taken to prison, though in London, or in any town where he chose to keep his own counsel, he would have been perfectly safe, as he could not otherwise have been distinguished from a British subject. The superior authorities at Plymouth knew him well, but liberally and reasonably thinking there could be no danger in leaving him at large, were satisfied he should thus remain. A vagabond constable, however, who hoped to receive a reward for detaining him, determined to act. A knowledge of the circumstance was conveyed to the editor of the before-mentioned newspaper, who managed to get Graham sent to London, in the hope of his finding employment, even in the humblest avocation in which his pen could be made available. With a few pounds Graham started for the metropolis: thus escaping the fangs of his persecutor. The lawfulness of his arrest might have been dubious, if, as he said, his father was a British subject; but money and proofs unattainable would have been required for his enlargement.

The young American was now upon a new scene. His efforts to obtain employment were futile; a little additional cash, sent by his friends from Plymouth, was soon exhausted, and still no chance appeared of his obtaining any labour which promised him the means even of a scanty existence. He declared he could do with the least that would support life, but even that little he could not obtain. His habits were singularly temperate, his manners highly agreeable, his disposition to work, and his capacity to earn some little at the worst, were undoubted, yet he was reduced to the brink of despair. He applied at every place that seemed to offer a glimpse of hope, in vain. At length, having called at the "Statesman" newspaper office unsuccessfully, he ventured a second time, almost in despair, and then saw Mr. Lovell, the editor, since dead, who was so moved by the plain unvarnished tale of his singular situation and necessities, that he put an advertisement into his newspaper, gratis, to call attention to Graham's hopeless situation. This was in the year 1813. I think the notice was addressed to Americans generally. Graham had previously left his address (it was at an obscure garret in Holborn) with Mr. Lovell. Only two Americans called upon him, but did not afford him any aid. This was not surprising, when it is considered that the individuals of their nation in London ran great personal risk during war by avowing themselves. Among others who noticed the advertisement, was that excellent man and scholar (well known by his "Materials for Thinking," and other writings) William Burdon, Esq., of Welbeck Street, London, and Hartford House, near Morpeth. Mr. Burdon knew Lovell, and called upon him immediately, for no well substantiated tale of distress came to his ears, that he did not, if within his power, do something to alleviate.* He obtained Graham's address, went to see him, gave him money, and desired he would call in Welbeck Street, when what he gave him was expended, promising to use his interest to obtain him a situation, by which in all events he might obtain a present subsistence. Mr. Burdon was intimate with that indefatigable traveller in the footsteps of old Gough and Dodsworth, and the preserver and elucidator of our "Cathedral Antiquities," Mr. Britton. The latter gentleman accordingly took Graham, at a small salary, into his employment. It cannot be supposed that the young American was *au fait* at his new employ. He had every thing to learn, but he soon shewed that his natural talents were then equal to the rapid attainment of any literary acquirements. About this time he was attacked with a typhus fever, the effect of his former low living, if not of absolute want. He lay in a very small lodging in Shepherd Street, Oxford Street, for a long time in a doubtful state. Mr. Burdon no sooner heard of his illness than he sent him medical advice, and ordered every thing which could contribute to his reinstatement in health. His recovery was slow, and though ultimately restored, he never appeared afterwards either as strong or well looking as he had been previously to the attack. After Graham's

* He possessed an income of, according to report, £6,000 a year, but lived the life of a philosopher and scholar.

health was restored, and finding that in America he was destined for the law, (to which no doubt Mr. Britton's report of his talents also contributed), Mr. Burdon, struck, in addition, with his quickness and clear understanding, determined to do something more substantial for him. It is singular that this excellent man had once before done a very similar act of kindness to an individual, who repaid him with great ingratitude, this was the late Hewson Clarke, whom he sent to college at his own expense. It appeared as if Mr. Burdon had determined to experiment on human nature, both in the case of Clarke and Graham, but, fortunately, he did not live to know that both experiments would be alike destructive of his hopes.

After telling his *protégé* that literature, though in London, except with a few individuals, even with those who possessed long experience, which he (Graham) did not, was a most precarious, anxious, and laborious life; Mr. Burdon inquired if he was inclined to study English law zealously and indefatigably—for that, unless he proposed to do so, the pursuit would be useless, and he could never hope for eminence. This Graham promised faithfully, and his patron immediately had more comfortable lodgings taken for him in Margaret Street, Cavendish Square; and that he might lose no time, he was presented with a most complete set of elementary works in the classic languages and law, and ordered to apply closely to study, as a preliminary step, which he did most sedulously.

The foregoing statement brings up the history of Graham in England to the middle of the year 1814. His patron's next step was to enter him at the Temple, going through the necessary forms, and lodging the hundred pounds usually required as the entrance fee. The advantage of a university education was so obvious, both in shortening the time before a candidate for the bar can be called, and with the view to profitable study, that Mr. Burdon observing the close application of Graham, in London, to his books, formed the resolution of sending him to Cambridge for three years. This step was looked upon afterwards, by those who had the best opportunities for judging, as the ultimate cause of his ruin. At Cambridge he by no means neglected his studies; and the sum allowed by his patron was more than sufficient for every want, being nearly three hundred a year; but he contracted an intimacy with young men of wild and dissipated habits. He had a portion of that weak vanity which generates the desire of being on an equality with men superior to oneself in birth and fortune, and the ambition of rivalling them in every way within our power. When he obtained a remittance, therefore, from London, he soon found means to squander it in a very short space of time; having no resource afterwards but to apply to his books, he studied diligently until a fresh payment of his allowance reached him, when he again mingled in the dissipation of the university: and before he left it, acquired the attachment to gaming which ultimately destroyed him. To the very last his habits of study were dependent upon the state of his pocket. Sometimes for weeks together he would work hard, and, having a tenacious memory, stored up nearly all he read or heard. He was so sensible of this himself, that once he requested a friend who was going to pay him a few pounds which he owed him, not to do so, but to keep them a few days, until he had gone through his allotted labour—"You know my way," said he, "if I receive it now, I shall go out and do nothing while it lasts."

Graham left Cambridge, as far as I know, with a character much the same as that of most other young men in respect to morals; but the seeds of mischief were sown, and taking root. In his general acquirements, I doubt if any in the university could surpass him; his reading having been so extended, and his habit of holding fast that which he once acquired being so remarkable. Better Grecians or mathematicians were doubtless at Cambridge, but not one could compete with him in extent and variety of knowledge. But then an education nearly completed in America had given him a wonderful advantage as to the starting place. An Eton boy goes to college with a little Latin and Greek only. The knowledge of the turnpike road to Windsor from his paternal residence, and from the latter to the university, is the extent of his geographical acquirements, and his social knowledge is just as limited, while he knows nothing of modern literature or the sciences.

It is very possible that Mr. Burdon might have had some small obligations to discharge on Graham's leaving college, but it does not appear that they were of any moment. Differences at times arose between them. Graham was obstinate, and often showed symptoms of unaccountable recklessness in respect of his patron's wishes. Still he was a very frequent visitant at his house, where they would sometimes dispute, and Graham would go away in anger, Mr. Burdon telling him to come no more. A few days of absence and reflection generally prompted a letter from Graham, acknowledging his being in the wrong, depicting the very workings of his inmost heart at the time of their difference and subsequently, and deploring the waywardness of his nature. There was almost to the last a candour about this unhappy young man, which rendered his conduct the more pitiable. To strangers, or general acquaintance, who openly censured or thwarted him (when he was conscious he must be in the wrong at the same time), he would oppose a haughty demeanour, and justify himself, though he felt he was asserting black was white. His nature in this respect may be seen in the letter he wrote the night before his death. But to those who knew him

intimately and reprehended him, he would oppose only acknowledgments of his ill conduct, plead guilty, and even be affected to tears, saying he saw to what his career must lead him, but that self control was impossible; that reason pointed his path, but that irresistible necessity ever led him to deviate.

About the end of 1817, or beginning of 1818, he left Cambridge, and paid his first visit to Paris, by permission of his patron. A friend who met him there, told the writer of this, and that he made notes of every thing he saw, and spent much of his time in reading, but added, with regret, "William Graham has an itch for play, which he did not formerly exhibit; he visits the Palais Royal; and tells me he has lost all the money he brought with him. It is much to me if it do not prove his ruin." This was the first time he had ever been so circumstanced. The horrors of his situation came upon him in full force—would it had operated in a salutary manner, and cured the passion that produced it! He went about for a day or two in absolute despair of mind: but all vice has been cured save that of the gamester; his alone bids defiance to the kindest remonstrances, the severest penalties, the tenderest supplications and duties, and the most awful warnings. Graham ultimately left Paris, having borrowed money to return to London of a friend whom he met, and whom he never repaid; this species of obligation he often incurred in the latter part of his career, after his second return from the continent, until he became utterly reckless of it. It is curious to observe the step after step by which men go down from honour to ruin. The money he lost in Paris was in amount trifling, but it showed the increasing fervour of his passion for play.

A singular union of study and dissipation, for which he was remarkable the last year of his stay at college, he exhibited in Paris. He read and made notes on Crebillon, Condillac, Pascal (*Lettres Provinciales*), Fontenelle, Helvetius, and others, which books and notes he left there with a friend. With a volume and pencil in his hand, among the Champs Elysées, or seated in the garden of the Tuileries, when the weather was fine, he might be seen intently reading in the day time. In the evening he exhibited a strange contrast in the gaming saloons of the Palais Royal. He never spoke French sufficiently to support a conversation, but he read it freely, and was master of its most difficult and delicate intricacies and idioms in print, which proves he read with great attention. His losses at play in Paris then were but trifling, for gambling had not yet obtained that controul over him which it subsequently held.

He returned to London, and found Mr. Burdon in a very declining state of health. With the family of that gentleman, consisting, we believe, wholly of females, he did not harmonize. Whether they viewed him with distrust, or his own conduct generated a distance between the accomplished daughters of his patron and himself, I know not; but a distaste did exist between them, which Graham was at no pains to lessen. It seemed as if he felt a dependence on the father, which hurt his feelings to be witnessed by the family, and yet was so necessary to him that he must sustain it. Yet of true, honourable, independent feeling, he possessed little, if any, for he never showed horror of any obligation. Not that he was unkind, or unwilling to befriend others, provided it did not depend on pecuniary benefit, for money he could never keep a moment, and when he had it, like all those addicted to play, he knew it was the means of fresh gratification, and self here was above every thing, human or divine. But his personal exertions he willingly gave away, or any thing else in his power. His character, too, was ever free from the remotest taint of malice against any human being.

In May 1818, his kind patron died, and left an estate, burthened with the payment to him of about £250 a year. This annuity he sold; and soon after letting the chambers which he held in the Temple during his absence, he set out on a continental tour. He visited Paris a second time, proceeded to Switzerland, Italy, Germany, and the Low Countries, and visited many celebrated literary men. On some part of his journey he fell in with Mr. Wordsworth, we believe in Switzerland, who was pleased with his society — and who at that time was not? He acquired the Italian and German languages in their respective countries, sufficient to translate them both well, and to speak a little of the former. He read the authors of both countries diligently; but, as usual, he haunted the gambling houses frequently, and generally lost money. He was not a calculator of chances. At cards any one might cheat him; but he played generally at public tables, flinging down a louis d'or or a five franc piece with an almost mad reliance that fortune would do something extraordinary for him. At Aix la Chapelle he won three thousand Napoleons from the bank, by laying a sum down, at *Rouge et Noir*, which came up on one colour thirteen times. This money, however, and every farthing he took with him, he had expended, or nearly so, when he returned to London, I think in 1821—much richer in knowledge of the world and literary acquirements than when he set out, but more rooted in his pernicious habit of play, and consequently morally worse.

The circumstances in which Graham found himself, on his return from the continent, made it necessary that he should look around him for some means of livelihood. Though he had kept his terms at the Temple, he withdrew the hundred pounds, lodged there according to custom; thus cutting himself off from being called to the

bar. He had pretty well exhausted the patience of most of his acquaintance by borrowing money from them. His finances were so low at last, that there is reason to believe he had often gone without a dinner. In the year 1822, he lodged in Upper Baker-street; and having got considerably in debt at his lodgings, he was necessitated to quit them, resigning his personal property, books, and other things, in liquidation. He was now bereft of a lodging—had formed no plan for the future, and had to set out in life anew. It was at this time that the late Ugo Foscolo stood in need of a translator and corrector of English, and Graham undertook the task. He was taken into the house of an old acquaintance, until he could turn round a little; and this individual promised him some additional employment. Having no money, he went on for a short time very diligently. He wrote several articles in the principal magazines, and got more to do from the booksellers. It happened that one day he received a few pounds, which he was bound to pay over where he had been so hospitably sheltered, for advances made to him. He received the amount, and disappeared. Having been tempted with it to the gambling-table, he had lost it, and was ashamed to return. This debt, however, he afterwards liquidated by his labour.

It was soon after this that his quarrel took place with Ugo Foscolo. The residence of the latter was pretty notorious for the character of his two servant-girls; one, if not both, of them, was reputed to be rather too intimate with her master. She, however, showed unequivocal marks of not disliking Graham, who, on the other hand, had no antipathy to the intrigue. Foscolo charged him with it face to face, in one of his furious manners and moods; high language ensued, and Foscolo was placed in such a situation, that if he had not called out Graham, he must have lost *caste*. The parties met near Primrose-hill, attended by two gentlemen of the law. The combatants threw up for the first fire, which was won by Graham; he not being the challenger, and having given the immediate affront, now fired wide of his mark, to give Foscolo satisfaction by allowing him the fire. The latter refused to fire, or say he was satisfied, notwithstanding the magnanimity of his antagonist, but wanted to enter into argument, which Graham refused to hear, and demanded if he chose to take the satisfaction he required? Foscolo still would not fire. Graham and his second then left the ground. Foscolo, whose love of truth was never very remarkable, always asserted that he would not fight his antagonist, he had such a contempt for him. If this were true, why did he go out at all? The seconds of both parties are still living, and can answer that the above account of this affair is in substance correct.

We next find the subject of the present article undertaking the office of reporter to the newspapers; at which vocation, though he had no previous experience, he became tolerably expert. He also attended the theatres, wrote literary criticisms, and translated foreign papers, principally Spanish, realizing several hundreds a year. After some time employed in this manner, he undertook the editorship of the "Weekly Museum," for Messrs. Whittaker. Notwithstanding the time required to conduct such a publication, he continued his reporting also, and translated the Spanish newspapers for the "Courier," realizing at the rate of £600 or £700 a year. At most places of dissipation he found time occasionally to be present during his moments of leisure, but continued tolerably steady, until the Museum was given up, after he had conducted it about nine months. His rapidity, acuteness, and easy style, were far more conspicuous than his depth. His knowledge was more varied than profound. He was able to go towards every question a given distance; and, when he pleased, he moved superior to any of his hebdomadal contemporaries, upon most subjects of temporary interest.

It was as a public speaker, however, that Graham most shone. Very few I have ever heard surpassed him; and I have heard most in the senate and at the bar. There is an institution among Templars called the "Academics," where they meet to oppose each other, in wordy war, on given questions, and to make the "worse appear the better reason." It is held in Chancery-lane. Of this society Graham was a member; and there are living witnesses of his powers as a speaker, who will confess he was rarely outshone. These brilliant proofs of his talent were little shewn during the latter year or two of his life. He seemed, not long after his editorship of the Museum ceased, to plunge to a depth he had never before gone in dissipation, and then his mental exertions ceased to be voluntary; they changed into forced obligations for money, performed without spirit only because they were necessary to obtain him bread.

While still making it his business to report for the newspapers, another temptation was flung before him, which accelerated his ruin. It was in his character to go to the utmost excess in his sensual pursuits, not so much for the objects themselves, as from some collateral motives which variety or caprice might place before him. At one of those scenes of infamy, at the Argyle Rooms, called masquerades, and which seem got up with the view of quacking off miserable wine, Graham had sought an hour's (to him novel) dissipation. He there saw a female, accompanied by others of her class, who was much admired for her personal attractions, and had been once under the protection of a man of fortune. He was successful in winning her good graces, and his vanity was pleased. He did not love her, but her pos-

session was flattering to his self-love. He formed a connexion with her; spent all the money he could obtain in supporting her, and actually changed his dress from that of a decent man into the miserable imitation of a beau—with curled locks and mincing gait. His application to his pen now became less and less. He seemed aping the man of the town of the worst class, while his expenses increased, more from his own folly than even from his new connexion. He had recourse to discounting bills, and to constant play. Ruin now hovered over him, and he looked a piteous wreck of misspent talents—of a fine mind perverted and degraded, and of bodily decay. Such was William Graham in 1825—a man whom numbers admired and pitied—whose conversation was coveted, and whose company was welcomed by many who deplored his failings.

One effort more was made in his favour by that fortune which forsook him not to the last. He spoke to the very kind bookseller who had long afforded him every means of living respectably, respecting his embarrassments. He represented, that three or four hundred pounds would satisfy his immediate creditors, which he could easily work out, ensuring his life till the debt was liquidated. He obtained a loan of three hundred pounds. How he expended it is unknown; most probably a good part went to the gambling-table. He was now driven to his last shift. The money having been advanced him in bills, he discounted them, and they having been honoured, he saw no difficulty, and aroused no suspicion by discounting several which he had forged on the party who had lent him the money. At last, one of them was taken to Mr. Whittaker, and the terrible truth became known. The officers of justice took the wrong road after him, he having proceeded to Liverpool, and thence to New York. At Liverpool, knowing the search that was making for him, he was bold enough to go to the theatre, thus daring his destiny! Fortune, however, favoured him. He reached his native land to die, what fools call an honourable death, instead of that which awaited him had he been taken in England.

Men are not all vicious, not even the worst of us. Graham had many good qualities. Numbers in England remember when they enjoyed his society—and when it was really worth enjoying. It was curious to observe how, as he ran further and further into disgrace, he would himself deplore it, and even say he was reckless of every thing, nay, wish himself out of the world. Then the phantom of his evil genius would appear, and plunge him into fresh profligacy. Those who watched his journey to the grave, are tempted to exclaim with Mülner, recollecting what they once saw him, and how much he became changed—

> ——— that being, man!—
> When one is fallen another well may weep,
> But may not judge!— ——

I am, Mr. Editor,
Your obedient Servant,
C. M.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

We have had occasion to report, during the months past, of late autumn and winter, not only the uncommon mildness and moisture, but even, it may truly be styled, the unnatural warmth of the atmosphere. This, as was to be expected, has produced various and opposite effects of good and evil. The profit of keeping stock abroad, in a thriving state to so late a period, has been great; indeed a double profit, considering the great quantity of hay and fodder, of all kinds, which have in consequence been saved. The grass, with a spring verdure fresh upon it, may be said even yet to be growing; the early wild flowers have made their appearance; the buds of the forest trees are shooting; and even the birds begin tuning their notes, deluded into the expectation that spring has already commenced! Restricting ourselves to these phenomena, we have an Australian winter. Only four or five days of frost have yet occurred, and with but a small portion of snow in the southern counties.

The reverse of the picture however, must not be forgotten, which, on fair calculation, render it as a whole, decidedly unfavourable. The unseasonable warmth and moisture have proved fatal to delicate and irritable constitutions, particularly among the aged. All undrained and low-lying lands are so thoroughly sodden, as to be reduced to the state of quagmire; vast breadths of land have been so inundated, as to assume the appearance of a sea, and boats have taken place of land carriage. This has proved an appalling addition to the sufferings of the labouring poor, previously too near to *maximum*. The south-western hurricanes have occasioned dreadful havoc on the coasts, with loss of life, and loss of property to a great amount. The damage also has been considerable on land. Houses, barns, and stacks have been unroofed, and much corn injured and even blown away. The springs, generally, are at this moment, higher than can be recollected by the oldest persons living; a fact perhaps completely capsizing the theory of a certain speculator, who lately descanted on the mischiefs probable to ensue from over draining. Sheep, on all low and wet lands, have been for some time, in a perilous state; the incipient rot having, beyond all question, taken place. We have known sheep, in certain districts of

this description, folded on turnips, standing constantly up to the mid-leg in wet and dirt, their fleeces sodden through with the rains and heavy dews, without a dry lock of wool upon back or belly for weeks together; *at the same time, no shepherd is unaware of the fatal effects of superfluous moisture, whether external or internal in the food, to sheep, deer, and rabbits.* There are rational insanities *(cum ratione insanire)*, of all descriptions, in this wicked world, and these are of them. The exposure of creatures in this way, is as inhuman as unprofitable; and far more often practised at the dictation of custom than of necessity. We could point out flocks which at this time are ten shillings a-head worse than when first folded, exclusive of the risk of confirmed rot. The incipient disease, timely attended to, however, may be stayed; not indeed by the custom of silly noodles, who run gadding after the dangerous hodge-podges, or chipin-porridges, of wily quacks, but by instantly changing the lair and food of the animals from baneful moisture to their natural and salutiferous dry regimen. The true doctor in this case, is the homestall, shelter, and a judicious mixture of dry food, pollard, or corn, if necessary, with the accustomed loose and vegetable. Many of the larger cattle are in a poor and unthrifty state; indeed the prospect for spring, is at no rate inviting. Every farmer ought to be prepared for the *atmospheric balance*, a counterpoise may well be expected in the spring or the summer, to this long course of south-western winds and winter warmth. A sudden frost would render worse than useless, or totally destroy all the common turnips, and even damage considerably the rutabaga.

On sound and good soils, the wheats still appear universally fine and luxuriant, indeed far too forward. On the opposite, much plant is lost; the vegetation shows a sickly colour, and the slug has been particularly active. In course, on those patches or breadths which the floods have covered, the crop is destroyed. Tares are reported a general good crop, and great breadths are upon the land. Fallowing, carting, and the various operations proper to the season, are necessarily backward on all lands unfavourably situated; on those of an opposite description, never more forward. Of potatoes there is a full national supply, notwithstanding occasional complaints of a deficient crop. Cider is generally retailed, by license, at the lowest price known of late years, in the fruit districts. By accounts from some parts, the apprehension seems to be entertained of a deficiency of sheep and cattle in the country, which do not seem very compatible with other accounts, or with the profusion of the late Christmas supply. On the other hand, wheat and oats are styled a drug in the market, and all country produce below prime cost. But of oats, we never grow a sufficiency for the national consumption; and who shall regulate the import, that it be neither too little nor too much? It is but too evident that the people cannot afford a higher price for their bread, than they at present pay; not less so that, but for the aid of the bonded wheat, and the influence of some expected change in the corn laws, wheat would have been at this time at a much higher price; and not a little problematical, whether a higher price would have brought with it a better ability to purchase. The price of wool has actually advanced in some few places, but time is required to run off the immense speculated stocks. The old tale of "want of money in the country," well known to our forefathers, and a never failing *periodical* in all plentiful times, and dull markets, proceeds now from various quarters. But there is no deficit of either population or commodities, nor of circulating medium for all regular purposes of trading intercourse, although, perhaps, the means of speculation and holding up commodities, are neither so obvious or facile as formerly. Great complaints are made of the high price of cart-colts and pigs; why not then rather breed than import? The determination of the associated farmers, to wear none but cloth made of British wool, not much befitting the circumstances of a great commercial country, is strongly ridiculed by the London tailors and drapers, many individuals of whom cut up in a year more cloth than the wool of a whole county suffices to furnish. These vagaries have their day, and are heard of no more.

The country letters seem of a perplexing variety; but, on due consideration, such discrepancy arises spontaneously out of the nature of the case. From the rich and fertile districts, we hear of great crops, corn rising well to the flail, sheep and cattle safe and well fed, and most of the labourers employed at the usual rate of wages. In Lincolnshire, twelve shillings per week are given; and from most parts—a notable circumstance, considering the state af our agricultural population—the scarcity of female servants is made matter of complaint, with remarks tacked to it, showing a marked hankering after the prejudices of by-gone days. From other and too many quarters, the intelligence is dreadful and alarming—a tenantry discontented with their landlords, whom they accuse of screwing their tenants up to the last farthing, and of being utterly insensible to the meaning of the old adage, "live and let live." In turn the labourers are said to entertain much the same sentiments of their masters, the farmers; whence arise constant disputes, bickering, and ill blood, among those classes. The labourers regularly employed cannot live on their earnings, and the miserable supernumeraries, turned out to starve on road work, are in a state of desperation. Beggary and destitution are the foul sources of vice and crime; and what else can we expect from these desperadoes, whose passions and resentments are charged to the highest pitch, and in whom patience, reasoning, and

a hungry belly, cannot be found conjoined? They look upon due subsistence for their labour, as a right equal to that which the proudest of their superiors can claim to his estate. Deprived of this right, they quit the pale of society, and their breasts inflamed with revenge, become marauders, thieves, incendiaries, gratifying their malice towards proprietors, by maiming and torturing their animals; indeed, making a rapid progress in those horrible and usual modes by which Irish oppression has been so long punished. As to poaching, how are we to blame men in a starving state, for adopting a mode of relief, in which they meet with the highest encouragement from that extensive class, the buyers of game? Poachers and others have imbibed their full portion of the governing principle of their superiors,—that the end sanctifies the means.

With our horse-stealers, our ken-crackers in the metropolis, where, and in the environs, twelve burglaries were committed in a few days, and our direct sanction of the noble trades of thieving and receiving, by the custom of compounding felony; what a state of society in the richest, most powerful, and prosperous country that has hitherto existed! In the mean time, where subsists the defect, and whence must proceed the remedy? The remedy must come, if ever it do come, from the people themselves, whenever they shall find leisure to attend to their most vital and important concerns. But this is a trouble at which they shrink, or of which they do not really perceive the necessity. They content themselves with praying to Hercules for a deliverance, and have an implicit confidence in the engagements of each new set of politicians and undertakers, who, at best, can do nothing more than tinker and plaister up the old system, thereby ensuring its continuance. Had Hercules Canning survived, and stood his ground — a very questionable supposition—he could have done no more. A facetious editor of one of our Sunday papers, lately wished to call up such men as "the Russells, the Hasselrigs, the Pyms, and the Hampdens," to do the business; but what could such men do, aided even by the whole of their compatriots, without a public to back and support them? The vice inheres in the system itself.

Smithfield Beef and Mutton, 4s. 4d. to 5s.—Veal, 6s. 4d. to 7s.—Pork, 5s. 4d. to 6s. 8d.—Rough fat, 2s. 8d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 40s. to 65s.—Barley, 25s. to 36s.—Oats, 18s. to 34s.—Bread, 9d. the fine 4 lb. loaf.—Hay, 70s. to 105s.—Clover ditto, 90s. to 120s.—Straw, 28s. to 39s.

Coals in the Pool, 32s. to 42s. per chaldron.

Middlesex, January 25, 1828.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Sugar.—The request for Muscovadoes has been brisk and extensive all the week; and as the holders have met the demand freely, the sales average 1,000 hogsheads each day. The strong sugars have sold a shade higher; but we cannot state any general improvement, as the West India planters have evinced every inclination to sell at the present currency. At a late hour the sales are again 1,000 hogsheads, making 4,000 hogsheads during the week: the prices are one per cent. higher. The refined market is advanced this week about *one shilling, particularly the Lumps*, which have met a good demand—the lowest at 81s., —and small, 83s. to 84s.

Coffee.—The Coffee market remains heavy, but without any farther reduction in the prices. Good quality, St. Domingo, 37s. to 38s.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—The purchases of Tallow are considerable, particularly for Ireland; and some parcels are reported for France—they are chiefly good parcels. The price is 38s. to 38s. 6d. In Hemp or Flax, there is little or no alteration.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—The late inconsiderable sales of strong Jamaica Rum are at rather lower prices. The purchases of Leeward Island Rum for the Mediterranean and for New South Wales are considerable—prices 2s. 3d. to 2s. 4d. per gallon. Brandy is more firm. In Geneva there is no alteration in price.

Tobacco.—In Tobacco there are no purchases of any extent.

Cotton.—The accounts from the manufacturing districts and from Liverpool continue favourable, which occasions a great firmness.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 3.—Rotterdam, 12. 3.—Antwerp, 12. 3.—Hamburg, M. B. 13. 10.—Altona, 13. 11.—Frankfort on the Maine, 150.—Paris, 25. 60.—Petersburgh rble. 10.—Vienna, 10. 3.—Trieste, 10. 3.—Barcelona. 34½.—Cadiz, 35½.—Madrid, 35½.—Bilboa, 35½.—Seville, 35½.—Lisbon, 46.—Oporto, 46.—Rio Janeiro, 32.—Bahia, 37.—Buenos Ayres, 37.—Palermo, 116½.—Malta, 46.—Dublin (2 days' sight), 1½.—Cork, 1½.

Bullion per Oz.—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—In Bars, £3. 17s. 6d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s. 0d.—New Dollars, 4s. 10½d.—Silver in Bars, standard, £0. 0s. 0d.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, *Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Birmingham CANAL, 303*l.*—Coventry, 1,200*l.*—Ellesmere and Chester, 112½*l.*—Grand Junction, 305*l.*—Kennet and Avon, 29*l.*—Leeds and Liverpool, 392½*l.*—Oxford, —*l.*—Regent's, 25*l.*—Trent and Mersey (¼ sh.), 820*l.*—Warwick and Birmingham, 268*l.*—London DOCKS (Stock), 88½*l.*—West India (Stock), 208*l.*—East London WATER WORKS, 124½*l.*—Grand Junction, 64*l.*—West Middlesex, 67*l.*—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, ¼ *dis.*—Globe, 149*l.*—Guardian, 20¾*l.*—Hope Life, 5*l.*—Imperial Fire, 95*l.*—GAS-LIGHT Westminster Chartered Company, 53*l.*—City, 167½*l.*—British, 14 *dis.*—Leeds, 195*l.*

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced between the 22d of December 1827, *to the 21st of January* 1828; *extracted from the London Gazette.*

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Griffith, P. M. Birmingham, jeweller
Collet, C. E. and Jones, E. Leeds, merchants
Harrison, W. B. Manchester, cotton-dealer
Card, J. Lloyd's Coffee-house, merchant
Heude, W. Club-row, Bethnal-green, wool and cotton-manufacturer
Oakes, W. Downham-market, Norfolk, shopkeeper
Skinner, R. Tiverton, Devon, cabinet-maker
Jmith, J. Stafford, innkeeper

BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month, 75.]

Solicitors' Names are in Brackets.

Addison, W. and Wren, J. Manchester, drapers. [Makinson and Sanders, Middle Temple; Hadfield, Manchester
Alder, E. Lawrence Pountney-lane, dry salter. [Young, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house
Avery, J. New Bond-street, silversmith. [Allingham, Hatton-garden
Allsop, G. Nottingham, blacking-manufacturer. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple; Fearnhead and Campbell, Nottingham
Bottomley, J. Weaky, York, clothier. [Brown, Oldham; Brundrett and Spinks, Temple
Brice, J. Pontefract, corn-dealer. [Cloughs and Co., Pontefract
Buttivant, J. and H. A Illingworth, East-India-chambers. [Fisher and Norcutt, Gray's-inn
Bye, T. York-wharf, Regent's-park, wharfinger. [Thornbury, Chancery-lane
Briant, C. North-fleet, Kent, jobber. [Eicke, Old Broad-street
Bailey, J. Salford, Lancashire, coal-dealer. [Tyler, Temple; Watkins and Stokes, Bolton-le-moors
Bell, G. Bishopwearmouth, coal-fitter. [Stevens and Co., Little St. Thomas Apostle; Fell, Bishopwearmouth.
Collett, C. E. and Jones, E. Leeds, merchants. [Turner, Basing-lane
Cooper, J. Shiffnall, Stafford, grocer. [Stevens and Co., Little St. Thomas Apostle
Clark, T. Northampton, boot-manufacturer. [Carter and Gregory, Royal Exchange
Dyett, H. Clement's-lane, merchant. [Gatty and Co., Angel-court
Driver, N. Painswick, clothier. [King, Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street; Newman and Son, Stroud
Dinneford, R. D. Chipping-Norton, Oxon, draper. [Jones, Size-lane
Ellis, R. Brighton, haberdasher. [Fisher and Spencer, Walbrook-buildings
Gracie, W. Berwick-upon-Tweed, printer. [Bromley, Gray's-inn; Gilchrist, Berwick
Gadd, W. King's-arms-yard, Coleman-street, scrivener. [Whiting, London Bridge-foot
Garthwaite, S. Lambeth, auctioneer. [Black, Clifford's-inn
Haspell, T. Manchester, cordwainer. [Chew, Manchester; Adlington and Co., Bedford-row
Hodson, R. Cock-hill, Ratcliff, chinaman. [Shearman, Gray's-inn
Hunt, G. Birmingham, general dealer. [Norton and Chaplin, Gray's-inn
Horsley, J. and E. G. Hill, Billiter-square, merchants. [Davis and Richardson, Corbet-court, Gracechurch-street
Haley, I. Bromley, Leeds, woollen-cloth-manufacturer. [Bischoff, Basinghall-street
Hughes, R. senior, Manchester, lapboard-maker. [Norris and Co., John-street, Bedford-row; Taylor, Manchester
Hopwood, T. Thornes, York, maltster. [Lake, Cateaton-street; Beaver, Wakefield
Hall, J. Upton-upon-Severn, Worcester, builder. [Platt, New Boswell-court; Beale, Upton-upon-Severn
Hughes, E. Liverpool, grocer. [Norris and Co., John-street, Bedford-row; Toulmin, Liverpool
Hume, J. Liverpool, maltster. [Blackstock and Bunce, Temple
Hughes, J. Liverpool, dealer in glass. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row
Izant, M. Union-street, Southwark, baker. [Fairthorne and Lofty, King-street, Cheapside
Kendrick, W. Daventry, Northampton, grocer. [Hindmarsh and Son, Crescent, Cripplegate
Kendrick, J. Vauxhall-bridge-road, oilman. [Hodgson and Burton, Salisbury-street, Strand
Lyon, M. St. James's-place, Aldgate, victualler. [Fyson and Beck, Lothbury.
Mardall, W. Water-lane, brandy-merchant. [Warrand, Austin-friars
Monkhouse, J. Camberwell, tavern-keeper. [Arundell and Millar, Furnival's-inn
Macgowan, J. Liverpool, bookseller. [Blackstock and Co., Temple; Murrow, Liverpool
Macvicar, D. and W. W. Tait, Liverpool, merchants. [Taylor and Roscoe, Temple; Lace and Co., Liverpool
Medley, P. Bermondsey-street, horse-hair-manufacturer. [Tadhunter, Bermondsey-street
Nicholls, J. Cleeve-prior, Worcester, builder. [Bousfield, Chatham-place; Workman, Evesham
Nadin, J. Manchester, calenderer. [Milne and Parry, Temple
Oliver D. Manchester, druggist. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple; Lawler, Manchester
Oldfield, F. Opera-colonnade, wine-merchant. [Horncastle, Borough-road, Southwark
Oakes, W. Downham-market, Norfolk, grocer. [Slade and Jones, John-street, Bedford-row; Aldham, King's-lynn
Poynter, W. Lamb's Conduit-street, coach-maker. [Martin, Fitzroy-street
Parry, R. Ruthin, Denbigh, linen-draper. [Jones, Temple; Jones, Ruthin
Parkinson, R. Wimeswould, Leicester, lace-manufacturer. [Norris and Co., John-street, Bedford-row; Fosbrooke, Loughborough

Prentice, A. Manchester, newspaper-proprietor. [Makinson and Sanders, Temple
Plume, T. Paul-street, Finsbury-square, victualler. [Pownall, Lothbury
Peck, J. Bache, Cheshire, wine-merchant. [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Lee, Leeds
Perkins, T. Lower Sapey, Worcester, maltster. [Becke, Devonshire-street, Queen-square; France, Worcester
Randall, J. Kentish-town, auctioneer. [Allen and Co., Carlisle-street, Soho
Rose, R. Cottage-place, Vinegar-ground, City-road, cheese-factor. [Grane and Cooper, John-street, Bedford row
Riley, W. Lovenshulme, Lancashire, corn-factor. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple; Hadfield and Gray, Manchester
Sanders, J. Bristol, liquorice-manufacturer. [Poole and Co., Gray's-inn; Cornish and Son, Bristol
Siedenburg, G. Nightingale-lane, East Smithfield, victualler. [Birkett and Co., Cloak-lane
Snowdon, J. B. Norwich, linen-draper. [Lythgoe and Chapman, Essex-street; Winter, Norwich
Steel, W. Liverpool, glass-manufacturer. [Chester, Staple-inn; Morecroft, Liverpool
Stokes, J. Winchester, butcher. [Bridger, Finsbury-circus; Caiger, Winchester
Taylor, J. B. senior, and Taylor, J. B. junior, Stockport, iron-founders. [Back, Gray's-inn; Newton and Winterbottom, Heaton-Norris
Tanner, H. Liverpool, master-mariner. [Chester, Staple-inn; Ripley, Liverpool
Thompson, S. Heath and Reach, Leighton-bussard, dealer in straw-plat. [Aubrey, Took's-court; Willis and Co., Leighton-bussard
Taylor, B. Berwick-street, victualler. [Vandercom and Co., Bush-lane
Thornton, A. New Palace-yard, merchant. [Graham and Co., Symond's-inn
Tomlin, A. and T. Liverpool, dry-salters. [Willis and Co., Tokenhouse-yard
Warcup, W. Dartford, patent washing machine-manufacturer. [Richardson and Talbot, Bedford-row
Wragg, W. Mansfield, grocer. [Hall and Co., Boswell-court; Dakeyne, Mansfield
Walker, J. Muccleston, Salop, corn-dealer. [Walford, Grafton-street, Bond-street; Harding and Co., Burslem
Wardle, J. F. Wolverhampton, mercer. [Wimburn and Co., Chancery-lane; Robinson, Wolverhampton
Walters J. Cwm Corwg-house, Newport, Monmouth, retail-brewer. [Phillips, Myddleton-street, Clerkenwell
Wilson, J. W. Coventry, carrier. [Edmunds, Symond's-inn
Woodfield, T. senior, White-street, Little Moorfields, horse-dealer. [Luckett, Wilson-street, Finsbury-square
Winkless, T. Coventry, ribbon-manufacturer. [Meyrick and Cox, Red-lion-square.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. J. D. O. Crosse, to the Vicarage of Paulet, Somerset.—Rev. W. D. Carter, to be Minister of St. Philip's Church, Sheffield.—Rev. J. Warne, to be a Minor Canon in Bristol Cathedral.—Rev. M. O'Sullivan, to be Prebend of St. Audeon's, Dublin.—Rev. J. White, to the Perpetual Curacy of Stoke Lane, Somerset.—Rev. M. Stapylton, to the Rectory of Barlborough, Derby.—Rev. R. Yarker, to the Rectory of St. Olave's, Chester.—Rev. W. C. Trevelyan, to the Rectory of Nettlecombe, Somerset.—Rev. G. Mingaye, to the Rectory of Wistow, Huntingdon.—Rev. Dr. W. Ward, to the Bishopric of Man and Sodor.—Rev. H. Worsley, to be Chaplain to the Duke of Hamilton.—Rev. G. Hammond, to be Chaplain to Earl Guildford.—Rev. G. Gray, to the Church and Parish of Maysbole, Ayrshire.—Rev. G. Townsend, to be one of the King's Chaplains.—Hon. and Rev. Dr. Marsham, to the Vicarage of Wateringbury, Kent.—Rev. L. Cooper, to the Rectory of Ingoldesthorpe, Norfolk.—Rev. R. Decker, to the Rectory of Wakerley, Northampton.—Rev. Archdeacon Law, to be Canon Residentiary of Wells Cathedral.—Rev. J. Bowen, to the Rectory of Bawdrip, Somerset.—Rev. R. Howell, to the Vicarage of Llancarvan, Glamorgan.—Rev. T. W. Edwards, to the Living of Rhuddlan, Flint.—Rev. W. Hildyard, to the Impropriate Rectory of Llangeler, Carmarthen.—Rev. L. Jenyns, to the Vicarage of Swaffham-Bulbeck, Cambridge.—Rev. E. Walter, to the Vicarage of Woodhall, near Horncastle.—Rev. R. S. Dixon, to the sinecure Rectory of Great Tey and Chapel, Essex.

POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS.

James Colquhoun, esq., to be Consul-general in England for the King of Sweden.—J. F. Drummond, esq., of Hawthornden, Mid Lothian, to be a Baronet.—Right Hon. Sir W. A'Court, bart., to be Ambassador Extraordinary to the Emperor of all the Russias.—Right Hon. Sir F. Lamb, to be Ambassador Extraordinary to His Most Faithful Majesty.—Sir B. Taylor, to be Envoy Extraordinary to the King of Prussia.—Hon. W. Temple, to be Secretary to the Embassy at the Court of Petersburgh.—G. H. Seymour, esq., Secretary to the Legation at Berlin.—C. H. Hall, esq., to be Secretary to the Legation at Stuttgardt.—Hon. G. Edgecumbe, to be Secretary to the Legation at the Swiss Cantons.—P. Y. Gore, esq., to be Secretary to the Legation at Rio de la Plata.—Right Hon. R. Gordon, to be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Catholic King.—Right Hon. D. M. Lord Erskine, to be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the King of Bavaria.—E. C. Disbrowe, esq., to be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the King of Wurtemberg.—Duke of Buccleugh and Queensberry, to be Lieutenant and Sheriff Principal of Mid Lothian.—Mrs. Canning, to be Viscountes Canning, of Kilbrahan, Kilkenny.—Sir Henry Wellesley, to be Baron Cowley, Somerset.—Sir W. A'Court, bart., to be Baron Heytesbury, Wilts.—Earl of Rosebery, to be Baron Rosebery, Edinburgh.—Earl of Clanwilliam, to be Baron Clanwilliam, Tipperary.—J. G. Lambton, esq., to be Baron Durham, Durham.—E. B. Wilbraham, esq., to be Baron Skelmersdale, Lancaster.—Sir C. Stuart, G.C.B., to be Baron Stuart de Rothesay, Isle of Bute.

INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON, ETC.

December 25.—Rev. M. Fletcher preached his Christmas Day Sermon, in Finsbury Chapel, to little children; 28 Sunday Schools attended, containing upwards of 4,000 children, besides teachers and visitors, exceeding 500!

26.—The Chanticleer sloop, returned from the Mediterranean, paid off at Portsmouth, and commissioned, to be fitted for a scientific voyage towards the South Pole. Commander H. Foster, and Lieut. T. H. Austin, who accompanied Captain Parry in his recent attempt to proceed to the North Pole, and Lieut. E. N. Kendall, one of the officers employed in Captain Franklin's arctic land expedition, appointed to her.

— Intelligence arrived of the Ambassadors of England, France, and Russia having taken their departure, unmolested, from Constantinople, on the 4th and 8th of December, 1827.

28.—The Marquis of Wellesley arrived from Ireland, having resigned the Lord Lieutenancy of that country.

30.—His Royal Highness the Infant Don Miguel, of Portugal, landed at Greenwich Hospital from His Majesty's Yacht, which had conveyed H.R.H from Calais. H.R.H. proceeded to London immediately.

January 9.—The Portuguese gentlemen of London presented Don Miguel a gold medal, expressive of his visit to England.

10.—Sessions commenced at the Old Bailey.

12.—The water of the Thames again forced its way into the Tunnel, and rose through it to the height of high water. Six unfortunate persons belonging to the works lost their lives.

13.—His Royal Highness Don Miguel went to Windsor, and took leave of His Majesty previous to his departure from England.

14.—Parliament again prorogued to Jan. 29, on account of the resignation and dissolution of the ministry.

16.—The Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when 20 received sentence of death, 65 were transported, and upwards of 50 ordered for imprisonment.

— A French Theatre opened at the English Opera House, in the Strand, regularly licensed by the King's Lord Chamberlain.

MARRIAGES.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Rev. T. Cooke to Jane, eldest daughter to the Hon. C. Finch.—At Hanover-square Church, E. Mills, esq., to Mrs H. Murray.—At Mary-le-bone. G. G. Wyatville, B.A., to Miss A. S. Philips, of Barbadoes.—At St. Luke's, Old-street, W. E. Bird, esq., to Miss Buck.—Albert de Mierre, esq., to Miss A. M. Bovill.—At Islington, Mr. N. Priant to Miss Anne Bell.

DEATHS.

In Bedford-square, M. Nolan, esq., chief justice of the Brecon circuit.—R. Woodhouse, esq., plumian professor of astronomy, Cambridge.—In Lincoln's-inn-Fields, W. D. Bayly, esq., barrister, well known on the western circuit.—At Clapham, Mr. Holland, the principal acting partner in the house of Messrs. Baring Brothers.—In Constitution-row, 80, Mr. J. Collyer, associate engraver of the Royal Academy 41 years.—Mr. S. Jones, author of several literary works.—At Pimlico, 73, Capt. J. Yelland; he was present at the battle of Copenhagen in the Monarch.—73, J. Scatcherd, esq., of Ave Maria-lane.—At Chelsea, Mr. J. Scott; he ranked at the head of his profession as an animal engraver.—At Pentonville, Mr. J. Hurst, of Waterloo-place.—At Kentish Town, 69, D. Moore, esq., of Lincoln's-inn.—At Kennington, 81, R. Burton, esq.—At Wandsworth. 83, Rev. J. Barwis.—At Tottenham, 70, T. Costellow, esq.—In Manchester-square, H. T.V. Hylton, esq.; he had but recently recovered possession of his ancestors' property, the ancient Norman Barons de Hylton, Château d'Offranville, in the forest of Arc, Normandy.—At Holloway, 95, Mrs. Groves.—At Fulham, Mrs. Robinson.—In Hanover-terrace, Regent's-park, H. Drummond, esq.—In Nottingham-terrace, R. Butler, esq.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At Boulogne, Captain Webb to Emily, daughter of Rear-Admiral Willoughby Lake.—At the British Ambassador's, Paris, James, son of General Sir J. Duff, to Eliza Charlotte, daughter of Sir G. B. Prescott, bart.—In Paris, Dr. W. English to the Right Hon. Lady Maria Gordon, of Perth-castle.—At the British Ambassador's, Hague, Rev. W. Elton to Lucy Caroline, third daughter of C. A. Elton, esq., and grand-daughter to Sir A. Elton, bart.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Naples. Rev. J. Burgess, brother-in-law to the late Duke of St. Alban's.—At Madagascar, Lieut. H. Cole, aide-de-camp to Lieut.-general the Hon. Sir G. L. Cole, and nephew to Lieut.-general Sir W. Cockburn, bart.—At Brussels, General Sir G. S. Brown.—At Colombo, Mrs. Clough.—At Biolokosky, Poland, 70, the celebrated Colonel Von Massenbach.—At Madrid, in great poverty, the celebrated sculptor Alvarez.—At Sidney, New South Wales, D'Arcy Wentworth, esq.—At Naples, 83, Cardinal Ruffo.—Drowned off Jersey, by the wreck of the sloop Fanny, Lord Harley, eldest son of the Earl of Oxford.—On the Continent, 34, Elizabeth, wife of H. Stracey, esq., son of Sir E. Stracey, bart.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES;

WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

W. Haslewood, M.D., is elected Physician of the Academy at Bishopwearmouth.

The sum in the hands of the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt, &c., amounted, on the 20th November last, to £31,589.

A public monument is to be erected to the memory of the late Rev. John Smith, Vicar of New-

castle; the Corporation will subscribe liberally to it.

Extensive robberies were, in the Christmas week, committed on board three different ships lying in the harbour of Sunderland. All the locks in the different cabins were broken open, and feather-beds, wearing apparel, copper-kettles, funnels, in fact, every portable article stolen.

At Sunderland, there were 451 marriages, 1,272 baptisms, and 1,036 burials, in the year; at Barnardcastle, 28 marriages, 158 baptisms, and 75 burials.

A Society has been formed in Durham for the Suppression of Mendicity.

A Branch of the Bank of England is about to be opened at Newcastle: workmen are busily employed in altering some premises for its reception.

Much snow fell in the north the second week in the month. The coaches were retarded several hours in consequence.

The ship Charles was wrecked off Sunderland on the 13th of January; the crew perished.

Married.] J. A. Smith, esq., to Mrs. Grey, of Backworth, daughter of Sir S. C. Jervoise, bart.—At Durham, Mr. Burnop to Miss Liddell.—At St. Helen's Auckland, Mr. Young to Miss Williams; Mr. Spencer to Miss Simpson.—At Darlington, A. Robinson to Miss Simpson.—At Newcastle, Mr. E. Gibson to Miss M. Alderson; Mr. W. Swan to Miss Blakeman; F. H. Richmond, esq., to Miss Crozer.—At Tynemouth, Mr. Lambert to Miss Thursby.—At Houghton-le-Spring, Mr. Bee to Miss Carse.—At Barnardcastle, Mr. Hardy to Miss Bird.

Died.] At Morpeth, 101, Elizabeth, wife of the late J. Rutherford, who was son to Baldric, the last Lord Rutherford.—At the Vicarage, Norton, the Rev. C. Anstey; he was the reputed author of "The Bath Guide."—At Durham, 82, Mrs. Ann Moore; Miss Deanham; Mr. M. Williamson.—At Sunderland, Mrs. Lamb.—At Lowfield, 72, Mr. A. Bell.—At Newcastle, Mr. W. Henderson, author of an eccentric publication, called "Every Man his own Doctor."

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND.

A neat and commodious place of worship was opened in December last at Workington for the Primitive Methodists; it contains sittings for 1,100 persons.

YORKSHIRE.

Dec. 31, at night, an army of nearly *seventy* poachers entered a plantation near Bamboro, and made a complete range along the line of preserves; and about three o'clock in the morning of Jan. 1, they were seen leaving the plantations, armed with guns, bludgeons, &c., loaded with an immense quantity of game, perfectly unmolested; nor has any circumstance transpired likely to lead to their detection. So much for the present state of the game laws.—(*Leeds Intelligencer*).

The new Corn Exchange was opened at Hull on New Year's Day.

A constant encroachment of the sea is taking place at the cliff between Bridlington and Barmston, and the carriage road has passed away within the last month, appearing as though occasioned by an earthquake; a temporary road is made between the undisturbed points, and a new one is preparing. It is in Bridlington church-yard, where, on a tombstone, is preserved one of the most remarkable notices of longevity in the island, *viz.* "1542, Thomas Newman, aged 153."

At the last meeting at Leeds of the Directors of the Northern Society, it was resolved, that the Gallery should be opened early in May this year, for the exhibition and sale of pictures by living artists.

In the night of the 20th of December, an armed body of poachers, 60 or 70 in number, went to Temple Newsam, near Leeds, the seat of the Marchioness of Hertford, and shot pheasants in front of the house.

The use of choristers is discontinued in the Leeds parish church; the dissenters having succeeded in negativing a rate to pay them with.

Several debates have taken place amongst the Trustees of the Leeds Infirmary, upon the propriety of augmenting the number of medical attendants. The proposition has been uniformly abandoned.

Two applications to Parliament for new canals will be made next session; one is to run from Wakefield to Ferry-bridge, which will interfere with the Aire and Calder navigation, and will be opposed by the proprietors of that establishment; the other from the river Don, at Balby, near Doncaster, through the townships of Cautley, Awkley, and Finningley, to join the Bicker Dike, which empties itself into the Trent at Stockwith, four miles below Gainsboro'.

The Richmond Forester Yeomanry and the Craven Legion are disbanded; Lord Wharncliffe's and Lord Grantham's are continued.

On the 8th of January, a Bazaar was opened at Hull, for the benefit of the Sculcoate's National School and the Infant School, which was very successful.

The Leeds mail was overturned on the 22d of December, at Red-hill, near Nottingham, in consequence of an unruly horse being put to; the coachman had his skull fractured, and one passenger was so severely injured, as to be compelled to remain at the inn.

The Corporations of York and Hull, and the Cutlers' Company of Shefficld, have each subscribed £500 to the Guarantee Fund of the Yorkshire Musical Festival for 1828.

On the 7th of January, the Huddersfield Banking Company transferred their business to a very handsome edifice, erected for them according to a plan by Mr. Sharp, of York. The event was celebrated by a public dinner.

The dissensions in the Methodist Society, at Leeds, are by no means abated; several members have been expelled, and have formed a separate congregation.

The coast of Yorkshire was visited by a severe gale the beginning of the month and several shipwrecks took place. On the 10th, a vessel went on shore near Scarborough, and several lives were lost; a poor woman saw her son perish, and could not help him.

The Hull Ship-Owners held their annual meeting on the 8th of January. From the statements made, it appears the shipping interest is in a state of great depression. So much for reciprocity!

Married.] At Sheffield, J. Ward, esq., to Miss Outram.—At Mirfield, Mr. J. Stancliffe to Miss Shepley.—At Beverley, C. Hutchinson, esq., to Miss Smith.—At Otley, F. Bilham, esq., to Mrs. Wilkinson.—At Forton, N. Hibbert, esq., to Miss Smith.—At Keighley, J. Wright, esq., to Miss Clapham.—At Leeds, Mr. Lees to Miss Laycock; Mr. Bower to Mrs. Preston.—At Wakefield, J. Henlorm, esq., to Miss Hind.—At Howden, Mr.

Blanchard to Miss Wadsworth.—At Bilbrough, W. Holdsworth, esq., to Miss Ogle.

Died.] At Wakefield, Miss Naylor; Mrs. Fenton.—At York, Mrs. Beal; Mr. Beau.—At Huddersfield, R. Fritty, esq.—At Emley-park, Mrs. Stead.—At Halifax, T. Preston, esq.—At Yearsley, 100, Mrs. Cordukes.—At Woodhouse, in Rastrick, J. Armitage, esq.—At Hull, Mr. G. Scanar. At Leeds, Mr. J. Hargreaves.—At Cusworth, W. Wrightson, esq.—At the house of W. Danby, esq. Miss Ridsdale, the celebrated dwarf; who was 55 years old, and 31 inches high.—At Doncaster, J. Jarratt, esq., the founder of the new church now building there.—At Thorney, Mrs. Carr.—At Chapeltown, Miss Hives.

SALOP AND STAFFORD.

Married.] At Blithfield, J. N. Lane, esq., to the Hon. Agnes Bagot, second daughter of Lord Bagot.

Died.] At Shrewsbury, 67, Rev. Archdeacon Owen.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

An important result has transpired in the progress of boring for spring water in Boston. Several specimens of hard shelly substances have been met, and the auger brought up specimens of hard rock, pulverized by the process; but a chip of the original stratum, which proves to be red granite, came up accidentally with the auger. The extreme hardness of the rock prevents much progress being made, and blunts the auger so as to require its being frequently ground. Having reached the decided proof of bottoming the immense bed of clay, at the depth of 430 feet, reasonable expectations are now indulged of a successful result.

It appears that the celebrated bell, ycleped "Great Tom of Lincoln," has at length met with a disaster. It has sustained a serious crack, the fissure of which extends one foot on that part of the bell upon which the hammer of the clock has usually struck. Great Tom was cast in the reign of James I., and weighs 96 cwt. 3qrs. 18lbs.

LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE.

The weavers of certain descriptions of silk goods, who turned out a few weeks ago, in consequence of an attempted reduction of their wages, have resumed their employment, the manufacturers having agreed to give the prices which were paid before the turn-out.

Although the accounts of the quarter's revenue present a falling off, as compared with the corresponding quarter of 1827, amounting to £188,000, yet the deficiency upon the total income of the year amounts only to the comparative trifling sum of £5,993. We have, at the same time, the pleasure of stating, that the gross receipt of the customs at the port of Liverpool is the largest ever known, exceeding three millions and a quarter sterling; and the nett receipts, after the disbursements of the heavy bounties, repayments, expenses, &c., is more than £3,113,000, which is a great advance upon the last year, and £180,000 more than even the great trading year of 1825.

A meeting of the Chamber of Commerce lately took place at the Exchange Committee Room, Manchester, when it it was resolved to petition the legislature for a total and unqualified repeal of the recciptax.

The general amount of the sums received on account of the Macclesfield Savings' Bank up to Nov. 20, 1827 (the period of the last report by the trustees) is stated to be £58,490 7s. 5d.

Married.] At Prestbury, T. Legh, esq., of Lyme-hall, to Miss Turner, daughter of W. Turner, esq., of Shrigley-park.

Died.] At Liverpool, the Rev. J. Mott, one of the first preachers in the Methodist New Connexion, 1797; 77, B. Batley, esq., formerly of Streatham.

NOTTINGHAM AND DERBY.

At a meeting held at Chapel-en-le-Frith, Dec. 29, 1827, of the freeholders and inhabitants of the Hundred of High Peak, Derby, it was resolved to oppose the removal of the Midsummer Sessions from Chesterfield to Derby by the following (among other) reasons:—"Resolved, That the greatest part of the population of this hundred being located on the western and the north-western sides of the county, *at a distance of fifty miles and upwards from Derby*, the expense of conveying prisoners thence to the county town, and of attending there as jurymen, is a serious evil; that the costs of a sessions cause differ very little from that of a cause tried at the assizes; and that, *in consequence of such oppressive charges*, the parishes and individuals of this hundred are induced, in many instances, *to suffer injustice*, rather than encounter the costs of a trial at Derby."!!!

Died.] At Derby, 87, Mrs. Dorothy Evanson, sister of the late Rev. E. Evanson, M.A., of Emanuel College, Cambridge, author of "The Dissonance of the Four Gospels," "Sermons on various Subjects," &c.—At Hardstaff, 95, Elizabeth Rooth, sister to Robert Askew, the wrestler; he threw Isaac Newton, of Remstow, on a stage erected at Bingham, Nottinghamshire, on Easter Monday, 1762, and was never thrown by any prize wrestler.—102, Mr. R. Budill; he was the principal hatter in Nottingham for upwards of 60 years.

LEICESTER AND RUTLAND.

The Epiphany Sessions for Leicester commenced on January 12; when the grand jury were called, so few were the individuals who answered to their names, that it was necessary to send for several. After a long time, only sixteen appeared, including the chamberlains, who were obliged to volunteer themselves to make up even that number. The Recorder said he was extremely sorry to see so few gentlemen attend; he thought it would be necessary to put a stop to such neglect, as the court were empowered, by Mr. Peel's Act, to fine every grand or petty juryman who did not attend. He was sorry to see that the calendar was so heavy. He there perceived the names of twenty-one prisoners, most of whom were youthful offenders. Every friend of his country must wish to see a period put to this. A gaol would soon be built, which would admit of classification and hard labour, and where, he hoped, such punishment would be inflicted that crime would soon decrease.

WARWICK AND NORTHAMPTON.

The very long Chancery suit relative to the appointment of a lecturer to St. Mary's, Warwick, has at length been decided by the Lord Chancellor to be in the vicar, and not in the corporation; it is worth about £60 per annum; and the law expenses has exceeded £15,000. The cause commenced in 1615, and has been continued under the various chancellors from that time, being rather more than *two centuries!!!*

The King has presented the Birmingham Musical Festival Committee with a copy of Dr. Arnold's edition of Handel's works in 43 folio volumes.

The silk trade in Coventry has been in a tolerable state of activity for the last twelve months; the price of the artizan's labour, though subjected to some trifling fluctuations, has not been lowered, nor would the manufacturer have much to complain of, was it not for the excessive speculations in the gauzes, by which the home-makers have sustained considerable losses. In consequence of this the trade is flatter than is generally usual at this season of the year.

The Magistrates of Warwickshire, assembled at the Epiphany Sessions, have resolved to petition Parliament upon the alarming increase of crime, and the necessity of some alteration in our present criminal jurisprudence; one of them (Sir E. Wilmott) stated that the number of convictions during the seven years ending Michaelmas 1826, was 3,840! and that nearly one-half were under 21 years of age, and many scarcely above the age of childhood!!! At these sessions (just closed) there were 160 prisoners for trial! and at the present moment there are no less than 320 persons imprisoned in the county gaol and Bridewell, a large proportion of whom are under 20 years of age!!! The expenses of prosecutions, and convictions, &c. during the last seven years, including the disbursements at the gaol and Bridewell, amount to £82,473!!!

Married.] T. Caldecott, jun., esq., of Rugby-lodge, to Ann Catherine, daughter of Lieut.-Col. West.

Died.] At Harpole, the lady of the Hon. and Rev. T. Dundas.—At Daventry, 86, Mrs. Wildgose.

WORCESTER AND HEREFORD.

The carriage and horse tolls at Worcester bridge ceased at 12 o'clock at night, Dec. 31, after having been levied 46 years. When the clock announced the hour of twelve, hearty cheers burst from the multitude, the bells of the churches commenced a merry peal, and "God save the King" and "Rule Britannia" were bugled forth.

The tonnage during the last year of the Worcester and Birmingham Canal, increased £4,000 compared with the previous year.

Holt Fleet Bridge, which crosses the Severn about five miles above Worcester, was opened to the public on New Year's Day; it consists of one iron arch, the span of which is 150 feet, supported by two stone arches at each end, for assisting the flow of the water during flood time.

The Paul Pry steam vessel lately started from Hereford on her first voyage to Chepstow; the novelty of the spectacle drew a large concourse of persons on the banks of the Wye, on the passage, at the various places on the river.

The banking-house of Messrs. Webb and Son, at Ledbury, has been robbed of property to the amount of £10,000.

The Agriculturists of Herefordshire are about to petition the Legislature on the Game Laws. The petitioners state that they are, generally, tenants of land at rack-rent; that the quantity of game preserved upon their lands has latterly become most materially destructive to their produce; and that, although they have not any interest in the game itself, and are heavily burthened with national and parochial taxes, they are compelled to pay, in form of county rates, the expenses of prosecuting poachers, and of supporting or transporting them after conviction; and it prays the House of Commons to make such alterations in the Game Laws, as may tend to lessen their pressure upon agricultural property, and to throw the cost of prosecutions under them upon *those* to whose benefit or enjoyment they are calculated to contribute!!!

GLOUCESTER AND MONMOUTH.

The subscriptions for a new church at the Hotwells, Clifton, are proceeding with great spirit. It is calculated that 8,455 inhabitants are destitute of the means of attending the public worship of the Established Church; at least so the Committee reports; further adding the state of the population in 1801 to have been 4,457; in 1811, 6,886; in 1821, 8,844; and in 1826, no less than 10,772.

At the last meeting of the Subscribers to the Bristol and Gloucestershire Railway, it was resolved, "that the Committee prepare and solicit an Act of Parliament for power to do all such acts as may be necessary, and so to frame their proceedings in Parliament, that they may not be precluded from effecting the railway on a single or double line, as may be ultimately thought best."

Married.] Major E. Watkins, 9th regt., of Alveston, to Elizabeth, third daughter of the late Vice-Admiral Lechmere.

Died.] At Bristol, 84, J. Noble, senior alderman of that place.

SOMERSET AND DEVON.

On Christmas Day, a little before three o'clock, a terrible fire was discovered at the York Hotel, Bath, which soon spread itself over and destroyed the whole of this immense pile of building. During the dreadful conflagration, four men were so injured as to be taken to the hospital.

The new market at Exmouth was opened Dec, 29, in grand ceremony.

A general meeting of noblemen and gentlemen was lately held at Wells, for the purpose of establishing Friendly Societies in Somersetshire, when, after several resolutions had been passed, a subscription commenced for promoting the object of the meeting, amounting to more than £700.

January 7, a public meeting was held at the Assembly Rooms, Taunton, for the purpose of receiving the Report of the Committee of the Infants' School, when, after it had been read, a long debate followed, when it was finally resolved —"That the original Infants' School having been instituted under the united judgments of churchmen and dissenters, established clergy and dissenting ministers, upon the principle of extending its benefits to professing Christians of every denomination, this meeting sees no reason for establishing an Infants' School upon the principles of the Church of England, exclusively, until the original school shall have been found deficient in the beneficial results contemplated at its formation."

The consent of the parties having been obtained, the formation of the new road from Yarcombe to Chard has been commenced, without waiting for Parliamentary sanction, and is to be finished by the 1st of June.

Died.] 71, Rev. F. Simpson, of South Petherton.—At Bath, at her mother's (Lady Horton) Mrs. H. S. A. Rees, niece to the Earl of Derby.—At Ottery St. Mary, 63, Rev. G. Coleridge, many years master of the grammar school at that place.

HANTS AND SUSSEX.

In consequence of the prevalence of the late floods, the *Sherborne Mercury* remarks:—A correspondent, in allusion to these floods, says—"With respect to bridges, it is supposed that, with the exception of those in the great lines of road, never were more disgraceful little erections than are every where to be found in travelling through this country. A great many of the serious losses which farmers sustain are owing to the burst of an accumulation of water, bayed back by a small and inefficient bridge, which is at length thrown down."

Died.] At Hinton St. Mary, 100, Mrs. Short; till within these three years she never drank any beer or spirituous liquors, tea and water being her usual beverage; she had been a widow 40 years.

OXFORD AND BERKS.

At the General Annual Meeting of the Managers of the Windsor Savings' Bank, it appears that the amount received up to November 20, 1827, was £36,256 16s. 11½d., and that the number of depositors was 1,069.

A General Meeting of the Contributors towards the Formation of an Infants' School, was held at the Audit Room, Oxford, the Mayor in the chair; when, amongst other things, it was determined that the children of the poor should be admissible between the ages of 18 months and 7 years, for the purpose of giving them instruction chiefly oral, in combination with exercise and amusement, according to the system usually adopted in such schools.

Died.] 72, Rev. F. Simpson, prebendary of Bristol, and of University College, Oxford.—At Little Stoke, 71, R. Baker, esq.—H. Peters, esq., representative of Oxford from 1796 to 1802.—At Reading, Mr. Saunders.—At Littlemore, 90, Mr. R. Giles.—At Oxford, 92, Mrs. A. Rought.

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK.

The expenses for maintaining the poor of the city and county of Norwich, as published by the Corporation of Guardians, from Lady Day 1826, to Lady Day 1827, amounts to the sum of £51, 557. 5s. 2d.; the out-door allowance alone being £20,340. 17s. 9d. There is an article under the title of Law Charges, thus expressed—"Wm. Simpson, for application to the Court of Chancery, to compel the Trustees of Bethel to give a preference to the poor of Norwich when a vacancy occurs, £460!!!" There is a charge for "straw for beds, £121. 3s."—another for "sessions' orders £5,200."

Married.] At Horning, J. Green, esq., to Miss Heath.—At Trunch, J. Duncombe, esq., to Miss Amies.

Died.] At Bury St. Edmund's, 80, Mrs. Heslop.—At Yarmouth, 86, Mr. London; 86, Mrs. Sewell.—At Hollesley-grove, 92, Mrs. Smith.—At Lynn, 38, Mr. S. Pearson, a journeyman cabinet-maker; he was remarkable for industry, and found time in the intervals of labour to acquire a deep knowledge of the higher branches of mathematics, and has prepared several men for Cambridge, who have taken high honours at that University, and bear testimony to the great ability he possessed in that department of science, and the singular facility he possessed in communicating his knowledge to others. He has left a son of twelve years of age, who indicates talents of a similar description to those of his father, and who already possesses a thorough knowledge of the first six books of Euclid, Quadratic Equations, and is a tolerable Algebraist.—At Great Yarmouth, G. B. Preston, second son of E. Preston, esq., of that place.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

At a meeting of the inhabitants of Cambridge, held Jan. 16, it was resolved, "that the proceedings of the Corporation of the town of Cambridge in enforcing the payment of the market and other tolls claimed by them, by means of the civil power vested in their hands, are arbitrary and illegal; and that, even if the tolls demanded were decided by a court of law to be legally due and payable to the corporation, such a violent and oppressive mode of collection would be contrary to every principle of justice and equity." Other resolutions were passed, and a subscription entered into for the purpose of resisting any further encroachments of the corporation upon the rights and property of the inhabitants.

Married.] At Hitchin, J. Canham, esq., to Miss Maria Crabb.

Died.] At Cambridge, 80, Mr. J. Deighton; Mr. T. Barrett.

HANTS AND SUSSEX.

At a Meeting of the Governors of the Chichester Savings' Bank, Dec. 27, 1827, it appeared that the sum invested in the bank up to that period amounted to £39,989. 7s. 7d., and the number of depositors were 797.

The increase of trade at Shoreham may be imagined, from the fact of the customs duties this last year having been about £10,000 above the receipt of those of 1826.

A dreadful and fatal affray has happened between the blockade and smugglers near Bexhill, in which a regular engagement took place; a quarter-master and two of the batsmen were killed, besides several wounded on both sides. The smugglers amounted to near 100, and the blockade to about 45.

Died.] At Hastings, the Hon. M. E. C. Graves, fourth daughter of Lord Graves.—At Southsea, near Portsmouth, 104, J. Agnew, a pensioner of the 33d regt.

KENT AND SURREY.

At a late meeting of the inhabitants of Queenborough, it was resolved to petition Parliament against the restrictions placed by the corporation on the fisheries. For several years the most frightful distress has prevailed, and the poor rates have risen to 20s. in the pound.

Died.] At Westerham, 66, J. Wilks, esq.

BUCKS AND BEDFORD.

The new church at Gawcott, in the parish of Buckingham, has been lately opened for divine service.

HERTS AND ESSEX.

The Annual Meeting of the Trustees and Directors of the Herts Savings' Bank was held at the Shire-hall, when it appeared that £112,939. 3s. 1d. was the amount of the sum invested in the Bank up to Dec. 26, 1827, and that the number of depositors were 1,979.

Died.] At Bovingdon, 65, Lieut.-Gen. Minet. —70, Rev. M. Wiseman, curate of Aveley; on Christmas Day he was reading the communion service, when he fell in front of the altar and expired.—Rev. R. Lewis, 50 years rector of Chingford, and 57 joint lecturer of St. John's, Hackney.

CORNWALL.

The Chairman, in his charge to the grand jury, at the County Sessions, congratulated them on the calendar being unusually light. The Magistrates declared, at the close of the Sessions, that in consequence of the frequent failure of Benefit Clubs throughout the county, they will not enrol the articles of any new club, unless the principles on which they are founded are sanctioned by a respectable actuary.

Died.] At St. Agnes, 71, Rev. S. Evans; for upwards of 40 years a preacher as a Wesleyan Methodist.—At Launceston, 99, Mr. Collins.

WALES.

A Benefit and Annuitant Society for Females has lately been established at Cardiff, under the patronage of the ladies of its environs. The rules are similar to those of the Cardiff Annuitant Society for men.

From a statement of the Cardiff Savings' Bank, it appears that £15,686. 18s. 2d. is at present due to the depositors.

At the General Annual Meeting of the Trustees and Managers of the Pembrokeshire and Haverfordwest Saving's Bank, held Dec. 13, it appeared by their ninth report, that £24,495. 12s. 8d. was the amount received up to Nov. 20, 1827; and that the number of depositors were 677; besides 10 friendly societies. The report states, that, from its commencement, no persons have been allowed to become depositors who were either worth £500, or whose annual income exceeded £100.

Cardiff bridge has given way to the force of the floods occasioned by the late heavy rains.

A Musical Festival has lately taken place at Wrexham, on the occasion of opening the splendid new organ in Wrexham Church. It was well attended by the inhabitants of the northern parts of the principality.

The wife of David Evans, a carrier to Manafon, Montgomeryshire has been completely restored from a violent uterine hemorrhage by the operation of transfusion of blood. Mr. Clement, jun., the surgeon in attendance, seeing the poor woman's danger (pulsation having been imperceptible some time, and her extremities quite cold), prevailed on a young man named Evan Jones, from Llanrwst, to permit him to open a vein in his arm, whence by means of Weis's patent syringe and tubes (the tubes kept warm, to prevent congelation) he injected a few ounces of blood into the woman's veins. The operation was successful; the patient gradually recovered strength; and yesterday was able to sit up in bed. She is upwards of 40 years of age, and the mother of a large family.—*Shrewsbury Chronicle.*

Died.] At Carmarthen, R. Waters, esq.—At St. Bride's-hill, Milford, 70, C. A. Phillips, esq.—At Harbrandston, 94, Mr. W. Field.—At Penygraig, near Aberystwith, 91, Mrs. Pugh.—71, T. Whitehurst, esq., of Penyclawdd, Denbigh.—81, J. Bassett, esq., many years a magistrate for Glamorganshire.

SCOTLAND.

The foundation stone of a Royal Exchange was recently laid at Glasgow.

The beneficial consequences to the Highlands of the removal of the obstructions to the prosperity of the Caledonian Canal begin to manifest themselves. The heavy and impolitic dues, which amounted almost to a prohibition of the use of that great and useful work, have been reduced one-half. The reduced dues will come into operation from and after the 1st of January. We may now, therefore, venture to anticipate a considerable and increasing resort of shipping to this commodious inland navigation; from the benefits of which our seafaring people have been hitherto almost excluded, by the exaction of dues, which led them to prefer the perilous and circuitous voyage by the Pentland Firth, to the safe and short cut through the Great Glen of Scotland. We are not without hopes, too, that some important and beneficial alterations in the line of the great Highland road will be ere long effected.

The quantity of cotton consumed in Scotland during the year 1827, was about 1,400 bags a week; in 1826, it was only 1,080—the result being 320 bags per week more in favour of the improvement in trade.

At the Edinburgh Agricultural Meeting, recently held, at which above 300 noblemen and gentlemen attended; Sir John Sinclair addressed the party after breakfast, and informed them, that a great part of the bread which they had been eating was composed chiefly of potatoe flour, and that if the public would be contented with such bread, Britain would never require a bushel of foreign grain.

Died.] At Bothwell-castle, 80, Archibald Lord Douglas, of Douglas, lord-lieutenant of the county of Forfar.—At Dumfries, Old Deacon Johnston, who lived in the reigns of four kings, and was a lad of 17 when Prince Charles and his Highlanders visited Dumfries. He was father of the Seven Incorporations; and the inscription on his coffin set forth that a whole century had rolled over his head.

IRELAND.

A general meeting of the Catholics, unconnected with the Catholic Association, was held at Dublin on the 26th ult., at which it was resolved to call upon the different parishes throughout Ireland, to assemble all on the same day to petition Parliament. The day fixed on was the 6th of January, when, after mass in all the Roman Catholic Chapels, it was intended that simultaneous meetings should be held, at which the priests were to preside, and petitions for emancipation be presented and signed. It was determined that a petition, similar to that which produced the remarkable discussion in the session of 1825-6, between Mr. Spring Rice and Mr. George Dawson, on the subject of the Treaty of Limerick, should be intrusted to the latter gentleman for presentation in the Commons, and to the Earl of Kingston in the House of Lords.

Married.] At Dublin, M. Conolly, esq., to Anna Maria, daughter of Sir N. O'Donnel, bart., and niece to Lord Annesley.

Died.] 70, Hon. F. H. Hutchinson, brother to Earl Donoughmore, and father to the member for Tipperary.—Major Conroy, drowned by the upsetting of a boat on a lake near Ballyshannon.—At Clarisford-house, Killaloe, the Right Rev. A. Arbuthnot, Bishop of Killaloe.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS,

From the 26th of December 1827, to the 25th of January 1828.

Dec.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Red.	N 4 Pr. C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exch. Bills.	Consols for Acc.,
26	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
27	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
28	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
29	205¾	83½ ⅝	—	—	90⅜ ½	—	19	—	—	53 54p	83⅞ 84⅛
30	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
31	—	83⅜ ½	—	90½	90¼ ⅜	—	19 1-16	—	83p	53 54p	84⅛ ¼
Jan. 1828											
1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
2	205½	83½ ⅜	—	90½	90⅜ ¼	—	19 1-16	—	82 84p	53 57p	83⅞ 84⅛
3	—	83½ ⅜	—	90¼ ½	90⅜ ¼	—	19⅛	—	—	53 55p	83⅞ 84⅛
4	—	83½ ⅜	—	90⅜	90⅜ ¼	—	19	—	85p	54 57p	83⅞ 84⅛
5	—	83⅜ ⅜	—	—	90⅜ ¼	—	19 1-16 ⅛	—	84p	57 59p	84⅛ ¼
6	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
7	205¼	83½ ½	82⅝ ⅜	—	90⅜ ⅜	99⅜ ½	19 1-16 ⅛	—	84p	54 57p	83⅞ 84⅛
8	205	83⅜ ⅜	82⅝ ⅜	90½	90½ ⅜	99⅜ ⅜	—	—	85p	57 58p	84½
9	205⅜	83⅜ ½	82½ 3	90⅜ ¼	90½ ⅜	99½ ⅜	19 1-16 ⅛	—	87 88p	57 60p	84⅜ ⅜
10	206¼	84¼	83⅜ ¼	91⅜	90⅞ ⅛	99½ ½	19⅛ 3-16	—	87 88p	59 60p	84⅝ 85
11	206⅜	84½ ⅜	83½ ¼	91⅜	91½	99½ 100	19 3-16	—	87 89p	59 60p	85½
12	206½	84½ ⅝	83⅜ ⅜	—	91⅜ ¼	100⅜	19⅛ 3-16	245¼ ¾	90p	60 61p	85⅝ ⅜
13	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
14	207 8½	84⅝ 85	84½ 83⅞	—	91⅜ ½	100⅜ ⅜	19 3-16 ¼	—	92 96p	60 62p	85⅝ ⅞
15	208 9½	85¼ ½	84½ 85	92⅛ ⅜	92⅛ ⅜	100⅜ ⅛	19½ 5-16	246¾ 8⅝	95p	61 62p	85⅞ 86½
16	208½ 9	85½ ½	84½ ½	92½ ½	92½ ½	100⅜ 1	19½ 5-16	247½	93p	60 62p	86⅛
17	208½	85⅝ ¼	84⅝ ¼	92½	92½ ⅜	100⅜ ⅜	19½ ⅜	—	87p	58 61p	85⅞ 86
18	208½	85⅝ ⅜	84⅝ ⅜	92⅝ ¼	92⅝ ⅜	100⅝ 1	19½ 5-16	247½ ⅛	87 89p	55 58p	86⅜
19	209½ 10	85½ ⅝	85⅛	—	92⅝ 3	100⅝ 1⅛	19 5-16 7-16	—	90 92p	58 60p	86½ ⅞
20	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
21	209¾ 10½	86⅜ ½	85½ ¼	—	93⅛ ⅜	101⅛ ⅜	19 7-16 ½	249¼ 50	92 93p	59 60p	86⅞ 87½
22	209½ 10½	86½	85⅝ ¼	93⅛	92⅝ 93½	100⅞ 1⅛	19 7-16	—	91 93p	60 61p	85⅞ ⅜
23	211	86⅝ ⅜	85⅝ 6	93⅜	93⅜ ⅜	101⅛ ¼	19½ 9-16	250½	—	60 62p	85⅞ 86
24	209½ 10	86½ ⅜	85½ ¼	93⅜	93⅜ ⅜	100⅞ 1	19½ 9-16	—	—	60 61p	85½ ⅝
25	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

E. Eyton, *Stock Broker, 2, Cornhill and Lombard Street.*

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

From December 20th, 1827, to January 19th, 1828.

By William Harris and Co.' 50, High Holborn.

December.	Rain Guage.	Moon.	Therm. 9 A. M.	Therm. Max.	Therm. Min.	Barometer. 9 A. M.	Barometer. 10 P.M.	De Luc's Hygro. 9 A. M.	De Luc's Hygro. 10 P. M.	Winds. 9 A. M.	Winds. 10 P. M.	Atmospheric Variations. 9 A M.	2 P. M.	10 P.M.
20			46	49	39	29 43	29 45	90	90	W	WSW	Fair	Fair	Clo.
21			41	49	46	29 58	29 34	93	98	W	S	—	—	
22			48	53	45	29 28	29 40	92	98	W	WSW	Clo.	—	Rain
23			46	55	42	29 81	29 93	90	90	W	N	—	—	Fair
24		◗	44	56	41	29 93	29 97	90	87	W	WNW	Rain	Rain	Fine
25		◗	42	50	45	30 17	30 28	87	94	W	W	Fine	Fine	Clo.
26			48	52	42	30 32	30 34	97	96	W	WSW	Fair	Fair	—
27			46	52	38	30 36	30 44	98	98	W	NE	—	—	—
28			39	43	35	30 53	30 48	98	98	NE	SSW	Clo.	—	—
29			36	38	31	30 40	30 27	98	98	WSW	SSE	Foggy	Foggy	Foggy
30			36	43	36	30 38	30 10	96	98	SSW	S	—	—	Fine
31			42	48	42	29 97	29 68	96	98	W	SW	—	Fair	—
1828. Jan.														
1			45	47	36	29 48	29 60	98	98	NNE	N	Fair	—	Fair
2		○	39	50	45	29 77	29 41	98	98	N	SW	—	Rain	Clo.
3			46	50	34	29 66	29 60	98	90	NW	WNW	Clo.	Fair	—
4			36	44	33	29 73	29 52	97	95	W	NW	—	Rain	—
5			34	35	34	29 52	29 53	96	98	W	NNW	—	Snow	Fair
6			36	39	33	29 54	29 81	96	98	W	SE	—	Clo.	Clo.
7			35	36	33	29 86	29 74	89	92	SE	E	—	—	—
8			34	38	33	29 75	29 85	85	90	ESE	NE	—	—	—
9			34	35	29	29 85	29 77	87	87	SE	E	—	—	—
10		◖	31	34	28	29 57	29 52	87	92	N	SE	—	—	—
11			32	40	36	29 41	29 47	99	99	ESE	SE	Snow	Sleet	Fog
12			38	46	42	29 63	29 51	99	99	WSW	SE	Fog	Rain	Rain
13			44	47	38	29 45	29 45	99	94	W	W	Clo.	Clo.	Clo.
14			43	45	35	29 37	29 40	99	98	NW	NE	—	—	Rain
15			35	37	31	29 48	29 61	99	98	NE	NE	—	Rain	Snow
16			38	40	38	29 68	29 68	92	93	NE	SE	—	—	Rain
17		●	46	50	49	29 68	29 93	96	94	SW	SW	—	—	Clo.
18			54	56	46	30 04	30 06	98	89	SW	WSW	—	Clo.	Fair
19			49	55	47	30 13	30 13	86	90	WSW	SW	Fair	Fine	—

THE

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SALMON FISHERIES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

THESE fisheries are regulated by law—not by one law, but, after our manner, by several—contradictory as a whole, and, taken singly, partial and oppressive; partial, because they have been prompted by the cunning of the few; and oppressive, because where the few are the prompters, the claims of the many will be sure to be overlooked; enacted, therefore, not on a fair and full view of the whole circle of circumstances, but on the suggestions of a crafty self-interest, working, by frauds and concealments, its wily course to the sanctions of an easy and confiding legislature, credulously—we shall not say contemptuously—sacrificing to impudence and importunity the paramount rights of the country, though it be itself instituted specifically to protect them. Complaints are general, and conviction equally so, that such are the facts—that laws are too frequently smuggled through the senate—that they are passed hastily, and on imperfect evidence—that rarely is there any ground for variety of enactments—that what is suited for one spot is suited for another—and, consequently, that the same law should cover the whole surface of the country. Why, it may be asked, should there be any laws at all relative to wild and wandering animals?—To protect private interests. But what private interests relative to salmon fisheries can require protection? Is the salmon a river fish? No—but it frequents rivers, and, for a season, lives in them; therefore, it comes within the precincts of private property, and, as long as it is there, may itself be considered as private property, and must as such be protected. But what national equity is there in making *rivers* private property? Nay, if every foot of land to the water's edge be such, of what value is the open river? Let it go all. We do not yet, as in China, bivouac on the waters.

But what is the pretence by which those who seek these protecting laws cover their purposes? The benefit of the community, of course: that is always the ostensible reason for all enactments, though, nine times out of ten, private interests are the real and ultimate objects; and so it is in the case of the salmon fisheries. The ostensible purpose is the welfare of the country—to exclude unwholesome fish from the market, and

secure a competent supply, by protecting the breed. The real object is to ensure the monopoly of the rivers to the proprietors, to shut the gates upon competition, and intercept from the community the bounties of all-indulgent Nature.

To shew that these laws are of the most pernicious kind, we must know something of the history and habits of the salmon. It has, as every thing else has, its peculiar properties; and though much concerning it is still wrapt in mystery, much is known—more than of most other fish. We have before us a body of evidence, laid before a Committee of the House of Commons within the last three years, which contains more full and satisfactory information on the subject than all the books of natural history collected together could furnish—contributed by men whose lives have been spent in the fisheries—whose opportunities of ascertaining the peculiarities of the salmon have been unparalleled—whose faculties of observation have been sharpened by immediate interest—whose views, moreover, were conflicting with each other; and by others, whose interests are utterly unconcerned, but whose local positions, coupled with an ardent desire to advance the cause of natural science, have afforded extraordinary facilities. The evidence is, as might be expected, occasionally contradictory; but there are preponderating facts, and these we shall lay before our readers.

The salmon is essentially a sea-fish, though frequenting rivers, and, till of late years, caught only in rivers. The sea is its home; there it feeds and fattens; but nature has imposed on it the necessity of taking to the streams to deposit its spawn; and in them, therefore, it is chiefly exposed, and chiefly taken—precisely when in the worst state, not for catching, but for eating. The salmon that has been any time in the fresh water deteriorates; it is never so good as when it is in the salt, or has just quitted it. The fact is undisputed, that the fish of the estuaries, or of the shores, is superior to that of the streams. High up the streams, indeed, it never goes but for spawning; and the nearer the spawning season, the more unfit for food the fish becomes. But let us pursue its annual career. In the summer months, along the coasts, in bays, and at the mouths of rivers, salmon are found in shoals, hovering over sand-banks, or floating up and down, without effort, with the flood and ebb of the tide. These are inaccessible to the common instruments of fishing—the coble, the cast-net, and the line. But of these many come into the fresh water of the streams, and are there taken, and, together with the salmon-peal—of which we shall speak presently—furnish the *best* part of the ordinary supply of the markets. Towards the autumn, the numbers in the rivers augment; the roe and milt of the fish are observed to increase, and by the latter end of August the fish are full. The salmon, which have been for some time less and less disposed to return to the sea, in September and October, but chiefly in September, push on for the higher parts of the stream, to drop their burden. They do not stop till they come to places where the water is not more than two or three feet deep, and the bottom covered with sand or a fine gravel. Such is the imperious instinct which impels them, that no obstacles daunt them; they leap rapids, and squeeze through narrow defiles—glide through the openings of weirs, and spring at heights of twenty feet, though rarely clearing more than ten. If defeated in the first attempt, they repeat it over and over again—till, exhausted by the many efforts, they drop down the stream, to recover their vigour, and then renew the attempt.

On reaching the points that appear favourable for their purpose, they appear to pair, and prepare for their labours. The female is attended sometimes by more than one male, though not more than one at a time. They construct a bed of perhaps twelve feet by eight or ten—sometimes only one pair of salmon, sometimes two or three. They begin by making a furrow, working up the gravel against the stream; they cannot work with their heads down the stream, for the water going into their gills the wrong way drowns them. When the furrow is made, they separate, and go one on each side of it; then throwing themselves on their sides, and rubbing against each other, they shed the spawn into the furrow both at once. When one furrow is thus completed, they commence another, and so on, till the whole is covered. The operation takes up ten or twelve days; and when completed, the fish (now taking the name of kelts) go to the adjoining pools, apparently to recruit themselves—for they are left in a miserably exhausted state. In about a fortnight or three weeks, the males begin to make their way down the river; the females not till some considerable time after—February, March, April, but chiefly in March. From their enfeebled condition, they take the easy water near the banks, and, as they approach the tides, from the same cause they are observed to go into the mid-channel, thus slowly reaching the sea, and for a season are no longer traceable.

Let us now return to the spawn, which we left buried, some inches deep, in the gravel—the egg about the size of a pea. By degrees, this pea—for so it is called—swells to the size of a magpie's egg; and early in the spring, with the first vernal warmth of the sun's beams, the young fry break from their enclosure. The head of the fish remains, for some time, attached to the shell in the gravel; but the tail rises upwards, shooting up between the stones—the spawning-ground resembling, as one of the witnesses phrased it, a bed of young onions; or, in the language of a Scotch evidence, the thick briand of a well manured field; and, by the end of March or the beginning of April, the young fry are wholly released, and sporting, in full life and liberty, in the neighbouring pools.

Not long, however, do they loiter here—their destiny is the sea; and, in the month of April, and sometimes so late as the beginning of May, the young fry—called *smelts*, or *smolts*—are now seen commencing their course downwards; stealing, like the kelts, along the margin of the stream, till, reaching the influence of the tide, and tasting the salt water, they linger a few days; and then, again, like the kelts, plunging into the depth of the mid-channel, they glide onwards, till they mingle in the ocean, and are lost for a time.

But again, about two months afterwards—in June—in the mouths of the rivers, and in the rivers themselves, appear probably the very same young fry, under the name of *grilses*, weighing from one pound to two; growing rapidly from week to week, till, by September, they will reach the weight of eight or nine pounds. That these grilses are salmon, and the smolts of the same season, there appears to be little room for doubt among those who are most familiar with the habits of the fish; some, indeed, are of another opinion, and affect to find differences of shape in the head, and fins, and tails—but differences, according to their own acknowledgment, not greater than frequently exist among individuals allowed by themselves to be salmon. These grilses are every where known also by the name of *salmon-peal*, as if the general feeling was they

were the produce of the *pea* of the salmon. Among the arguments for establishing the identity of the salmon and the peal, some are of the negative kind, but still of some pith. The young fry of the salmon must, it may be presumed, attain its full size gradually. Now, who ever saw a salmon of one, two, or three pounds, if these grilses are not salmon? Who ever saw young grilses—that is, under a pound—if the smelts are not young grilses? Who ever saw grilses at the beginning of a season of more than two or three pounds? Confessedly, by September, the grilses grow to eight or nine pounds—who ever saw one of this weight in June? But these grilses, by the following season, might be expected to be larger still; and yet none but very small ones are seen at the beginning of the season; though large fish—the full-grown salmon, of from twelve to twenty pounds and upwards—appear, which are doubtless the grilses of the preceding year arrived at their full size. But proofs of the peremptory kind are not wanting. In May 1812, a gentleman of Carlisle put a great number of salmon fry into a bleachfind basin in the river at Milbeck, near Carlisle. In the latter end of that year, these fry became tolerably well sized *whitings*, as the Carlisle fishers call them—the salmon-peal of other districts—measuring thirteen inches; and, in the following season, sea-trouts—grilses of the larger growth; and one of them continued in the basin till it was twenty-six inches and a quarter in length. This experiment establishes the fact of the smolts, peal, and salmon being all the same fish—the difference is only in the rapidity of the growth; and, it must be remembered, these fish were taken out of the natural course, and never saw the sea. The fact of the quick growth of the young grilses, from June to September, is too well authenticated to be any longer questioned; and, therefore, it is no wonder if the fry of three inches in April becomes one of thirteen or more, and weighing a pound or two, in June. Fishes, too, have been marked—that is, the dead fin, as it is termed, has been cut off, and the tail sloped, in one stage of their growth; and caught again—after visiting the sea—in another—marked as grilses, and caught as salmon.

As the summer advances, come again the full-grown salmon—apparently those which, in March, went down the streams in the kelt state, after spawning—now in renewed vigour, recovered by their residence in the salt water, and returning to the rivers; and at length pushing upwards again, to deposit their spawn again; and with them the grilses, which, like other animals, breed, many of them, before they attain their full maturity.

From this view of the habits of the salmon, may be determined what should be the season for catching them. When full of spawn, they are not wholesome; and in the shotten state—after spawning—they are still less so. The fish is fast swelling by the end of August; and not till March, or even later, do the kelts get back to the sea. In this interval, then, there are no salmon, which—generally we mean—are in a takeable condition, if any regard be paid to the preservation of the breed of the fish, or the health of those for whose sake the fisheries are said to be protected. No fishing, therefore, should be allowed but between April and September: this is the utmost latitude that can justifiably be granted. In the intervening months come the peal, and the kelts, who have recovered their strength and soundness by the invigoration of the sea; and who, thus revisiting the fresh waters, are fair game for the fishers, and wholesome food for the consumers.

But what is the actual state of the laws? Scarcely the same in any two rivers in the kingdom. The Towey is not closed till the 15th of December, and the Camel till the 23d; while the Tay and the Avon are actually thrown open on the 10th of the same month; and *some* rivers in the north of Scotland even in November, before the salmon have even spawned. But, it will be said, in some rivers the fish probably spawn earlier than in others. Rivers, too, are commonly spoken of as *late* and *early*, and, it may be presumed, precisely on this account. Not so: the evidence before the Committee conspires to shew, that, though fish do run up—some earlier, some later—the spawning season is pretty much the same; for, undoubtedly, the season for the appearance and running down of the fry is the same. The *early* and the *late* river does not refer to the spawning season, but to the time when the *clean* fish—the re-invigorated kelt—the salmon, who has recruited his forces in the sea—returns from the sea to the rivers. In some rivers, these do shew themselves earlier than in others; but the difference is manifestly—if any credit is to be given to the evidence—not very considerable. It is, however, the appearance of these new-run fish that has led the proprietor—eager to catch the first stray one that shews itself—to solicit the early opening of the rivers. But, in catching these early fish, other descriptions are caught—the miserable kelts, that have not yet reached the sea, and the ripe red fish, that have not even spawned. Take, for instance, the Tweed: the close season ends on the 10th of January, and between that day and the 1st of February, about four years ago, 165 salmon were taken, of which not one-thirtieth part was marketable, or at least not in an edible state; 145 were actually unspawned; fifteen were kelts, and only five were clean fish. In the Tay, again—the largest river in Scotland, and enjoying the character of an early one—the fishing opens on the 10th of December. What is the consequence? That the produce of the fishings, up to the end of January, for nearly two months, will not defray expenses; and even at the stations nearest the sea, which are of course the most successful—Lord Grey's, for instance—many days may pass in February, and scarcely one clean fish be taken; and even later in the month, ten foul fish are caught for one sound one.

What is the effect of this rapacious haste? The destruction, as we see, of the breeders, and the ruin of the upper fisheries—the fishing stations, we mean, higher up the streams. After the open season begins, very few fish, were any so disposed, are able to get far up the rivers, the greater part being intercepted below—so much so, that the upper fisheries become scarcely worth any thing; and some of the witnesses declare, they would willingly give double the existing rent were the close season extended—giving time, that is, for some of the new-run fish to reach the upper stations. But not only are the interests of the upper fisheries thus sacrificed to the rapacity of the proprietors below, but the general amount and product of the fisheries diminished by this precipitate sweeping of the streams, and the consequent destruction of the breeders; and not only so, but facilities are thus given to poaching, and a cover provided for bringing fish into the market at all seasons. For, with the existing state of the laws, fishing, at one river or another, is legal all the year round. If one river is closed, another is open; and since the process has been discovered of preserving salmon by packing them in ice, the fish can every where be introduced as legal, and, by implication, as sound—nobody being able to say from what part of the kingdom they come.

Here and there, perhaps, a city knight may be able to distinguish the fish of one river from that of another, and determine whether

> ———"*lupus hic Tiberinus, an alto*
> *Captus hiet? pontesne inter jactatus, an amnis*
> *Ostia sub Tusci.*"

But the greater part of the most zealous ichthyophagi know nothing of these nice distinctions, and trust, in full simplicity, to the frail virtue of the laws, and the frailer integrity of the fishmonger, for the wholesomeness of the fish thus, for any thing he knows, legally vendible.

With these facts before us, then, the remedy is obvious. Common sense demands that the close season should not only be extended, but have the same limits in every part of the islands. Within that one and the same period, no fish could then be legally sold; every man would know the fact, and would not look for salmon; no one, with the belief, which the law would soon impress on him, of the unwholesomeness of the fish, would buy—none would then be brought to market, and none of course would be caught. The salmon would thus be left to follow freely their natural instincts, and breed and multiply—multiply, till not only the great, but the little, might share in the common bounties of a common nature; for with the absence of interruption would come abundance, and with abundance, cheapness. Rivers, too, would be protected at a very slight cost, where poaching would be fruitless.

But not only are the breeding fish thus wantonly destroyed, but the young salmon is crushed even in the egg. For such is the rapacity of the proprietors, that the moment the season opens, every foot of the river is swept, not excepting even the spawning-ground, though so small as in reality are the chances of any thing being taken at all—the first fish bringing of course the highest price. We have just described the spawning beds; now let the reader learn, that over these pregnant beds are dragged the ponderous seine-nets, regardless of the devastation they must inevitably occasion. Every one is familiar with the coble-net, as it is termed; or, if not, it operates thus — One side of it is floated to the surface of the water by corks, while the lower side is kept down on the bottom by means of weights or sinkers, composed of pieces of lead or iron, of weight sufficient to sink it into the sand or gravel, to prevent the possibility of escapes; and thus, as it works, it ploughs up the bed, crushing of course the eggs or the rising fry. "You might as soon," says one of the witnesses, "hope to have a bed of onions come to perfection, if a coble-net and rope was dragged over it, tearing up the mould twenty times a day: I would as soon take my chance of the one as the other."

Nor is less care taken to protect the fry in their *descent*. In many rivers—in Ireland particularly—they are caught, and sold by the bushel for feeding pigs; and all legally done, for it is done in the open season. In like manner, the kelts are legally taken—unfit as they are for food—not that they are wholly wasted—for the dried salmon through the country is pretty well known to be the kelt fish.

With all these modes of destruction—this war of extermination upon the miserable victim—no wonder complaints are made in many places of the failure of fish: the wonder is the species is not utterly extinguished. But the remedies, as we said, are obvious. Give nature fair play. Her reproductive powers are enormous. The roe of the salmon

does not indeed consist of 600,000, as has been carelessly affirmed, but unquestionably of 18 or 20,000. This bountiful provision it is that still leaves us the salmon, in spite of all the efforts of grasping cupidity to catch all, at whatever ulterior sacrifice. Close, then, the rivers earlier, and open them later, and all at the same season; and thus give them full scope—interrupting them neither coming nor going—and the spawners will unerringly go where their instincts drive them. Then will the kelts return to the sea and recruit, and revisit the streams in a sound and wholesome state; then will the beds, swelling with life, produce their full crops; and the fry, in unchecked abundance, glide down the waters, and return as peal in "numbers innumerable," to satisfy to the full the desires of all, and realize, we had almost said, the aspirations of proprietors themselves.

But, after all, the great mass of salmon in the summer season—their only wholesome season—is not in the rivers, but in the estuaries and along the shores, where the old machinery for salmon fishing is incapable of working with any effect. The common instruments are calculated only for the smaller streams, and are wholly inapplicable for the broader rivers, and particularly for the mouths of those rivers, and the coasts—precisely where the sounder part of the fish abound, and which are thus for the most part left the undisturbed prey of seals and porpoises. Here it is that float the very best of the fish—the richest, the firmest, of the finest flavour, and decidedly the most wholesome. But cannot these fruitful spots, then, be successfully fished? Indeed can they; and, to establish this matter beyond dispute, we will lay before our readers briefly the different methods of taking salmon. Of these, there are but three. The first is what is usually called the *weir*, or *cruive*—that is, a fish-lock, or fish-trap. Of these there are many varieties; but the property common to them all is their intercepting the fish in its blind and precipitate course up the streams. It is a fence thrown across the stream from bank to bank, with one or more small inlets, which the fish, in his indefatigable search for an opening, is sure to find and to enter, and is thus caught in the trap. By this artifice, every fish that ascends may be intercepted, and nothing but the rare prudence of the proprietor will let a single one pass So destructive was this instrument deemed of old to the reproduction of the species, that it was very early forbidden, except in cases where length of time had given the rights of prescription—though, even in such cases, they were placed under restrictions to protect the spawners and the fry. How inadequate are those restrictions, every proprietor perfectly understands.

The next mode of fishing is that by the seine, or coble, or sweep-net. These also are of various forms, but generally too well known to need any description here, beyond what has already been given. But neither the weir nor the coble-net are fitted for the open sea, or for bays, or for estuaries, or the sea-shores. Accordingly, till of late years, no salmon were ever caught but in rivers; and the grampuses and the seals, as we said, enjoyed the undisputed possession of their prey in the salt water. That the fish abounded on the coasts and the estuaries, and the deeper and broader parts of rivers, was well known; but, could they be caught, there were no markets at hand; nor was it, till within these few years, when fish began to be packed in ice, and be despatched to London and other distant markets, that any attempt was made to take them in the sea, and in larger quantities. The hope and prospect of profit stimulated

industry—not necessity, but the view of gain is the mother of invention. Markets were now accessible, and the difficulty was only to furnish the supply. The first approach to sea fishing was in the Solway Frith, where what was termed *lake* or *tide* fishing was now introduced. It consisted simply in enclosing the pools on the sand-banks, by means of netting, extended upon stakes fastened upright in the ground. The net thus constructed was partly moveable, opening on the seaward side like a valve, with the flood-tide, and closing again as the tide receded; and the fish, which had entered the net as the tide flowed, were thus detained as it ebbed. A very accurate and animated description of this mode of fishing may be found in REDGAUNTLET.

The demand for fish increasing, about 1797 the Solway fishers extended their operations to the Frith of Tay—at first with nets of the same construction as those of the Solway tide-nets. But soon they perceived, that, when the tide-net was shut by the flood ceasing to operate upon the valve, there were still many fish playing round the net; and that, when the ebb began, there were as many running downwards, as had before been moving upwards. The sagacity of the fisher seized on the fact, and accommodated his instrument to the double opportunity. He changed his plan of attack. Instead of forming his net with a moveable or floating valve, he constructed, by means of netting extended on stakes, labyrinths or chambers of such intricacy, that, though the mouth was always open, and the fish could enter easily—in truth, were led almost necessarily to enter the net, if they once approached it—yet they could not so readily get out again. In the same way he constructed other entrances to receive the ebb-tide, as well as the flood, and thus caught the fish, by the same net, both ways. Such was the origin of *stake-nets*—a new era in salmon-fishing. The success was prodigious; 7,000 were taken by a single net in one season; and fishing stations, which had previously let for a few pounds, yielded one, two, and even three thousand a year. This splendid career was, however, soon checked: the proprietors of the upper streams were alarmed; lawyers were employed; and lawyers, with their quibbles and quiddities, proved "water" was water, whether salt or fresh; and thus brought stake-net fishing within the terms of some ancient acts, which never contemplated the thing itself.

Thus interrupted in the Tay, and fairly or unfairly excluded from Scotland, the Solway fishers took their nets, and turned their steps towards Ireland. In 1810 or 1811, they rented the fishings of the Shannon, and erected their nets on the shores of the lower river, on the estuary of that noble stream. In the upper part of the river, the corporation of Limerick had a large weir, stretching right across from bank to bank. The stake-nets were placed full twenty miles below—where before there had never been any salmon fishing, and where, indeed, the breadth of the estuary is nearly two miles, and deep enough to float a man-of-war or an Indiaman. They were erected on the shallows left dry on the receding of the tide, and did not on an average extend above a hundred yards from high-water mark. Their success was wonderful: 280 salmon were thus captured at a single tide. The Corporation took fright: the adventurers were prosecuted under an act prohibiting standing nets, as hurtful to the commonwealth of the nation, which the Corporation and the courts interpreted to mean the commonwealth of the Corporation; and the fishing was quickly put an end to—though, under

the prohibitions of the very same act, and from the same river Shannon, the salmon-smolts, to the scandalous and wanton destruction of the breed, were, in the face of open day, sold for feeding pigs.

Driven thus from Ireland, as before they had been from Scotland, England alone was left for the enterprise of the Solway fishers; and to England accordingly they came. They established their nets in the British Channel, and at other places, and always with the same distinguished success; but they were, and are still, very far from being generally employed, though no attempt has hitherto been made to throw legal obstructions in their way. Thus the stake-net, which is calculated to produce the effect of fifty common nets, is legal in one part of the country, and illegal in two. The proprietors of the upper fisheries are, however, clamorous about their rights; though the fact is—and quite indisputable too—that in no one river, where the stake-net has been erected at the mouth of it, have the upper fisheries taken fewer than before. But the final result, no doubt, is, that more fish being thrown into competition, *they* get inferior prices for the same produce. But are the interests of the community to be sacrificed to the petty concerns and the unjust privileges of individuals? Is the bounty of Nature to be thus cribbed and cabined? Are her gifts to float around us untouched? and, because the old proprietor cannot enlarge the powers of his machinery, are those to be prohibited who can—in places, too, where he cannot reach the spoil, and where, moreover, if he could, he can have no rights? The question is not, and ought not, to be discussed as a local, but as a national one. It is not the privileges of proprietors, but the rights of the community that are concerned. If the statements of the witnesses are to be relied upon—and nothing occurs to invalidate them—salmon, instead of being a costly luxury, which the rich only can enjoy, might become a common and abundant article of food, accessible to the poorest of the people. The possible multiplication is such as to satisfy all our home demands, and become moreover an article of foreign exportation. So great, so important, so immeasurably beyond the common notions entertained on the subject, are the capabilities of the salmon fishery, by the means of stake-nets, that we will venture to extend our remarks, and state, more particularly and distinctly, the advantages of the stake-nets, and reply to the objections that have from time to time been urged against them.

The most striking advantage of the stake-net is, that by it salmon can be taken in places where they can be taken by no other means. The common nets are nearly useless in the open sea, or in estuaries, or on the shores, where the depth of the water varies, the bottom is full of irregularities, and the portion which the net embraces insignificant. The stake-net is fixed at right angles with the set of the tide, extending from high-water to low-water mark, rising from the ground to the full height of the tide, and thus receives all that the tide carries, ebbing or flowing, which are left in the enclosures of the nets on the bare sands. In the old fishing stations, in the lower parts of the rivers, fish are caught by the stake-net in greater abundance than before. The proof may be found in the Tay, wnere the annual produce by the ordinary means was 30,000, but by the stake-nets was swelled up to 60,000, and might have been still farther augmented. In that river, too, after the stake-nets were put down by the decision of the courts, the fisheries were entirely abandoned, because the produce of the coble-net would not even pay expenses. The fish,

again, caught by the stake-net is of the better quality. The salmon, as we have before said, is a sea-fish—the sea is its home; it frequents rivers for spawning only; it feeds in the sea—rarely is any thing found in its stomach in the rivers—and, caught in the sea, it is always richer, firmer, sounder, than in the rivers. The stake-net, again, may be used on any part of the coast—not merely at the mouths of rivers; for the fact is notorious that the coasts in every quarter teem with salmon; and, wherever the net has been used, it has been successful. Fish thus taken, moreover, are a direct gain to the public. They are not fish that would necessarily go up the rivers, and be taken by the weir or the seine; but, in reality, are rescued from the sea, and plucked from the jaws of the grampus and the seal. It has been, indeed, objected to this instrument, that it is calculated only to ruin the river fishers—to intercept what must otherwise, first or last, have been caught by them. But the fact is evidently very different; for in the rivers, at the mouths of which stake-nets have been used, the old fishers have actually not caught less than before: therefore, what the stake-net takes must be chiefly those which the others could not. The river fishers choose to assert that the fish which are seen along the shores are always *seeking* the rivers; but the fact is indisputable, that salmon float on the tide, and go up and down with it; for as many are caught on the ebb as on the flow. The salmon again are found in parts of the coast far away from the mouths of rivers, and evidently *not* seeking rivers; and those which frequent the flat sands do so probably for the purpose of feeding, and not of scenting for rivers—because, if the fish were coasting along shore for the sole purpose of seeking the rivers, the extreme nets—the nets nearest the coast—would take the most; but one of the witnesses expressly states, that of twelve nets which he has, all adjoining each other, and between the mouths of rivers, the nets in the centre take as many as those at the extremities. But, farther, at the very time when salmon appear in the greatest abundance, the rivers, many of them, are in no state to receive them. The larger rivers are, of course; but the greater part of the smaller ones are not—the Esk, for instance. The lessee states, that he used a stake-net very successfully at the mouth of that river, when there was no water in the bed of the river itself.

In short, the evidence from friends and foes, on the whole, very decidedly goes to shew that the rivers have never been injured by the stake-nets—that in cases where the produce of particular rivers has failed, other causes have been at work; and the proprietors of rivers are themselves the best able to account for the failure, because they are themselves the agents of destruction; and that, as to the fish taken by the stake-net, in places where the weir and the seine cannot operate, it is not the river proprietors who suffer, but the grampuses, porpoises, and seals. The evidence is full and indisputable, that wherever the salmon abounds, these fish of prey abound. Hundreds and hundreds are constantly seen in the Tay and the Shannon. The salmon caught by man is perfectly insignificant compared with the quantity devoured by these, its natural enemies. The opinion of the fishers is, they live wholly on salmon; they never saw any other fish taken out of their stomachs. Wherever the stake-net has been in activity, their numbers are much lessened, and re-appear when the net has been removed. Where porpoises are plentiful, the fishers are sure of a draught of salmon. The devastation of these animals must be prodigious; several have been taken out of one seal, and one porpoise—more or less digested, and some so

little affected, as to have been sent (blessed thought!) to market. The produce of the stake-net—employed as it is, where other nets and other machinery cannot be employed—is, therefore, positive gain; and salmon-fisheries may thus be extended to an amount beyond calculation. The river-fishers may still catch as before: they will not get the former prices, to be sure; but they must, like other people, submit to the common effects of competition. The stake-net may be compared to newly-invented machinery for cottons and cloths, with this advantage—that if it throw some out of employ, it re-employs more, and at the same time augments the stock of eatable produce, and reduces the cost.

As to any other objections which have been started to this mode of fishing, they may readily be disposed of. Among the principal, is the apprehension, that the stake-net will destroy the breed—so capacious are its powers of capture. We need only bid the proprietors of the spawning-grounds to leave the fish undisturbed to the operations of nature—free course to come up and go down—and such is the boundless means of reproduction, that all fears of this kind must be superfluous. But, as the matter is—by the river people a war of destruction is made upon the salmon in its most helpless, and, we add, its most useless and unhealthy state—in the egg, the fry, the kelt, and the spawner. Then, again, it has been objected, that the stake-net will, by-and-by, be extended to the mid-channel, and thus shut up rivers at their mouths; but this is anticipating an abuse, rather than the further use of them—not to say that their specific value is on the shores and estuaries, or rather the sands from high to low-water mark. Then, again, it has been urged, they are destructive to the fry and the spawners; but the truth is, they do not touch either; for the fry and the spawners are well known to take the mid-stream; the mesh of the net is full three inches from knot to knot, and the fry of course cannot be detained. Again, it is said, these nets capture other fish besides salmon—turbot, cod, ling, flounders, &c.—an advantage surely, and no objection; for this interferes neither with the privileges of the rivers, nor the rights of any one; and, to let no complaint pass, they are also, it seems, calculated to interrupt navigation;—to which it is sufficient to reply—these nets must be on the shallows; and, therefore, they rather play the part of beacons, than present any obstacle to navigation.

But, really and truly, not only are these nets defensible against all these objections, but they are even unexposed to those with which the coble and the weir are themselves justly chargeable. They cannot be used for poaching. Considerable labour must be spent in their erection, and, when erected, they are visible to every eye; and it is not desirable to keep them standing, when not actually employed—affording thus the best possible security against illegal usage. They cannot, again, injure the spawning beds—nor, of course, crush the egg—nor sweep away the fry; because they are stationary, and so could do no mischief, were these beds on every side of them; and never is it to be forgotten, that they are usable only where the tide reaches, and *there* there are no spawning-beds. They do not, moreover, interfere with the fry in their descent; for the nets extend no farther than low-water mark, and the fry, on reaching the top of the estuary—that is, the point to which the tide advances—are known to take to the depth and stillness of the mid-water; and, in point of fact, none have ever been taken. In like manner, the kelts seek the deep water; but, by the river-nets and weirs, they are inevitably inter-

cepted; for the fishers cannot distinguish the good from the bad in the water; and, notwithstanding all professions to the contrary, all are fish that come to *their* net. The red-fish, again, when seeking the upper streams for spawning, take the mid-channel. The number taken by the stake-net is inconsiderable; whilst the river-net and the weir take all—for this machinery stretches across from bank to bank.

Any person, therefore, taking a dispassionate view of the subject—first investigating the habits and character of the salmon—would come to these safe and important conclusions:—That the salmon is a sea-fish, and only in the salt water is in a sound state—that it frequents the rivers for reproducing—that *there*, therefore, it ought to be protected—protected, or otherwise the species is destroyed in the source of its being—that, consequently, fishing in the fresh waters altogether should be declared illegal, as well for the protection of the breed, as the health of the lieges—and, finally, fishing on the coasts and the mouths of rivers should be exclusively legalized. But as laws are generally better gradually corrected, in the opinion of most men—of practical men especially, as the phrase is—than precipitately annulled, let the existing laws, which regulate the close and open seasons for fishing, be made general—the same for every part of the kingdom—and so fixed, as to leave the fish free to come up the streams, and to go down again—and the fry, in like manner, undisturbed in its descent;—let these limits be fixed from the end of April to the beginning of September—with full liberty to the stake-net to operate whenever it can do so with advantage, and no where else will it of course be used. The open season for the coasts might be safely extended: for there the fishers will interfere neither with fry nor kelt in the former season, nor with the spawners in the latter: these all keep the mid-water, and the spawners, when ripe, have fled up the streams.

Be these things done, and the produce of the salmon-fisheries must be immensely augmented. To Ireland—to a potatoe-fed and a Catholic population—the advantage of a cheap supply of fish must be important. The pigs will no longer feed upon the fry; but, *en revanche*, the owners of the pigs may feed upon the full-grown salmon. The monopoly of the Limerick Corporation might also be broken up—even if it broke up the Corporation itself, and all other rotten bodies through the kingdom. They possess a permanent weir, in which the law of the Shannon requires three gaps or openings, to allow the salmon to pass upwards. Some few years ago, the renters shut up these gaps, and took every fish—not one could escape to the higher grounds; and at last, when these gaps were again thrown open, by a decree of the courts, the Corporation or their representatives placed in the front of them a painted crocodile, with open jaws, in glaring colours, to frighten the salmon. Whether the salmon were thus frightened or not, is not material—the *animus* of the projector is obvious. Nor would the advantage, thus great to Ireland, be slight to England: our new regulations, by checking poaching, might mend, or at least not tend to deteriorate, the morals of the people; and, at all events, stake-nets introduced on the coasts round the whole island would furnish employment for thousands of starving people. But the great and paramount advantage is—the adding to the stock of subsistence, the augmenting the amount of the eatable matter, and bringing within the reach of the poor and the lowly what is now enjoyed and exulted in as exclusively the food of the rich and mighty.

THE LOVER'S GRAVE:

A LEGEND FROM THE GERMAN.

" Rest thee, rest thee, lovely stranger,
Now the eve is falling dim;
Wilt thou tempt the forest-ranger—
Wilt thou tempt the torrent's brim?
Hark! the thunder in the mountains;
Hark! the river's rising roar,
Rushing from its thousand fountains!—
Rest thee, till the storm is o'er."

—" Gallant hunter, I must wander
Over hill and over wave:
See the spirit beckons yonder
That must lead me to my grave!'
On she passed; the moor-fiend's taper
Swept before, bright, blue, and cold,
Gleaming o'er his steed of vapour;—
On she passed through wood and wold.

" Rest thee, rest thee, lovely maiden!
Rest thee in the baron's hall:
Thou shalt go to-morrow, laden
With the gold and purple pall.
Thou shalt have the topaz ring;
Thou shalt have the pearly chain.
See how fierce the lightnings spring!
Hark how falls the rushing rain!"

—" Noble baron, I must wander
Till the silent dead is found:
See the spirit beckons yonder,
Leading to the churchyard mound!"
On she passed, through wind and shower,
Weeping, trembling, lovely, lone:
Dark and darker fell the hour;
Still the light before her shone.

" Rest thee, rest thee, weeping beauty,
Till the stormy night is o'er;
Victim sweet of love and duty,
Turn thee to the pilgrim's door!"
—" I have shunned the hunter's bower;
I have shunned the baron's hall:
Sorrow is an humble flower
Fittest for the cottage wall."

Soft and slow the stranger entered,
Noble was the voice and air;
Gems were in the turban centered,
Gems were in the raven hair;
Gems upon the caftan glittered,
Gems upon the sandal shone;—
But a lip by woe embittered
Breathed the heavy sigh alone.

Down the cheeks, like dew on roses,
Tears in floods of anguish ran;
Lips, like buds that morn uncloses,
Were with early sorrow wan.
—"Dry those tears, thou lovely stranger!
Taste the grape, and taste the wine:
Courts and kings may think of danger—
Safety dwells in roofs like mine!"

Of the purple grape she tasted—
Tasted of the purple wine;
Still she saw the fruits unwasted—
Still the brimming goblet shine.
Hark! what sounds are round her flowing?
See what shapes are on the wind!
Such were once the visions glowing
On the maiden's midnight mind.

To the silver sounds ascending,
Now the cottage walls arise;
Now the roof is o'er her bending,
Azure as the evening skies;
Painted with a thousand glories,
Lovely as the evening cloud;
Virtue's high, heroic stories,
In the sapphire vault embowed.

What are round her? Rosy pinions,
Waving o'er a pearly car—
Stooping from their blue dominions—
Children of the Vesper Star!
Where once stood the shepherd—beaming,
Stands a spirit, winged and crowned;
In his hand the sceptre gleaming—
On his brow the star-drops bound.

"Come," he cries, "thou lovely maiden!
Come, and be thy lover's bride;
Long, with faithful woe o'erladen,
Hast thou sought me where I died:
Now ascend to Paradise!"
From her shoulders sprang the plume;
Upward to the opening skies
Soared she from her Lover's Tomb!

ST. OMER.

No. II.

St. Omer, Feb. 1, 1828.

With the exception of Calais and Boulogne, St. Omer is better known in England (by name) than any other French town. It is for this reason, more than for any intrinsic merits of its own, that I shall describe it to you in detail: for, notwithstanding the sweet Juliet's sweet philosophy, there is much "in a name." That which we have long known by name merely—whether among persons, places, or things—is more to us than all else besides that we do *not* know by name: for the imagination is so essentially a constructive faculty, that nothing but the absolute want of any foundation on which to place its erections, can keep it from performing its pleasing work. It cannot "build castles in the air," whatever proverbs or poets may say or think to the contrary. But give it the smallest vestige of a spot to build on, be it but a *name*, and straightway its fairy fabrics "rise like exhalations," that nothing but the absolute presence of realities can or need chase away. Many of those who have left "Yarrow unvisited," are possessed of just as good a Yarrow, if not better, than those who have vented songs and sonnets on its "bonny banks and braes;" and even Timbuctoo itself has become familiar as a "household word," since its *name* became one. In short, so far from there being little "in a name," there is more in it than in any thing else, in the proportion of all possibilities to one reality.

The foregoing philosophy being admitted, you must know my ambition is to make my pen for once useful to you; and there is no other legitimate source of the *useful* but the *true*. I shall, therefore, describe St. Omer to you, if it be only to guard you against the possible effects of the rose-coloured descriptions of other people.

St. Omer is a strongly-fortified town, not ill-placed, on a plot of ground which rises in the form of a low mound—the points occupied by the different *portes* being level with the surrounding plain; so that, at whichever point you enter, the streets gradually rise towards the centre of the town. On account of this slight elevation of its site, St. Omer presents a much more striking and impressive aspect from without, than a view of its interior would lead you to expect. Indeed, in one feature, there are few cities that can compare with it for picturesque effect. I know of no other which possesses within its walls so noble a pile of gothic ruins as those of the magnificent abbey of St. Bertin, which, despoiled as it is of much of its antique grandeur, still towers proudly above all the other surrounding buildings, and presents, as viewed from the great road to the interior, through Arras, &c., one of the finest objects of the kind that can any where be seen: and this general effect is greatly heightened by the ruin seeming to rise out of a dense mass of foliage, formed by the lofty trees with which the ramparts and the surrounding roads are planted.

Leaving this splendid feature of St. Omer to be described more particularly hereafter, we will commence our general view of the city from the Grand Place, as usual—that being the spot from whence the various localities of a third or fourth-rate French town may always best be indicated, as it may generally be looked upon as the nucleus from which all the rest has taken its rise. The Place Royale of St. Omer occupies the highest point of the site, and is of great extent, and nearly a perfect

square; but though it includes the Hôtel de Ville and the Tribunal de Commerce, it has not a single feature calling for particular description, except that one corner of it opens immediately upon the loftiest part of the ramparts, and presents a very pleasing view of the neighbouring country. At the north-west corner of the Place Royale, one of the three principal streets commences, and runs in nearly a straight line the whole length of the town. This street (called at present* the rue de Dunkerque) is the principal street of retail business, and is more characteristic in its appearance than any other in the town, on account of the antique air of the houses being more generally preserved. A few of the old gabel ends are retained; some of the fronts are embossed with flowers and fruit; and in most the windows still keep those numerous small squares and thick frames which modern taste has so entirely exploded. All this gives an antique look to the whole, the general effect of which is worth all the (so called) improvements that have elsewhere been substituted in their place. This antique effect, too, is heightened rather than injured by the excellent state of repair and cleanliness in which all the houses are preserved, and even by the various and gay colours—pink, sky-blue, yellow, bright green, &c.—in which many of the fronts are painted. The rue de Dunkerque is of a spacious width, till towards the lower extremity, where it narrows, and finishes in the quay of the canal that runs to Dunkerque, Calais, Gravelines, &c. Parallel with and to the south of the rue de Dunkerque, run the two other principal streets—the rue Royale, and the rue St. Bertin. The first named of these is perhaps one of the best streets possessed by any second or third-rate town in France. It includes but few shops, and has consequently none of the lively, various, and entertaining character of the one described above. But the *coup d'œil*, as seen from the lower extremity, looking towards the Petite Place, in which it terminates, is strikingly good, and, in some respects, reminds one of the High-street, Oxford—with this difference in its favour, however, that no one point of it is unpleasantly inferior to the rest. This street is composed chiefly of private houses, some of which are spacious, and have carriage entrances, enclosing large court-yards; others are approached by double flights of stone steps; but none have any very decided character or style of architecture, either ancient or modern—with one exception: the hotel of M. Sandelin is a noble private residence, the principal rooms of which occupy the three sides of a spacious court—the fourth side being filled up by the screen and gateway which flank the street. But even of this edifice there is nothing remarkable but the screen and gateway, which are lofty and in good taste. The house itself, as seen from the court-yard, has a poor appearance,

* I say "at present," because so inveterately changeable are the habits of the French people, that they cannot let even the names of their streets remain permanent. In many of the principal towns, if you ask for a street by its present appellation, the chances are that the person you address, if an old and old-fashioned inhabitant, either does not or will not know what you mean. Thus, at St. Omer, if you want to be conducted to the rue de Dunkerque, your shortest and surest method is to ask for the rue des Carmes; and at Dunkerque, if you seek the rue d'Angouleme, you should inquire for it as the rue des Capucines. The two changes above alluded to will shew you the sad principle, too, on which these changes are made. The French cannot abide any thing that includes or springs from old recollections and associations. The *ci-devant* titles of these streets served, no doubt, to indicate the site of some old convent or abbey of Carmelites and Capucines. Since the Restoration, too, the best street in every town has become *royale*, whatever it was before. This may be almost taken as a rule.

arising from the numerous windows still retaining their old-fashioned frames and diminutive panes of glass. During the king's late visit to St. Omer, he occupied this house, which was newly furnished for his reception.

The rue Royale widens, at its upper end, into an irregular-shaped open space, which takes the name of the Petite Place, and communicates with the Place Royale by two narrow streets, and also with the other principal street of the town—the rue St. Bertin. This latter runs parallel with the two large streets just described, and is of nearly the same width. It consists chiefly of private houses, occupied by some of the most respectable inhabitants of the town. It also includes the Sous Préfecture, and the military hospital—the latter a vast and most lugubrious-looking old building, composed of brickwork, cut into architectural ornaments, so as to produce, at a distance, the general effect of masonry. This building, and the royal college which is near it, may serve to demonstrate the impossibility of *brick* buildings ever taking a fine or impressive character when reduced to a ruinous and dilapidated state—which extensive *stone* buildings almost always do. Some of the great towers in Flanders and elsewhere, shew that brickwork may be made to produce a very fine effect—and the older the finer—provided it be kept in a perfect state of repair, and the repairs be made to conform to the previous general tone of the building. The great tower at Dunkerque, as described in my last, is an instance of this. But the moment a brick building takes the character of a ruin, or even begins to fall into decay, it loses all power of affecting the imagination to any valuable or permanent end. It might be worth while (if I had time, and you patience) to attempt to develop the causes of this fact. As it is, I shall only say that it arises chiefly from the *literal* character (so to speak) of the details of buildings in brickwork. By a slight effort of the imagination, you may see literally the *hand* of the workman placing every separate brick; and, by a similar effort, you may see the same hand displacing them, or capable of doing so: and a work that a single human hand may be supposed capable of doing and undoing, can never be made to produce any powerful effect on the imagination, except by its being assimilated to some other class of work that cannot be so performed. With a stone building it is different. Huge efforts, aided by all the known powers of mechanism, are required to get together and place its great masses; and similar and almost equal efforts and powers seem required to displace and destroy them—to say nothing of the directing *mind* that the former case necessarily supposes. In fact, in regard to the fine arts, petty details, invariably and universally, produce a poor and petty effect, where they can be severally distinguished and considered. If the finest cartoon of Raffaelle were to be copied in enamel by Mr. Bone, its effect would be worse than lost, and it would be something similar to that of copying the Parthenon in brickwork.

It is not necessary to describe very particularly any of the other streets of St. Omer. There are two running parallel with those above named (the rue des Ursulines, and the Little Rue), each containing many good houses. All the rest are of an inferior character, and have nothing remarkable to distinguish them one from another. Those leading to the different gates of the town are the most lively and frequented; and the best of these is the rue d'Arras, leading to the gate of that name. That leading to the gate of Calais has the most original, and consequently cha-

racteristic look of any, on account of its having undergone less repairing and modernizing. All the other streets of St. Omer (and it includes a greater number, perhaps, than almost any town of its size—not less than seventy or eighty) may be described as, with three or four exceptions, altogether bad. Many are so narrow, that a single carriage can scarcely pass along them with safety to the foot-passengers; many are no better than miserable lanes and alleys; and there is not one that conveys a favourable impression to the observer. And this great lack of good streets is not made up for, as it is in many towns, by squares or open places of any other description. There are, indeed, two small squares, both of them planted with trees, and surrounded by houses; but the houses are of a very inferior description, and in the principal one the growth of the trees is almost entirely stopped by the foolish French custom of training them into a regular shape, on a wooden frame-work.

From this general glance you will conclude, that its internal arrangements are not the attractions which have so long made St. Omer the chosen residence of so many of our self-exiled countrymen. We will proceed to examine what other of its negative qualities may have given it (or rather not given it) this not very enviable distinction.

There is a decent *salle de spectacle* at St. Omer; but (unlike the Dunkerquois) the St. Omerians are not play-goers. The circumstance of two or three of the noblesse families residing at St. Omer, has made it the mode, among the principal native inhabitants, to meet together a good deal in *soirées*, &c.; and this has made it *not* the mode to patronize the provincial players: so that St. Omer is seldom enlivened with the visits of the latter, and never with their permanent presence for any length of time. A troop of provincial actors in France (and indeed every where else) are content with a return for their labours indefinitely small in amount: for play-acting is one of those "virtues" which are "their own reward." They do not mind playing to empty benches; but then they cannot afford to *light* those benches; and they can scarcely contrive to act in the dark:—consequently, they cannot afford to make their visits to St. Omer otherwise than "short and far between."

The weekly market may almost be reckoned among the amusements of a French town, and, to the stranger or traveller, it may always be regarded as one of the most interesting and characteristic scenes. The comparative state of society and manners in any given town may be better judged of by an hour or two spent in its weekly market, than by the same time employed in any other manner. Taking this as one criterion, St. Omer has not yet arrived at any very enviable pitch of refinement. Nine-tenths of the poultry is brought to market *alive*, each couple or so being attended by its respective owners, who have perhaps come three or four leagues to bring to market that particular item of merchandise: so that to furnish a moderate-sized family for the week requires the whole stock of three or four vendors! Seriously, I have never seen more than two or three eatable fowls in the hands of any one person. And with game it is still worse. The English game-laws abolitionists would do well to come here for arguments in support of their system. Almost any body may kill game, in any manner they can, and every body may sell it; and yet frequently the whole produce of the day's market amounts to a hare and a brace or two of partridges; and for these you must sometimes give four or five shillings each the former, and two or three the latter. The ordinary price, however, of a brace of

partridges is about two shillings, and of a good hare three and sixpence. A pheasant I never saw or heard tell of at a French market. In fact, if mere *supply* of the article were the object in view, there would be nothing like your English game-laws, as administered by the coachmen and guards of his Majesty's royal mails! But St. Omer market is ill supplied with every thing, except butter and vegetables: of the latter, there is a profusion, as there is every where in France; and butter you get here of the best quality for about ninepence a pound. With respect to all the other necessaries of life, they may be stated as of nearly the same price in all this northern department of France: so that what I have told you on this head in my previous letters need not be repeated.

With respect to some of the other minor details connected with domestic life, St. Omer is not without its advantages. Its water is very good, being brought to the town through leaden conduit pipes from a considerable distance, and distributed to the inhabitants from public fountains, placed at convenient distances from each other. Another very marked advantage is its cheap and easy communication with neighbouring towns, and particularly with those on the coast, by means of its canals. A passage-boat, not very elegant in its appointments, but sufficiently convenient, leaves St. Omer for Calais every other morning throughout the year, and one of the same description every morning for Dunkerque, each performing the journey in from ten to twelve hours, and for the price of about two shillings to the first named place, and three shillings to the second. This is the price of the best places; the second are about a third less; and the voyage from those towns to St. Omer is performed at the same hours, and for the same prices. St. Omer being also on one (though the least frequented) of the high road to Paris, there is a daily passage of diligences either way. But as these latter pass through the town at most unseasonable hours of the night or morning, it has been found worth while to provide private conveyances, which may be had at any hour, and for a very moderate price. A party of six persons may have a convenient carriage to either Calais or Dunkerque for about fifteen shillings. So that persons coming to reside in this town, may reach it (from London) for less than the fare of an English stage coach to Bath or Cheltenham. This cheapness and facility of communication with England is, no doubt, one of the chief causes of St. Omer being so much in favour with our English economists. They live in "a foreign country," which is much; they get there for almost nothing, and procure the chief necessaries of life for little more than half the price they have been accustomed to pay, which is more; and they can get home again in a single day and night, if they arrange their departure by way of "correspondance," as the French call it, which is most of all: for your true Englishman, with all his passion for wandering from his native country, has no notion of any other being fit to live in, whatever his peculiar views of "life" may be; and even of those who make up their minds to live abroad, nine-tenths spend half their time in railing against the spot they chuse for their residence, as compared with that which they have voluntarily abandoned. Now that I have been led to allude to the English residents at St. Omer, I may as well complete the notice that it seems necessary to take of them, in connexion with my estimate of the place. Perhaps there is no where else that so many are collected together, with so few efforts on the part of the native inhabitants, to either attract or keep them. For a provincial town, there is a

good deal of what may be called society at St. Omer; but the English are not invited (I might almost say permitted) to mix in it, partly, no doubt, from the difference of the national manners in regard to *hours*, &c., but chiefly, I am persuaded, from the natural antipathy that the French people have to the English. It is not too strong an expression to call their dislike a *natural* antipathy, because it arises infinitely less from political circumstances than from the physical constitution of the two people.

"Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together,"

says the song; and the genius of the English character and that of the French differ as much from each other as age differs from youth, and in much the same manner. In fact, the English, after they have reached the age of maturity, are never young; and the French, after they have reached that age, are never old. You should observe the period to which I limit the development of this grand characteristic: for, until they do reach the period of maturity (as it is called) the French *are* old; their children are little men and women, and themselves great boys and girls. Not only are the English at St. Omer not invited into French society, but no respect is paid to their pride, no favour shewn to their prejudices, and no concessions made to their habits, even by those of the inhabitants who hope to get money by them. There is not a place where they can see an English book or newspaper, except at a little beggarly *café*, kept by an Englishmen, where they are charged sixpence for the sight of a paper, said to be published in London three times a week, and (un)known by the name of the Whitehall Evening Post. Even in the (so called) furnished apartments that are provided for them, they are expected to sit upon rush-bottomed chairs, with their feet upon the bare floors, even in the depth of winter, and to make their fires of wood upon the brick hearth, though coals are in more plenty than in London. In short, the only compliment the Englishman will meet with to his national vanity at St. Omer, is in the articles of mince-pies and blacking! These important items, in the economy of human life, he may get under an English *name* at least: all else he must be content to take as thoroughly French as an obstinate adherence to old habits can keep it.

Finally, in regard to English matters at St. Omer, there is an English chapel, and three tolerable English schools—two for males, and one for females. By far the best of the boys' schools is that situated in the Petite Place, and kept by a Reverend B. A. of Cambridge. But what an English boy is to gain by being educated at an *English* school in France is more than I can divine. The *terms* alone (moderate as they are, compared with many of the schools in England) are quite enough to exclude all *French* children; and it is the constant association with *native* companions, teachers of every kind, &c., that forms the sole advantage of educating a boy in a foreign country. I will admit, if you please, that to speak with perfection a *second* living language is, without exception, the greatest adventitious advantage that any one can possess; and that it is worth purchasing by an Englishman, even at the price of being brought up in France or Germany for example. But that there is any chance whatever of his acquiring this advantage at an *English* school in either of those countries it were ridiculous to suppose. In fact,

the only possible advantage offered by an English school in France is offered to *French* youth, whose parents never avail themselves of it, unless, indeed, we count the benefits enjoyed by the *keepers* of the said schools, who avoid, for the most part, the *surveillance* of the parents, charge nearly as much as they would in England for the board, &c., which costs them about half, and, to crown the matter, have the modesty to claim their payments half a year *in advance!* With respect to the actual *effects* of an education at an English boarding-school at St. Omer, all I can tell you is, that the young gentlemen I have happened to meet with, differ in no other respect from the population of a Woodford or Hammersmith academy, except inasmuch as they are more vulgar and *gauche* in their manners, more coarse and heavy in their appearance, and in their habits. The chief circumstance, as it seems to me, of gain, is their having learned to talk indecently in *two* languages instead of one: not, however, that they speak French any *better* than boys who learn it in the ordinary English manner; the only difference is, that they speak their bad French ten times *faster*—a disadvantage perhaps, rather in the proportion of ten to one. The truth is, that if boys are to receive their elementary education in France at all, it should be at a French school: such, for instance, as that attached to the Royal College here, or at the college itself.

There are several schools for females at St. Omer. The one best worthy of mention forms part of the establishment of a convent of Ursuline nuns, which has lately (since the reign of the *parti-prêtre*) been permitted to regain all its former privileges, which were lost at the revolution. In 1800, the superior, having returned from emigration, succeeded in re-uniting some of the sisters, and establishing herself in a small school in the town, which was shortly afterwards, by favour of the authorities of the town, removed to the old *locale*, called the Jardin Notre Dame. Here they contrived to maintain themselves till 1816, when a royal ordonnance established the little society on a permanent footing, and enabled them not only to increase their own number, but to extend their school, which is now as flourishing as it was before its fall. I am disposed to think that, for the *early* education of a young female (even of Protestant parents) no better plan can be adopted than that of placing them in an establishment of this kind—that is to say, provided they are allowed to quit the parental roof at all, for they are likely to learn quite as much here as elsewhere of what it is desirable for them to know: and they *cannot* learn much harm. But I suppose no parents, even Catholic ones, think of leaving their children under the influence of a society like this, after an age at which they become susceptible of a permanent influence at all. The principal ordinary school for females is situated in the rue Royale. It has extensive gardens, a private chapel, &c. and may be considered as a respectable establishment of its kind. There are also three other French pensionnats for females.

Finally, St. Omer has to boast of several charitable institutions, all of which rank here under the general name of hospitals. There is the *Hôpital Général*, for the reception of orphans, and children of the lowest classes; the *Hôpital de St. Louis*, for the treatment of the sick poor; and the *Hôpital St. Jean*, and *Hôpital St. Anne*—each a species of alms-house; and the Military Hospital. With the exception of the latter, all these establishments are served by the sisters of various religious orders.

It only remains for me to mention the ruins which form so distinguishing a feature of this town; they are situated near the lower or south-eastern extremity, within the walls, and consist of nearly the whole external parts of a great Gothic temple, formerly the church of the monastery of St. Bertin. It is nearly four hundred years since this once magnificent temple was erected; and yet, to judge from its remains, it must, before its mutilation at the period of the revolution, have borne all the appearance of a newly erected building, so fresh and perfect are all its remaining parts. The great square tower over the western entrance is nearly perfect, and its belfry still contains the original bells. In all other respects the building is a ruin, all its windows being vacant, no vestige of a roof remaining to any part, and the great fourfold arch, which formed the centre of the transept, standing self-supported, as it were, against the grey sky, and looking as if a breath would bring it to the ground; within, too, and all about, lie broken columns, fragments of capitals, cornices, &c. intermixed with piles of square stones, formerly composing the inner and outer walls. By climbing through certain breaches in the latter, you readily reach the interior, which presents a still more dreary and desolate appearance. The almost fearful effect of the whole is also heightened by every part appearing to be on the point of falling. By a crack which traverses the body of the great tower itself, you see evidently that *that* must have fallen long ago, but for a huge buttress of modern stone work, which has been applied to one side of it. As I have said above, the exterior walls, and nearly all the stone work of the windows, are still standing. Of the interior walls, all are destroyed but that which formed, with the exterior wall on the same side, the northern side aisle. This form, together with the beauty of the ornamental flower-work of the capitals, cornices, &c., gives a most rich appearance to the details of the noble ruins, which sadly contrasts with their desolate general condition, and with the feeling of their absolute nullity which a contemplation of them causes. Every thing you look upon seems to breathe forth a sense of that utter uselessness which results from the view of parts arbitrarily disconnected from each other, and consequently deprived of all consistency, and referring to no object or end. Here stands a pillar, rising abruptly out of the earth, with nothing above looking to it for support: there a broken shaft, half buried in the soil, for the corresponding parts of which you may look in vain. On one hand stretches forth a long line of pointed arches, elegantly designed, and delicately executed; and when you turn, to look for the corresponding line, its place is occupied by a pile of shapeless unhewn stones. Meanwhile, where a solemn silence should reign, and every thing be wrapped in a "dim religious light," the winds are whistling, birds are crying, and the sun is throwing its sharp shadows and its dazzling lights. Most great piles of ruins are so situated, that vegetation of some kind or other has more or less overgrown their deformities; and in some (Tintern Abbey, for instance) it has so entirely possessed itself of them, and in so doing, has so connected and knit their various parts together, that they are even more whole, consistent, and beautiful to look upon than when in their pristine state, especially ruins of the Gothic kind, the leading idea and genius of which evidently had its origin in those first and finest of all temples, the antique woods and groves. But here, not a trace of vegetation is to be seen; all is bare as the bleak side of a

granite rock. In fact, however fine a thing it may be to think of, this immense pile of ruins is less impressive in its effect on the spectator than almost any other; and I attribute the fact to the situation in which it is placed, namely, in the midst of a great living and moving city, surrounded by modern erections, and cut off from connexion with that world of external nature to which inanimate things seem to belong, and to which they all naturally revert, when they have ceased to serve the artificial purposes for which man possessed himself of them. But whatever the causes may have been, the consequences are, that the ruins of St. Bertin, though they add a noble feature to the outward and distant face of the town of St. Omer, are visited in detail without any feeling of veneration, and are quitted with more of pleasure than regret.

Finally, St. Omer possesses, in its ramparts, a public promenade, of a more agreeable and various character than most others of its kind, on account of the irregularity of their scite, and from their being planted throughout with lofty trees. The ramparts of a strong town form one of the very few local and civil advantages that may be set against the many evils arising from the system of fortification. They always form a promenade more or less agreeable, in return for making the town they surround into a great barrack, and depriving it of all *other* agreeable walks, by cutting it off from all communication with the surrounding country. In open towns—all those of England for instance—those who choose, or are compelled, to live in them may enjoy all the advantages of the country, merely by fixing their residence towards the outskirts. But a close town, of whatever size, has no outskirts. It is like a solid piece of a great city, taken up, placed in the midst of an uninhabited spot of country, and enclosed by a solid wall. In short, it is neither more nor less than a great detached prison, with the liberty of egress and ingress between certain fixed hours. And as for finding any thing like an agreeable promenade within the ramparts of a French town, that will be quite out of the question, till some genius arises, who is able to teach human feet the art of making themselves easy upon the tops of rough hewn paving stones. The most agreeable portions of the ramparts of St. Omer are, of course, those which pass over the highest points of its scite; that is to say, flanking the southern side of the Place Royale, and the back of the cathedral. These portions overlook a varied and agreeable country, lying between themselves and the long range of heights, on which the camp has for some years past been established during the summer season. The lower parts have nothing to distinguish them favourably from similar portions of other towns, and assuredly they have nothing to redeem them from the effects of that unnameable habit which ought, by rights, to make "the politest people in the world," a by-word of barbarism to all the other civilized parts of it.

I must not conclude without telling you that, notwithstanding all the protestations of its inhabitants to the contrary, St. Omer is not a healthy spot. Its climate, during nine months of the year, is in no respect better than that of England; and its position, in connexion with a long tract of marshy country, causes it to be seldom without intermittent fever and ague. In short, sulphate of quinine is in considerable request at St. Omer.

A DISSERTATION ON BEARDS, HISTORICAL AND LITERARY;

BY AN EMERITUS PROFESSOR OF SHAVING.

No. II.

Barbæ ratio incredibile est, quantum conferat ad dignoscendam corporum maturitatem, vel ad differentiam sexus, vel ad decorem virilitatis ac roboris, ut videatur omnino non constatura fuisse totius corporis ratio, si quicquam aliter esset effectum.—Lactantius.

If any of the readers of the Monthly Magazine will do me the favour to refer to an article in a former number, bearing the same title as the present, they will see that I had traced the history of the human beard regularly down from the earliest times to those of Julian the Apostate. I then attempted to give some account of the wide spreading controversy which sprung up in the different churches of Christendom respecting the beards* of their priests; and, in so doing, I lost sight of the strict chronological arrangement, by which, at the commencement of my labours, I intended to regulate my future progress. I now propose to adopt a more desultory mode of discussion, which, independent of its other advantages, will enable me to whisk without any circumlocution from England to Constantinople, and from Constantinople to Morocco, and from Morocco to China, or to Russia, or to any other part of the world, where the beard either is, or has been, in veneration and honour.

The successors of Julian, with the exception of Justinian, were all, from Jovian down to the last and bravest of the Palæologi, bearded monarchs; and under their fostering patronage the beard acquired its highest estimation. Any insult or injury offered to the slightest hair of it constituted a mortal offence; and to destroy it entirely was considered equivalent to the destruction of a man's honour and life. A public shaving was even held by the law to be a sufficient expiation for the heinous crimes of rape and murder. In the Chronicles of Savoy, written by Maître Guillaume Paradin, canon of Beau-jeu, there is a story which illustrates this point very ludicrously. It will be in the recollection of the readers of Gibbon, that one of the Counts of Savoy rescued the Greek Emperor Alexis, by force of arms, from captivity and thraldom. "Whilst the Count,"—says the honest canon, in the homely language of the times,—"whilst the Count was at Constantinople, in high honour and congratulation, reaping the fruits of his victory, it fell out, that one of his gentlemen dishonoured by violence the daughter of his host. In consequence of the complaints, which the father made to the aforesaid lord, he instituted inquiries into the manner, in which the Greeks were accustomed to punish those, who were convicted of such offences. His

* A friend has shewn me, since the publication of my first dissertation on sacerdotal beards, an anecdote, which indicates very strongly the bitterness of feeling which this controversy generated among the Catholic Clergy of France. Guillaume Duprat, Bishop of Clermont, who built the College of the Jesuits at Paris, had the finest beard that was ever seen. The canons of his church thought it too fine a beard for a bishop; and, in consequence, came to the barbarous resolution of shaving him in a full chapter. Accordingly, when next he came to the choir, the dean, the prevot, and the chantre, approached with scissors and razors, soapbasin and warm water. He took to his heels at the sight, and escaped to his castle of Beau-regard, about two leagues from Clermont, where he fell sick, and died of vexation. *Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?*

lordship was informed, that the beard of such offenders were publicly cut off. As soon as he heard of this ridiculous punishment, he swore that his gentleman should not escape with less. He therefore caused a scaffold to be erected forthwith in the square of Saint Sophia, and then, having sent for a barber, ordered him to strike the gentleman's beard off without any compunction. With this slight punishment the Count was not less pleased than his gentleman—for the latter thought that he had deserved death, and was very glad that he was not hanged, saying, on all occasions, that the punishment which he then underwent was not sufficient for the crime which he had committed."* From such an opinion there will not be many dissidents at the present moment; but at that time the liberals of Constantinople opposed it tooth and nail; for they protested, like the Ultra Liberals of the Westminster Review, that it was not right, under any circumstances, to inflict death upon a fellow creature.

The anecdote which I have placed before the reader might be considered undeserving of credit, did it stand unsupported by others of a similar tendency. But the authorities, to use a law phrase, are so numerous upon the point, that I think their credibility must remain unquestioned. Thenet, in his Cosmography, assures us, that a short time before the Knights of Rhodes took possession of Candia, the Greeks of that island considered the loss of their beards as the heaviest of punishments. Ulmus informs us, that, while his brother was in that island, he knew an old man who preferred his beard to his life. The governor, to try his mettle, enjoined him, through one of his guards, to cut off his beard without delay. The old man immediately stretched forth his throat, and said to the astonished messenger,—"Tell your master he must first cut off this head." Philelphus, the virulent and abusive adversary of Poggio and Valla, and the original hero of the story of Hans Carvel's ring, converted a Greek of the name of Timotheus, who had been a warm friend, into a bitter enemy, by insisting that he should strip himself of his barbal honours, which he had lost to him in a wager. The incident is narrated at considerable length by Jovius, in his *Elogia,* but may be shortly described thus:—Philelphus and Timotheus quarrelled about the signification of a Greek word. Each wagered his beard that he was right; reference was made to the requisite authorities; and Timotheus then discovered that he was wrong. Philelphus called on him to pay his forfeit. Timotheus begged hard to be excused. Philelphus was inexorable. The beard of Timotheus was cut off, and, to make the loss of it more severely felt, was paraded before the literary friends of Philelphus as a trophy, not of his valour, but of his matchless erudition. So much for the Greeks of the Eastern Empire.

The modern Greeks are not a whit less attached than their ancestors to a majestic beard. Spon, in his travels to the East, declares, that, in his time, it was dearer to them than their religion; and, as a proof of his assertion, informs us, that, when some of them were condemned by the Turks to shave themselves, they apostatized, in order to avoid so melancholy a mishap. Even in our days the Mainotes, if I am to believe a correspondent in the *Constitutionnel,* spend much of their time in the

* Chronique de Savoye, par Maistre Guillaume Paradin, Chanoine de Beau-jeu.—A Lyon, 1552, ad pag. 305. There is in the Facetiæ of Poggio a still more ludicrous instance of this punishment; but we can do no more than allude to it.

decoration of their beards. Whenever they have, or fancy that they have, any motive for hatred, they let them grow, and do not clip or dress them, till they have satisfied it. At the commencement of the present struggle for the liberation of Greece, one of their Papas was held to have done good service to his country, in persuading them to cut off their beards, to deposit them in the ground, and to bury with them their mutual animosities, until the destruction of their common enemy, the Turk, had left them at full liberty to turn their weapons once more against the bosoms of each other.

But it was not merely among the Greeks of the Lower Empire that this absurd and extravagant attachment to the beard prevailed. The records of the Crusades shew that it glowed with an ardour equally ridiculous in the bosom of the Greek princes of Syria. The instances of it, which I have already quoted, are so very extraordinary, that I have thought it necessary to refer to the chapter and verse where they may be found, in order to prove that I have not invented them "for the nonce;" and yet I have another instance still in *petto*, which makes larger draughts on the reader's powers of belief than any which I have hitherto mentioned. It is Willerm of Tyre that tells the story; and as I wish it to rest entirely upon his authority, I quote it at large from his Eleventh Book, where it may be found among the other "Gestes of God through the agency of the Franks." It is interesting, not merely as a picture of the manners of the age, but also as a specimen of the principles of honour, which prevailed at that time among the flowers of Christian chivalry. The author, who, I ought to add, was an archbishop, appears to enjoy the stratagem of his brother crusader very highly, and no where expresses the slightest disapprobation of its meanness and dishonesty. But to my tale.

"About this time (A.D. 1109)"—continues the saintly historian—"Baldwin, Count of Edessa, obtained his release from captivity. As he kept a large body of men at arms, and had no means of rewarding their valour and fidelity, he determined, for reasons with which they were satisfied, to take them with him to Meletania, where he was going to visit his father-in-law Gabriel, who was a very wealthy nobleman. On his arrival at that place, he was received with great hospitality, and was treated by his father-in-law as kindly and as magnificently as if he had been his own son. Late one evening, as the Count and his father-in-law were employed in conversing upon family affairs, the Count's men at arms, as had been previously arranged, burst into the palace, and insisted upon speaking with the Count. 'You know, my lord'—said one of them, who acted as spokesman for the rest—'You know, my lord, as well as I do, the gallantry and loyalty with which the brave men, now here, have served you for years; you know the fatigue and watching, the hunger and thirst, the cold and heat, which they have endured to save the kingdom, which heaven has committed to your government, from the outrages of your enemies, and to repel the attacks of the infidels who dwell around it, and are enemies to the cross of Christ. If you knew them not, I should advise you to appeal for information to these knights, who offer themselves to prove the truth of my assertions. You know, too, how long we have served under your command, without receiving any pay;—how often our necessities have driven us to demand our arrears;—and how repeatedly we have, on your entreaty, indulged you with further time for paying them. Our poverty, however, is now

so urgent that we cannot allow any further delay. Choose, therefore, one of these alternatives—pay up our arrears, or give us the pledge which you solemnly promised us.' Gabriel was all astonishment at this scene, and could not divine what was meant by this formal address to his son-in-law. After he had been informed of the tenour of it by an interpreter, the first thing he did was to ask, what it was that the Count had given as a pledge to his comrades? The Count affected to be overcome with shame, and incapable of replying; but the spokesman declared at once, that the Count had pledged his beard to them, and had given them permission, if he did not pay them by a certain day, to shave it off and leave him beardless. Now it is the custom of all the Oriental nations, as well Greeks as barbarians, to nourish their beards with the utmost care and anxiety, and to deem it the deepest disgrace and ignominy which men can endure, to have a single hair extracted from their cheeks and chins, on any consideration, by force. Gabriel, therefore, asked the Count, whether the story which he had just heard was true? He replied, 'It was.' The old man was more astounded than ever at hearing this answer, and appeared to be driven distracted by it. He, therefore, asked again, why he had so thoughtlessly pledged that badge of manhood, that glory of the face, that manly attribute of authority, which ought to be guarded with the utmost care, as if it had been a matter of slight value, which could be separated from the person without dishonour. The Count replied, 'Because I had nothing else by which I could satisfy the importunate demands of my men at arms; but my lord and father ought not to be so anxious on this account, for I trust, with God's mercy, if I can get my men at arms to indulge me with a longer delay, to be able, on returning to Edessa, to redeem with honour the pledge which I have given them.' The men at arms replied with one accord that they would immediately leave him, and threatened, besides, to shave him on the spot if he did not produce the money. Gabriel, who was a simple man, and unacquainted with their collusion, after hesitating a short time as to what he should do, thought it better to pay the sum, in which his son-in-law was bound to his men at arms, than to allow him to undergo so signal a disgrace. He therefore asked the amount of the debt. He was told 30,000 gold pieces. He promised to pay that sum for his son-in-law; but on this condition, that he should promise upon his honour not to bind himself again to any person, for any consideration, or under any emergency, in a similar penalty. After the money was paid, the Count took leave of his father-in-law, and returned with a full purse to Edessa, accompanied by his men at arms, who were well enough pleased by the result of their journey."

The partiality evinced by the Greeks of the lower ages for these hairy symbols of manhood is the more surprising, as the Saracens and Turks, who differed from them almost in every other point of policy, prejudice, and religion, agreed with them in their aversion to the tyranny of the razor. The beard of Mahomet, which was of a beautiful shining red colour, is the theme of many an Oriental ditty, and the admiration of many an Oriental dandy. Because Mahomet never shaved in his life, the Arabs make the preservation of their beards a fundamental principle of their religion. For the same reason the Grand Sultan's face is always free from the intrusion of the razor. Selim the First deviated from the custom of his predecessors, and dared to shave, alleging as a motive for the innovation, that he was anxious to prevent his Vizier from having

any thing to lead him by. The Mufti, however, reprimanded him very severely for it, declaring, that his motive could not be admitted as a justification, until he had likewise cut off his nose. For this impertinent reprimand Selim cut off the Mufti's head. His Beglerbegs and Bassas shewed their disapprobation of his conduct by cherishing their beards till they reached a most preposterous prolixity. Still the Sultan was undismayed; and, as a proof that he intended to pursue his own beardless system, condemned the most clamorous of his opponents sometimes to the bow-string, and sometimes to become shavelings like himself. There was much unnecessary rashness in this procedure. A wise man should not risk the forfeiture of a crown for such an insignificant absurdity as either a beard or a mass; and Selim ought to have recollected that the deposition and strangulation of Emir Seleyman was occasioned by the resentment which Chassan, the captain of the Janissaries, felt at having a similar disgrace inflicted upon himself. The Turks, however, were not to be driven, even by Selim's example, from their ancient habits; and to this day they remain the most devoted admirers and partizans of lengthy beards. They even deem the Persians guilty of a damnable heresy in abridging them occasionally with the scissors, and in stripping the upper jaw entirely of its natural foliage—a practice, by-the-by, which has involved that nation more than once in long and bloody wars with their neighbours the Tartars, who hold that their own mode is the only orthodox and legitimate mode of trimming the whisker. And yet the first Schahs of Persia were sumptuous to a fault in the ornamental structure of their beards; for if St. Chrysostom is to be credited—and who dares avow his disbelief of a saint?—they even wove and matted them together by threads and buttons of solid gold.

I must here pause in my progress to state that the Turks used formerly to shave their slaves, in order to shew that they were both mentally and corporeally degraded; and that the Moors, who are somewhat akin to the Turks in custom and religion, treat their inn-keepers with great contempt, because they run up and down their houses with chins as smooth, and clothes as soft, as those of women. In one part of Morocco a curious custom prevailed some centuries ago, and, for aught I know, may prevail even at present. In the province of Heez, those who were not married durst not, in the time of Leo Africanus, wear a beard. That was a privilege which nothing but a wife could confer; and to wish a man joy of his beard was, in so many words, to congratulate him on his marriage. The beggars of the country never failed to reap a harvest on its first appearance. "May God pour his blessings on your beard," was a grateful benison to the Benedicts of Mauritania, and generally produced its reward in the pleasant shape of a shower of sequins.

It would be as tedious for the reader to peruse as for me to collect the scattered information which travellers afford respecting the roughness of the chins of the barbarous inhabitants of the almost unknown countries, which extend to the south of Gibraltar, between Ceuta on the one side and Japan on the other; but I believe that I may assert that, in all of them, where nature permits a beard to sprout, the use of the razor, if not unknown, is absolutely interdicted by all powerful custom. The Chinese, to whom nature has given very small beards, are extravagantly fond of very long ones, and feel great envy at the superior fertility of the European face. The Russians were formerly great objects of their admiration; but the exterminating edict, which Czar

Peter issued against their beards, has diminished the respect in which they were held, and reduced them many degrees in the scale of Chinese estimation.

The revolution, which that wonderful barbarian created in the costume of the Russian face, is so extraordinary, as to deserve commemoration in a separate paragraph. Before his time, the nobility and commonalty of that overgrown empire took great pride in the enormous prolixity of their beards, and, if I may judge from an expression in Hudibras, excited the attention even of Western Europe:—

> "His beard was prun'd, and starch'd, and launder'd,
> And cut square *by the Russian standard.*"

Beards were, however, doomed to fall, as well as Boyards, under Peter's unsparing tyranny; and, though he commenced his persecution of them by making his princes as well as his peasants pay a graduated duty for the privilege of retaining them, and by establishing clerks at the gates of his different towns for the purpose of collecting it, he concluded by ordering his officers either to pull up by the roots all the beards which they saw, or to shave them off with a blunt razor, which would draw the skin away after it. "This strange and singular order," says Voltaire, "troubled the vast empire of Russia, and would have cost any other Czar but Peter his crown and his life." He was, however, inflexible and powerful; and, by the terror of his threats, scarce left a beard in his dominions at the time of his decease. Notwithstanding this hostility on his part, such was the veneration of his people for these ensigns of gravity, that, if the writers of his life may be credited, "many of them carefully preserved them in their cabinets, and ordered them to be buried with them, imagining, perhaps, that they should make an odd figure without them in the grave." The lapse of a century has done away even with this feeling, and, but for the pulks of bearded Cossacks, a man with a beard would be as great a curiosity in St. Petersburgh as he would be in Vienna, or Paris, or London, or any other capital city of civilized Europe.

I come from Russia by a very easy transition into Germany; and I am sorry to say, that my total ignorance of German literature prevents me from being as copious and instructive as I ought to be upon this branch of my subject. In the time of Cæsar, the Germans, though they wore beards like most other savages, appeared to have cared very little about their decoration. A century later, in the time of Tacitus, a general shaving was a never failing accompaniment of a public rejoicing. One of their tribes, small in number, but great, as that philosophical historian informs us, in renown, was distinguished from the rest by the anxious predilection, which it displayed for a prolixity of beard, during many generations. I allude to the Lango-bardi, whose very name discloses the ancient bushiness of their chins. Their rough and shaggy appearance inspired such terror, that few of their enemies durst stay to contemplate it; and of that terror their women on one occasion successfully availed themselves, by joining the ranks of their husbands at a critical opportunity, with beards made out of the hair of their heads, and arranged upon their cheeks so as to give them the outward semblance of lordly and imperial man. There was a great controversy about two centuries ago respecting the beard of Charlemagne. It was asserted by one party that he never wore one; and by another, that he wore one of very formidable dimensions. Turpin says that it was only

a palm in length; but other writers assert that it reached down to his feet, forming, I suppose, a comfortable coverlet for his body, whenever he had occasion to bivouack. That his immediate successors belonged to the bearded brotherhood is sufficiently proved by several of their charters now in existence. It appears from them, that it was customary, both in France and Germany, whenever it was the object of the sovereign to give more than ordinary strength and solemnity to his grants, to affix some of his beard to them with his seal; and Ducange, in his Glossary, adduces several curious instances of that practice. The great feudatories followed the example of their imperial masters; and if the Emperor Frederick the First obtained the distinctive title of Barbarossa from his red beard, a vassal of his empire, Baldwin, fourth count of Flanders, gained equal celebrity under the title of *Honesta Barba,* or handsome beard. In the middle of the fifteenth century, the beard had nearly lost its station on the German face. Lochter, who translated Sebastian Brandt's "Ship of Fools" into Latin verse, complains bitterly of the effeminacy of his countrymen in this respect, and gives beard haters a conspicuous place in the cargo of passengers which he places on board of it. I know not whether it was his indignant scurrility that rescued the beards of his countrymen from the ravages of the razor; but several incidental notices in the writings of cotemporary authors induce me to believe that, about a century afterwards, the beards of Germany were allowed to grow to a most portentous longitude. Dr. Bulwer, in his *Anthropometamorphosis,* p. 210, assures us, upon his veracity, that many Germans wore their beards trussed up in their bosoms, because they reaahed to their feet when they were folded out. Peter Daniel Huet, the learned Bishop of Avranches, also celebrates their magnitude in some very elegant Latin verses, and mentions a ludicrous use to which they were put in his time at Hardenberg, in Westphalia. Whenever a burgomaster was to be elected, the burgesses assembled in solemn conclave, and, seating themselves about a round table, rested their ponderous beards upon it. A little animal, which, according to Gibbon, signifies love, and which, according to observation, always travels south, when found in Scotland, was then placed with great ceremony in its centre. Its motions were watched with tremulous anxiety; for the individual in whose beard it first sought shelter, was elected burgomaster for the ensuing year, amidst the festive congratulations of his admiring fellows.* I am aware that the truth of this anedote is positively denied by several of the erudite antiquarians of Germany; and the learned Heumann, in the second volume of his Pœcile, which was published 150 years after the Bishop of Avranches's work, creates a smile by the grave indignation with which he lectures the Frenchman for giving it circulation. "I am surprised," says he, "that M. Huet should have believed such a story. Does not every man of common sense immediately discern the

* Mox Hardenbergam sêra sub nocte venimus;
Ridetur nobis veteri mos ductus ab ovo;
Quippe, ubi deligitur revoluto tempore Consul,
Barbati circa mensam statuuntur acernam,
Hispidaque imponunt attenti menta Quirites.
Porrigitur series barbarum desuper ingens.
Bestia, pes, mordax, sueta intercrescere sordes,
Ponitur in medio; tum cujus, numine Divum,
Barbam adiit, festo hunc gratulantur numine Patres,
Atque celebratur subjecta per oppida Consul.
Huet. Epist. II.

hypothetical impossibility of the fact? Surely it is too much to believe that so absurd a custom could either be adopted by the inhabitants of a civilized country, or be tolerated by those who act as its magistrates." Between two such learned Thebans I hardly know how to decide. Pagenstecher stands up for the truth of the Frenchman's story, and declares that the burgomasters of Hardenberg were so elected in the commencement of the eighteenth century. But I should doubt the correctness of his information, because the Germans have always been close imitators of the fopperies of France; and the beard was decried as a barbarous deformity some years before that time by those who regulated the freaks and fashions of its light-hearted inhabitants. I should venture to draw the same conclusion from a passage in Mencken's excellent treatise on the *Charlatanerie* of Men of Letters, written about the same time. It is not, when all men are bearded, that the strolling buffoons of the day clothe themselves in long beards to excite the laughter of the mob; and yet he says that the most certain mode of collecting a crowd in Saxony, was for an impudent varlet so dressed to mount upon a tub, and to begin to bawl out at the height of his lungs, "I am the celebrated beard of iron *(Sideropogon)*. Listen to him, who is the envy of the present, and the admiration of the future generation." Such an annunciation was considered as a challenge to mirth and good fellowship, and was generally rewarded by a liberal recompense, if the mountebank could go through his part with reasonable dexterity.

It is a long leap from Saxony to Spain; but the plan of my narrative requires me to take it, and therefore, in spite of all difficulties, take it I will. Suppose me, then, alighted in the centre of Castile, and busily engaged in the examination of its ancient records. Pelagio and his Visigoths pass in review before me, with all the chivalry of ancient Spain. I behold a long succession of hardy warriors, equally conspicuous for bravery and for beard. Ruy Diaz de Bivar is in the midst of them, and deserves his title of the "Accomplished Beard,"* no less by the courtesy of his demeanour, than by the hirsuteness of his chin. The Count de Garcias is deploring with bitter tears of grief and rage the insolent complaint he made to the Cortes against its *enormous* bushiness, which he said was intended to surprise one half of the world and to frighten the other. "I thank God," exclaims the Cid Campeador—"I thank God, the governor of heaven and earth, my beard is long, because I have always taken pleasure in nursing it; what objection have you, Sir Count, to urge against it? Never has child of woman dared to touch it —never has son of Moor or Christian brought a razor near it. But it is not so with your's, Sir Count; for when I took your castle of Cabra, and held you by the throat, there was not a lad in my troop who did not pluck away part of your's — and that part which I pluck'd away myself, and blew into your face, has never sprouted again, and never will." In vain does the exasperated Count join with his relations, the Infantas of Carion, to revenge this insult. He falls in the closed lists, to which he is challenged, and, as he dies, beholds the Cid laying his hand proudly on his beard, as a proof that he is satisfied with the expiatory sacrifice offered to its honour. But, though neither Moor nor Christian dared to touch "the fringe and tassel" of the Cid's face, while he was yet alive, an unbelieving Jew attempted to pull it while the body was lying in state near the high altar of the Cathedral of Toledo. The spirit of

* See Sismondi's "De la Littérature du Midi de l'Europe." Tom 3, p. 123.

the Cid, however, lived in his ashes; and the polluting fingers of the Jew had scarcely touched it, before the corpse started from its searments and half unsheathed the Cid's terrible sword Tizona. The dismayed Israelite fled amain; and, fearing lest a worse fate should befall him, atoned his fault in a few days afterwards by embracing Christianity. I do not mean to pledge my veracity to the truth of this statement: but as it is to be found in a manuscript history of the Cid, written in the middle of the twelfth century, and within fifty years of his decease, I think it deserves notice, as shewing the veneration paid at a very remote period by the Hidalgoes of Spain to a flowing beard. I find the same degree of respect continuing to be rendered to it two centuries later. For in an assembly of the Cortes of Catalonia, held A.D. 1351, Peter of Arragon, wishing to distinguish between real and fictitious merit, inflicted very heavy penalties both on those who fabricated, and on those who wore false beards. At a period still more recent, a Spanish nobleman mortgaged the first fruits of his chin for a thousand pistoles, assuring his mortgagee that all the gold in the world could not equal the value of that natural ornament of his valour. Such being the case, the reader will not be surprised at hearing, that the Spaniards were formerly considered the mould of fashion in every thing, which respected the decoration of beards. Ben Jonson, in his Alchymist, says, that if you inquire of any milliner, courtier, or inns-of-court man, you will be told, that as your Spanish gennet is the best horse, and your Spanish ruff the best wear, so is your Spanish beard the best cut; and Cervantes, in his novel of the "Licentiate Vidriera," gives a curious account of the various modes in which his countrymen undertook to ornament it. From his statement it is quite evident that great nicety was used in the dyeing of it; and that it was not at all unusual to behold all the different colours of the rainbow blended in the beard of a coxcomb of the first water. He sneers at some low born fellow who had dyed one half of his beard black and the other white; and mentions, with considerable applause, an ingenious stratagem, by which a young girl rescued herself from the embraces of an old man, to whom her relations had contracted her against her will. On the night before his wedding day, the aged lover had applied some cosmetic dye to his beard, which changed it before morning from a venerable white into a very juvenescent black colour. On his making his appearance at the church door, thus strangely metamorphosed, his promised bride insisted that he was not the man whom she was engaged to marry, and brought forward witnesses to prove that the person to whom her parents had betrothed her, was not a youthful black-haired Adonis, but a grave grey-headed and grey-bearded pantaloon. She therefore treated him as an impostor, and thus gained time to settle an elopement with a younger lover, who required not the adventitious aid of art to set off his natural accomplishments. The Princess Micomicona and the Countess of Trufaldi are neither of them considered by Don Quixote to be properly attended, until they are provided with well-bearded 'squires—which may be taken as another proof of the partiality of the Spaniard to this grisly excrescence of the human face. A writer of the name of Guzman, of whom I know nothing, except that he is often quoted by the learned Dr. Bulwer, with whom he seems to have been a prodigious favourite, shews that his countrymen had several other points to mind, besides either the cut or the colour of it. He says, that it was customary for every gentleman of rank to put his beard at night into a press, made of two thin trenchers, "screwed wonderfully

close, so that no giterne could be shut up more closely in its case," and to keep it there till the next morning, when it was taken out with even corners, and arranged in the mode which the wearer thought most becoming to his form and dignity. He points out, with considerable glee, the practical absurdities of which a formal doctor of his acquaintance had been guilty, in endeavouring to trim his beard according to the latest fashions. He had made his mustachoes as straight and as level as a ruler, and had cut his beard as just and as even as a privet hedge, giving to it the form of a broom, narrow at the top and broad at the bottom. Whether he was accustomed to give it the same "starching and landering," which Hudibras was in the habit of bestowing upon the barbal parts of his face, I cannot pretend to divine; but I think it not improbable that he did, from the allusions to the practice which I have found in other Spanish writers of the seventeenth century. With that century, however, the glory of their beards departed. At the commencement of the eighteenth century, a new dynasty entered upon the government of the country, hostile at once to the liberties and to the beards of its inhabitants. Philip the Fifth brought with him from France a shaved chin; and, by the influence of his example, soon made his grandees as beardless as himself. When the king and his grandees thus renounced the custom of their forefathers, it became almost imperative upon "the rogues and peasant slaves" of the country to renounce it too. They did not, however, submit to the innovation either so speedily or so patiently as was expected of them—loud were the murmurings and deep the resentment which it created—and those murmurings and that resentment are perpetuated in a proverb, which ascribes all the losses of Spain during the last century to the loss of its bearded dignity. "*Desde que no hay barba, no hay mas alma.*" But on this subject it is painful to dilate. Who that recollects the early glories of Spain—her colleges, abounding with philosophers and men of letters, at a period when neither colleges, nor philosophers, nor men of letters were to be found in any other region of Europe,—her princes, and her people, voluntarily circumscribing their mutual prerogatives for the benefit of each other, and generously defending the distressed victims of religious persecution against the sanguinary assaults of the Church of Rome, at a time when the vengeance of that church generally struck with unerring certainty,—her long and arduous struggle with the fanatic valour and insatiable ambition of her Moslem invaders, who threatened to render the West as desolate as they had already rendered the East, and her memorable and immortal triumph over them at last by her own unaided and indomitable spirit—her enthusiastic love of enterprize and daring, which added a new quarter to the world, and gave to science a new theatre for its discoveries, and to civil and religious liberty a new arena for its beneficent triumphs;—who, I say, that recollects all these early glories of Spain, and that sees the brutalizing ignorance, intolerance, apathy, and slavery, which now degrade her in their stead, would not rejoice and be glad, if he could attribute the existence of such demoralizing evils to the same cause which is assigned for it in the national proverb? The expulsion of the razor would then do more for the moral regeneration of Spain than the expulsion of all the priests of prey, who now batten on its entrails; and the restoration of the beard would be more successful than the restoration of the Cortes in regaining for her her ancient weight in the scale of nations. H. W.

"DO NOT FORGET ME, LOVE!"

"Do not forget thee," love?
No—by yon Heaven above,
Life's sun must set—
Whether prosperity
Come, or adversity—
Ere what thou'st been to me
I can forget.

Man may indeed forego
Love, with its weal and woe;
But the strong net,
Once spread o'er woman's heart,
Ne'er may again depart—
(Nature obeys not Art)—
Can she forget?

Dost thou remember when,
Down in yon hazel glen,
First, love, we met?
Sweet as athwart the lea
Murmured the summer sea,
What was thy vow to me—
Dost thou forget?

What, though no priest below
Sanctioned the solemn vow,
Did we not set,
Stampt, on each word of bliss,
Love's own best seal—a kiss?
And was it but for this—
Thus to forget?

There was indeed an hour
When, spurning passion's power,
Bright eyes were wet;
Childhood, in calm repose,
Wept o'er its withered rose:
Who such pure tears as those
E'er can forget.

Love, with its hopes and fears,
Sprang up—why still with tears
Are those eyes wet?
Love, once so pure, sublime—
Love has become a crime;
Yet spare youth's errors, Time!
Spare, and forget!

And thou, whose fatal smile
Played but round lips of guile,
Leave me not yet:
Did I not, young and free,
Sailing Love's summer sea,
Hope, home, friends—all for thee
Strive to forget?

What, though we ne'er again
Meet on life's stormy main
As we *have* met;
Still, 'mid thy noon of fame,
Bright when burns Love's pure flame,
Henry, one little name
Do not forget!

H. B.

COLONIAL POLICY—MR. HUSKISSON'S COLONIAL TRADE BILL, 1825.

AMONG the features which have marked the commercial policy of the principal states of modern Europe, perhaps none has stood so prominently forward as that of colonial dominion. Indeed, with them appears to have originated the idea of making commercial policy at all a motive to the establishment of colonies. The Grecian colonies were only the receptacles of the superabundant population of the parent city, or the honourable asylum of those who, in the lottery of political struggle, had drawn the blanks: while those of Rome were no more than garrisons to conquered provinces or settlements, with which an usurping aristocracy contrived to bribe the people into acquiescence with its violation of the Agrarian law. In neither does the prospect of commercial benefit appear to have entered, in the remotest degree, into their establishment. But even with the founders of this modern policy, the description of advantage which it was proposed to derive from it, has undergone considerable variation since its original institution. It was in the midst of the vulgar delusion that the wealth of a nation depended upon the quantity of its gold, that the enterprise of the Spanish, Portuguese, and English navigators first led to the discovery of countries, in which the supply of that metal was supposed to be inexhaustible. But while the discovery of these new regions was presenting one vast but untenanted El Dorado to the imagination of mankind, their thirst for gold quickly prompted them to its possession; and even at a somewhat later period, when this absurd notion had given birth to what was called the "mercantile system," one of the arguments which were held conclusive to the colonization of India by the English East-India Company was the tendency of their trading to increase the amount of the precious metals at home. Whether, warned of the fatal results of this error by the gilded poverty of Spain and Portugal, or whether—perhaps the more probable solution—in consequence of the diminishing supply of gold which the colonies were producing—the people of the mother countries began, after a while, to seek other sources of profit from their possessions; and in the wants of the colonists for the manufactures of the parent states, the latter flattered themselves they had discovered abundant harvests of gain: though, as the result of their dealings, the mother country must necessarily have become possessed of the produce of its colonies, the principal advantage proposed to be derived from them was *encouragement to its own manufactures;* and an English legislator of high celebrity actually pronounced the only use of colonies to be the monopoly of their consumption and the carriage of their goods.

The monopoly of supply became accordingly the grand object of colonial legislation; and of this exclusive companies contrived, in some instances, the usurpation; and, in all, the restriction upon the colonists was the agency by which it was accomplished. Down to a very late period, this has continued almost the exclusive object of regulation; and though, as far as the British colonies are concerned, Mr. Huskisson's recent measures, for opening their ports to the importations of all nations, is a direct abandonment of it, yet the provision with which his bill is fettered, for subjecting foreign goods to "such moderate duties as may be found sufficient for the fair *protection* of British productions

of like nature," shews that the old leaven still continues to leaven the lump.

Perhaps, however, there is no government in Europe in which this system of colonial possession has taken so deep a root as in that of Great Britain. Whether this be owing to the number of influential but sinister interests, which in this highly aristocratical country are promoted by its existence, it is not our present object to inquire. That it occupies a prodigious page in our history—that it has dipped deeply into our blood and our treasure—that it has still very profuse demands on our taxation—and that it absorbs an enormous proportion of the time and attention of our legislature—are facts, however, which are totally beyond the power of dispute. Any one of these facts is sufficient to provoke the most serious inquiry as to the wisdom of the policy which has given birth to them: yet men can continue to gaze on in stupid indifference; or, if their attention be a moment arrested, it is only to be captivated, by a set of vague generalities and flashy sophisms, into a devoted advocacy of a policy, of which in reality they know little more than its existence. To remove as much as in us lies the general ignorance on this most important subject, we propose to present our readers with as brief an epitome as the nature of the case will permit of the true principles on which this species of commercial policy is founded.

It has been said that colonies and the mother country being but *integral parts* of the same community, all the relationships exist between them which exist between any other more closely connected departments of the same empire,* and that the commercial intercourse of the two varies not, accordingly, in principle, from that domestic interchange which takes place between the more compact divisions of the mother country. This is a fallacy, into which people have fallen from not observing, that, while in reference to the whole all the parts are equally its component members, yet, in reference to each other, the relationships of those members may be widely different. Thus, as far as Lancashire and Jamaica, both enter into the composition of the British empire, they are equally parts of that empire; but inasmuch as Lancashire and the other counties of Great Britain form in themselves a community distinct and independent from that of Jamaica and the other colonies—a community in the government of which (though owing to it an implicit obedience) —yet have they not the slightest participation; Jamaica and the other colonies can, in reference to Great Britain, as contradistinguished from the entire British empire, be considered only in the light of foreign dependencies, and the trade of Great Britain to those dependencies only in the character of a foreign trade. And, in point of fact, notwithstanding, whenever it has suited the purposes of *interest*, this *ad captandum* designation of colonies has ever been put forth, the policy in which they have been governed has most completely stamped them with the character of foreign dependencies. "The colonists have no right," said Lord Chatham, "to manufacture even a nail for a horse-shoe;"—rather a

* See a specimen of this mode of reasoning in the Emigration Report of 1826, when, contemplating the transfer of the emigrant to the colonies, it is urged as an argument, that "it will be found that he produces infinitely more than he consumes, and the *national wealth* will be increased by the change, IF the colonies are to be considered as *integral parts of the nation at large.*"

curious declaration, we conceive, to the equal members of the same community—the common participators of the same "glorious constitution!" Had Lord Chatham told that integral part of the British empire, the colonial-nurtured city of Bristol, it had no right to manufacture its own glass, but must purchase it from the West-India colonies, we wonder with what grace the Bristolians would have received this declaration of parental and even-handed justice!!

Now, however extensive was the opinion we have noticed to have been once entertained, that the value of colonial trading was to be found alone in the vent which it gave to the productions of the mother country, and by however high authority that opinion has been supported, a moment's reflection will make it obvious to the meanest capacity that this, instead of being in itself an *end* of foreign trade, is only the *means* to the attainment of a widely different object. Mankind are the creatures of want and desire; and experience has taught them that they can accomplish more abundant gratification of their wants and desires by a distribution of industry, confining each individual to employ that command over labour with which his capital invests him in the production of some one commodity, as a means to the attainment of others, rather than by producing those others for himself.

It is plain, then, that the employment of capital possesses in itself no *intrinsic* advantage. It is beneficial only because, *through its intervention*, its employer is *enabled to obtain the productions of others*. If all, or any, of the objects of desire to the individuals of a community are capable of production within its own limits, and with greater facility than they can be supplied from without, it will be the interest of the community to supply its consumers from within, with so many as are capable of such production; if otherwise, interest would dictate a resort for their attainment to any foreign countries which might possess the assumed superiority. To accomplish this, an adequate proportion of the productions of the community would be exported as the *instruments of purchase;* but here it is obvious their exportation could be no more than the *means:* acquisition of the produce of the foreign country would be the only *object* of the transaction. The manufacturers and merchants engaged in ministering to the traffic would, as owners of produce, become, in common with the community at large, gainers by a state of things which enabled a smaller amount of production to purchase what, under other circumstances, must have required a larger; but in no other respect would they benefit by such an extension of their market. Extension of market, though widening the field, possesses in itself no power to increase the quantity of trading. This is always governed by the amount of capital capable of embarkation in it; and it will be immediately perceived that the dealings of him whose capital restricts him to the production of commodities of the value of 5,000*l.*, can derive no enlargement of trading beyond that amount from the proximity of a market adequate to the absorption of articles of the value of 50,000*l.* But for the existence of this foreign traffic, as well the capital employed in furnishing the instrument of exchange, as the amount of capital saved by the operation, would have been employed in producing at home the object of desire, thus more advantageously procured from abroad. To that production capital would have been allured by a return of the average rate of profit; but in foreign, as well as in every other description of commerce, the competition of merchants would, in the long-run, pre-

clude this from being exceeeded.* Were it not that the acquisition of that foreign produce was the interest of the community—in other words, could the given object of desire be furnished at home for a less amount of produce than was required for its purchase abroad—the very act of engaging in that purchase would, in as far as they were consumers, inflict upon the capitalists employed in it all the loss involved in diminution in the productive powers of labour. Not only then is the acquisition of the produce of a country the only object for which another exports thither its own productions, but it is in those circumstances alone which make that acquisition the *general interest of a country,* that it is the *interest of its capitalists* to engage in the traffic.

It may be safely then assumed, that in every transaction of foreign commerce its only legitimate objects are to supply from abroad commodities incapable of production at home, or to economize the labour of the community by furnishing it with those articles, to obtain which at home would require an increased amount of industry to be forced into their production. But we have seen that the trade which a mother country carries on with her colonies can be viewed in no other light than a foreign trade. The value then of the dominion involved in colonial relationship, as an agency for promoting commercial advantages, must be sought in the demand for its application, which exists in the relative inadequacy of an independent trade to the achievement of those two objects. But this inadequacy can only be ascertained by an examination of the circumstances in which it is capable of arising. It is necessary, therefore, that we should here recapitulate the only cases in which the interests of a country can dictate its engagement in foreign trade with another. We must premise, however, that the mere existence of that trade assumes the relative superiority of a country with which it is carried on over every other country in the production of those commodities which it is instituted to obtain.

That in which a desire exists for those productions of the foreign country which are altogether incapable of attainment at home, is too obvious to require illustration.

The cases in which economy of labour is the object are three:—

1. That in which the foreign state and the home possess equal relative superiorities in the production of objects of desire to both.
2. That in which, with an equality, or even inferiority, on the part of the home country, in every production of its industry, the foreign country possesses a superiority in some one object of desire to the home, exceeding the latter's inferiority in the rest.
3. That in which, notwithstanding the proportion of inferiority in the home country, in every single production of industry, exceeded the superiority of the foreign in the given objects of desire, there yet existed some third country, in which, in return for a less amount of labour than the production of that object of desire would require at home, the home country could procure an

* Should any of our readers have fallen into the error of Adam Smith, in supposing the existence of a capacity in foreign trade to raise the rate of profits in a country, we must refer them to a luminous exposition of that error, given by Mr. Ricardo, in his "Principles of Political Economy," p. 132.

equivalent which she could afterwards export to the first mentioned country, as an instrument for the purchase of that object of desire.

The first case is as simple as can be conceived.—Supposing the money price of all commodities to be equal in the two countries: if it required in England a capital of 15,000*l.* to produce as much corn as could be brought to market in America with a capital of 10,000*l.*, while, with a capital of 10,000*l.*, England could manufacture as much cloth as would have required in America a capital of 15,000*l.*,—it is plain that it would be the interest of England to purchase her corn of America by the interchange of her cloth. Her consumers would thus be supplied with corn at one-third less than the cost at which they could have purchased it at home; which, as far as it is involved in the production of this one article, one-third of the capital of the country would have been liberated to the production or purchase of other commodities.

But supposing, to take the second case put, while their relative facilities in the production of corn continued the same, America had made successive improvements in the art of cloth-making, by which, first with a capital of 10,000*l.*, and subsequently with one of 8,000*l.*, she could manufacture a quantity of cloth equal to the produce of England's 10,000*l.*; in either case, if there were no other commodity which she could manufacture with the same facility as cloth, it would still continue the interest of England to export her cloth in exchange for corn. In the former case, as cloth, which would cost in the English market 10,000*l.*, would sell for no more than 10,000*l.* after it had *arrived* in America, England would lose the cost of carriage by the transaction; but, with 10,000*l.* and the cost of carriage, she would still continue to supply herself with corn, which would have cost her 15,000*l.* to produce at home; consequently, excepting so far as her profits were diminished by the cost of carriage, she would still save 5,000*l.* in every 15,000*l.* In the latter case, to compete in the American market, England must not only lose the cost of carriage, but sell for 8,000*l.* cloth which cost her 10,000*l.* in the making; but she would still, in return for her cloth, purchase corn which would have cost her 15,000*l.* Consequently, in the article of cloth she would lose 2,000*l.* and the cost of carriage. In reality, she would be giving 12,000*l.* and the cost of carriage for her corn. Even here, then, she would save something less than 3,000*l.* on every 15,000*l.* But supposing—to put the third case—America, still retaining her relative superiority in the production of the corn, had even pushed her improvements in cloth making to the point of producing with a capital of 5,000*l.* a quantity of cloth, in the manufacture of which England still continued to require 10,000*l.*—if England and America were the only two countries in the world capable of commercial interchange, it would cease to be profitable to England to exchange her cloth for corn, because she would lose 5,000*l.* and the cost of carriage, to save, after all, no more than 5,000*l.* But the intervention of third countries might still make it the interest of England to continue to purchase her cloth from America. If there were any one country within the range of her commercial relationship, in which England, by reason of either natural or acquired superiority, could, for any amount of capital under 15,000*l.*, purchase an equivalent, either in the precious metals or otherwise, which she could export to America for the purchase of corn, it

would still be her interest to continue the American corn trade, because she would save by all the difference between the cost of her equivalent and the 15,000*l.* it would have cost her to grow corn at home. Say, for instance, that, with a capital of 14,500*l.*, she could produce any one commodity for which she could obtain from France gold to that amount. By employing her industry in the manufacture of that commodity, as the means for the purchase of American corn, she would still continue to save, after making allowances for the cost of carriage, 500*l.* in every 15,000*l.*

Having thus ascertained the cases in which this interest would arise, the securities for its attainment are the next most obvious subjects of inquiry. There cannot, however, be a stronger security than an union of interest on the part of the foreign country. Yet, in all the cases put, this has a demonstrable existence. In that in which the foreign country was the exclusive producer of the object of desire to the home, the realization of the ordinary profits of stock will be a never-failing inducement to its production. So long, then, as a desire of possession exists in sufficient strength to induce those affected by it to part with an equivalent adequate to accomplish this result, so long will the gratification of their desires be ensured. It will be immaterial that the home country is inferior in its entire powers of production, not only to the producing country, but to all the other countries in the world, in every article of life. Assuming only the productive power of the foreign country to co-exist with the purchasing power of the home, possession can in this case know no other limit than desire.

But while, in the first of the other cases we have put, the general interest of America would be no less promoted in acceding to the interchange, than that of England in seeking it, in all an average return of profit would, in like manner as in the previous case, be an adequate security for the employment of capital in the production of the articles which it was the interest of the latter to purchase from thence. But what would thus be the interest of all the capitalists and consumers in the two countries, the enterprise of their merchants would assuredly discover; while competition would secure the pushing of that interest to its utmost extreme.

The high profits of stock, consequential upon the discovery of such advantageous interchange, would allure the reciprocal competition of merchants. This would only leave off from increasing at the point at which increase would be unprofitable. But this could not happen until the interchange ceased to return the ordinary profits of stock upon the capital employed in effecting it. The very arrival, however, of competition at that point would have already proved that the commodity had been brought into the market at the lowest price which the labour of production would permit. We trust, then, we have established, upon the unshakeable basis of demonstration, this inevitable result—that, in every unrestricted interchange with foreign countries, so long as there are any objects of desire to the consumers of the home, which it is their interest to obtain from abroad, and there is a single commodity which is capable of production at home with greater facility than in any one other country within the expansive range of commercial intercourse—so long will the strongest of all human agencies, self-interest, ensure to those consumers the possession of that object of desire at the lowest possible cost which the labour of production and the realization of the ordinary profits of stock in both countries will permit.

The inadequacy, then, of that species of foreign trade which rests upon no other foundation than reciprocal interest, to the attainment up to this point of the only commercial object of all foreign interchange, is capable of existing only (if at all) in the solitary case which the existence of that commerce, from the earliest records of history, demonstrates never yet to have arisen in any country in which civilization had advanced even a single step, and which we may pronounce never will arise with as much certainty as we foretell the rising of the sun on Thursday morning when we witness its sinking to rest on Wednesday night. What would be its inadequacy in a case so barely within the extremest verge of possibility, it would be, for all practical purposes, frivolous to inquire.

A mere commercial relationship then, unaided by the compulsory agency of dominion, being demonstrated sufficient to secure to one country the produce of another, at a price adequate to replace the cost of production, including the ordinary profits of stock in both countries on the capital employed in effecting it, the value of colonial dominion, as an agency for promoting commercial advantage, must be sought in its power to supply that produce at a lower price than would repay the cost of production, including the profits of stock. Whether such a power have existence, we proceed to examine.

That there is nothing in colonial trading to induce the capitalists of the mother country to forego a proportion of the ordinary profits of capital for the benefit of the consumers, is a self-evident proposition. The agency then, to be operative at all, must be exercised in restriction on the colonies. Now, as their produce is the object of attainment, it is plain that restriction must be directed to secure to the mother country the monopoly of that produce. This can only be accomplished by confining the colonies to the market of the mother country for the disposal of that produce. It may be doubted whether, in colonies of any great extent, this is capable of attainment. An expensive naval and military apparatus may perhaps accomplish it in colonies of small extent; and it is obvious that, whether large or small, if it be to the interest of the colonies to dispose of their produce to other countries than the parent country, and it is the interest of those countries to become its purchasers, the *attempt* at evasion will assuredly be made. We have seen that the policy of governments has hitherto been rather to treat colonies as markets for the *sale of their manufacturer's productions*, than as those in which consumers were enabled to *purchase the objects of their desires*. In the spirit of this policy, the general tenor of their restrictions has been to monopolize to the home country the *supplying* of the colonial market. But the whole history of these restrictions sufficiently demonstrates the utter incapacity of artificial restraint to prevent men from following the dictates of self-interest, in securing to themselves the most profitable return for their industry. Notwithstanding the celebrated Act of 1663, which restricted the importation into the British plantations of every commodity of the growth, production, or manufacture of Europe, but such as were laden and put on board in England, Wales, or Berwick-upon-Tweed, Lord Sheffield states [Observations on American Commerce]—"that when the colonists found they could import cheaper from other countries than from England, they had very little difficulty in evading our restrictions;" and it is very certain that all the guarda-costas of Spain could not prevent the importation into her colonies of the pro-

hibited commodities of France and Germany. But these importations would never have taken place, except for the object of bringing back an equivalent. Their existence, therefore, sufficiently proves the extreme difficulty of securing, under any circumstances, the monopoly of the produce of a colony. "After all the unjustifiable attempts," says Adam Smith, "of every country in Europe to engross to itself the whole advantage of the trade of its own colonies, no country has yet been able to engross to itself any thing but the expense of supporting in time of peace, and of defending in time of war, the oppressive authority which it assumes over them. The inconveniences resulting from the possession of its colonies, every country has engrossed to itself completely; the advantages resulting from the trade, it has been obliged to share with many other countries."

But, assuming the very questionable possibility of securing the monopoly of colonial produce, it is obvious that the market for its disposal must be either confined to an exclusive company, or thrown open to all the markets of the mother country. What the effect of this policy would be on the colonies themselves, we shall presently have occasion to explain. At present, we have only to deal with its results to the mother country; and here, to every anticipation of benefit from its adoption, we have the unanswerable objection, that, while the same monopoly which secures to an exclusive company the produce of the colony enables that company to direct its distribution, their own interest would necessarily drive them to exact the *highest price which was consistent with securing to themselves a sale;* and that, consequently, under the agency of an exclusive company, the consumers would be *worse off* than a state of free interchange could possibly leave them. In the article of tea alone, it is said, by a writer in a late number of the *Edinburgh Review*, that we pay the East-India Company 2,000,000*l.* more every year than we should do if the trade was open. But supposing the markets were open to all the merchants of the mother country, the case would stand precisely thus:—The competition of these merchants would, on the one hand, ensure their purchase of the colonial produce at the highest price which could yield them on sale the ordinary profits of capital; and the competition of colonial merchants, on the other, would reduce that price to the lowest amount, which, after replacement of the cost of production, would return them the usual rate of profit in the colonies. This is, however, precisely the point at which the same causes would have adjusted the cost of purchase in the absence of the agency of restriction. With the exception, then, of the only circumstance of which, from its all but physical impossibility, it is here frivolous to inquire, it is capable of reduction, even to the certainty of a mathematical demonstration, that the agency of dominion which a mother country exercises over her colonies has not the slightest power to render foreign trade more productive to a country than natural circumstances would leave it.

But it is urged, that, though all we have advanced may be strictly true in an Utopian state of the universe, in which every nation was to be at peace, and all their cabinets governed by the principles of economical science, the liability to which a country is now exposed of having her supplies cut off by war ought to drive her to colonies, as a means of securing her independence. Such an objection, we confess, in a world in which war has been so long the pastime of its rulers, is too serious to be passed by unnoticed; but, we apprehend, on examination, it will be

found to contain much more of speciousness than solidity. In ignorance that, though annoying their enemies, they were, at the same time, much more grievously injuring themselves, nations, when they have gone to war with each other, have invariably closed their ports against the produce of the hostile country and of its dependencies. But this is only an act of voluntary *self-deprivation;* and if, under such circumstances, an apprehension should reasonably enough exist of a deficiency of supply, we apprehend it is sufficiently to be accounted for in the absurdity of a system which would compel a nation to point the guns of its batteries as much against the merchant vessel which came to supply its wants, as the ship of war that was attempting the entrance of its ports only to exterminate its inhabitants. Were the ports of a country to continue open to the merchants of another, *notwithstanding the existence of war between them,* the ordinary motives to interchange would induce the merchants of the latter to bring thither all the produce of their own country or of their dependencies of which the former could stand in need; and the experience of all commercial history amply proves, that to attempt, by restrictions on exportation, to prevent them would be the most futile of all frivolous attempts. But supposing the old system were to continue, and nations, refusing to avail themselves of the benefits which each was capable of yielding to the other, simply because eager to inflict on the other all the mischief in its power, were still to make the commencement of hostility the signal for closing their ports, we should be glad to know what is the description of foreign supply, the cutting off of which is thus exciting alarm? The answer is obvious—Colonies being proposed as the remedy, the description of supply known under the term colonial produce must necessarily be the subject of apprehension. Now it happens truly enough, that the cutting off of this description of supply has, to every country possessing colonies, been very justly a ground of alarm in all the wars in which she has engaged. But why? Simply because that supply being the produce of *her possessions,* has been the *property of a part of her community,* and therefore it was, by the laws of war, the *legitimate prize* of the enemy whenever its fleets could accomplish the capture. During the late French war, had our West-India colonies, instead of forming *a part of our possessions,* been *independent states,* their produce would have found its way into our harbours, in their unarmed merchantmen, with just as much security and certainty as when they came under the pompous protection of convoying fleets. An attempt to control the trade of a neutral country can only end in involving the meddler in a war with that neutral country: to pirate the neutral ships trading to the country with which another might happen to be at war, would be to invoke the hostile combination of all the powers of the globe possessed of a merchant navy. Yet the "*possibilitas remotissima,*" as the lawyers term it, of a nation being at war with all the countries capable of supplying this colonial produce, is urged as a reason for our availing ourselves of the agency of dominion to command a supply from some. To what extent this agency is capable of application, we leave our readers to judge in the experience of our American colonies. Assuming, however, that colonies would continue, like dutiful children, to yield obedience to the mother country so long as the parent chose to exact it, we will examine what demand this extraordinary state of circumstances would create for colonial dominion. Now, remote as is this assumed possibility, we conceive the greater improbability of a country being

at once involved in war, not only with the countries which could directly furnish this colonial produce, but *with all others on the face of the globe,* to be too extravagant to be one instant admitted by any being capable of the slightest effort of ratiocination. Yet, unless a country were precisely in this state—that is, unless there were *no single neutral country within the range of her intercourse* (and how wide that range might be, who can pronounce?)—what should prevent the merchants of each country from making of some neutral one a common market—a general bazaar for the purchase and sale of their respective produce? Nothing, we confess, that we know of; and though it is to an extreme case only that we propound this extreme remedy, we seriously believe that, if occasion should arise to resort to it, the enterprise of merchants would soon prove it to be no chimera. Yet supposing, after all, Great Britain did stand in need of the colonial produce of France, or any other nation with whom we might happen to be at war, and completed the possible reluctance of such nation to furnish her with that produce by shutting her own ports against it, there is a merchant on whom we could still depend for our supply—a merchant whom no restrictions can check—whose enterprise no warfare can subdue, and who has never failed us in time of need—one whom Napoleon, who could dethrone monarchs, could never conquer;—and that merchant is the smuggler. The evidence of this is too notorious to require recapitulation. To have introduced this question to the recollection of our readers will be, we trust, amply sufficient for our purpose. In whatever point of view, therefore, we examine the objection which the contingency of a state of warfare introduces to our general reasoning, we trust we have expressed its emptiness. Though directly tending to introduce that universal peace which is one of the leading features of an Utopia, the principles of economical science will be found true even under a state the most directly opposed to it. The problems of political economy are all founded upon a principle, which, whether of good or evil tendency, is nevertheless the most acknowledged principle of human action—that of self-interest—a principle which it requires no Utopian state of things to foster, and which nothing hitherto promulgated has been adequate to check or control.

Notwithstanding all we have urged, there may, however, be those of our readers who, perhaps, from deep-rooted prejudice, or other causes, may yield, after all, but a reluctant assent to our reasoning. We shall, therefore, go on to exhibit the mischiefs of this system of colonial policy, that, when more completely put into possession of all the items of its debtor and creditor account, a summing-up of the reckoning may better determine whether the balance lie on the side of good or evil.

Now it is plain that that state of circumstances will be most desirable to a community in which its individuals will, in return for the least amount of labour, be enabled to acquire the greatest quantity of the objects of desire. But this is to be accomplished only by an employment of the resources of the country in the production of those commodities in which, in relation to other countries, it possesses the greatest natural or acquired superiority, either to provide a direct supply of those objects of desire, or to furnish an equivalent for their purchase in foreign states, indued on their parts with the same relative superiority over other countries, and that in the highest extreme. Such a distribution, however, of the industry of a community, the interest of its consumers and the enterprise of its merchants would, in the absence of legislative interference,

inevitably create; but it is the province of the bounties and duties inseparable from the colonial system—as inevitably to destroy. Previously to the years 1809-10, England was in the habit of obtaining from the states of northern Europe the timber required for her consumption by the exchange of her manufactures. About that period, one of the alarms, the emptiness of which we have exposed, became very great—namely, that the then hostile position of those states was threatening the loss of our timber supply; and the idea accordingly originated of forcing from our North American colonies the timber required for our consumption. But as natural causes effectually precluded the American timber from entering the British market at the same price as European, in order to allure the investment of capital into this branch of production, it was necessary to resort to artificial means of production to enable the colonial and European timber to compete in that market upon equal terms. The means adopted was the abolition of all duties upon the former, and the subjection of the latter to various amounts of duties, which, by the thirty-ninth of the late king, were consolidated into a duty of 3*l.* 5*s.* per load.* It was said, however, at the time, that this being a mere revenue act, a part only of that duty would have been intended for protection of colonial timber. We will take, therefore, the previous duty of 2*l.* 1*s.*, which, it was admitted, was laid on for that express purpose: 2*l.* 1*s.* then was the bounty necessary for enabling colonial timber to compete in the market with the timber of the north of Europe; and the result of its importation was to raise the price of all timber in the market to that amount. Now, from an extract from official accounts (published in the report to which we have alluded, p. 164), it appears that the imports into Great Britain in the year 1819 (which is the last year given) of foreign and colonial timber, amounted together to 369,929 loads. The increased price, then, which, in the year 1819, this bounty effected upon the timber required for its consumption, amounted to 758,354*l.* and a fraction. Now, although it is impossible to estimate the precise amount of British capital which would have gone abroad to aid in the cutting-down, prepation, and carriage of this timber, it is unquestionable that some proportion, and, we suspect, a very large one, was so exported. But the other productions, on which the industry of the community had been previously engaged, still retaining their demand on the capital of the country, it was evident, whatever was its amount, that proportion must have been withdrawn from the manufacturers of those commodities which had been previously the instruments of purchase of the European timber. Consequently, had England continued as theretofore to purchase her timber from the north of Europe, by devoting the requisite quantity of capital to the cultivation of manufactures, instead of diverting it from thence to force the production of timber from America, not only would the proportion so diverted have produced a greater quantity of timber, but in that article alone she would, in the year 1819, have saved the whole 758,354*l.*, and have had that amount of capital liberated to the production of other commodities. Indeed, in the latter description of mischief, the diminution of the purchasing powers of the community, —in other words, the forcing from it a larger proportion of its industry, for the purchase of any given object of desire, than would otherwise be necessary to obtain it, the colonial system amply abounds. We have seen that, if the trade to the East-Indies were thrown open to the com-

* Report of the Select Committee of Foreign Trade, 1821.

munity at large, the consumers of this country might be supplied with tea for two millions annually less than it now costs them to obtain it; and a duty of three halfpence a pound on foreign sugar has been found necessary, to secure to our West India colonists the monopoly of our supply. Now it has been estimated that the average annual consumption of sugar in this country is about 380 millions of pounds, and 380 millions of three halfpences amount to 2,375,000*l.*—2,375,000*l.* is in the article of sugar alone, the sum which every year the lovers of sweet things in this country very benevolently take out of their own pockets, for no other purpose than to bestow a *douceur* on the colonists, and for no other reason that we could ever discover than because it entered into the heads of sundry wiseacres, centuries ago, to plant themselves in certain islands 3,000 miles away from the land of their nativity. The great are apt to estimate luxuries by their cost. How exquisite to a country is the luxury of colonies!

But it is not only by these indirect methods that the colonial system contrives to create an artificial demand upon the industry of the community; colonists have even had the effrontery to ask, and rulers the dishonesty to allow direct grants out of the public purse, for the mere purpose of enabling the former to embark in a traffic, for which the very occasion of those grants proved that physical causes had rendered them utterly incompetent. The natural superiority in the production of sugars possessed by Brazil and Cuba, left Jamaica and Barbadoes no chance of competition in the continental market, in sugars of the better qualities; since the market price of those sugars, there was not even equal to replace the capital which the latter would have required for its production. But the profits of supplying the continental market were too sweet to the West India planters to be lost from any such inconsiderable an obstacle as natural impediment. "The West India Interest," consequently, comes down to the House, and contriving, by dint of a number of pompous phrases, to make the country gentlemen believe the great catastrophe it would be to the nation if a few West India proprietors were to be prevented from growing rich, while backed by the logic of borough influence, to supply the deficiency of less equivocal argument, they actually obtain a bounty on the exportation of refined sugar, varying from three shillings up to nineteen shillings on every hundred weight of refined sugar which finds its way from England into the foreign market.*

It may, however, be urged, that all these things are rather abuses than component parts of the colonial system. The answer, however, displays but little knowledge either of principle or experience. The importance of the abuse will always consist in the extent; but in proportion to that extent will the influence for its maintenance which the very abuse creates increase. It is understood that the West India interest has at this moment eighty representatives in the House of Commons; and how far such an overwhelming, well organized, and well directed influence must have a tendency to oppose and cramp the liberal policy of Mr. Huskisson, we leave our readers to divine for themselves. But the objection contains within itself a concession of our whole reasoning. The closer the approximation to the subversion of all restrictions and monopolies, the nearer the approach to annihilation of colonial policy, and the establishment of that freedom of interchange which we

* Hume's Custom Laws, p. 333. Parliamentary Review, Session 1825, p. 632.

have shewn to be so sufficient to answer all the purposes for which colonies are established.

But our objection to the colonial system, on the ground of its tendency to produce an injurious distribution of the capital of the community, is frequently met by the assertion of a fact, which, if true, would considerably weaken its force. It is said, that so far from producing that distribution, colonies only provide a field for the employment of capital, which but for that field would lie idle and unproductive. It is among that very erudite class of bipeds, called "practical men," that this is principally put forth; and were we to mete unto them the same measure they mete to others, we might dispense with any examination of the premises, by the quotation of an historical fact (and in their catechism "facts are stubborn things"), proving most distinctly, that if those premises were true, it is by no means a necessary conclusion, that the possession of colonies would afford a remedy to the mischief. "Spain and Portugal," says Adam Smith, "were manufacturing countries before they had any considerable colonies; since they had the richest and most fertile in the world, they both ceased to be so!!" Our object, however, is not to silence but to convince, and we shall, therefore, proceed to shew that this is no more than one of those popular errors into which an ignorance of economical science is so constantly betraying those who know no more of a commercial phenomenon than its appearance. The mistake has arisen in an absence of discrimination between a temporary effect and a permanent result. In every commercial state of society errors of speculation—incorrectness of information—fluctuations in fashion—variations in natural circumstances, and a number of causes occasionally occur to bring about a production disproportioned to the demands of consumption. This disproportion of consumption is termed a glut, and production in excess being, of its very essence, its inseparable result is to relax the demand for capital which an average quantity of production had created, and, consequently, to turn loose an excess of capital, to choke up the money market, precisely in the same manner that the excess of production was choking up the market of commodities. But a period must arise when this excess of production, however large, will become exhausted. The wants of the community will then require the processes of production to begin afresh, and production will again absorb the capital that had been thus temporarily thrown out of employment. But what is thus sound in principle is no less corroborated by experience. A desire to pay interest for the use of capital is always evidence of a capacity for its employment. Yet we should be glad to know at what period of the history of this country there has been any thing like a general or permanent cessation of borrowers? Even in the immediate re-action of its greatest panics capital has seldom lain for any period without producing any interest at all, and it is certain that, at the very moment at which we are writing, there are innumerable individuals in the country, who, with good solid acres to offer in security, are willing to borrow money at four and even five per cent.

So long as the purchasing powers of other countries is keeping pace with the productive powers of our own, the supply of their wants will always afford an expanding field for the employment of our industry. It may be stated, as an example, that the emancipated states of South America are daily widening their markets to the purchase of our productions; and it is an undoubted fact, that while their demand is experiencing no relaxation, the consumption of our manufactures by the

United States of North America has increased seven fold since they have ceased to be our colonies.

There is abundant evidence, however, on the contrary, that the very result of our colonial policy is to exclude us from markets of which we might otherwise avail ourselves. Speaking of the probable tendency which an alteration in favour of a less restricted trade with the countries on the north of Europe, in the article of timber, would have in increasing the demand for British manufactures, the report, to which we have before alluded, goes on to add: "Your committee are inclined to believe that an increased demand would be the result, as well for the desire of British manufactures, that is said strongly to prevail in those countries, as the extent to which the export of them has been maintained, notwithstanding the burthens imposed on the importation of this important branch of their produce into the United Kingdom." And again in the Report of the Select Committee of the House of Lords, relative to the trade with the East Indies and China—speaking of the extension of free trade to the Peninsula of India, the Report says: "It must be admitted, that its progress has been such as to indicate that neither a power to purchase, nor a disposition to use commodities of European manufacture, are wanting in the natives of British India, whilst the minute knowledge of the wants and wishes of the inhabitants, acquired by a direct intercourse with this country, would naturally lead to a still further augmentation of our exports. The great increased consumption cannot be sufficiently accounted for by the demand of European residents, the number of whom does not materially vary; and it appears to have been much the greatest in articles calculated for the general use of the natives. That of the cotton manufactures of this country alone is stated, since the first opening of the trade, to have been augmented from four to five fold. The value of the merchandize exported from Great Britain to India, which amounted in the year 1815 to 870,177*l.*, had in the year 1819 increased to 3,052,741*l.*"

But even assuming it to be the interest of a country to found colonies for the purpose of creating a market for the disposal of its productions, we humbly apprehend that the degree in which that object would be promoted, would entirely depend upon the purchasing power of the colonists. Yet the very restrictions, to uphold which dominion is maintained, contain within themselves the principle of impoverishment. These restrictions are the confession of the mother country that the commodities to which they extend could be supplied cheaper by other countries than by herself. To drive the colonies, therefore, to the market of the mother country for their purchase, would truly indeed secure a sale for articles which, but for the supply of the colonies, would never have been produced; but it would leave to the colonists less for the purchase of those other commodities, the production of which would be the best distribution of her industry. Were Great Britain to force a cultivation of the grape, for the benefit of supplying her colonies with wine of her own production, in order to realize the ordinary profit on that return of her capital, she might require a price ten times the amount at which Portugal could furnish them with the same article. This she might by possibility obtain; but the high price the colonists would then have to pay for their wine, would proportionably reduce the power of purchasing hardware, in which Great Britain might possess the same superiority over Portugal, that in the article of wine Portugal possessed over her. It is needless, however, to go into further expla-

nation on this head. Even with the supporters of the hypothesis we have assumed, we believe, it is universally admitted, that the benefits proposed are to be sought only in a generally healthy and flourishing condition of the colonies. Yet every page of colonial history here again corroborates the conclusions of *à priori* reasoning. The examples of our own colonies will, we apprehend, be familiar to our readers. Should their knowledge and observation, however, here fail to supply them with the proof, we have only to refer them to the loud complaints of the colonists themselves, and the admissions on all sides of the depressed state of our colonial possessions, which called forth Mr. Huskisson's liberal measures for their relief. But it is not alone in the history of the British Colonies that the same important reason is to be learnt. While the Danish Colonies of St. Thomas and Santa Cruz were under the restrictive dominion of an exclusive company they languished in insignificance. The dissolution of the company became the epoch of their prosperity. In the Dutch colony of Surinam, the privileges of the company which possessed the monopoly of its trade, were at one period exercised with great restriction. With the reservation of the monopoly of the Slave Trade, the company were afterwards forced to forego all privileges, but the power of subjecting the Dutch ships trading there to a duty of two and a half per cent. upon the value of their cargo, as a license for trading. The prosperity which had been previously denied to Surinam followed this relaxation of the privileges of its company. In the midst of colonies of great national superiority, Curaçoa and Eustatia were but a couple of comparatively barren islands. But the ports of Curaçoa and Eustatia were open to the unrestricted intercourse of all nations; and while better colonies were languishing, Curaçoa and Eustatia grew into importance. With the French colony of Canada, the substitution of a more liberal policy produced precisely the same results. While under the direction of a restrictive company, its progress towards prosperity was very slow. With the dissolution of the company it acquired a rapid increase.

But in all that is urged about employment of capital, there are, after all, two considerations, which must on no account be lost sight of:—

1. It must be remembered that colonies can neither be established, governed, or defended without expense. But expense can only be provided by taxation, and taxation generally falls upon the individuals of the mother country; to all the extent then to which it is paid by those capitalists who are assumed to benefit by the consumption of the colonies, it is a premium for trade—in other words, a drawback on profit. To all the extent to which it is borne by others, it is a bounty paid out of the pockets of those others, to enable third parties to obtain a supposititious benefit to themselves. What is the extent of these drawbacks and bounties it is impossible adequately to ascertain. They will not be found alone in the various departments of those prolific kinds of expenditure, government and defence; army, navy, commissariat, ordnance; mal-administration of justice abroad, and correction of it at home; they will extend to all the wars to which colonial possessions contrive to give birth. The Spanish war of 1739 was a colony quarrel. The war previously to the American war was equally so: and the latter was calculated to have cost this country ninety millions sterling. The American war itself (a war which, in another part of America, we may one day be driven to renew, if our rulers should be mad enough to desire the

possession of Canada for ever) has introduced into our financial accounts the small item of one hundred and twenty millions of pounds.

But this introduces us to the second consideration to which we have alluded, the expenditure, and, consequently, destruction of capital, included in the aggregate of this, and the abstraction of capital involved in the very establishment of colonies, and always to some extent continued with their existence. It has been calculated that the Canadian Provinces alone have already drained this country of between sixty and seventy millions.* Population, however, if not exceeding, at least always pressing upon the capital destined for its support, a depreciation in the condition of the labouring classes must await every abstraction of capital. We know not whether, urging the injustice of encouraging a mischief to one class of the community, in order to accomplish a benefit for another, we might not, in this aristocratical country, be charged with frivolity in here attempting to oppose the sufferings of the poor against the aggrandizement of the rich. We will confine ourselves, therefore, to pointing out, that the increase of pauperism is always the increase of crime; and in an account of profit and loss, suppression of crime is an item which cannot in fairness be omitted.

In thus running over the general principles on which the commercial policy of colonies is founded, we have carefully abstained from the introduction of all topics which were not strictly in keeping with an examination of that particular description of policy. But although we have said nothing of the moral effects upon the parent state of that inferior character of legislation which is thought sufficient for the colonies—of the restrictions on the press, which are represented as necessary to their existence—though we have been silent as to its political influence in general, there is one feature of colonial policy, which, if not directly of a commercial character, is nevertheless so closely allied to it, that we cannot refrain from its notice. How great may be the ultimate force of public opinion, it cannot be denied that this country is at present almost entirely governed by the influence of sinister interest. It is in the number and combination of its participents that the strength of this interest principally consists. The colonial system, however, adds a very powerful class of participents to the number, while the support of their own interest drives them to take a part in the combination. Thus the corn monopolists, finding themselves beaten in argument, betake them to the alliance of others, who, like themselves, are interested in the maintenance of some particular branch of monopoly. The united clamour and political force of the two is able to secure the monopoly which each is eager to maintain; and thus the operation of the colonial monopoly is not only to afford a fair pretext for the existence of all others, but to assist in completing the physical force necessary to its attainment.

We here take leave of our subject. On a future day we may perhaps complete our delineation of the colonial system, by holding up to our readers its moral and political results. We trust the inquiry into which we have entered will be sufficient to convince them that, whatever else it may be, in a commercial point of view, it certainly is not the possession of her colonies which renders Great Britain "the envy of surrounding nations."

* Edinburgh Review. Vol. 42; p. 291.

MEN AND CANDLES.

"An able chymist and physician declares his conviction, that it would be possible to transmute dead bodies into CANDLES."—*Times, Jan.* 1, 1828.

Now this idea, which the philosopher cannot sufficiently admire, has already been practically illustrated. Voltaire tells us, that, during the Irish rebellion, the bodies of the English slain were most economically worked up into candles. A good wife complaining at the huckster's that the candles were not so good as they were wont to be,—"That arises," replied the tradesman, "from the scarcity of tallow; we can get but few dead Englishmen!" We cannot but regret that this important chemical truth was not enforced on the attention of the late Emigration Committee. The idea of transporting ten thousand human beings from their native land is shocking to every benevolent breast; but what a grand work of political economy to transmute this superflux of humanity into candles!

There is a sublimity in the idea, together with evident profit. With this truth in view, and with a redundant Irish population, we may snap our fingers for the future at any chance of war with Russia. We will not, at the present moment, bring into figures the number of candles which every Irish family—allowing one able-bodied man, one woman, and nine children to each—would produce; but it is evident the product would be immense. To be sure, from the natural irritability of the people, we do not believe an Irishman would burn as well as a Hollander: there would doubtless be an occasional spluttering from the taper. But, after gravely considering the matter, we do not see why England (it being ordered to such effect by the solemnity of an act of parliament), having on her hands a heavy Irish population, might not become a great exporting country. Nothing remains for the government but to advertise for contractors, to furnish a certain number of journeymen tallow-chandlers, with a sufficiency of pipe-staving, to be shipped immediately for Ireland; when, a due portion of the people being melted and hooped in the allotted casks, ships may be ordered to take in the produce at the several sea-ports; and the work is finished!

In considering this question, one knows not which sufficiently to admire—its ingenuity, or its evident humanity. But we would now speak of the philosophy of the question; or, rather, of those incidents which, in the adoption of the melting system in England, must give rise to philosophical disquisition. The dust of Alexander in a bung-hole is a startling mockery of human greatness; and yet we know not if a more painful sense of debasement, mingled with a touch of the ludicrous, would not be in the thought of the tallow of an Alexander—formed into the solitary rushlight of the wretched poor—depending from a nail in the empty cupboard. Cowper speaks of a candle in a strain which associates the taper with the most chilling and miserable attributes of want: it is in *The Winter Evening*—

> "The taper soon extinguished, which I saw
> *Dangled along at the cold finger's end,*
> Just when the day declined".

What a situation—what a change for one of the mighty! It would be odd, too, to recognize, in the tapers of a ball-room, the remains of departed beauty. Contrasting the flame that shone from them with a recollection of their living brightness, we might exclaim with Gray,—

"E'en in their ashes live their wonted fires."

The melting system, indeed, once become general, there would be no end to the philosophical observations that must arise from it—to the ludicrous and touching contrarieties to which it must give place. Thus some future strolling actor might murder Otway and Shakspeare, before Kean, Young, and Kemble, dwindled into the three tallow foot-lights! The gentlemen at Crockford's might see to ruin new dupes by the last remains of former victims. A dead husband, placed in the bed-room, might gutter away in the candlestick on the nuptial night of his too-forgetful spouse. How many of our saints would be compelled to flare at masquerades and the opera! Parson Irving, made into long sixes, might serve to illuminate the dressing-room of some future Grimaldi; whilst Messrs. Egerton and Claremont of Covent Garden might cast a light upon the Hebrew volume at the Jews' Synagogue. It would be a hard fate for the remains of a vegetable-dieted person to be used in any of our meat markets: it would be no less hard for an author to fall into the hands of a trunk-maker—to afford a light for the pasting of well-remembered, unsold sheets. It would be grievous for a President of a Royal Society to be crammed into a bottle, and placed in a back garret, to twinkle the hours away, until the tenant—some *sans-culotte* bricklayer's labourer—staggered home, and puffed the ex-President out. We wonder how a tailor would burn in the room of a creditor; or how a timid lady would deport herself with pistols over the mantel-piece—or left alone with a party of carousing fox-hunters! Gentlemen of economical dipositions would certainly be most desirable—they would make the most of themselves. Lawyers, for instance, it would, we imagine, be very hard to put out; tax-gatherers would last for ever; sinecurists would be most unprofitable burning. Not so with some long-winded members of Parliament—the regular five-column men would be invaluable. Watchmen must sell at a reduced rate; they would give a dull, sleepy light—moreover, have a continual tendency to gather what housewives call *thieves*, about them. We wonder how Mr. Cobbett would burn!—certainly, with great economy; it would, however, we should think, be necessary to put him into a perforated lantern. Physicians and doctors would make but tolerable candles—they would always appear with "winding-sheets" in them. How it would irk the heart of a country gentlemen—of a fine, unbending game-preserver—one who had imprisoned his fifty poachers a season—to be reduced into a "six," and compelled to witness an illicit feast of hares from his own manor! We should not like to see a Jew rabbi upon the counter of a Christian pork-merchant; neither should we like to see a modern Brummell light his cigar at a Dr. Franklin.

Impartially weighing the good with the evil of the melting system, we feel convinced that the good must preponderate. It would, to be sure, throw the undertakers out of employment; but then it would add considerably to the body of the tallow-chandlers. The mutes might tear their hat-bands into garters, tuck up their coat-sleeves, and turn to their new trade. Besides, what tracts of church-yard ground might be brought into profitable cultivation! We have not yet calculated how many quar-

ters of wheat might be raised on land at present cumbered with tombstones. If the relatives and friends of the departed would fain preserve some relict of the dead, they might empty the snuffers into rings and lockets: there would be an attractive and poetic sensibility in this. The custom would also present a continual moral—a *memento mori* would ever, at least at candlelight, be with us. One might speculate whether it was a second or third cousin on the table, and moralize accordingly. In small villages, which would doubtless burn their own population, the genealogy of every candle might be accurately retained, and the taper spoken of with becoming respect. Thus, when a light was required, the servant might be directed to "set up another Mr. Jones," or "put one of Mr. Tomkins on the table!" And can it be thought that these worthy personages, whilst they diffused light, would not also give birth to those serious reflections so fervently advocated by all holy men? Certainly, they must. On the general adoption of the system, that famous line—

"Out, brief CANDLE!"*—

will have a pointed warning, especially if addressed to a short, bulky liver.

We trust the public will think well of this proposition—that they will bring to its consideration a liberal and philosophic mind. After all, we think a candlestick, whether of brass or silver, is a more decent temporary abode than five feet of wet earth. To be sure, some alteration must be made in the Burial Service; but we have bishops all all sufficient for the task. For ourselves, we enter most heartily into the measure. We contemplate with singular complacency the possibility of our mortal remnant giving light to a knot of good fellows; to have the air about us impregnated with the spirit of wit and humour escaping from the talkers; to bend our flame as it were into a courteous recognition towards a late companion, who should solicit us with his Havannah: or, still better, to witness the studious hours of a friend, whose hand has scarcely ceased throbbing from our last grasp; to be promoted to his table, to burn over the volume—perhaps a legacy from ourselves; to witness his thoughtful eyes bent steadfastly upon the page, conning more than once some passage marked by the thumb-nail or the pencil of the dead. Surely, this is to cheat the worms for something! Is the reader yet converted to the "new light?" If not, we leave him to the melancholy brightness of the lackered coffin-plate, and, as the deep-thoughted "Elia" has it, to the "angel" and "well-wrought cramp-irons." We think *Falstaff* would have been of our faith. How the old knight would have blazed over "a sack posset!" But he had too much fat in him to be made into any one candle. Like *Romeo*, he should have been "cut into little stars," and used as flambeaux "between tavern and tavern."

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* In a literal translation of *Macbeth* into French, the line is thus happily rendered:—"*Sortez, courte chandelle!*"

NOTES FOR THE MONTH.

Ministerial arrangements, past and present, have formed the chief topic of public discussion during the last month. And long "explanations" have been given, by Lord Goderich, Mr. Herries, and Mr. Huskisson, of the circumstances connected with the dissolution of the late, and the formation of the present, government; which have ended—as all explanations should end—in rendering the subject in question considerably more obscure than it was before they began. As the tale is told—taking the supposition that *all* has been told—it certainly seems very abundantly incomprehensible: and we are a little afraid, though we never entertained a doubt of Lord Goderich's honour, that some of the blame which belongs to his inefficiency has been borne by other persons. Resolute people, we believe, alone, after all, can be practically honest: the weak and fearful bring themselves and their friends always into scrapes; and then, conscious of their own entirely good intentions, actually *believe* that every thing that is wrong must be the fault of somebody else.

Lord Goderich states distinctly, that the cause of the dissolution of the late ministry, was the quarrel between Mr. Huskisson and Mr. Herries: the "irreconcileable difference" about the appointment of Lord Althorpe as Chairman of the Finance Committee. Mr. Herries says, that this was not the cause—it was the excuse—for breaking up the ministry. And undoubtedly this distinction receives some countenance from the fact, that such a cause—to go no farther—was wholly inadequate, and unworthy to produce such an effect. Mr. Herries—there is no doubt—said that he must resign, if Lord Althorpe were appointed. Mr. Huskisson said that *he* must resign, if the noble Lord were not. But still this affords no satisfactory cause for breaking up the ministry: Mr. Huskisson's resignation, at the time it was tendered, Lord Goderich could not have afforded to accept: but there was nothing (that is upcome) to prevent his having acceded to that of Mr. Herries.* In the view of the public, Mr. Herries's secession from the cabinet would not have been of the slightest consequence: the surprise was rather (and a feeling not unnatural to the essay of a new and undistinguished man), how he had been brought into it? And the tale, that he was appointed, "because he was the only man whose official and financial knowledge qualified him for the place of Chancellor of the Exchequer," if it ever had any believers, must have fallen, by this time, into the gross contempt it merited; because, here we have Mr. Herries, *in* the ministry, but filling *another* office: and Mr. Goulburn is raised to the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer; who—beyond having once calculated that three half-crowns were five shillings—nobody ever suspected, we believe, of any glimmerings of "financial knowledge" at all.

However, his Lordship does not see the merits of his colleagues in this light. His amiable temper represents their importance to be such, that it is impossible to carry on the government in the absence of either of them. And, being frightened out of his life by the declaration, that—"*one* must resign!" he adopts the alternative—thinking it is no matter who the room is made by—of resigning himself. Upon which the two

* One of the current reports is, that Mr. Herries was so deeply in the secret of all Lord Goderich's financial blunders, that the noble lord had not the power to dismiss him from the ministry.

Clowns who have made all the racket, and bantered the Pantaloon into leaving his chair, jump into the best seat, shake hands, and are better friends than ever; and poor Lord Goderich walks about, holding the flaps of his coat up, and looking to where his place *was*, with great anxiety, without even a joint-stool to deposit his person upon, for his pains!

The whole of this question, therefore, as it applies to the cause of the dissolution of the late ministry, we believe we must be content to abandon. We qualify, and explain away, until nothing very tangible on any side is left. Mr. Huskisson says, that, *independent* of his quarrel with Mr. Herries, "between the 2d and the 26th of December, many circumstances had occurred to impair the strength and shake the stability of the administration:" some of which were notorious, others had come to his knowledge in a way which precluded him from describing them." Lord Goderich does not deny that there *were* other causes operating than that quarrel; and it is a little strange that—with his reputation for candour—he entirely passes over the affair of his *first* resignation (when he took office again)—three weeks prior to that of the 8th of January, to which, in his explanation, he so pertinaciously alludes. And Mr. Herries says the quarrel *never was the cause at all.* Therefore, we must be content to admit, that no necessary contradiction exists—that the quarrel spoken of was *a* cause, but not the *only* cause—and so get rid of the dispute between the Master of the Mint, and the Secretary for the Colonies, and the late Premier, whether it was, or was not the *direct* cause of the dissolution of the late ministry. But the quarrel *did exist*—that fact, we cannot get rid of. Lord Goderich avowed, whether reasonably or unreasonably, that he *should* break up the Cabinet upon it. Yet Mr. Herries and Mr. Huskisson were inexorable. It was *impossible* that they should continue to sit in the (old) cabinet together. And they are sitting together, and explaining, together, in the (new) cabinet, at the present moment.

This change of purpose, then, must be accounted for: and we are afraid that its explanation (of which the country has no glimpses yet) belongs properly to Mr. Huskisson. Mr. Herries appears certainly to have made considerable, and rather unintelligible, strides lately in the way of importance: but he is on the safe side as regards the present question. Whether he has been a firebrand, or a "sower of strife and envy," we do not determine; but certainly in joining the present ministry, he has given up no pledge. He put his place upon the rejection of Lord Althorpe as Chairman of the Finance Committee: and he has carried his point: Lord Althorpe (and we very much regret it) is not appointed. Mr. Huskisson—though told distinctly by Lord Goderich that his resignation must break up the ministry—perseveres in offering that resignation if Lord Althorpe's appointment is not carried:—the appointment is *not* carried: Lord Althorpe is *not* Chairman of the Finance Committee: and Mr. Huskisson is still in office.

Now, there may be some motive, or some juggle, here, unexplained, which will exonerate all parties: but until that private history is made apparent, enough is known, we are afraid, to do Mr. Huskisson's political character very considerable mischief. It is an excellent virtue to have the faculty of waving differences (particularly where it seems to be a losing game the maintaining them); but it is a virtue which becomes a vice when carried to too extended a degree. We are far from desiring

to bind any man to the recollection of personal quarrels: and there are even political professions, which we could bear to see (under peculiar circumstances) left for a time in abeyance: but such changes must be very uncommonly well-justified always; and, above all, they must not be *repeated too often.* Now, Mr. Huskisson's laudable desire to "serve his country"—is laudable—but is so paramount with him, we are afraid, that he could be content to serve it with "any body who happens to be going that way!"—"*In sua movenza è fermo,*"—as the Italian maxim says of the windmill—the right honourable gentleman "turns, and turns, and turns (like Desdemona in the play) again:" but still he seems only to "turn" upon a centre, and that centre-bit is always place. We find him in place when Lord Liverpool is minister, in alliance with the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Peel. In place when Mr. Canning is minister, and Mr. Peel and the Duke of Wellington are in opposition. In place again when Lord Goderich is minister. In place when Lord Goderich is out, and the Duke of Wellington is minister. In place if Lord Althorpe is Chairman of the Finance Committee. And in place when his Lordship is not Chairman of the Finance Committee. But *out of place*—all his habits of reconciliation and agreement lie one way—out of place, *never.*

Now this is wrong: and, as Colman says of the inconvenience of a hump-back, "You may bolster it, but you cannot set it right." Mr. Huskisson will be a useful officer of the government. He has abundant knowledge upon many important subjects of policy; and that knowledge he will bring—as any essayist or speculator might bring it—to account. But the confidence of Parliament and of the country in his political faith, and public principle—we make the declaration with regret—we fear, the events of the last six weeks will have destroyed for ever.

We can hardly conclude without adding one word upon the late speech of Mr. Huskisson at Liverpool, out of which so much discussion has arisen: and upon the disputed passage containing the allegation that the speaker had obtained "guarantees" from the present government for the free course of the policy which he had been accustomed to support; the whole of which is now disposed of as an "error of the press." We are content to give every gentleman who speaks in public so much at least of allowance or justice, that we will prefer his own statement of that which he said (or meant to say), in all ordinary cases, to the account furnished by the most able reporters. But nevertheless we should be sorry to have the reports of the London press hastily impugned: first, because we are fully convinced that they are almost invariably correct; and next, because they present the only means, by which, upon the most important subjects—as, for instance, the explanation which Mr. Huskisson gave at Liverpool—the public can possibly obtain information.

It is worth while, therefore, to observe, that the error committed here (if it was an error) is extremely trivial in its effect: and, that which is still more, that the setting it right leaves Mr. Huskisson's declaration wholly destitute of value! The right honourable gentleman's own account of what he said at Liverpool, as repeated by him in the House of Commons on the 18th of February, is this.—He said, according to his explained version, that, "before he consented to form part of the present administration" (that of the Duke of Wellington), "he had sought for explanations, in respect of principles, as well as impending measures, of the general policy of the administration: and,

having received an understanding, in respect to those measures and those principles, which appeared to him satisfactory, he did consider, that the best guarantee which could be offered to him of the furtherance of those principles and measures, was the continuance in office of his friends, by some of whom those measures had been proposed."—Now, here is a sentence horribly stuffed with epithet: and so balanced one part by another, that to extract any direct meaning from it is pretty nearly impossible. However, it appears—as far as comprehension can go—that, where the *reports* made Mr. Huskisson speak of having received "guarantee," he said "explanation and understanding"—words so very undefined, if we are *entirely* to distinguish their meaning from the word "guarantee," as (reasonably and practically taken under such circumstances), not to be worth one farthing. And the "guarantee" of which the right honourable gentleman does afterwards speak, is absolutely of so pleasant a character, that nothing but the divinity which hedges in political discussion could work upon any assembly of men to receive it with gravity! The right honourable gentleman says, that "the best *guarantee* which could be offered to him, was, that *his friends* would continue in office." Why, his "friends," no doubt, said the same thing about him!—their sufficient "guarantee" probably was, that *he* continued in office. This is a profession of faith which beats the Irish case of mutual benefit hollow. In the Hibernian "reciprocity" one party was the gainer; and the foundation for the transaction, lay on one side: but here—by a strange contra distinction—both parties are gainers, and there is no foundation for the supposed attainment at all.

Mr. Shepherd's letter comes in oddly enough, after this explanation of the real difference, with the reverend gentleman's *surprise*, on "reading his *Morning Chronicle*" (ten days after it was published) how "*strangely*" the reporters must have misunderstood Mr. Huskisson! If they were mistaken, all that we can say is, we fear they must have become infected with that exceeding spirit of misunderstanding, which seems to have involved the right honourable gentleman, and all his friends, for the last two months; and of which all the world professes itself unable to make anything. Mr. Shepherd, unfortunately, is not a clergyman of the established church; but, nevertheless, we trust that his opportune astonishment at the iniquities of the press, will not pass wholly unacknowledged. Because it is well said, as the wise man observes, that—"Virtue *is* its own reward:" but it is not well that it *should be* so.

The "business" in Parliament, thus far, has been chiefly important, as laying the groundwork for advantage to be gained hereafter, rather than for any benefit realized to the country in the present. Mr. Brougham opened the session with a motion for "a Commission to inquire into the state and administration of the law:" on which the honourable and learned gentleman spoke for five hours, and filled fifteen columns of the Times newspaper. All the world admires the speech: but we have not found a great many people that have read it. As an oration, it was not so good as Mr. Brougham's speeches are generally. There were flashes of wit and brilliancy in it—as there are in the very driest things that the honourable and learned gentleman does: but they were few in number; the speaker was encumbered with an enormous and rather shapeless mass of matter; and of the practical value—display apart—of any proposition that goes to the extent of fifteen columns, we have considerable doubts.

Mr. Brougham's "commission" is to inquire into—say the following, for a few of the leading matters.—The state of the law—as regards its merits. Its state, with reference to practice. Its administration; including the constitution of peculiar courts, and the possibility of amending them. The Welch judicature. The selection and powers of the magistracy. The practice of pleading. The law in the colonies and in India. The game acts; the Privy Council; the alehouse licensing system: &c. &c.

Now, we are afraid that here is a little too much undertaken at once: and that a distribution of Mr. Brougham's enterprise to twelve commissions, instead of one, as suggested by Mr. Hume, upon the considerably less onerous proposition of the "Finance Committee," would be very well worth the honourable and learned gentleman's consideration. As the proposal stands, looking to the number and importance of the subjects to be discussed, it will hardly be possible for the commission to report within five years—before which time new circumstances will arise, and its very existence (perhaps) be forgotten. Life is not long enough to do business in this way. The Chancery commission had a single court to deal with: and the complaint is that it did nothing: and yet now a single commission is to grapple with the whole business and interests—for the administration of the law forms three-fourths of the real business and interests—of the nation! We confess that, from the labours of any single body of men upon such a subject, we expect little more than a stupendous pile of crudity, which, from its mere weight and unwieldiness, every body will be afraid to approach. Mr. Wilmot Horton's Emigration Report was complained of for weighing five pounds! Why, the report of Mr. Brougham's commission will hardly lie in ten volumes of equal thickness. It is a strange anomaly too, that, while, on the one hand, Mr. Brougham is crying out against the mass of business in the Court of Chancery—"The mere quantity of labour laid upon one tribunal leads inevitably to ruinous protraction! There is no fault in individuals: but their physical powers have a limit: division must take place: new courts must be appointed"—with these facts and principles laid down on one night, on the next, we proceed to provide (in an affair most pressing to the state) for a delay of an incomparably more unprecedented and immeasurable description, by imposing a task wilfully upon one court of inquiry, which we have the full power of dividing, and which would be sufficiently arduous and responsible, if it were divided among twenty!

Excepting the appointment of the "Finance Committee," and the "Explanations" (which are still going on, and likely, apparently, to do so beyond the day when our Magazine is published), nothing of much interest but Mr. Brougham's motion has occurred in the House of Commons.

In the House of Lords, the best thing has been a motion by the Marquis of Salisbury, upon the subject of the game laws.—We discussed this subject so fully in our last number, that we shall only notice (for the sake of recording it) the object of the liberal Marquis's bill; which was, to enable "qualified landed proprietors to *sell* their game, instead of giving it away!" The incomparable modesty of this proposal, which was to empower the qualified landowner to sell the game which is fed upon the fields of the unqualified landowner—to give the parties whose privileges are already intolerable under the game laws, a good round slice of peculiar advantage more.—The excellent equity of this design was well

exposed in a speech from Lord Wharncliffe; who took a brief, but bold and constitutional view of the real policy of the question. Those who hold this opinion will not be suspected of any desire to flatter Lord Wharncliffe into liberality. He is an ass who imagines that Lord Wharncliffe, or any other man of common intellect, can be cajoled by praise into the abandonment of those immunities which he can maintain, and fairly has a title to. But the difference between a booby and a man of understanding, upon every question like this, is, that the last has brains and courage enough to perceive the result which is really advantageous to himself; and not to make sure that any course must necessarily be mischievous to himself, because it happens to be acceptable to others. The real cause of the inefficiency of the laws for the protection of game, is the detestation in which those laws are held by nineteen-twentieths of the community. The dissenting party here are too many: to make a law effective, the odds must be the other way. The effect of the Marquis of Salisbury's bill would be, to make this state of things even worse. As the case stands, no man but the great landowner, and his handful of hired agents, will stir a point for the protection of game: the effect of the bill proposed by the noble Marquis, would be to exasperate all parties but the great landowners, to such a degree—(it would, in fact, be giving them a right of *toll* upon the lands of their smaller neighbours)—that we have not a doubt—(from the encouragement that would be afforded—in mere revenge—to poaching)—that the destruction of game would increase! Fortunately, however, from the results of such advocacy, the more reasonable part of the landowners will be protected. Such a bill, if it passed through the Lords, would be kicked out (unless we have retrograded most abominably within the last six months) in the Commons.—But a Committee is already appointed.

Paragraphs, in several morning papers, copied from the *Scotsman*, announce a new discovery in the art of *embalming*, by Sir George Mackenzie: one effect of which is, that it will preserve human bodies in a state fit for *dissection* for any length of time: so that the "Home resurrection" trade may be put an end to entirely; and the whole demand of England for "subjects," supplied by "importation." As there must be two parties to a speculation of import—the party that *exports*, as well as the party that receives—we are afraid that this importation scheme, at first sight, rather resembles the plan that a morning paper had, for getting rid of the stoppage which the stage coaches made on one side the way in Piccadilly—namely, sending them over to *the other*: the possible prejudices of the good people who are to be sent over, to save us from the necessity of offending against our own, do not appear to have been sufficiently consulted. If France, or China, however, *would* consent to such an application of the principle of "free trade," the details of the new commerce would be singular enough. The commodity no doubt would be subjected to a duty; and the prices regularly quoted in the market lists. As, for instance—Brookes's (in Blenheim-street) Tuesday, 24th December, per stone of 8lb. Inferior coarse draymen, 2s. 2d. to 3s. 4d. Neat small linen-drapers, and banker's clerks, 4s. to 5s. 6d. Prime venison-fed Lord Mayors and Aldermen—six years in office—5s. 9d. to 7s. &c. &c.

A Paris *feuille* declares that the ruin of the pickpockets in that Capital is about to be consummated—*handkerchiefs* being offered for sale, at a shop in the Palais-royal, at "a halfpenny a piece." At the

same time it is considered, that the fortunes of the *chiffonniers*, or rag gatherers, will be increased: as every man, instead of sending his handkerchief to the washerwoman, will now (when a change is required) throw it out of the window.—We doubt that the washerwomen, as well as the pickpockets, are likely to be dissatisfied with this arrangement.

An Old Grudge.—In wine there is piety as well as truth. Cassio, before running a man through the body for doubting his discipline, calls upon heaven to "forgive the company their sins!" And we were acquainted with a very eminent actor, who always read prayers to his family at the close of the third bottle. Sometimes the memory, too, is revived, as well as the devotion excited at such moments: and then we overflow in a whole "Christian Remembrancer" full of spiritual apothegms and pathetic recollections.—As an Irish bricklayer was standing, very drunk, the other morning, in Norfolk-street in the Strand, a Jew, crying "old clothes," passed on the opposite side the way. The sound struck on a responsive chord—attuned by beer, but silent till thus awakened—in the drinker's soul. He listened one moment for the second cry; raised his eyes reverently, and repressed a half-uttered hiccup. And then turning slowly round after the Israelite, pointing with the right arm extended, while the left clung to an area-rails, in order to effect the movement more securely and easily, he said—half in ejaculation, half addressing the bystanders—"There goes one of the thieves that murdered our Saviour!"

The system of compromise in cases of robbery (which produced so much discussion in the affairs of Mr. Grimaldi the watchmaker, and of the Warwick bank)—*à propos* to which—half a dozen more banks have been robbed since our last—has recently been carried to a very singular extent. The Morning Herald newspaper of the 12th of February, gives the story of a transaction between a notorious "Resurrection man" and a person of respectability named "Cuthbert;" in which the latter paid "eight guineas" "commutation money" for the restoration of the body of his own wife! If this hint should be acted upon by other speculators in the persons of their fellow-creatures (and Sir George Mackenzie's "import trade" should fail), it will become necessary to do that which the law at present abstains from doing—to punish the violators of graves constantly and severely. Because the supply of the anatomical schools would soon be abandoned for a more profitable trade: many a man in Mr. Cuthbert's situation would not hesitate to submit to the exaction of fifty, or even of a hundred guineas, if it were required. The general "compromise" system, however—as "there is nothing new under the sun"—is only a revival of the practice of a century past. The newspapers of 1700 to 1750 are filled with advertisements offering "rewards for the return of stolen property," and "no questions asked." And, at that time, as in the recent instances, the thieves had always sufficient prudence to keep faith with those who dealt with them, so as not to spoil the market. The "Monthly Chronicle" of January, 1728, contains one very curious transaction of this kind, in which a famous highway robber, named Stephen Burnham, appears as the hero. A gentleman of fortune, who lost a watch, upon which he set considerable price, beyond the pecuniary value, advertised that he had been robbed at the theatre; and received a note, intimating that, if he was inclined to give 10*l.* for the article, it might be recovered. If he was disposed to accept this offer, he should go, on the next afternoon, to a particular

field (now covered with buildings) between Sadler's-wells and Gray's-inn-lane; where he would meet a gentleman, who would ask him—"If he knew what o'clock it was?"—and by that token, he should know the party with whom he was to deal. The loser of the watch went to the spot alone, in the manner and at the time appointed; and found a well-dressed man, wrapped in a great coat, who asked, "What o'clock it was?" and, on being answered, "That all was right," he inquired if the visitor had brought the 10*l.*? which was delivered, and the watch returned. The moment the property was restored, the stranger drew out a pistol!—But it was only a *coup de théâtre:* the compounder, who concluded he had added just 10*l.* to his original loss (besides the chance of parting with his hat and wig into the bargain) was agreeably disappointed.—"You see," said the 'squire of the night's body,' "that I could have both the watch and the ten pounds if I pleased; but do not be alarmed; that is not my intention. I only wished to convince you, in case any farther transactions should arise between us, that gentlemen of my profession may be relied on."—There is no "virtue" in this, any more than the virtue of perceiving that "honesty" is a convention without which men cannot get on. But it is whimsical to find professional thieves impressed with this conviction, and acting upon it.

An American writer upon electricity (Dr. Hare), in replying to a complaint of the frequent non-effectiveness of lightning-conductors, suggests, that the cause of the occasional failure of these instruments, is the fact, that they generally terminate in an imperfect or improper medium: being plunged, as they almost invariably are, into the earth, which is a very imperfect conductor of electric fluid, they present very little more attraction to the lightning than the earth would do itself. For example, as an ultra position, a metallic rod (or conductor), the lower end of which terminated in a mass of pounded glass, would have scarcely any more efficacy against danger by lightning than a rod composed of glass altogether. To obviate this objection, Dr. Hare proposes, that the electric rods in cities—for instance, London—should be made to terminate under the earth, "in a connection with *the iron pipes* by which the city is *watered.*" How far such an arrangement would be pleasant to the inhabitants, or how far the New River Company would be justified in laying on lightning (every time it thundered), to the houses of their customers, as well as water, does not appear to have been considered: but, we trust, sufficient care will be taken (when the hint is acted upon) that the connection is not carried, by any mistake, to the *gas pipes,* instead of those for water—or else the fire of London would be but as an apple roasting to the general conflagration that might be expected on the first occasion of stormy weather! The arrangement would not be unpleasant, if care could be taken that the communication were strictly confined to the pipes for water. It would be comical to have one's housemaid electrified, gratis, every time she went to fill a tea-kettle; or to see the "turncock," always, about March and April, knocked thirty yards backwards, whenever he put his "key" into a plug-hole. A lamplighter canted into the air, ladder and all, as he applied his torch to produce illumination, would be comical, in the event of a communication to the "gas;" but we imitate, at humble distance, the example of Crabbe; and are never disposed to countenance a jest—however excellent—attended with pain to any individual.

"Errors of the Press"—we mean the genuine "errata"—printer's

errors, not those of writers—are good things occasionally; though not so common, unfortunately, now, from the improved style of all typographical arrangements, as they used to be. They do happen, however, sometimes, and they are of two kinds: the first, where the handwriting of the author has been unintelligible to the compositor; and we find a little slip of notice at the end—"For 'horse' read, 'coal-scuttle;'" or "For 'Dr. Kitchiner,' read 'the Duke of Gloucester,'" &c. &c.: and the second, where the printer has not understood the form of expression used by the writer, and supplies or alters a word, according to his own view of the proper sense. A good example of this last, we recollect, appearing in the "Times" newspaper, on the death of Mr. Rennie, the famous engineer. Some writer, speaking metaphorically—people will be tropical—of the great extent, as well as variety of his works—the Breakwater at Plymouth, the Suspension Bridge in Wales, &c. &c.—used the words "Wherever bridges were to be built, or waters to be fettered!"—The printer, not being able to understand how "fetters"—of which he had naturally but one conception—could be applied to *water*, thought there was a mistake in the MS. and wrote, "Bridges to be built, or waters to be *filtered!!*" The change of a letter produces a still more singular blunder in "The Bijou" of this year. For indulge their "laughters," which was the proposition of the author, the line reads—and in very strange connection too—"indulge their *d*aughters." The best thing, however, that we have seen of this kind, is in a translation, in an evening paper, of a French criticism upon Madame Pisaroni, a new singer at the French opera; in which the critic, speaking of the lady's power, as an example to the rising vocalists, says, "*Quel modele pour les jeunes cantatrices,*" about the theatre. The translator, desiring to be very *recherché*, preserves in his version the word "cantatrices." What an example for the "young *cantatrices* about the theatre." But the printer, not understanding the refinement, supposes a mistake, and reads, "What an example for the young *cockatrices* about the theatre!"

"Ministerial "explanations" still continue. For the evening of this day (Monday the 25th), fresh disclosures in the House of Lords are threatened. The parliamentary "fiction" of not supposing strangers, and least of all "reporters," to be present during the debates of the two Houses, has led lately to some very odd anomalies. While on the one hand the Reverend Mr. Shepherd—on behalf of his opponent, Mr. Huskisson—is out of patience with the "strange" mistakes of the people of the "press," Mr. Herries, on Friday night, appeals, in direct terms, to the reports of the "Times" and the "Morning Chronicle," for the real effect of a speech of his on a former evening, in answer to the mistakes of Mr. Duncombe. It is only just, as far as the point goes, to observe, that Mr. Herries is perfectly correct in his account of his own statement; but, by an extent of "disorder," which demonstrates the impossibility of keeping people from doing that which they are materially interested in doing, and to which there exists no other than a formal objection, both Houses of Parliament, for the last ten days, have been absolutely sparring at each other through the newspapers.

New books (of merit) have been scanty during the last two months. Nothing of striking value has appeared, except Mr. Washington Irving's "Life of Columbus," and Mr. Leigh Hunt's "Lord Byron." The last production, however, has excited some interest, and a great deal, more-

over, of dispute and difference of opinion; less as to the pleasantry and amusingness of the work (which is generally admitted) than as to the truth and effect of certain matters which it contains.—Our own impression is, that it requires very little conjuration, to perceive clearly the *spirit* in which Mr. Hunt's book is written—which is the most important circumstance to consider in forming an opinion of it: and not a great deal more of metaphysics to discover, that the mere relative positions of Mr. Hunt and Lord Byron, while they were in Italy, must inevitably have led to quarrel and enmity, if the parties had both been the most virtuous people in the world.

In the year 1815—just to illustrate this view—Mr. Hunt being then the Editor of the Examiner Newspaper, and in prison for a libel upon the king, of rather an offensive nature, Lord Byron visited him, and paid him some attention. It occurred to the parties suddenly—probably because they were both poets—to "swear an eternal friendship:", an arrangement not very wise on the side of Mr. Hunt; who, if he disdained the homely apologue of "the two pots that floated on the stream,"* might have recollected the more elegantly conveyed counsel of Selden—"To have nothing to do, in business or pleasure, with men much stronger and more powerful than yourself." The intimacy, however, grew rapidly familiar; and Mr. Hunt, who had been quizzing and railing at "lords" all his life, thought, that, on the sudden—by way of return—the whole peerage had voted that he should be considered a "lord" himself. He took Lord Byron's opinion upon his MS. works: and Lord Byron shewed him Lady Byron's MS. letters: two measures of confidence perfectly well calculated to bring about an immortal hatred between brothers within a month. In due season, Mr. Hunt dedicated his poem of Rimini to "my dear Byron!" on which dedication, it has been said, that Lord Byron made a very illiberal remark. However this may have been, the "my dear Byron," we rather suspect, overshot the mark of his Lordship's companionability; for, from that time, the ardour of the friendship seems rather to have declined.†

Shortly after this event, Lord Byron went abroad; ceasing altogether to think of Mr. Hunt; but not ceasing—the devil is in the notice of these great men!—to be thought of by him. And the careers of the two acquaintances, as regarded their personal fortune as well as literary

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* *Le pot de fer, et le pot de terrain.*—"A certain river," says the fabulist, "overflowing its banks, swept away the furniture of several cottages, and, among other moveables, two pots: one of earth, and the other of iron. The wind blew, and the waves were high, and the pots, which were near one another, were in danger of filling and being swamped. On which the iron vessel, which had the stouter heart of the two, called out to the other,—'Courage, comrade! and fear nothing; for if any evil happens I will assist you.'—'I return you many thanks,' replied the earthen pot; 'but if you wish to do me service, pray keep as far off as possible: for if any chance gust should drive us together, *I* must infallibly be dashed to pieces.'"

† When Mr. Hunt published Rimini, he dedicated it (as every body knows) to Lord Byron, in a familiar letter, beginning "My dear Byron," &c. Lord Byron (thus says the story) on receiving a copy of the work, wrote against the head of the dedication—"Impudent varlet!" and either left the book carelessly about, or gave it away. The volume is said to have lately made its appearance: whence the hostility shewn to Lord Byron in the book before us. If this be true, it is a fact that does not tell at all against Mr. Hunt. His dedication was a very silly one, but equally so, whether it be true or not. The act would rather go to indicate a want of candour and good feeling on the part of Lord Byron, who ought not to have treated with contumely a man of talent, with whom he was upon terms at least approaching to familiar acquaintance.

fame, took somewhat opposite courses. Mr. Hunt, who had shewn (we think) great genius in Rimini, wrote nothing else, in the way of poetry, so good: and, from his not writing any thing new which was very striking, that which he had written fell a little into disremembrance and neglect. Some merciless critics, and jesters too, attacked him in "Blackwood;" and he came out of the contest any how rather than with success. In the meanwhile, radical politics got rather out of fashion; a fact which, added to the obstinate self-love with which the Examiner was conducted, considerably weakened the hold of that paper upon the town. And the result was, that Mr. Hunt, as he states himself—very manfully and candidly—was thrown, about the year 1821, with a large family, into heavy pecuniary difficulty.

All this time the fame and character of Lord Byron had been shooting upwards like a meteor—not blazing merely through the whole scope of the literary horizon—but dazzling and attracting all the world! He was the first poet, the first wit, and the first infidel of the age: and a libertine, and a "peer of the realm," to boot. He wandered over Europe and Asia, with the retinue almost of a prince: and with more than the *prestige*, and the welcome, of a sovereign. The great "doffed their caps" to him: the crowd shouted for him: the women fell in love with him (as they would have done if he had been the devil, while so much fuss was made about him): and the very choice spirits of the age confessed his supremacy. His picture was copied: his name was forged: his fopperies were fashion: his words were gold—measured even by the syllable: and his very footman was called "Leporello!" He lived abroad: for the stern coldness of our English habits cramped and chilled him. He dwelt in an Italian palace. Led the life, half of a Sybarite, half of a freebooter. Consorted with all tempers that were high, and bold, and free. Lounged upon sofas: practised ballfiring on horseback: and had a Tuscan countess (a married woman) for his concubine. The slightest consideration ought to have been sufficient to shew, that such a man must be the most unmanageable creature in existence! He would have all the impertinencies which attach to rank: superadding those which belong to genius: and again adding (ten times greater than either) those that wait upon success. He would be as aristocratic as an ensign in the Guards; and as vain as a popular actor. Splendour, and vice—and even folly—might dwell, unchecked with him; but at the thought of homeliness—or "vulgarity"—a coat cut north of Oxford-street—he necessarily fainted. Satan himself—unles he might have wrought some fear on such a rogue, could never have lived with him. Theodore Hook—between his jokes and his judgment in Hermitage—would have managed him better than any body else that we can just now think of. But, to Lord Byron—thus situated—six years elapsed since he had even seen him—ignorant of all the tastes and even habits belonging to the contract called "fashionable society," and, what was worse, proposing to despise them—to live with Lord Byron in his house, and be his literary coadjutor—his associate—and domestic companion—and at all points most peremptorily and uncompromisingly—his equal!—to do all this, which Belzebub in person never could have done, unless he could have played three characters at once—a wit, a dandy, and a man of wealth into the bargain!—out came Mr. Hunt to Pisa—his very conveyance over absolutely paid for with a loan of Byron's money—without a shilling in the world—without a notion beyond "Port and Sherry"—and

with the very material (though amiable) incumbrances of a wife and six children!

Now such a conjunction as this, even between the two persons of all the earth most suited to agree with each other, must have been unhappy. *Co*-habitation never succeeds—even where individuals are upon a footing of real equality. Every man feels such a virtuous indignation against the vices or follies—even of his nearest friends, that the very moment two people know one another perfectly—except in the single case of man and wife—(where the law interferes to prevent it)—the acquaintance always ceases. In a case like that of Mr. Hunt and Lord Byron, the disgust must have been immediate. In fact, it was so: Mr. Hunt himself shews that it was so. But, unfortunately, the very course which he adopts when he discovers this dilemma, is even more mad or injudicious than the miscalculation which had brought him into it.

As soon as a man of ordinary tact, perceived that Lord Byron felt the advantage of his position: that he counted "money" as "money," "rank" for "rank," and superiority as a thing worth having:—as soon as Lord Byron exhibited those dispositions—to excess—without some previous provocation—which in Mr. Hunt's case it is not quite made out that he did do—a reasonable man ought to have perceived that there could be no choice, for him, but in submission, or separation. Instead of which, directly he finds that *he is in a place where he ought not to be,* our author proceeds—bound absolutely hand and foot—and helpless and incapable—to increase the difficulty of his position by assumption and offence in it! In truth—it is difficult to catch from Mr. Hunt's own story—the exact dates of particular occurrences—which nevertheless are highly material: but nothing is more certain than that Mr. Hunt's mode of entertaining Lord Byron *in his own house,* might have very well induced a more patient man to wish him out of it.

Mr. Hunt, for instance, it appears, was no sooner located, so that he had hold of Lord Byron at all occasions, than he found it an extremely convenient opportunity to moot a great variety of abstract questions with him. And among these was the somewhat delicate one—considering the comparative rank and education of the two parties—of his lordship's personal gentility! Adverting to their differences on that point, he tells the reader deliberately—"I have reason to think that the opinions *I entertained of breeding* and *refinement, puzzled him extremely!*" &c.

And, in other places, discussing the elements of the same subject, he adds—"He" (Byron) "was not a good *judge.*" "His notion of what was *gentlemanly in appearance* was *a purely conventional one,* and could include nothing *higher.*"

In another place we find, that "He" (still Byron) "had *no address,* even in the *ordinary* sense of the word; and *hummed,* and *hawed,* and looked confused on very trivial occasions!"—The whole of which might be true (although we don't at all admit that it was true): but, true or otherwise, in Mr. Hunt's situation, he certainly shewed no wisdom in dwelling upon it.

On another occasion, it appears that Byron's mental weaknesses, as well as his bodily carriage, it was his excellent friend's care from time to time to correct and improve. He affected sometimes to imitate the tone of Dr. Johnson; and used to like to say—"Why, Sir!" in a high and mouthing way, looking about him. On which, catching a happy

occasion, Mr. Hunt determines, at once, to reform this folly; and quotes to him, when he says "Why, Sir!" Peter Pindar's parodies—

"Dear Dr. Johnson was in size an ox!" &c.

Which passages, "excellent as they were" (Mr. Hunt adds, with much simplicity) "his lordship *hardly seemed to relish!*"

It was not by *Mr.* Hunt alone, neither, that Lord Byron (in his own house) was to be taught, that the habits and opinions common to persons in his condition were entirely ridiculous and erroneous! *Mrs.* Hunt also "was destitute, *in a remarkable degree,* of all care about *rank* and *titles.*" "In fact, *absolutely unimpressible* in that respect." Her "indifference" to all "*conventional* distinctions and pretensions, partook of that sense of the *ludicrous,* which is so *natural* to persons to whom they" (the distinctions) "are *of no consequence,* and so *provoking* to those who regard them otherwise!" &c. &c. Lord Byron, it is stated, further on, very speedily discerned that he did not "stand very high" in this lady's "good graces."—"As *I* oftener went," says Mr. Hunt, "to *his* part of the house, than *he* came to *mine,* he seldom saw her: and when he did, *the conversation was awkward on his side, and provokingly self-possessed* on hers!" "He said to her one day—'What do you think, Mrs. Hunt? Trelawney has been speaking against my morals!' '*It is the first time,*' said Mrs. Hunt, '*I ever heard of them.*' *This* completely dashed and reduced him to silence!"—A bowl of water would have "dashed" Sir William Garrow "into silence:" but there is a difference between a bowl of water and a witticism, notwithstanding.

But we go beyond "Mrs." Hunt. "The children," (this is still in Byron's own dwelling place!) "than whom I will venture to say, that *it was impossible to have quieter or more respectable* in any house, he (Byron) pronounced to be impracticable!"—Honest man! *Misere sucurrere!* Our opinion of "boys" has appeared in this Magazine before to-day!

The *worst* of it was, that, when they (the children) came in his way, *they were nothing daunted.* They had lived in a *natural,* not an *artificial* state of intercourse, and were equally sprightly, respectful, and self-possessed:

"My eldest boy *surprised* him" (this is still Byron) "with his address! never losing his *singleness* of manner," &c. &c. On another occasion, his lordship utters something so weak and ridiculous, that "my two eldest boys, who are in the next room, *were obliged to stifle their laughter.*"—The satisfaction of possessing such inmates, must be obviously indescribable!

And, by the time the "boys" have done "surprising" him, Mr. Hunt himself is ready again.—In another place, our author proceeds, Lord Byron was "very bitter upon some friends of mine; criticising their personal appearance, and that in no good *taste.* All this *provoked me to mortify him;* and I asked him, "If he knew what *Mrs. Hunt* had said one day to the Shelleys of his picture by Harlowe? It is the *fastidious, scornful* portrait of him, *affectedly* looking down. He said 'he did not; and was curious to know.' An engraving of it, I told him, was shewn her; and her opinion asked: upon which she observed, that 'it resembled *a great schoolboy,* who had had a plain bun given him instead of a plum one.' He looked as *blank* as possible; and never again criticised the personal appearance of those whom *I* regarded!"

Now the patience of human nature has its limits. It was perfectly justifiable for Mr. Hunt to vilify kings and princes, and sneer at "conventional pretensions," and Pall Mall precedencies, in the Examiner newspaper. He might have laughed at the folly of aristocracy, and its insolence; and castigated its emptiness and its profligacy; and proved that a "lord" was no more in the scale of creation than a louse, to his heart's content, while he sat in his study at Paddington. But he had no right to go into the company, and sit down in the habitation, of Lord Byron, for the purpose of uttering such crudities: and he had less than prudence to hold out such temptations to any man, in whose power his own folly had entirely placed him; and from whom he was at this very time, as he himself states, receiving that constant pecuniary assistance, without which it was impossible for him and his family to live!

A man must possess superhuman self-command, to be able to pardon annoyance, where the attack is evidently wilful, and the means of punishment easy and at hand. For the slights, or inflictions, which Mr. Hunt received at Byron's hands, it is difficult not to see that his own conduct was irresistibly calculated to provoke them. When he suggests that "Mrs. Hunt"—apart from any "conventionally" moral objection—had no desire to know the Countess Guiccioli; and speaks of that lady as nothing more than "a buxom parlour boarder." Or when Byron is found to be "too *poor a logician* even to *provoke* an argument!" Or where one cause of the failure of the *Liberal* is, that the people were disappointed—"they find that, *without the name*, they could not discover Lord Byron's writing *from other people's*." Or where Mr. Hunt perceives the ridiculousness of heraldic distinctions, and of people's sealing their letters with "maxims, and mottoes, and stately moralities." All these suggestions of Mr. Hunt's, together with his other innumerable corrections of Byron's faults, were most unluckily suited to the *locality* (Lord Byrons's own mansion) in which Mr. Hunt was placed. And when he talked to Lord Byron of the "good cause:" and of setting up the *Liberal* "to restore the fortunes of a battered race of patriots;" of himself, as necessarily excused from ordinary rules of conduct and government, because he was a "patriot:" and of his brother, who printed the magazine, as "a better patriot than a bookseller!"—all that the noble lord would perceive from such illuminations, was that the best of "causes" could not sweeten every alliance: and that even "patriots"—their brothers, and wives, and eldest boys, and even acquaintances—might be the most unendurable persons in the world.

Now, all these simple truths, and all the mortifications which he would have to endure at Pisa, Mr. Hunt might have known before he went there. He meant to do nothing that was degrading or mean: but there was gross folly, and we are afraid an unlucky vanity and overrated self-estimation, in what he did, notwithstanding. His own plea of "necessity," men in general will treat with very little reverence; and, for ourselves, we go much farther—we will not receive it at all. If the absence of wealth could cast discredit upon Mr. Hunt, we would not advert to the fact, although he himself relies upon it: but it cannot do this; and Mr. Hunt knows that it cannot. Poverty (sordid as the world's feeling passes to be) is only discreditable, because it is the *prima facie* evidence of the want of those powers which should enable a man to become rich. No one (as Mr. Hazlitt observes) sneers at the poverty of a soldier, or of a clergyman! if we look shy at a poor advocate, or a poor physician,

it is because we associate with this poverty want of estimation, and, by consequence, the want of that merit by which competence should be acquired. Now, Mr. Hunt stands beyond the scope of this suspicion: every body knows that he has the faculty to acquire competence, if he is content to exert it: And, therefore (like truth), he may be "blamed," but not "shamed," by its absence. But the truth is, that Mr. Hunt's plea of "poverty" for joining Lord Byron, is an imposition—and an imposition which will not pass upon the pubilc, though we have no doubt it passed upon himself. Mr. Hunt was not poor. He had no business to be poor. Every body who knows any thing of literary details, knows that he could have gained a livelihood, and more than a livelihood (at the time when he went to Pisa), by the fair exercise of his talents in England. But it suited his *taste* better to go; and his vanity deluded him to think that *he* could go—no one else in his situation could have gone—but *he* could go, with honour and credit. He believed that the world really was fairy ground; and that a *dictum* from the printing-office in Catherine-street must necessarily be received all over it as a "general order." That "the editor of the Examiner" "could do no wrong;" and that "the gods took care of people who wrote such books as *Foliage*, and *Rimini*." He found, to his rather cost, that the world entertained a very different doctrine: that every body in Italy counted a pound note to be just twenty shillings; and that Lord Byron *counted it so too.*

Under such circumstances, for all ends but for the amusement which it has afforded to the public, and the money which it has brought to the author and the publisher, Mr. Hunt's book would have been better left unwritten. A man of his professions and ostentatiously proclaimed opinions should not have become the *attaché* (we wish to use the least offensive term possible) of Lord Byron, or any other "lord." Diogenes was a king while he spurned the gifts of Alexander: but what would he have been two hours afterwards, if the tub had been found empty, and the late occupant smirking at the palace gate? The tone and temper of the matter relative to Lord Byron, pretty nearly answers the matter itself; and the sorrows of the writer, on his own account, will excite little sympathy in the minds of his friends, while they afford dangerous handles for ridicule to any who may be his enemies. Lord Byron (with all his genius) was a splenetic, self-willed, flattery-spoiled, and not very generous man! Who is there ever read his works, and considered his extraordinary fortunes, that will either be surprised at this result, or find exceeding matter for accusation in it? And even this is the account delivered by a man whose anger he provoked; who had opportunities of detecting his ill qualities (where he had any), such as proverbially no character can resist; whose whole narrative is a history written to assure the reader, that there never was a jot of difference between Byron's personal importance and his (the writer's) own; and who doubts, most liberally, every tolerable quality of his Lordship—from his personal courage, down to the number of shawls he gave Madame Guiccioli—without troubling himself to record many facts, in support of this great variety of suspicion.

This notice, however, has carried us farther than we intended; and it only remains to say a few words upon the execution of the work generally; which we may do very shortly—for it is very lively and agreeable. Only a small portion of it relates to the affairs of Lord Byron; and the remainder is filled up by notices of Mr. Hunt's early literary life; of his voyage

to Leghorn; and of the gifts and capacities of a great many of his literary friends. One or two persons, we believe, are a good deal offended at certain disclosures contained in this part of the book: but the quarrels of authors generally will be viewed with indifference—excepting as matters of recreation—by the public. The greater part of Mr. Hunt's minor reminiscences are rather of a laudatory character; and for the parties whom he has attacked, we confess we think—the less *they* say about "personalities," the better.

A paragraph in the Courier newspaper, of the 25th of February, contains the following extraordinary narration, Court of Common Pleas. Sittings at Nisi Prius, before Mr. Justice Burrough and common Juries. The court was occupied this day, in trying cases of no importance except to the parties. In an action, which had been brought by the assignees of a bankrupt, to recover some property that had been in the bankrupts possession, Mr. Serjeant Adams, having occasion to allude to the manner of proceeding in Basinghall Street (the Bankrupt Court) drew a very unamiable picture of the gentlemen who exercise judicial functions in this part of the City. After a great deal of general imputation, the learned Serjeant came to more specific charges against the Commissioners; and stated, among other matters of the same sort, that often—"even when corporeally present, they were mentally absent." When Mr. Justice Burrough came to charge the jury, he fixed upon that part of the learned Serjeant's address, "and said, that he felt it his duty to say, that the assertion of the learned Serjeant, that the Commissioners, "though corporeally present were mentally absent," was "*a monstrous falsehood.*" His lordship varied the expression of his opinion several times, by calling the assertion which had been made at the bar a "down right falsity," and an "infamous calumny." He said, that he himself had been a Commissioner of Bankrupts for more than thirty years: and could, from his own experience testify that the assertion, of the learned Serjeant had no foundation in truth. He afterwards very highly eulogized the present Commissioners; and said, that some of the most eminent men in the profession of the law had filled that office."—Our faith in the accuracy of newspaper reports, does not (with occasional cases of exceptions)—go to a very catholic belief in the notices of evening papers; which are prepared, even subject to greater haste than newspaper intelligence in general. And we should be almost inclined to think there must be some mistake in the paragraph before us. It certainly was a odd part of any learned Judge's "duty," to call an assertion made by a learned Serjeant (unless it conveyed a personal reflection upon himself) a "monstrous falsehood." But, a-part from the precise phraseology, if his lordship has taken up in any strong terms the defence of the proceedings before the Commissioners in Bankruptcy, he will find that he is mistaken. Whatever the conduct and constitution of those petty tribunals may have been, during the "thirty years of his experience," we have no hesitation in stating—and there is not a single respectable attorney in London who is not capable of testifying to the truth of our affirmation—that, at present, the system of proceedings before the Commissioners of Bankrupts, is a disgrace to the legislature that permits its endurance. There is not a portion of our legal system so notorious for job, and personal insolence, and injustice: and the manner in which business is conducted ressembles the etiquette of the Five's court, more than the decency and attention which should mark the transaction of a judicial tribunal. It is a strange proof of the

ignorance in which members of all things that exist immediately about them, that Mr. Justice Burrough should not be aware, that the management of business before the Commissioner of Bankrupts is universally considered the very scandal of the legal profession. It is most costly to parties: and very much objected to by the respectable solcitors concerned in Bankrupt business. We have by us (as the thing happens) a great number of communications upon this very subject: and shall take an early opportunity of more directly addressing ourselves to it.

The practice of sewing ladies in bags, and throwing them into the sea—Vide Byron's Giaour, and all other Turkish authorities—though favoured in modern times in the East, does not clearly appear to have been of Ottoman origin.—In the reign of Charles the 6th of France, a historian of the time (Juvenal des Ursins) says, it was the custom to enclose persons who gave offence at court, in a similar manner: and to throw the sacks in, at high tide, to swim down the river; with a large label attached to them, on which was written—*Laissez passer la justice du Roi!*"

In the same reign (A. D. 1405) Charles's Queen, Isabella of Bavaria, was extravagantly given to the vices of sloth, fine dressing, and gourmandise. The main occupations of this princess consisted in the devouring of meats, and the amassing of money; between which, engagements, she relaxed from time to time, in regulating the costume of the ladies of her court—which was so excessive—particularly in the item of an enormous and pefectly indescribable head-dress—that it was with difficulty the unfortunate bearers could make their way through the narrow doors and passages of the times, in passing, on their affairs, from one chamber to another. The Queen herself, wore the same garb; but were less incommoded by the disability it produced; as, already, from her excessive *embonpoint* (occasioned by her eating) it was difficult for her even to walk, and, while Regent of the kingdom, for this cause she declined always appearing at the councils.—An Augustin monk, even in that day of despotism however, who had courage to strike at the follies of his time, acquired great reputation by the firmness with which, even in the Queen's hearing, he attacked her Majesty's vices, and those of her subjects and dependants.—"Great Queen!" said the valiant ecclesiastic, who was known by the name of Jacques le Grand, in the course of a sermon delivered on some state occasion, before the whole court and in the Royal presence—"Great Queen! I could well wish that my duty could accord with the desire which I feel, to say nothing here that shall not be welcome. But your souls health is more dear to me than your favour; and, even though I should be so unfortunate as to displease, it is impossible for me not to exclaim against the empire which the goddess of pleasure and effeminacy has established in your court. She has for her inseparable attendants, sloth and good cheer; who turn day into night, and pass that in dances and dissolute revelry. And these two scourges of virtue do not only corrupt the morals they enervate the strength and the courage of your subjects. They hold in bonds and shameful idleness, your feeble knights and esquires, and make them shun the battle, to which they would rather rush, if honour as heretofore were only to be acquired in it; or if they did not dread lest these effeminate forms, by wounds should be difigured!"—Passing from this point to the luxury of dress, which was the chief passion of the Queen, and after having condemned its indulgence for a thousand satisfactory causes—he added—"Your Court, Madame, is but too

clearly convicted of this disorder, as of many others: and, if that which I say appear a matter of doubt to you, put on the garb of a poor woman, walk through the city, and hear what is the discourse, and the complaints of all societies."—*Sismondi.*

The facility with which the lower classes in all countries, have of speaking languages which they do'nt understand, must have been observed by all travellers. Nothing was more common, during the war in the Peninsula, than to hear a private soldier, who could not utter one word of Portuguese or Spanish, undertaking to interpret for his less intuitively instructed master;—and actually going on to pronounce a long discourse, in very pure English, to some postilion or muleteer—every word of which, by some strange gramarye, the party addressed seemed to understand! The same faculty is occasionally found about town, in certain of the agents employed for packet boats and coach offices; and one man in particular, was retained at Hatchett's in Piccadilly, for several years, as a linguist: no person ever appearing to be aware that he was guiltless of all tongues but his vernacular. On one occasion, when this person distinguished himself, a Frenchman, just as the mails were leaving Piccadilly, made a mistake, and got into the wrong vehicle: an error not very uncommon among Englishmen, who commonly avoid asking a question if the ceremony can be in any way dispensed with.—He got into the Portsmouth mail—or some coach of equally opposite destination—being "booked" to go to Bath. No one was at hand, who spoke French; and the erroneous stranger spoke no language but his own; and great confusion and difficulty ensued, until 'Jack White,' hearing the uproar, came up.—"I say, Jack!" said the coachman,—"you speak French! I wish you'd tell this d——d Frenchman that I don't go to Bath,—he can't go along with me!' White opened the door, thrust his head into the vehicle, and laying his hand upon the Frenchman's arm, exclaimed simply,—'I say, Mounseer!—I'm d——d if you haven't got into the wrong coach!'—The Frenchman understood immediately. The authoress of a very odd and pious work, called 'Three years in Italy,' describing her voyage from England to Leghorn, gives another example of this sort of readiness of expression,—"A pilot," the lady says, (this was off some port in the Mediterranean) "came to our assistance at early dawn, to whom I tried to speak *Italian*, but failed. He (the pilot,) made nearly as unsuccessful an attempt to speak *English*, which also failed. Our Captain then ordered breakfast to be prepared; but, as it consisted of nothing but salt herrings, and mouldy biscuit, the pilot would not partake of it. The Captain, however, (these are the people never at a loss) —supposing that he could object to the fare, thought it was *modesty* that kept him back, and frequently cried out '*munge, munge,*' by way of speaking *French* to him, to encourage him to eat."

We omitted to include in our above estimate of considerable new works, the publication of the late Mr. Canning's speeches, which has been undertaken in a very splendid style by Ridgway. This work, a considerable portion of which had the advantage of Mr. Canning's personal revision, should not be mixed up with any of the hasty and unauthorised collections which have before appeared to the same purpose. The *recueil* itself forms a valuable adjunct to the collected speeches of Burke, Fox, and Sheridan, and various other leading parliamentary orators. It is remarkably well got up; with a portrait of Mr. Canning, from a bust by Chantrey;—and a curious example, in typo-lithography, of the right hon. gentleman's M.S. corrections of the report of one of his

speeches upon the recent expedition to Portugal. Upon the editing too (performed by Mr. Therry), considerable attention seems to have been bestowed.

The Council of Health of Paris has recommended, as a rule to be enforced in all future buildings, in that capital, that the maximum of height of houses shall never exceed the width of the street in which they stand. This regulation, the report says, will have three good effects: the streets of the city will be always cleaner, the ventilation better, and the accumulation of too large a population, upon any given space, will be prevented. The mortality of the city, during the year 1826, is stated at 26,000 souls, of whom 9,000 died in the hospitals and charitable institutions. The number of deaths, dividing males and females, is pretty nearly equal. One-fifth of the whole number—this is a curious fact—are stated to have died of inflammations in the bowels. The number of suicides has increased considerably in Paris, within the last few years. In 1824 there were 371 suicides; in 1825, they increased to 396; and in 1826 the number had risen to 511.

The same periodical that supplies us with the above table, gives an account of the judicial proceedings in all the criminal courts of Spain, in the same year (1826), which exhibits some curious characteristics of offence. The number of "homicides" tried—this includes all cases of death produced by violence, murder as well as manslaughter—amount to 1,233; and the cases of robbery, including embezzlements and breaches of trust, only to 2,260: an enormous extent of crimes of violence, as compared with those of theft. These "homicides" are counted independent of 13 "infanticides"—a lower rate, probably, of the same description of crime than we find among us in England—five poisonings—one cannibalism!—the account adds, that this enormity took place in Catalonia—and 1,773 cases of "wounds and maiming." The number of blasphemers, too, punished, is enormous—no less than 2,763. The total amount of offences, tried within the year, is 12,939; and this arises upon a population of about 11,500,000; making one offender for every 885 souls. This is a much higher rate than we find in France or England; where the average of criminals does not exceed one in 1,200 persons: rather the lowest average of the two, in our own country.

The French writer who notices the above table, takes considerable credit to France and England, for the comparatively minor amount of crime in those countries, which he attributes to their higher state of intelligence and civilization. It must be recollected, however, that in the account of the 12,939 annual criminals of Spain, nearly one-fourth of the whole (2763), are "blasphemers;" and another fourth (2,782), come under the head of "sundry excesses;" among which (as pretty nearly every known description of crime is elsewhere specified under a distinct head), a good deal of religious, and some political sin, may probably be counted. In England, for example, all our crime is "effective;" we have had but one "blasphemer"—Mr. Robert Taylor—for a considerable time. Taking off the blasphemy, therefore, and the "sundry excesses"—which is certainly a suspicious item—the scale of crime would be *lower*—as set against the amount of population—in Spain than in France and England! But all tables of this kind are necessarily uncertain. The amount of crime set forth in them will depend quite as much upon the condition of the police as upon the state of morality—upon the quantity of crime detected, and tried or punished, as upon that which actually takes place among the community.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

Sayings and Doings. Third Series. 3 *vols.* 12*mo*; 1828.—This new series has more of the peculiar and best properties of the writer than either of the preceding. He is essentially a caricaturist—the painter, but in our days the incomparable painter of the coarse and broad; but whenever his genius pricks him to chaster scenes—to the serious rather than the ridiculous, his natural *penchant* compels him to deepen the shades and heighten the glare beyond the truths of fact, which help, at the same time, to conceal the deformities of his sketches. There is always, in his truest efforts, something of extravagance — something that smacks of the essence of farces and political squibbings, and forces upon us the assurance that *there* is his element, and almost the wish that there he would continue to revel and triumph. The low and the ludicrous—the worthless and the profligate—these are the characters he delights to trace, and he does trace them, it must be allowed, with more of the genuine spirit of the older novelists than any of his cotemporaries. He has studied in the school of Smollet; and, like that great master, has not the skill, perhaps not the patience, to copy closely the features of nature; his powers shew more like those of the "grand carver" than the anatomist, and his dexterity consists less in separating and dissecting than in slicing and slashing. He has, in short, a natural tact and felicity in detecting the vulgar and absurd, and, of course, out of a given quantity of these choice materials, is able to make more of them than others, whose propensities take a more refined and bearable direction. He must accordingly be placed at the head of his class; he justly assumes a priority and pre-eminence in this his peculiar department, and claims it indeed as all his own. We know none who can at all contest the palm with him, and in Gervase Skinner he has out-heroded Herod. In the volumes before us, at least in one of the tales, the writer assumes a bolder moral tone than formerly: and occasionally even a sermonizing one, which sits rather awkwardly upon him. Of one of his heroines, he says —"she had no counsellor on earth; she had not been instructed to appeal to one in heaven, who, *almighty as he is*, would have aided, strengthened, and sustained her." This language appears to him, no doubt, to be full of unction—pious and orthodox; but it is evidently that of one little familiar with the usual style of these things—so little, that when he attempts a shot, the chances are ten to one he misses.

The present series comprises two tales only; the first, entitled Cousin William, is the tale not so much of Cousin William as of Cousin Caroline. Caroline is the daughter of an elderly country gentleman, a valetudinarian, and married to a second wife, devoted equally with himself to medicine—both disciples of Dr. Buchan, and very facetiously, in consequence, called *Buccha-neers*—not only swearing by him, but yielding up their souls and bowels to his absolute guidance. So much is their attention absorbed in looking after their real and imaginary maladies, that the young lady's propensities are lost sight of, and suffered to pursue their growth in their own direction. She is a very charming girl nevertheless—full of generosity and general amiableness, but untaught to check her fancies and feelings; and, mingling scarcely at all with her equals, she is little informed of the decorums of life, and of course entertains little veneration for them. She has a cousin in the guards, whose visits to his uncle have been frequent, and, as Caroline grew up to womanhood, more frequent still, till her affections, insensibly, become wholly his. He is a profligate of the deepest dye, but of that Caroline knows little, and what she does, she is ready to palliate. He at last ruins himself and his father, and his only resource is a match with the heiress of a noble family, but of few perfections, with one eye, but thousands of acres. A few weeks before the day fixed for the marriage he visits his cousin, and communicates his designs, and affects not to know anything of the state of her feelings,—but now, on discovering the truth, he pours forth imprecations and curses on his own folly; first, in thus having unwittingly engaged his charming cousin's affection, and next, on the dice and the turf, that have driven him to link himself with the noble monope.

Just at this period, very unexpectedly, Sir Mark Terrington, of the neighbourhood —a *spooney*, as the author, if he were describing him in one word, would call him —offers his hand and fortune. The young lady, passionately devoted as she is to her precious cousin, is not precipitate in rejecting these offers; she takes time to deliberate, that is, to consult her cousin, who at once advises acceptance, and secretly secures the alliance of her own maid. With this damsel, Cousin William had held a brief *liaison*, and, in obedience to her cue, she does not hesitate to suggest, that a marriage with Sir Mark need be no impediment to the progress or the indulgence of their affections. The young lady, as yet comparatively unsophisticated, spurns the base suggestion, but forgets to dismiss the artful agent; and considering that home is uncomfortable, that Sir Mark is rich, that her cousin cannot marry two wives, and therefore is lost to her, and that his new and brilliant connexion will, as he tells her, introduce her into the gay world, she finally, but not unreluctantly, consents to the marriage.

But before Cousin William had completed his own marriage, he, being too loose of soul to control his own tongue, had suffered certain offensive expressions, and still more offensive conduct, to reach the lady's ears, and on his arrival at the noble lady's castle, finds the door closed against him, and all his hopes completely baffled. What was to be done? He bethinks himself that Caroline has eight or ten thousands, of which he might as well get possession, and he flies accordingly on the wings of rapacity to clutch them—assuring her that he has abandoned the dreams of wealth; and the lady, who was to realize them for her dear charming self—and tempts her to elope with him; but just as she and her woman are stepping into the carriage, he is arrested for debt; and she is thus rescued from present ruin. The consequence of which, at last, is, the marriage with Sir Mark takes place, and Cousin William flies to the continent, and the curtain drops for one and twenty years.

At the end of that period the curtain is again drawn up, and the same parties reappear. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute;* true as this may be, there are many gradations from innocence to infamy; but these it was convenient to cut; and accordingly, at the end of one and twenty years, Caroline is exhibited as the gay and revelling wife of Sir Mark, and Cousin William, as Sir William, the brave and successful commander, covered with honours, and ribands, and stars, and in close attendance on Lady Terrington. His gallantries towards her are open, and excite remark; he is domiciliated with her, but Sir Mark, gouty, stupid, and confiding, sees nothing. She has, however, a son, a noble-minded youth, devoted to his fond mother to admiration, and believing her unspotted as an angel. At length his suspicions, however, are awakened. The old Abigail is now turned methodist, and, to indulge her spleen and spite, and in obedience to her new principles, she hints to the son at the intrigue going on between his mother and Sir William, and actually makes him supervisor of Sir William's passage, in the dead of night, from his mother's chamber. Distracted between his thirst for vengeance, and his shrinking from the exposure of his mother, he hesitates, but at last withdraws to a retired ale-house in the neighbourhood, under the pretence of fishing, and leaves a note for Sir William to meet him there forthwith, on pressing business. On his way to this rendezvous, Sir William is encountered by the old Abigail, who reveals the disclosure she herself had made; he proceeds nevertheless, and on his arrival finds the youth stretched lifeless on the floor, the suicidal victim of embarrassment and shame. The mother runs mad, and Sir William betakes himself to the continent, and pursues his career of profligacy—and what finally becomes of him the writer says not.

The other story, entitled Gervase Skinner, is intended to illustrate the adage of penny wise and pound foolish; and low, and vulgar, and disgusting as much of it is, presents a capital specimen of the author's peculiar powers. He is here quite at home. The story is mixed up with theatricals, and all his knowledge of stage trickeries and green-room wit is brought into play. Skinner is a man of large property, living in Somersetshire, the author's native county, it should seem, from the style of panegyric he thinks it his duty to pour upon it. He is an under-bred man, and ambitious of the reputation of liberality—to be purchased, however, on the most moderate terms. He is very fond of the stage, and in the habit of entertaining the principals of a company of strollers in their periodical visits, by which he gains the free run of the theatre. On one occasion of this kind a new star appears, who attracts his admiration—apparently from her skill in frying tripe, and beef-steaks and onions. Though accompanied by her husband, Skinner is not deterred from offering his gallantries. Mrs. Fugglestone sees she has found a pigeon, and resolves to pluck him. She quarrels with the manager, and flies to pour her complaints into Skinner's ear, and having an engagement in town, she schemes to get up at his cost. Skinner also wants to get his carriage to town, and thinks he has met with a capital opportunity of doing so without expense, and of appearing liberal too into the bargain. He saddles the party also with his own man, who is to ride in the dickey—he himself meaning to go on the top of the Exeter coach. All being ready to start, the lady takes him aside, and tells him they have no money at hand to pay the posting, and begs to borrow only £50, to be repaid as soon as he comes to town. Though a little astounded, he can refuse nothing, but comforts himself with the prospect of getting up his carriage and man, gratis, at all events. Arrived at Hatchett's, he evades dining, and goes almost supperless to bed to save expense. He refuses the guard a shilling, and, in consequence, loses his trunk, which, though he finally recovers it, costs him many pounds to accomplish. Though determined to go and live on his new friends in Martlett-court, the husband is much too sharp for him, and contrives to breakfast and dine and dine and breakfast splendidly at his cost, till at last Skinner takes refuge at the Hummums, where nothing but beds are to be had. In the meanwhile no money is forthcoming from Mrs. Fugglestone, and, moreover, he finds his man had defrayed the expenses of posting, notwithstanding the £50. He however continues his visits, and by degrees is persuaded by the lady to buy a horse and gig, and drive her about

for the indispensable benefit of her health. The horse, though worth 150 guineas, he buys for 50 guineas, of he knows not whom, and very shortly it is seized as a stolen horse; and at the same time the husband discovers his wife and Skinner had slept in the same apartment a few miles from town. The husband forthwith visits him with an attorney, and he is frightened into a compromise of £2,000; and finally, on the lady's being abandoned, as she pretended, by her husband, is induced to settle £150 a year upon her.

Thus, however, getting rid of the connexion, he proceeds on his original destination, that is, to marry the daughter of an old friend of his, who had left her £15,000, on condition that she shall marry Skinner, or the money go to a charity school. The young lady had never seen Skinner, and before his arrival had bestowed her affections on a youthful and accomplished, but pennyless, artist. On his journey his carriage breaks down, and being mistaken for somebody else, he is taken to a private madhouse, just out of the road, and being there pretty obstreperous, his head is shaven, and he is put to bed in a long shirt. Escaping at last from this embarrassment, but not recovering his curls, he presents himself, thus cropped, to his lovely bride, and almost as soon as he arrives, he finds, to his amazement, Mr. and Mrs. Fugglestone apparently on the most amicable terms. Certain disclosures of course follow, which encourage the young lady to avow her determination to renounce him and the money; but luckily for the young people, it turns out, Skinner had himself made the will, to spare the expense of a lawyer, and had made it in the teeth of the statute of mortmain. Skinner quits the place in a rage, and Mrs. Fugglestone contrives to fasten herself on him again; and, in their way to town, he learns by the papers that his house is burnt to the ground, and again, on reaching town, no money is forthcoming on some Irish mortgages—a new claimant appearing for the property; and thus he finds himself with scarcely a shilling. Mrs. Fugglestone of course cuts and runs; but the young artist has just gained £30,000 by the lottery, from a ticket which had been Skinner's, and which he had parted with at a trifling profit, and he and his bride, with her £15,000, being now wealthy people, take compassion on Skinner, and provide him with a residence; and, eventually, through their means, he recovers some portion of his property, and turns out, moreover, an altered man.

Correspondence and Memoir of Lord Collingwood; 1828.—These letters will be read with interest—not so much for any novelty of information they contain—not so much for clearing up obscurities and supplying deficiencies in the events of battles, and the histories of negociations—not so much for exhibiting the actions of individuals, or sketching the characters of nations—though something of all these they will do—as for the portrait, plain and simple, they present of an honest man, possessed of a sound, if not of a very enlightened judgment—fond of his profession, and understanding it—sensible of his duties, and zealously performing them—pursuing his career with steady integrity—courting no man's favour, but relying on his substantial virtues for success, and happily winning it—of a man whose thoughts, though intensely bent on business, were yet anxiously cast upon his domestic felicities, upon his wife and daughters, upon his small but snug retreat in Northumberland, the charms of which he was wont to dwell upon with delight, but which he was not destined to enjoy.

Lord Collingwood was the son of a gentleman of good family and connexions, but of small property, settled at Newcastle, born in 1750, and sent to sea at the age of eleven, under the command of Captain, afterwards Admiral, Brathwaite, who had married a sister of the boy's mother. His kind and susceptible disposition was quickly remarked; the first lieutenant of the ship finding him shedding tears, when his friends left him on board, took pains to comfort and cheer him, which so won upon the child's feelings, that he led the lieutenant to his box, and gave him a bit of plum-cake. Under Captain Brathwaite's eye, his education was carefully attended to, and the foundation laid for the skill and knowledge of his profession, for which he was afterwards so much distinguished. With him he served many years, and, in 1774, when at Boston, was made a lieutenant, the day of the battle of Bunker's-hill. In 1776, as a lieutenant in the Hornet sloop, he was on the Jamaica station, where Nelson held the same rank on board the Lowestoffe. The young men were fast friends; and both being protégés and favourites of Sir P. Parker, it so happened, as Collingwood himself says, whenever Nelson got a step, he succeeded him, first in the Lowestoffe—then in the Badger, into which he was made commander in 1779, and afterwards in the Hinchinbrooke, a 28-gun frigate, which made them both Post Captains.

In the Hinchinbrooke he was employed on an expedition to the Spanish Main, where it was proposed to pass into the South Sea, by a navigation of boats along the river San Juan, and the lakes Nicaragua and Leon; but the plan failed, from the insurmountable difficulties of the country, and the fatal unwholesomeness of the climate. Out of the 200, which composed the crew of his own ship, he buried 180 in about four months. The other ships suffered in the same proportion, and of the transports, many sunk from being left lite-

rally without a man on board; but they were no longer wanted—the troops had all been swept away. In 1780, he commanded the Pelican, which was wrecked in a hurricane on the rocks of Morant Keys, where with difficulty they escaped on the sands, and remained for ten days on short commons, till a boat, despatched to Jamaica, returned with a frigate and took them off. After this mishap, he commanded the Sampson, a 64, which was paid off at the peace, but he himself was transferred to the Mediator, and was again with Nelson on the West India station till 1786, where he and Nelson took upon themselves the responsibility of enforcing the Navigation Laws—not hesitating what course to take, when the alternative was disobeying orders, and disobeying Acts of Parliament. This conduct, however, may be well supposed to have been the prompting of Nelson.

From the end of 1786 to the year 1790, Captain Collingwood was on shore, making the acquaintance, as he says, of his family, to whom his continued absence, from a child, had made him a stranger. In 1790, he was sent, under Admiral Cornish, to the West Indies, with an armament destined to act against the Spaniards; but affairs being quickly accommodated, he was soon at home again; and finding all chance of employment for the time over, he married, and continued on shore till the war broke out in 1793, and, with the exception of a few weeks, was constantly afloat till the end of it. In the action of the 1st of June, 1794, he commanded the Barfleur; but, though he received the thanks and congratulations of Admiral Bowyer, no notice was taken of him in Lord Howe's despatches; and in the distribution of medals his claims were overlooked. From the Barfleur he removed to the Excellent, and, in company with the fleet, was cruising in the Mediterranean, at Corsica, and along the coast of Italy, but chiefly stationed off Toulon, watching the French Fleet, nearly till the battle of St. Vincent's, Feb. 14, 1797, where he again distinguished himself, and where, moreover, his services were warmly acknowledged. "I did my duty," says he, "to the utmost of my ability, as I have ever done; that is acknowledged now, and there is the only real difference between this and the former action. Take it altogether, it is perhaps the most brilliant action upon record; and I cannot help feeling an almost spiteful satisfaction that Lord Howe is outdone." On this occasion, when Lord St. Vincent informed him he was to receive one of the medals, he refused to accept it, while the one for the 1st of June was withheld. "I feel," said he, "I was then improperly passed over, and to receive such a distinction now, would be to acknowledge the propriety of that injustice."—"That is precisely the answer I expected from you," was St. Vincent's reply. The two medals were sent together, with an assurance dated June, from Lord Spencer, then at the head of the Admiralty, that the first medal would have been transmitted months before, if a proper conveyance had been found for it.

The spirit of mutiny which prevailed at the Nore in the following summer, was successfully repressed in the Mediterranean fleet by the exertions of Lord St. Vincent, and none co-operated with more zeal and effect than Captain Collingwood. Of his efficaciousness the Admiral was so convinced, that he repeatedly drafted the more ungovernable into the Excellent—"send them to Collingwood," he used to say, "he will bring them to order." On one occasion, a seaman was sent from the Romulus, who had pointed one of the fore-castle guns, shotted to the muzzle, at the quarter-deck, and standing by it with a match, declared he would fire at the officers, unless he received a promise that no punishment should be inflicted upon him. On his arrival on board the Excellent, Captain Collingwood, in the presence of many of the sailors, said to him, with great sternness of manner, 'I know your character well, but beware how you attempt to excite insubordination in this ship; for I have such confidence in my men, that I am certain I shall hear in an hour of every thing you are doing. If you behave well in future, I will treat you like the rest, nor notice here what happened in another ship; but if you endeavour to excite mutiny, mark me well, I will instantly head you up in a cask, and throw you into the sea.' Under the treatment which he met with in the Excellent, this man became a good and obedient sailor, and never afterwards gave any cause of complaint."

After the victory of St. Vincent's, Captain Collingwood continued with the main fleet, and had not the good fortune to be among those who were detached, under Nelson, to intercept the French on their way to Egypt, but was kept "cruising off St. Lucar's, to intercept—the market-boats, the poor cabbage carriers. Oh, humiliation," adds he, in a letter to a brother officer. At the end of 1798 he brought his ship to port, which was paid off—wanting repairs, and he himself flew to his family in Northumberland. But in a very few weeks he was raised to the rank of Rear-Admiral, and directed to join the Channel Fleet, and was in activity till the end of the war, when for about another twelvemonth, he for the last time was re-united to his family.

On the renewal of the war in 1803, he was immediately despatched under Cornwallis to cruise off Brest, and with the Channel Fleet he continued till Nelson took the command in September 1805, and was Nelson's second at the battle of Trafalgar in the following October. On that memorable day, he had the honour of leading his ship first into action, and commenced the battle, when a mile a-head of any other English ship. "See," cried Nelson, "how

that noble fellow, Collingwood, takes his ship into action. How I envy him."—While Collingwood's observation was—knowing his friend well—"What would Nelson give to be here?" By the fall of Nelson, he was left commander-in-chief; and at the head of the fleet he continued till his own death, about four years and a half from that period—cruizing the whole time—now in the Mediterranean, and now off Cadiz—sometimes protecting Sicily—sometimes acting with Russia and against Turkey, and now again aiding the Spaniards, and finally capturing the Ionian Islands. Literally worn down by hard labour, and long continuance at sea, his death occurred in March, 1810. From the battle of Trafalgar his labours were incessant, his correspondence was overwhelming, embracing the affairs of the Spaniards, Turks, Albanians, Egyptians, Sicilians, and the Barbary States, and left him no moment for repose. In the whole of these services—many of them new to a naval man, he seems to have shewn himself equal to all emergencies, however sudden or delicate. The sound judgment of the man on political matters is very remarkable, considering how little had been his intercourse with the rulers of mankind; and the censures he expresses for our union with the Russians against the Turks, are of the most manly and appropriate character. This period of his life presents one of the most melancholy conditions we can well imagine—for months and months never entering a port, and once for nearly two years never dropping anchor, cut off from his family, rarely learning any news of them, nailed to his writing desk from morning to night, scarcely able to snatch a few minutes for a scanty repast, or to catch the fresh breeze in the evening—his health wasting, his hopes vanishing, his efforts baffled—often with little intercourse from without, and none within; under all these depressing circumstances, when soliciting his recal, and panting for home, and told that the Government knew not where to find a successor, he submitted in silence—his life, he said, was his country's. The correspondence of this period will be sure to attract the public interest.

Collingwood was born for a commander under orders at home—that is, a man for keeping things in perfect order, and in an available state—an executive man—not a dasher like Nelson; he did not, like him, force admiration by unexpected successes; but then he did not like him plunge into positions, which went nigh to wreck his well-earned reputation. The universal feeling towards him was that of respect. There was nothing of fanfaronade about him—steady as old time, as sure as fate—with qualities as much to be calculated upon as the laws of motion, or the properties of arithmetic. His mind was always made up to his duties: his rules and principles immutable, and no feelings of the mortal shook him in the execution. With all this steady and inflexible resolution, however, he was a man of the kindliest nature; he discouraged flogging, generally substituting privations for cruelties, and was always disposed to attribute irregularities to his own mismanagement, rather than to the bad qualities of the offenders. He was no courtier, and as he himself never solicited personal favours, so his contempt for such as succeeded in the service by influence was unbounded, and rarely concealed. The consequence was, that though so long at the head of the largest fleet England ever possessed, he could rarely serve his friends—that is, those who deserved preferment under his command; his influence was confined to the filling up of vacancies occasioned by death.

A large portion of the volume is taken up with his correspondence with his wife and children—full of anxiety always for their happiness and welfare, and of his longings to rejoin them. Amiable as they shew the man, there is too much of this—it is querulous, at times, even to weariness. In his letters to his daughters, the good man is urgent they should read no novels, nothing but history, history—as if he thought history, history, was itself, by far the greater part of it, any thing but fable. But arithmetic and geometry are the prime favourites, affording amusement so delightful and illimitable, that he apparently seems convinced, if cards had not unhappily got possession of society, they would have become the established sources of recreation at evening parties.

De Lisle, or the Distrustful Man. 3 *vols.* 12*mo.*; 1827.—This is a very able performance, deserving of a much more attentive examination—nay of the closest analysis—than we have space to give it. It is manifestly the production of a person of resources not easily exhausted, liberally and even profusely as he has poured forth from the fountain of imagination, and the treasures of experience. It presents a richer abundance of circumstances and sentiments than we can readily recal in any recent writer—equalling the author of De Vere in the latter, and excelling him infinitely in the former. The general tone and turn indeed of the writing reminds us of Mr. Ward, though doubtless the subject is not one that he would have chosen to delineate, and the absence of religious reflection, or at least of religious teaching, must convince us it is not his.

De Lisle is introduced as a youth of family and fortune, of high abilities and extensive attainments—early assuming a superiority over his fellows, indisposed to confidence, and ever ready to fling contempt upon opponents—doing any thing rather than seeking others, or appearing to seek them, and shocked at the thought of being controuled at home or abroad. His mother

was a managing woman, and ruled his father, which in very early youth excited the son's indignation, and roused his resistance, and made him watchful against all attempts of her to guide or influence him—even to a degree of obstinacy and contradictoriness. It became enough, if she proposed, for him to refuse; and though she was cunning, and changed her ground, he pursued her changes with a jealousy equal to her cunning; his pride was fully awakened; he fairly took the bit in his mouth, and ran his own course. With others he was sometimes forgetfully confiding; but almost every connexion he made, in one way or other disappointing him, added fuel to his sensitive temper, and brought on confirmed distrust. Before he was of age he accompanied some friends abroad, where, at a gaming establishment, he met with a lady of the most captivating manners and enchantments, and her he brought home, and in the enthusiasm of his admiration, and to assert his independence, would have married, lost as she notoriously was to all character. The lady was one who had changed proprietors frequently, and now accepted De Lisle's protection as a matter of accommodation; and, to his surprise, mortification, and disgust, left him as soon as she found a change more agreeable. This desertion had a most deciding effect on his after character and conduct. On coming of age, on the urgency of his parents, he became candidate for his native county; and the tricks, and treacheries, and venalities he witnessed, inflicted another shock on the delicacy and sincerity of his sentiments, and the loss of the election only added another rivet to the distrust which was beginning to extend towards the whole human race.

He was now without occupation, and an object; and with all his apparent strength of character, the sport of every wind that blew. His present indecisions ended in accompanying some friends, one of them an invalid, to the south, and he seemed to be recovering an interest in life and society, when both his friends perished, one by falling into the water, skating, and the other by flying to his rescue; and he was thus again left a lonely being without an object for regard, and without a wish for life—the last sad events exasperating his general feeling of disappointment, though not calculated to add to his growing misanthropy.

By this time a dissolution comes round again, and he is once more involved in an election contest; and being this time successful, turns his thoughts and attention to Parliamentary matters, and distinguishes himself as an able debater, but refuses to take party. The effects of this refusal force on him a conviction of the imbecility of individual and independent effort, and he resigns his seat, with disgust augmented, and ready to overflow and inundate all with whom he comes in contact. The lady, however, who had first charmed him, though she had jilted him so carelessly, had still a hold on his memory, and even on his affections; and hearing something of her accidentally, and at a loss also for occupation, he resolves to go on the continent in search of her—not so much with any view of renewing the intercourse, as to ascertain why she left him, and if she had ever loved him. He succeeds in tracing her, and gathers from her her whole history—a history which is told with the most graceful vivacity; and though the story be in itself full of improbabilities, yet is it facile to the imagination, and irresistibly attractive. Generally, episodes are intolerable interruptions; but De Lisle's affairs are at the time so little complicated, that the reader has little difficulty in attending to the fortunes of a stranger, calculated as they are to absorb and satisfy.

Quitting Madame de Lausanne, who is under splendid protection, De Lisle again tours from place to place without a motive; when at Rome, he visits a cottage, where he remembered to have seen children, whose beauty had struck him, and whose miseries he had relieved, and learns that all had perished but one girl, and she was at that moment stretched on the tomb of her brother, in the full desolation of despair. Obeying the dictates of his feelings—for, with all his accumulated distrusts and disgusts, he was of a most kindly nature—he visited the grave, and soothing the poor girl with his best efforts, reconciled her to life. His hours were engrossed by her; and in thus labouring to withdraw her from recollections of wretchedness, he was led to pay her so much personal attention, that the child's affections were passionately fixed upon him, though his own were untouched. She was pre-eminently beautiful, confiding, and devoted. He was now leaving Rome, and what could he do with his protégée? Her fond trust and abandonment to himself embarrassed him; she refused to live, if he left her; and though seeing the absurdity of her accompanying him, the matter ended by his taking her with him—and finally in her own ruin. Many months were now spent in travelling from place to place; and at last, when his return to England became imperative, the thought struck him of placing her in a convent under the care of an abbess, who was the sister of the friends he had lost some years before in a skating excursion, and was well known to him. The poor girl, seeing the case inevitable, consented, mainly because it was *his* wish. Here she pined, and finally, on De Lisle's letters growing, if not cooler, yet less frequent, she sacrificed herself to despair, and left the wretched De Lisle the victim of remorse, and a prey to new disgust.

Time moves on, and the bitterness of grief passes by with it; and De Lisle succeeds to the ample inheritance of his fathers, and returns to the family seat. New personages now come upon the scene, par-

ticularly General Parry's family, consisting of several daughters, one of whom, Ellen, he had known from a child—had indeed been brought up with her, and as a child had been devotedly attached; another, Augusta, was a regular flirt, elegant and shrewd, and not wholly without a heart. With Augusta, De Lisle is amused, but with Ellen he inclines to a more serious attention. She however is mysterious, and when at last he comes to a declaration, she repulses him on the ground of *duty*, without explaining herself. Eventually the mystery clears up. She had sacrificed her happiness to a romantic constancy for Lord Avonmore, to whom she had been betrothed. He had been forced by his father into a marriage with another, but she held herself still bound by her first engagements; and some short time after De Lisle's declaration, Lord Avonmore's wife dies, and he marries Ellen. Thus thrown again upon himself, with affections chilled and frozen, De Lisle's forlorn condition is occasionally relieved by opportunities of obliging his neighbours, and especially on one occasion, by the disposal of a living to a friend of the Parrys, who marries a younger daughter. This clergyman was a person who had seen the world, was a gentleman by birth and manners, and a man of sense, and became to De Lisle a most important neighbour, and rescued him from sinking into the wildest misanthropy.

Years pass on again; Ellen is left a widow, and by degrees the intercourse between herself and De Lisle is renewed. She has with her a young lady, charming of course, a ward of hers, who attracts a good deal of De Lisle's attention, but his serious addresses seem reserved for Ellen. She and he were now no longer young; she was getting near forty, and he was only three years younger, and though exceedingly attached to each other, and understanding each other perfectly, she recommends delay; and thinking the young lady Rosamond the wife for De Lisle, she, by a little manœuvring, finally brings about a marriage between them—bidding fair for happiness, and for a time actually producing happiness, though not wholly uncloaded, for he was, if not wayward, still suspicious, and though proud of his lovely wife, yet dreading the admiration she excited. Circumstances awaken his jealousy, and point to particulars. The lady had, from her childhood, been affianced to Lord Avonmore's son, but the young people, though the warmest friends, had no desire to realize their parents' wishes. The young lord kept up his acquaintance with Lady Rosamond after her marriage, and occasionally visited, though greatly to De Lisle's annoyance—he could never forget their former connexion. Ellen, whose influence could alone have saved him, is now dead, and he is left to the suggestions of his worst fancies. Appearances confirm his fears, and work upon his feelings, till at last he resolves upon separation. He communicates his resolution, and the poor victim of groundless jealousy almost dies under the communication, but accedes. Through the rector she petitions—that the children may not be separated—to live in the same house; and for months they live under the same roof without noticing each other—she all the while sinking and withering—till on some occasion, urged by her children, she takes a share in the performance of a masque, and during the performance, while enchanting all eyes, she drops what appears to be a locket. Her husband was a spectator, and marked it; and was wound up by the sight to a pitch of desperation. He followed her to her chamber, where she had sunk on the bed in utter exhaustion. He taxed her with wearing Avonmore's portrait, and insisted on seeing it; and when, after much reluctance, she put it into his hands, it proved to be *his own*, he was thrown into a transport of despair, and, falling at her feet, implored her forgiveness. A reconciliation takes place, and for a time she rallies; but she had been struck to the heart, and in a few months died in her repentant husband's arms. He himself lived on, and saw his children grow up, and "his last articulate sound was the name of his wife, and his last admonition to his children—BEWARE OF DISTRUST."

We are half ashamed of this bare and most inadequate sketch. The scene shifts perhaps too frequently, and so many sets of characters succeed one another, that something is wanting to give unity and compactness; and some are apparently forgotten, who were originally destined to play more important parts. But the novel is decidedly one of the best that has appeared for a long time, and leaves Almack's, and Herbert Milton, and others of the lighter cast, far, far behind.

The United States as they are; 1828.—Though coming anonymously, "The United States as they are," is the production of a person evidently pretty familiar with American politics and American manners. The volume contains information, which will be acceptable to many of our countrymen—particularly as to the state of parties, of which, generally, Englishmen know about as much as they do of those of China. It opens with a little of the private history of Mr. Adams's election to the Presidency—as chiefly effected by the management of Clay, the late speaker of the House of Representatives, and the present secretary of state. Clay himself—as *may* be remembered—was a candidate for the presidency—with no expectation of carrying the election, but certainly of so playing his cards as to further his immediate interests, and, eventually, to make an after attempt less improbable; and the fact was, that, though he had the fewest votes, yet, by bargaining

with Adams, and throwing his own weight into the other's scale, Adams gained the presidency, and himself, according to the terms of his bargain, received for his effective services the appointment of secretary of state. The favourite candidate was Jackson—the candidate of the democratic party; but though he had the greatest number of votes, yet the law requiring the winner to have two-thirds of the whole 261; the peremptory election devolved on the House of Representatives, where each state has one vote, and where the conjunction of interests gave Adams thirteen—the bare majority—and of course the presidency.

Adams is of the Tory party, as his father before him;—the Tory party in America means the governing party—the friend of a monarchical, or at least of an hereditary government, in opposition to the federal and democratic parties, who are attached to more popular and independent forms, and are indeed abhorrent of all permanent possessors of office, and of every thing that tends to family succession. Adams and his party make very little secret of their views, and confidently look forward to a change in the constitution. When secretary of state, he was known to have said—"The United States will not be ranked among the nations till the presidency becomes hereditary." And even on the eve of his election—while his election was still pending—he is reported to have said to some person, who expressed disapprobation of the manœuvres that were pretty publicly being practised to secure his appointment—"Sir, the time will come, even with the American States, when the government, and not a prejudiced populace, destitute of character, will determine the public opinion," &c. The will of the nation was manifestly treated with scorn, and with the people generally he is unpopular. But of the higher classes he is considered the proper representative—affecting to play the aristocrat, not only in principle, but in manner and every-day practice. He never mingles with his fellow-citizens on equal terms; and the writer seems to think, and apparently not without reason, if he should be re-elected, the way will be paved for a monarchy, or at least for *hereditary* authority—and that in the family of Adams. The writer tells a story of a new steam-boat launched at Pittsburgh. Thousands of expecting spectators were assembled, and at the last moment, when all was ready, the veil which covered the figure-head of the vessel was withdrawn, and exposed the bust of the president's lady, gorgeously decked, and her head bound with a diadem, and the name, "Lady Adams," glowing in letters of gold, a yard long. The attempt was rather premature, and disappointed the projector.

Of the existing cabinet, Mr. Clay, the secretary of state, is represented as a man of acknowledged ability, but a mere Kentucky adventurer. When a representative for his native state, he on one occasion voted against the interests of his constituents, and on his return met with a very cool reception. His chance of being again elected seemed hopeless—when approaching an old friend, a Kentucky farmer, he wished him a good day.—"I thank you," was the reply. "How d'ye do?" "Harry," replied the farmer, drily, "I presume we must part; thou canst not be any longer our congressman." "Why so, Sir?" "Thou knowest better than I do; thou art a cunning fellow—too cunning for us." After a long pause—"Look," said Clay, taking the Kentucky man's rifle from his hand, and pointing to it, "do you remember the time when we hunted many a buck together?" "Yes." "Then you have not yet given up your old friend!" returning the rifle. "Certainly not." "And did *he* stick as faithfully to *you*?" "What dost thou mean?" "Has he never disappointed you when the game was before his muzzle?" "Why, yes, sometimes." "Then you have not broken him to pieces?" "Why should I? I have given him another chance." "You have done so, dear Tom; but your old friend and trusty servant you are going to break because he once disappointed you? Ah Tom, could you act thus with Harry, your old faithful Harry?" at the same time grasping his hand and pressing it heartily. "G—d — me," exclaimed the Kentuckian, "if I do—I will try thee again, Harry." In an hour the story was in every one's mouth; "Clay for ever," resounded on all sides, and he was again unanimously re-elected. He is now a sort of idol with his countrymen—"That is a mighty great man!" "That is a wonderfully eminent man!" "That is the very first man in the Union"—you may hear from every Kentuckian, and be knocked down if you should not be precisely of the same opinion. With the other states—according to the author—Clay's political obliquity has shaken his credit materially—not one of them would now choose him even for a constable. He is a man of coarse manners — a true Kentuckian — a duellist, a gambler, and a drinker—ruined in purse—without principle, and even decorum. These are strong terms, and probably require a little sobering.

The secretary of the navy is Mr. Southard, a man of inferior abilities—the tool of Adams—and notorious for killing Decatur in a duel. The secretary of the treasury, Rush, is represented as a very harmless person, and owing his appointment to his popularity with the Tories of Philadelphia, whose good opinion it is an object of importance with Adams to secure. The secretary of war, Barbour, and the chief justice, Marshall, are both spoken of as men of superior powers, and superior character, be their party feelings what they may. So that of the *five*, "Clay and Southard are regarded by the author as the instruments of the president, Rush his faithful servant,

and Barbour and Marshall his ministers." His meaning is obvious—though his terms are equivocal. The president's selection has however evidently been very judicious; he has obliged all parties; the amalgamation—calculated to lull the murmurs of discontent—is contemplated by many as likely to produce the most serious consequences to the freedom of America.

But the time is fast approaching, when these speculations will perhaps all be baffled—the election must take place in the coming summer—though appearances bid fair to realize them. Wealth is augmenting, and poverty also—that is, every day there are more who are rich, and more who are poor; this produces separation of interests, feelings, and prejudices; and divides the country into the governing and the governed; and the sovereignty of the people, which has been something real, is fast dropping into *few* hands. The great hope of the democratic party is Jackson; but he is now more than seventy, and his day is gone by.

The account which the author gives of the state of religion in America must surprise, and may stagger, the admirers of establishments. After all the gloomy prophecies, religious rites do not appear to be neglected, nor the ministers of religion to be treated with disrespect. On the contrary, they are every where influential and respectable. Hierarchies have silently sprung up, and ministers are regularly ordained—and churches every where abound. The greatest toleration actually and practically exists; every one goes, unrebuked, where he pleases, and many attend on the services of two or three different denominations, and contribute in distant quarters to the building of churches they never visit, and the support of ministers they never hear—almost without a bias for one more than another; and yet there is no *indifference* as to the benefits to be derived from public worship or public instruction, for the Americans are truly and habitually a church-going people. For attending one place rather than another no body is remarked upon—the censure is reserved for those who attend *nowhere*—and then perhaps it is not spared. The Unitarians are said, by the author, to increase—particularly among the higher classes, in the larger towns, and then he adds in a note, Unitarianism, especially in the Western States, is pure Deism, and not, as in England, a partial belief in revelation. This we do not credit *quite*. We doubt if any one minister of Unitarianism disclaims explicitly all revelation—however he may, in effect, be paving the way to it.

We have no more space; but the author's view of society, in its several classes, and in the character of the several states, is very distinctly given—and, after all the books we have read on these matters, good and bad, is well calculated to arrest the attention of the reader, and make him—if he be not quite out of the pale of society—thankful for the refinements and decorums of polished life, where forbearance is enforced, and insolence repelled. The author speaks out, and for this reason it probably is, that he withholds his name—it may not be safe, or not expedient, to incur offence. We are obliged by the communications, and recommend the book to our readers.

Letters from Greece, with Remarks' &c., by E. Blaquiere, Esq.; 1828.—This is a miscellaneous volume relative to the affairs of Greece, written by the indefatigable Captain Blaquiere, and furnishing another proof of the deep and undying interest in the struggle which that gentleman has manifested from its very commencement. No depths of despair into which the cause at times has sunk could ever shake his confidence. He has borne up with irrepressible elasticity against the contentions and even civil wars of the chiefs—against the apathy of real friends, and the roguery of pretended ones—against the selfishness of patrons and the blunders of agents—and hoped even against hope. The Intervention Treaty, however—notwithstanding the personal bickerings, and opposing views of parties at home, is likely to be enforced—nay a pledge has been given in the Commons—and if no body else rejoices, Capt. Blaquiere at least will rejoice, and justly so, in the fruition of his own honest wishes. It cannot be—so long as the parties concerned in the triple treaty concur, and at present no symptoms of separation appears—but some sort of arrangement will sooner or later follow, by which the Greeks will be relieved of some part of the weight of the Turkish yoke. Humanity, for once, may well over-rule policy and precedent. The cry about "interference" and the law of nations, raised by the older tories, will soon subside, now when their very representatives in power cease to swell it; and never, indeed, was any cry more absurd. The law of nations, according to the dicta of the civilians, is not surely matter of revelation; and interference to check violence is surely something different from interference to plunder, and divide the spoil. If a grasping cupidity has prompted rulers to interference for half a century, with little interruption, let it for once be allowed, for humanity's sake. All precedents must have a beginning, and the cause and the opportunity before us are good for instituting a new one.

Capt. Blaquiere's new volume contains some introductory matter of sixty pages, on Greek affairs generally, political and financial—embracing also a sketch of the history of the revolution from Alex. Ipsilanti to the battle of Navarino, with some conjectures on the secret causes of the Intervention Treaty. Then follows a series of letters from Greece, dated from Dec. 1826, to May 30, 1827, in which such events of the period as fell under his own immediate *purview*, or were communicated by authorities on the spot, are

carefully stated—the divisions of the chiefs, the arrivals of Church and Cochrane, the reconciliation of the chiefs through the urgency of Church and Cochrane, the appointment of Capo d'Istria to the head of the government—(who by the way does not appear even yet to have reached Greece)—of Church to the command of the army, and of Cochrane to that of the navy—the siege of Athens, the death of Kariaskaki, the failure of Church, with 3,000 men, to relieve the Acropolis, and of his consequent retreat, and the surrender of the town and fortress. These letters, occupying about 130 pages of the volume, constitute its chief value, and are better calculated than any thing we have seen to furnish correct views of the state of the country. Capt. Blaquiere is an enthusiast in the cause; but he knows it, and the knowledge has rendered him careful in keeping down the colouring of his pages. Some of the letters appeared in the Morning Herald.

The rest of the volume is filled with a reply to Mr. Green's Sketches—a book we had intended to notice this month, but which we must put off for want of space—Mr. Green's prejudices lie all the other way, and they have prompted him to speak of Capt. Blaquiere with some severity, as exaggerating facts, and misleading the country—which has of course provoked the reply.

It would be unfair not to add that Capt. B.'s letters are frequently enlivened with descriptions of the customs of the natives—for instance—

While at Egina, I resided in a cottage about half a mile from the town, occupied by a native of the island. Having determined to add a small wing to the building, I was not only consulted as to the best point of erecting the additional room, but requested to be present at the ceremony of laying the first stone. Monday being fixed, for Tuesday is a most unlucky day in Greece, I was called at six in the morning, and after the usual cup of coffee and pipe were served, the owner of the cottage, and his bare-footed wife, informed me, that the masons had arrived, and only waited my presence to commence the work. On going outside the door, I found they had already prepared an opening for the foundation, and that piles of stones and mortar were ranged on each side. Instead, however, of a trowel, the master stood with a knife in his hand; and we had no sooner exchanged the usual compliments of the morning, than one of the workmen took a cock from a basket that stood near us, and handed it to his superior, upon which the latter cut off its head, and strewed the blood all over the foundation. This strange proceeding was accompanied by a short prayer, expressing a hope that the new structure would be secure and prosper. He next placed a few pieces of money at the outer extremity of the hollow space, and forthwith commenced his work. On inquiry, I found that this practice is universal throughout Greece, and that, in some places, it is usual to sacrifice an ox when the proposed building is on a larger scale, and the projectors can afford the expense. It is useless to add, that these customs are derived from the highest antiquity, and closely connected with Esculapian sacrifices of other days.

Analysis of the Character of Napoleon, by Dr. Channing; 1828.—Dr. Channing is already well known by his eloquent and able review of Milton's character and writings; and the "Character of Napoleon," recently republished in London, is executed with equal ability and effect. Sir Walter Scott's Life was the occasion of its being written, and the Character itself is preceded by a brief estimate of the value of that performance. The doctor is surprised at the rapidity with which a work of such magnitude and such variety was thrown off, but thinks it would have been all the better for a little more time and thought. It betrays marks of negligence and haste; it wants compression and selection; it has too much of the decorations of poetry, and the wanderings of the novel; and the remarks, though in general just enough, are yet trite and superficial. It has, however—what was, perhaps, least to be expected—the merit of impartiality—inaccurate probably in the details, but singularly free from prejudice and passion.

After this slight, but surely not very inadequate estimate of the work, Dr. Channing turns to the character of Napoleon; and that character he tries as it has rarely been tried, and by a test which it is least calculated to bear—by the touchstone of utility, and the eternal principles of morality. He has sternly rent away the veil that shaded its deformities; and demands—was he the friend of freedom—of the rights of individuals—of the best and the dearest interests of men? He was nothing of all this. He was a great man, no doubt; but not morally great—not intellectually great; he was great as a soldier—in the field—in action; he was great as others have been great; he aimed at the same common objects, and pursued them by the same coarse measures; there was no novelty in his expedients. His resources were all of the old cast; and himself unfettered by compunctions of remorse, or the laws of custom, or of moral restraint. He did not go with the spirit of his age; he did not comprehend it; though one of the people, he did not make himself their man—their organ—the executor of their vows and hopes. His aims were all for himself; his ambition was essentially of a vulgar order—to make himself one among existing kings, and to be at the head of them; and he accordingly drew round him the trappings of royalty—reinstituted the hierarchy, as one of the wonted supports of it—and linked himself, by marriage, with other crowned heads.

The very claims, which appear most to entitle him to admiration, of the higher kind—his code of laws and his public works—Dr. Channing reduces, perhaps, below their due level. As to his code of laws—"his participation has been unwarrantably and ridiculously magnified:" his

public works were limited to the adorning of Paris, and that to the neglect and sacrifice of the provinces; and his merit in the Simplon amounts to his employment of Fabbroni. For his sufferings at St. Helena, he has no sympathy: his thoughts obstinately and irresistibly turn to the death of the Duke d'Enghien, the massacre of Jaffa, the prison of Toussaint, the thousands and tens of thousands that perished to glut his devouring ambition.

And rightly so. The world is dazzled by success, and too apt to forget the cost—to believe that every man who has it, deserves it. Napoleon was not the benefactor of the human race, nor of France. The benefits which the French now constitutionally and practically experience were not his donation. The fruits of the revolution were kept down by the weight of his tyranny, and only advanced to maturity when that pressure was withdrawn. If Dr. Channing has done him any injustice, it is in the statement of his intellectual vigour. That was assuredly greater than the doctor's estimate—greater not merely as evidenced by the comprehensive views he took of complicated affairs—by his sagacity—his decision—his execution—but in conversations on ordinary topics, in the readiness and effect with which he flung himself into discussions of chance subjects—of literary matters — of plays, poetry, philosophy, science: of which instances may be seen innumerable in Las Casas, &c. &c. But, if our recommendation be worth any thing at all, let Dr. Channing's Analysis be carefully read.

Poems, by Thomas Gent; 1828.—These are for the most part the unelaborate, but generally very graceful, trifles of a cultivated and gentlemanly mind. Some of the longer pieces, and none of them are very long, such as the monody on Sheridan, and the lines on the Princess Charlotte, have been published before, though not by any means the most successful specimens of the writer's graver muse. Of those of the more serious cast, the lines on the Grave of Dibdin are among the very best—commemorating, and with great truth and vivacity, the effects of his ballads on the moral feelings of the sailor. But the pieces, which shew any thing like peculiar and conspicuous power, are decidedly those of the lighter kind, and they are of a character and quality that prove the author possessed of a talent which might be cultivated with the fullest success. He has no rival, except perhaps Luttrell. We give the reader a specimen from the "Poet's Last Poem," which, however, *ni fallimur*, will be followed by many more last dying speeches :—

Ye bards, in all your thousand dens,
Great souls, with fewer pence than pens,
Sublime adorers of Apollo,
With folios full, and purses hollow;
Whose very souls with rapture glisten,
When you can find a fool to listen;
Who, if a debt were paid by pun,
Would never be completely *done.*
Ye bright inhabitants of garrets,
Whose dreams are rich in ports and clarets,
Who, in your lofty paradise,
See aldermanic banquets rise—
And though the duns around you troop,
Still float in seas of turtle soup.
I here forsake the tuneful trade,
Where none but lordlings now are paid,
Or where some northern rogue sits puling,
(The curse of universal schooling)—
A ploughman to his country lost,
An author to his printer's cost—
A slave to every man who'll buy him,
A knave to every man who'll try him—
Yet let him take the pen, at once
The laurel gathers round his sconce!
On every subject superseded,
My favourite topics all invaded,
I scarcely dip my pen in praise,
When fifty bardlings grasp my bays;
Or let me touch a drop of satire,
(I once knew something of the matter),
Just fifty bardlings take the trouble
To be my tuneful worship's double.

Or when I turn my pen to love,
A theme that fits me like my glove,
A pang I've borne these twenty years,
With ten times twenty several dears,
Each glance a dart, each smile a quiver,
Stinging their bard from lungs to liver—
To work my ruin, or my cure,
Up starts thy pen, Anacreon Moore!
In vain I pour my shower of roses,
On which the matchless fair one dozes,
And plant around her couch the graces,
While jealous Venus breaks her laces,
To see a younger face promoted,
To see her own old face out-voted;
And myrtle branches twisting o'er her,
Bow down, each turned a true adorer.
Up starts the Irish bard—in vain
I write, 'tis all against the grain:
In vain I talk of smiles or sighs,
The girls all have him in their eyes;
And not a soul—mamma, or miss—
But vows he 's the sole Bard of Bliss.

My *ton*'s the very cream of fashion,
My passion the sublimest passion,
My rage *satanic*, love the same,
Of all blue flames, the bluest flame—
My piety perpetual matins,
A quaker propp'd on double pattens;
My lovely girls the most precocious,
My beaus delightfully atrocious!
Yet scarcely have I play'd my card,
When up comes politician Ward:
Before my face he trumps my trump,
Sweeps off my honours in the lump,
And never asking my permission,
Talks sermons to the third edition—&c. &c.

Prefixed to the Poems is a very touching tribute to the memory of the author's wife—a lady well known for her high attainments as a lecturer; her course on the Physiology of the External Senses, was considered as a perfect model of elegant composition. We cannot forbear quoting it :—

During the progress of these pages through the press, it has pleased Providence to inflict upon me the severest calamity that domestic life can sustain. In the private sorrows of the humble candidate for literary fame, I am aware that the world will feel no interest, yet humanity will forgive the weakness that struggles under such a bereavement, and will pardon the tear that falls upon such a tomb. If, indeed, the Being who is lost to her family and society were endowed only with those gifts and graces, which are shared by thousands of her sex, I should have been silent at this moment. To those who knew her, and to know her was to esteem and love, this tribute will be superfluous; but to those who knew her not, I would say, that, superadded to every natural advantage, to the charms of every polite accomplishment, and to a cheerful and sincere piety, she was deeply imbued with the love of literature and of science. In these, her Lectures on the Physiology of the External Senses, exhibit a splendid proof of her acquirements in their highest walks, and are an imperishable memorial of her patient and laborious research. They who were present at the delivery of these Lectures will not soon forget the effect of her impressive elocution, chastened as it was by as unaffected modesty as ever adorned and dignified a woman. I speak of that which she performed—that which her capacious mind had meditated I forbear to mention. For the advancement of her sex in pursuits that are intellectual she made many sacrifices, both of her feelings and her time; yet, in all she did, and in all she contemplated, usefulness was her end and aim—but I must not proceed; less than this I could not say—more than this might be deemed ostentatious.

Sketches and Recollections of the West Indies, by a Resident; 1828.—It has been by some thought remarkable that, let who will go to the West Indies, and write about the state of its slave population, all take the same tone; and the fact that this tone *is* the same is confidently insisted upon by the interested, and sometimes acceded to by the disinterested portion of the country, as irrefragable proof of its correctness—of its correspondence with the facts. All speak of the comfortable condition of the slaves (though that condition is evidently not the ancient condition, but the *improved* one—the result of loud and indignant expostulation at home)—all speak of the humanity of the planters—implying or asserting that no real ground of complaint exists—that slavery, as it shews in the West Indies, is but a name, for the actual condition of the slave is superior to that of half the labourers of England. The natural conclusion, of course, is, that emancipation is a thing not worth contending for—that it is uncalled for by the circumstances of the case—that what is well is not likely to be mended—that of course it is wisest to leave well alone—emancipation would rather deteriorate matters than improve them.

But though all confessedly do take the same tone, who are these all? Generally, persons directly interested. The persons who put forth these statements of the West Indies are, with few exceptions, the very persons who are most interested, or rather believe themselves to be thus interested, in supporting the existing state of things. They are planters, or the agents, or the dependants, or the correspondents of planters. And who are the exceptions? The bishops, the bishops' chaplains and friends, and the royal commissioners. And what do these people know of the actual condition of the slaves? What opportunities have they? They are attended and feted by the planters—what is unfavourable is kept out of sight, and the contrary carefully obtruded upon them; and for the most part these distinguished persons are no more at liberty to see what the planters choose they shall not see than any other prisoners. No body visits the islands through curiosity, or in search of amusement or instruction, as other countries are visited—no body roams about there at pleasure and at liberty; and thus it is, obviously, the easiest thing in the world to account for the universal tone of our books—though this tone be in truth very far from echoing the true state of things.

But this tone, such as it is, has manifestly changed of late—changed with respect to the talk of emancipation—in politic compliance with the predominant sentiments of the country. It is no longer acceptable in any independent quarter to hear the principle of slavery defended. Therefore, the very planters and their advocates, when they talk of emancipation, no longer speak of its impracticability, of its injustice, or its impolicy, but only demand time, time for the gradual introduction of changes to qualify the slave for the proper enjoyment of his liberty—and compensation for the final surrender of their property—indirectly insisting only on such matters as appear to them calculated to insinuate into the minds of men, that this emancipation, which they no longer oppose, will not answer the expectations of its patrons, and will indeed do more harm than good.

This is an insidious procedure, and must be guarded against. The main argument with the planter is, that the slave does not understand *freedom*—that by freedom he understands exemption from labour—while the abolitionists profess, and undoubtedly mean, constant labour—regular industry, though not at the terror of the lash. This no doubt is the fact; but whose fault is this? Not the abolitionists' but the planters', who have encouraged this misconstruction to throw odium upon them. The aim of the abolitionist is to improve the condition of the slave before he emancipates, but to lose no time in setting to—to do in fact what the very planter professes to wish for time to enable him to accomplish. Were the planter as sincere in his professions as the abolitionist in his demands, they might now concur—and that concurrence would materially accelerate the object.

Not quite to forget the particular volume before us—its peculiar claims to attention consists in the history it contains of the island of Dominica—the details of the mutiny of the 8th West India Regiment, at the time Cochrane Johnstone was governor—the descent of the French in 1805, and the consequent destruction of Roseau, its capital. "No regular narrative," the author says, "of these events has hitherto been published. It is presumed, therefore, that recollections of them, by an eye witness—by an humble but active participator in the defence of the colony—will prove gratifying to many individuals, and not unacceptable to the general reader. The writer describes what he saw; he relates occurrences in which he bore a part, or which fell within the sphere of his actual observation." The author's real knowledge of the West Indies is confined to Dominica; he was but an occasional visitor in other islands, and of them his work presents nothing new and nothing different from what we have heard a thousand times. He lays claim to respectability—but what is the respectability of an anonymous person? What weight does he suppose *his* sentiments are to have? A name is a guarantee; every man has friends and connexions, and desires to stand well with them—and however insignificant he or they may be, that is a pledge to the country; but without it, no pledge of fidelity exists, and it would be as well if we were to get to entirely overlook what comes without this stamp of authority.

Mémoires d'une Contemporaine, ou Souvenirs d'une Femme sur les Principaux Personages de la République, du Consulat, de l'Empire, &c. 2 tomes; 1827.—This contemporaine was successively the mistress of Moreau and Ney, and probably of many more, of whom in due time we are to be informed. The present publication ends with her separation from Moreau in 1799, and it is chiefly for the details of the private life of that eminent man that these volumes—though very agreeably written—will present any general interest. The lady represents herself as well connected by birth and alliance—of great beauty, some accomplishments, and the heiress once of considerable property; but all these advantages were counterbalanced by strong passions, a wayward fancy, a restless temperament—all too much for the strength, or rather the imbecility of her intellect—though she is evidently no fool;—and which at length brought her, as she more than once hints, to a state of almost the very lowest degradation. She was born in 1778; her father was a Tolstoy, the descendant of a high and ancient Hungarian family; and her mother a Vanaylde, a Dutch lady, the possessor of an income of 110,000 florins—left a widow, after a marriage of but short duration, by her husband's perishing from the effects of a cold caught in rescuing a servant from drowning. By her mother, who, thus bereaved, was plunged into a state of melancholy feeling, and lived in retirement, the child, Mademoiselle, was suffered very much to have her own way, and showed, naturally enough, we suppose, a very early disposition to intrigue. Before she was twelve years of age, when riding in the neighbourhood of her mother's residence, attended by a servant, she encountered M. Van M., who, himself a very handsome young man, was struck with Miss's beauty and figure. Though not twelve years of age, she says she had the air and height of a girl of fourteen—was in size and shape a woman. though a child in understanding—already five feet and an inch, the very stature of the Venus de Medicis. The acquaintance proceeded rapidly—the young lady showing extraordinary tact and precocity, in evading her mother's and the servants' surveillance, and the matter ended, the following summer, in an elopement, and a marriage before she was thirteen.

M. Van M. was a man of considerable fortune; and, very soon after his marriage, taking part with the French Revolution, he was exposed to some inconveniences. At Sgravesand, M. Van M.'s house was assigned as quarters to the late Duke of York and his suite; and her husband was placed under arrest, and confined in a cellar of his own house. The Duke seemed disposed to pay the young lady some gallant attentions, which she resented highly; and, though no Judith or Deborah, she says, yet nothing but the hope of rescuing her husband would have suffered her, for a moment, to listen to the stupid compliments of the British Holofernes. The duke got tipsy at night, and she succeeded in releasing her husband, who made the best of his way to join the French army. Madame followed at leisure, and was the next day overtaken, and actually placed in a carriage, occupied by Duke Holofernes, and two very pretty women, and escorted by twenty dragoons. What would have been the event of this abduction, heaven knows; but, luckily, a party of *emigrants* came in sight, and Madame, on their coming up, sprang suddenly out of the carriage, exclaiming, "if you are Frenchmen, protect me"—not, however, before she had given the Duke a good "slap in the face," for attempting to detain her, by no very delicate grasp, as she says.

She now joined her husband at Brussels, where they lived in great splendour and a round of pleasure—the lady overwhelmed with attentions; but in vain were all solicitations and seductions—nobody had power to please her; or, at least, to make her swerve from duty. From Brussels they removed to Lisle, a little before the siege, where they were visited by General Van Daulen, her husband's cousin; and by him were introduced to numerous French offi-

cers; and among them one Marescot, before whose assailments, the citadel of her virtue for the first time fell. The rest of the campaign she accompanied her husband, dressed in men's clothes, for which, through life, she seems to have had an extraordinary propensity, and used them upon numerous occasions, where neither concealment nor convenience called for them—and was present at the siege of Valmy, in the thick of shells and balls. At Saint Menehould, she was pestered by Bournonville's attentions; but he had no success; she was disgusted with his impudence; besides, he was but an ugly fellow, and she had not yet forgotten Marescot.

Hearing of her mother's illness, she flew to attend her; and, on her recovery, withdrew with her, to escape the reproaches of the Dutch ladies, who were all royalists, to a country-seat near Leyden,—where, by her husband's desire also, she made a very long stay; but at last she rejoined him; and with him accompanied the French army in their triumphant entry into Amsterdam; and was instrumental, by her happy tact, in persuading the ladies to attend a republican fête—given expressly to conciliate their kind regards, and, through them, those of their husbands.

At Amsterdam, she receives the assiduities of Grouchy, and some degree of intimacy follows—M. Van M. her husband, being too much occupied with public and military affairs to attend to her himself, and having too much confidence to distrust her; but so public, and obvious, and open to remark, was her conduct, that, though the husband could not see, her mother heard of it, and expostulated roundly with her on the subject—but all in vain. While this intimacy with Grouchy lasts, through her influence with him she saves the lives of two emigrants. Grouchy hesitated—"You once said, you would give your life for a smile from me—has it lost all its value?" Grouchy could resist no longer; he seized her hand, and, covering it with kisses, snatched up a pen, and signed the safe-conduct. "A smile was his recompense" —adds the lady.

At Bois le Due, she and her vigilant husband visit her maternal uncle, Baron Vanderke, whose house was immensely large; and part of it was given up to Pichegru, then commander-in-chief. While there, Maria, her cousin, confides to Madame her love for Moreau; the connexion between them had long passed the bounds of propriety; the young lady had evaded the vigilance of her parents, and had, night after night, ventured through their very chamber, and that of several servants, to visit Moreau, and had had many narrow escapes, and numerous frights. Our heroine was shocked—and this is said by her with the utmost *naïveté*—at the disclosure, and she resolves to undertake her reparation. She accordingly calls upon Moreau; tells him she knows all—that her cousin, though no longer perhaps entitled to claim to be his wife, could not consent to be a mistress; and that the only means of saving her from exposure and disgrace, was his forthwith quitting the country. Moreau, in reply, expresses his deep regrets, and readiness to do all then in his power to rescue her from the "*fausse position*" into which he had thrown her; and though she had rather been the seducer than he, offers to marry. The coldness,—perhaps the reasonableness—of the offer—made with perfect sincerity—struck to the earth the warm-hearted Dutch girl—she refuses the unwilling hand, and Moreau finds some pretext for removal.

Our heroine's beauty and fascinations—coquetry she disclaims, if by a coquette be meant one insatiable of admiration, and holding out hopes which she never means to gratify—draw towards her the attentions next of Pichegru, who was not at all a lady's man; and one day she received a request from him, very cautiously conveyed to her, for a private interview. Expecting, as a matter of course, a declaration of love, he was immediately admitted; but, to her surprise, the object was only to solicit an introduction to some lady known to her, and suspected of keeping up a close correspondence with the Austrians and emigrants. Madame penetrates his purpose, and evades compliance. Pichegru had already begun to be treacherous to the republic.

Accident at last disclosed to the husband her former intrigue with Marescot—a peccadillo, which the obliging cornuto was inclined to overlook; but the lady, in the high-mindedness of her romance—now the discovery was made—could no longer bear her own reflections—she could not, nor would not, any longer delude so excellent a creature—he could no longer regard her as any thing but his mistress;—she makes a full disclosure of all her offences, and, in spite of all remonstrances, takes wing, and abandons at once her home and the relics of her reputation, and flies to Moreau, whose conduct towards her cousin had struck her with admiration. She tells him the whole story; he advises—urges her not to renounce the advantages of her position in society—not to reject the indulgence of her husband, but return to her duty. She, however, is resolute in her purpose; and the matter ends by Moreau's taking her under his own protection, and her accompanying him to Kehl, where he had been directed to supersede Pichegru. After suffering no little hardship and privation, at the end of the campaign she returned with him to Paris, where Moreau, being very coolly received by the Directory—chiefly from declining to betray Pichegru—resigns his command, and retires with Madame to Passy. At Paris she accidentally comes in contact with Madame Tallien

and is introduced to her well-known parties; and, though delighted with that most beautiful and fascinating woman, she is induced to give her up by Moreau's representations—these parties being at that time the very centre of political intrigue, and Madame's society courted only for her supposed influence with Moreau. Moreau sedulously stood aloof from all the Tallien intrigues; and his conduct, in the volumes before us, is all along represented as distinguished for probity and rectitude in public life, and honour, and delicacy, and consideration in private.

Notwithstanding Moreau's resignation, after some little time he accepted the appointment of inspector-general of the army of Italy. Madame accompanies him to Italy; and at Milan, the head-quarters, she takes the name of Moreau, and lives in great splendour—her house being indeed the very seat and centre of gaiety, and Moreau the most generous and liberal of human beings. But by-and-by comes an order from the Directory, that all the ladies of the army should return to France, and Madame is persuaded by Moreau to retire to his country-seat at Chaillot. At this place she lived for some time, in great retirement, only occasionally visiting Paris and the theatres, but, for any thing that appears—and she is very frank—with all propriety,—till, at last, by the artifices of some cunning person, who knew her character and susceptibility, and had often heard her express admiration for Ney, she was prompted to write to him, in terms expressive of her admiration and affection. This letter, though never delivered to Ney, gave the intriguing prompter of it considerable command over her—which he seems to have exercised with some tyranny, and greatly to her vexation; but hearing nothing from Ney, and impelled by feelings she could not controul, she dispatches a letter, unknown to her confidant, and, on the same day, another to Moreau, and blunders in the address, and Moreau receives the one destined for Ney.

This, of course, in the long run, produces a separation; but Moreau, who has nothing of precipitation about him, and well able to estimate the lady's value and want of value, is unwilling to break with her, or, at least, to dismiss her unkindly; but, as it was with regard to her husband, so it is now to her protector—discovery makes all the difference; she will not listen to Moreau's entreaties—his offers of forgiveness—of marriage even. No, no; she has injured him—she will not bear his pity; her feelings too for Ney are of a kind she never experienced before—they are the promptings of nature—they are *love*—all she ever felt before was not love, but esteem, respect, gratefulness, &c. Her attention is now turned to the stage, and she takes lessons in declaiming—Moreau, in vain, endeavouring to dissuade her from this degradation, and offering to use all his influence to restore her to her family. The narrative breaks off here, and no Ney is introduced, though, from sundry intimations in the course of the volumes, she did at last, to her own wretchedness, know too much of him. Moreau foreboded his stormy and restless spirit would be productive to her of final discomfort.

The chief charm of the volumes is Moreau—his quiet and gentlemanly conduct, compared with the rough and turbulent spirits around him. Of his private life little has ever been known; and we know not that this account of him is to be relied upon—at all events, it bears the marks of probability. The book, however, hardly fulfils the promise held out in the preface—not much more of public characters is given than we have hinted at, except an interview or two she had with Talleyrand, when soliciting some favour from him, at his office, when secretary for foreign affairs—and another with Regnault St. Jean d'Angely—neither of them very significant, though Talleyrand's is characteristic enough. Politically the narrative is brought down to the apointment of Buonaparte to the consulate; in which affair, Moreau, she says, had no concern. She represents him as hating Buonaparte, with a hatred which embraced the whole family—he would sooner have married the veriest drab in the streets, than the sister of the Corsican!

As to the unhappy lady herself—even with the sternest—the least susceptible—the least tempted and tried—she has palliations to plead—if credit be given to her statements—which can have fallen to few—the early loss of her father—the melancholy and consequent neglect, and almost forgetfulness of the mother in her childhood—her extreme youth—her very beauty—her susceptibility—her imbecility—her husband's carelessness—the profligate company that husband gathered round him—the unprincipled habits of military men—the freedoms and exposures of a camp—unprotected—unsupported—unwarned.—Alas! what is it we expect?—the coldness and caution of age, with the inexperience of childhood!

The English in India. By the Author of "Pandurang Hari," and "The Zenana." 3 *vols.* 12*mo.*; 1828.—The writer has more than half defeated his object. That object was to convey a familiar notion of the modes of life in the Presidencies of British India, and the medium he adopts is the story and adventures of a young lady, despatched by her friends—as many young ladies no doubt are so despatched—to make her fortune by marriage; but this story, unhappily, is of so complicated a cast, that too much of the author's attention and space is taken up in developing the complications, and surely far more than he

could himself have originally contemplated. To make a story the vehicle of the intelligence he wished to present to his readers was, in our story-reading days, judicious enough; but then the structure of the tale, with his particular views we mean, should undoubtedly have been of the very simplest and most obvious kind; and not like the present, requiring such frequent and reiterated efforts in the way of explanation, that the whole account, and no wonder, has an air of clumsiness, and a want of common skill about it—so desperate and improbable too are the expedients, to which the intractable nature of his plot compels him to have recourse—many of which would have been quite as applicable in any other quarter of the globe.

To unravel the story, though it might even save the reader some pains, perhaps, would take up too much of our space for the actual value of the performance. It is enough to state, that the heroine is introduced as a foundling—and foundlings in the "novel" world have always abounded from the days of Menander—rare as they are in the real one—that neither father nor mother is known—that a gentleman, one Major Carrol, in the tumults of the last Irish rebellion, visiting, as a magistrate, a cave in the south of Ireland, where some rebels were known to be secreted, just in time to perceive the nether part of the chief escaping through a fissure of the rock—the rest being shot by the soldiers—found a poor woman wounded, with an infant in her arms, which she put into his hands, imploring him to protect it—that he took the child, a girl, and brought her up with his own girls, much to the dissatisfaction of his unamiable wife—that as she grew up, Mrs. Carrol's envy and jealousy grew too, because the beautiful and accomplished girl eclipsed her own daughters, and, therefore, she insisted upon her being sent out of the way to India, to a brother of her's, a colonel in the Indian service—that to India she accordingly went, and on the voyage formed a mutual attachment with a young officer of the king's troops—that on her landing at Madras, she was met by Colonel Hawes, at first very kindly welcomed, and forthwith introduced to the president's banquets, but on her refusing to marry a member of council, to whom the Colonel had pledged her, and who in return had engaged to procure for him an important military command, is for a time very harshly treated—that, eventually, the said Colonel, a man risen from the ranks, and though a good fellow enough, vulgar, ignorant, and obstinate, quarrels with the said member of council, and is then reconciled to her attachment to the young officer, her fellow passenger—though he at present is too poor to marry—that in the meanwhile another lover starts up, a very fiend, in the shape of a Portuguese, who plots against her peace, and resolves to have her by fair means or foul—that though more than once baffled, he at last succeeds in entrapping her, and carrying her off to the fortress of Dowlatabad, where, in league with a native chief, he is in actual resistance to the British power—that while there, under confinement and the dread of violence, she discovers, most miraculously, her own father, who is himself a prisoner in the clutches of this dragon of a Portuguese, who is, moreover, a relative of the heroine's mother, though himself knowing nothing about the young lady's connexion—that at last, when all hope seems gone, she escapes in a manner most wonderful and unromantic, headed up in a stale and stinking ale-cask, let down a descent of some hundred yards, and then rolled and rolled, we know not how far, till the very thought of it makes our own viscera turn and tumble — that on her escape, she communicates to the proper authorities the condition of her unhappy parent, and the fortress is in consequence besieged, and at last surrendered, and her father rescued—the Portuguese, during the siege, while plotting to betray the native chief, to save his own neck, being himself anticipated by the chief, plunged down a precipice, and dashed to pieces — and that, finally, the young lady's father, the very rebel, whose escape through the rock Major Carrol had witnessed, proves to be the proprietor of £3,000 a year, and our heroine his sole heiress; and her own admitted and approved lover also learns, just in the nick of time, that his uncle is dead, and has left him £5,000 a year, and of course all parties are happy, with more money than they know what to do with. The varied fortunes of the father are foreign to the story; he was an Irish rebel—a victim of Toone's schemes—a lawyer—apparently the son of a steward, but in reality the son of the master of that steward, changed at nurse, &c. &c.

Enough, and more than enough, of the story. The writer's professed object must be considered as commencing with the voyage, the account of which is upon the whole amusing and probable enough—something, we may venture to say, very like real events. The passengers consist of several ladies, some elderly, and well acquainted with India, and returning with daughters, and grand-daughters, and protégés to the Indian market—all of them vulgar and unlicked, except our charming heroine—and some few officers, of different ranks, belonging to the king's troops, and most of them something like gentlemen. The parties do not harmonize very well, but split into factions, termed by the crew larboard and starboard, and frequent embarrassments, and intermeddlings with each others affairs ensue, and plenty of tattling and calumny flying in all directions. The monotony of the voyage is broken by occasional balls and visitings to other ships of the convoy, and the several parties follow

the bent of their inclination as far as the miserable circumstances of a long passage allow; match-making occupies the principal part of every body's attention. Our heroine is as happy, in the attentions of Oswald, as the malice and envy of the other ladies will suffer her to be.

At Madras we are introduced to the chief official personages and superior settlers; and descriptions follow of the style of the houses, the fêtes, and the feastings—the mulligatawnee, and curry, and rice—profuse dinners, and tiffins, and breakfasts.—multitudes of servants, some with punkahs to fan the air, and others with chowdries, or brushes of long horse-hair, to rout the flies; and tats, or wet mats, instead of glass windows and curtains, to cool the burning atmosphere, and generate a current of air. If the tale be true, and there is no reason to discredit it, the society is of a wretched description. Tittle-tattling is the order of the day—and intrigues the chief occupation, among the women especially, plotting for and against to secure the best matches, and supplanting rivals. The English mix only among themselves, and they are comparatively few. Every person is of importance, and the arrival of a new ship creates a stir through the whole presidency, as introducing new objects, to be dreaded as rivals, or courted as prizes. But the whole is a vulgar scene, relieved only by the infusion of a little gentlemanly feeling through the officers of the king's troops. The men, generally, if not quite low by origin, are so by lack of education, making their way by intrigues, and sordid manœuvres; and the women, of course, of a lower order still; for the underbred woman beats the underbred man out and out, in all the baser feelings of envy, spite, and treachery.

Take a scene—

Harcourt and Wiffen, on landing, proceeded to the residences of the gentlemen to whom they were specially recommended; the former to a Mr. Riddlesworth, an agent, and the latter to Mr. Brasswaith, second member of council. Harcourt was at once plunged into luxury and extravagance. Mr. Riddlesworth's house was filled with company; gaming and feasting formed their chief amusement. Billiards, chess, backgammon, and whist, were strong temptations to a young man, especially when all the party were engaged therein; in short, it appeared to Harcourt as if every one was striving to get rid of an already acquired fortune, instead of endeavouring to secure one. Mr. Riddlesworth kept race horses, devoting much attention to the delights of the turf; he was a bachelor, and intended to remain so, notwithstanding half the young ladies of the place had endeavoured to captivate him; his partner, Mr. Stonehurst, lived with him, and though he kept no horses for the turf himself, entered most cordially into the sports thereof. If Harcourt was astonished at the constant rattle of the billiard balls and backgammon board on the Saturday, the day after his arrival, how was he surprised and shocked at the early commencement of the games on the Sunday! As early as ten in the morning, Mr. Riddlesworth's friends appeared, and, stripped to their shirt sleeves, began a match at billiards; then followed the backgammon and chess, every one calling for beer and brandy *ad libitum;* such rattle, noise, and drawing of corks, Harcourt had never before witnessed; at first, he imagined Mr. Riddlesworth kept rather low company; but was soon undeceived, by learning that the guests were composed of the principal people in the settlement, civil and military. There was Tom Fowler, the warehouse-keeper; George Jennings, the treasurer; Mobray and Steward, the general's aids-de-camp, &c. The important tiffin, caused a cessation of the sports; at this moment a few more friends dropt in: there was Bob Lugrin, the store-keeper, a celebrated character on the turf, and right hand man of Mr. Riddlesworth; he was hailed and welcomed most cordially.

"Oh, Bob, how are you, old fellow? Sit down, Bob, here is some rare Hodson for you." And Bob did as he was desired.

The conversation soon turned on horses, and bets made and taken on Riddlesworth's grey Arab horse, against Mr. Manning's bay, and the merits of each animal, as to speed, wind, and bottom, scientifically discussed, until the beer began to confuse poor Bob, who assented to every thing that was said, and he rolled to a bench, whilst the gamblers continued their billiards and backgammon.

Suddenly a voice exclaimed—'the archdeacon, by heavens!' Away flew all the conscious crew, into Riddlesworth's bed room, and other parts of the house, leaving no one to receive his reverence but snoaring Bob Lugrin. The tiffin having been fortunately cleared away, no traces of numerous guests appeared, and Mr. Riddlesworth, with a demure face, at length made his appearance, expressing the happiness he felt at the honour the archdeacon had done him by thus calling upon him; he inquired how his wife did, and hoped she bore the heat tolerably well.

The archdeacon was civil, and apologized for not having sooner returned Mr. Riddlesworth's visit; and accounted for now doing so on a Sunday, by saying, "The meeting for establishing charity schools met early in the morning, and he was desirous of seeing as numerous a body as could be collected, and therefore called to hope Mr. Riddlesworth would attend."

Mr. Riddlesworth assured his reverend friend he might depend on his coming, and expressed his hopes that a liberal subscription would be raised.

"Is that gentleman unwell?" inquired the archdeacon, pointing to poor Bob on the couch.

"Yes, poor fellow! he has not very good health, and the heat has overcome him."

"Poor man!" said the archdeacon, "he should be very careful."

"He should, indeed, Sir," said Riddlesworth.

Herbert Milton. 3 *vols.* 12*mo.*; 1827.—Never surely was any body so unlucky in that important matter—the title. The story was originally written, it seems, under the title of "Almack's," but the palm and glory were rudely snatched from his grasp by

a more rapid performer. A change became imperative; but invention was exhausted, and the hackneyed contrivance, the dernier resort, the hero's name, Herbert Milton, in another unlucky moment, was resolved on. But then, though the title was changed, the contents were not, and therefore resemblances might occur—resemblances we mean to "Almack's," which some very queer person called the best novel in the language; and therefore some account must be given to remove suspicions of plagiarism. What account does the writer give? First, he abstained from the perusal of his successful competitor. Very well; a very good plan, and alone sufficient; but not content with this precaution, he nevertheless makes some changes, to obviate, he says, the probability of resemblance. The drollest contrivance surely that ever was hit upon, and calculated especially to give the lie to his first account; if he was unwilling to come into direct competition, why not read the book; and then if resemblances actually existed, which he was unwilling to exhibit, he would have known *where* to change, and not, like a mole, be working in the dark—not knowing, in short, whether he was doing what he might come to wish undone, or undoing what he would most wish had been left untouched.

Well, but the work finished at last, and all impediments apparently got over, behold another *contre-temps*—Mr. Lister comes forth with a HERBERT Lacy. Confusion to the author's hopes! At first he boldly resolves to face the difficulty, but soon he flinches again, and, recurring to the old title, he chooses now to call it "Almack's Revisited," in which he is not only unhappy, but usurping and misleading; for the uninitiated will now suppose the work to be a second visit by the first "Almack's," or one meant to correct his misrepresentations. Nothing, however, like making the best of circumstances, and accordingly the author advertises under both titles—Herbert Milton, and "Almack's Revisited"—and thus gives himself a double chance of being once read.

But this botheration about Almack's is after all little to the purpose. A scene, to be sure, is given at Almack's, but a scene which has nothing to do with the tale, and could not have been the writer's first object; nothing is furthered by it, and it is itself of the most meagre description. With Herbert Lacy, too, there are no conflictions whatever—that is altogether a country scene—this a town one, written probably by a person of some acquaintance with the worst parts of London society, but of taste and attainments—literary we mean—very inferior to Mr. Lister's. And yet there is an odd sort of similarity between them. The subject in both is villany baffled; though in the case before us, not baffled till mischief is done. Mr. Lister keeps the reins tight in hand; and would no doubt be afraid of inculcating some lesson, which somebody might call immoral, if he did not in the clearest light set forth the laws of poetical justice, which novel readers seem to think is always, and which happily sometimes is, natural justice. Accordingly, his villain plots and contrives, indeed, but inflicts very little serious, and no durable, mischief, and none but what is carefully remedied and amply recompensed. The author before us is of a more reckless cast, and though not more extravagant in plotting mischief, he is more resolute in giving permanent effect, and hesitates not even to kill his hero, though the villain himself, eventually, also reaps the fruits of his own devices.

Herbert Milton is the son of Sir Herbert, an East-Indian, born in the East, but sent home with his mother when young, and educated under her care—the father not returning home till his son was six-and-twenty; and when he does come, comes prejudiced against him. This son, however, is a most exemplary youth. Brought up at Eton, he was distinguished there, and afterwards obtaining a commission in the Guards, he was still, and on every occasion, equally distinguished for bravery, for liberal feelings, and gentlemanly qualities. When at Harwich, superintending the landing of the sick from Walcheren, he, in company with a brother officer, observes two ladies, a young one and an elderly, anxiously watching the miserable scene. An opportunity quickly presents itself of lending assistance, in landing the young lady's drooping father, and placing him in their own comfortable lodgings, and going themselves to an inn. This gentleman, Major Manby, dies; but he proves not to be the father of the lady—she had been, when a child, rescued from a wreck, and adopted by him. Though unable himself to discover the parents of the child, one of the parents at least seemed not to have lost sight of her; for soon after her adoption a sum of £10,000, for her benefit, was placed in his hands mysteriously. This Major Manby had encountered a variety of fortunes; he had been in the East, and dismissed from office for the malversations of a clerk, and incurred the fiercest hatred of Sir Herbert Milton, our hero's father.

The services young Milton had been able to render to the young lady, naturally—for she was incomparably beautiful—drew on further acquaintance, and that acquaintance quickly involved his fullest admiration. He was however checked in his declarations by the known dislike of Sir Herbert to the young lady's supposed father. His mother, indeed, was delighted with her, but she also discountenances her son's passion, for the same reason. Professional duties meanwhile call him to Spain, and, in his absence, his friends at home, true and false, join curiously in making love for him, and ascertaining the state of the young lady's affections, which of course are entirely his. The false

friend, Mr. Alfred Milton, his cousin, has a deep game to play. By degrees he gets into the secret, not only of his cousin's inclinations, but of the lady's birth; and his purpose is to push Herbert to a marriage, in defiance of the father, and before his return—knowing the father to be of a temperament to feel no remorse about disinheriting his son for disobedience, and in that case the property must be his—not less than £20,000 a year. He communicates clandestinely with the father, and misrepresents poor Herbert in all manner of ways, till at last the father comes home, filled with a belief of his son's profligacy, and utter worthlessness.

On his arrival, no time is lost by the son in communicating his wishes to marry Miss Manby; but by the contrivances of the cousin, every thing between the father and son is done through him, and the union is peremptorily forbidden. Herbert is equally resolute; he flies to the lady, and the marriage is consummated. Within a few days he is recalled by the intelligence of his father's alarming illness—he has broken a blood vessel; and in his first interview he confesses the marriage, when to his horror he learns he had married his *sister*. The old man all along knew Miss Manby was his illegitimate daughter, but his pride was too great to allow him to acknowledge the fact, and he contented himself, in the height of his greatness, with forbidding the marriage, without accounting for the forbiddance. The shock was terrible to all parties; the sick man died on the instant; the young lady lost her reason; and Herbert rushed to the continent, to lose memory, and find an honourable death on the field, which he soon found, and thus left his triumphant cousin for a time to the undisturbed enjoyment of his £20,000 a year.

Scarcely was Herbert dead, when one of his friends, by the merest accident in the world, discovers that, after all, Miss Manby was not the daughter even of Sir Herbert, but of one Mr. Mowbray, who with his family was on board the vessel at the time of its wreck. He knew Sir Herbert's child was drowned, and had supposed his own was also. The two children were nearly of the same age. Mr. Mowbray is of course delighted to recover his child; and she by this time recovers her reason; and having been left *enceinte* by her hapless husband—the result is, she is safely delivered of a son, who is undoubted heir to the title and estate of the grandfather; and Mr. Alfred Milton meets with his deserts by tumbling down a cataract, in missing a blow struck at one of Milton's friends, who came to announce these new and surprising events.

We felt strongly disposed—but we have no space—to remark upon some sentiments of the author, scattered here and there, and particularly the loathsome language of his loyalty—the vile and crawling sycophancy of which is only to be equalled by the author of the "Guards," of which it is indeed the counterpart. Do these persons mean to insinuate they are the associates of the sovereign? for none but associates can estimate the private qualities of the man.

MONTHLY THEATRICAL REPORT.

THE stage has been busy, during the month, but barren. This, however, is no source of sorrow to managers—for the houses have been unusually well attended; and, if that grand object be secured, the less novelty the better—for the less there is, the cheaper is the gain. Yet this policy, which to the treasurer seems the consummation of human wisdom, is but bad policy after all. Little is to be gained by penury on or off the stage; and the manager who labours and expends, to obtain performances of the first class of ability, and to obtain them as often as he can, will be the foremost ere long.

Covent Garden has produced but one drama, and even that one an adaptation—the "Merchant's Wedding;" a compound of several old plays, and suffering under the native faults of the old school. But the original comedians of England, whatever might be their fooleries, their want of elegance, and their more serious disqualifications, arising from want of decency, were yet a vigorous generation. They had a strong grasp of mind, which makes their absurdities at least like the absurdities of no other men. Their characters were impressed with their own vigour; there was the stamp of nature, and that English nature, upon them in all their members. Even their ribaldry, humiliating as it was to their taste, and offensive to the more delicate and well-ordered mind, was national, empassioned, and witty. Among their performances, now become obsolete by the change of men and manners, there are incomparable scenes, and fragments of scenes, that none can read but with wonder at the naked intellectual gladiatorship that they display. Those scenes, compiled and skilfully wrought together by a more intelligible plot than our forefathers loved, might make many a fine drama still. But this dove-tailing demands adroitness, and more than adroitness—it demands the power of a *dramatist;* and the desperate question left to us is—how many men in England, or in Europe, at this day, have any faculty worth honouring with the name?

But, in the mean time, we would not be

so idly fastidious as to depreciate the efforts of the few who continue to adapt, compile, and translate for the stage—the three present and paramount operations of theatrical authorship. The "Merchant's Wedding" is arranged by Planché, whose skill in these matters has already displayed itself in several successful performances. The weight of popularity falls to the characters sustained by Charles Kemble, as the *roué*, who marries the heiress; and that of the bride, whom Miss Chester represents with all the airs and graces of shewy coquetry. But the plot is feeble; and the incidents, though suitable to their time, are few and coarse. The principal contrivance to induce the heiress's acknowledgment of her feelings, is founded on the probable loss of her reputation. The compiler touched the verge of ruin in exhibiting this trait of the manners of our ancestry. The audience shrank from the singularity of a lover's disrobing himself in his mistress's toilet; and but for the conviction that Charles Kemble had too much taste to disregard public opinion in the scene, to the extent of the original, the play would have been driven from the stage. Miss Chester played with her usual interest; but the heroine requires more force.

The "Somnambulist," a melodrame from the French, exhibited Miss Kelly in that style of drama in which she has no rival. The fair sleeper has been abjured by her lover, on suspicion of faithlessness to her fane. But she walks and talks him into a conviction that he knew nothing about the matter — climbs roofs, and moves over crumbling walls—until he has not a doubt upon his mind; and the moment that he finds she has reached the ground without breaking a bone, he falls on his knees, weeps, and offers marriage like a Frenchman.

A German tragedy, translated into an English melodrame — retaining, however, the name of a tragedy—gave one more instance to the thousand, that, whatever England may be able to export to the foreign stage, she can import no tragedy. The present one, entitled the "Serf," turns upon the Russian custom of slavery. The illegitimate son of a noble is left to become the slave of his legitimate brother, who is a tyrant, and in love with the woman who is in love with the Serf. To prohibit the passion, he refuses his brother the record of his freedom, and goes the length of ordering him to appear as a livery-servant in the presence of the lady. How any human being, under the circumstances of his passion and provocation, could have tamely submitted to this unbrotherly taunt, is beyond our knowledge of human nature. But, certainly, we might be justified in pronouncing him not of the species that captivates the favour of the fair. Slavery must have been thoroughly ground into any one who would not have refused, or rebelled, or at least ran away. But the hero, after growling a little, puts on the livery, and waits at the chair of his brother. They finally quarrel, draw their swords, and die on the same green baize. The translation was said to be by Lord Normanby; but has since been acknowledged by a Mr. Talbot. It has some good language, and there have been worse things d–mn–d.

Peake, who has palpably taken O'Keefe for his Shakspeare, has produced a lively *capricio*—the "Haunted Inn," a farce. The waiter of a country inn wishing to become its landlord, personates a ghost, to frighten the old landlord and his wife out of the premises. The part is Liston's, and, of course, very pleasantly played. *Captain Levant*, a young rake, hiding from his creditors, who are in full pursuit, is run so close, that he is compelled to change clothes with *Corporal Trot*. Jones is *Levant*, and lively as usual. Matthews is the Corporal, and perfectly the corporal. They separate, and *Levant* makes his way to the inn, where the old people offer him his supper, in the idea of his protecting them from the ghost. Liston makes his appearance, in sheets and chains, at midnight: Jones detects, and flogs him too, with more of reality than the stage generally authorizes. The ghost is all obsequiousness; and *Levant* thenceforth orders him to do all kinds of things, by a significant gesture of the hanging, which he avers to be the necessary consequence of the fraud.

Corporal Trot has made his way to the house of a Baronet, where *Levant* was expected as the son of an old friend, and a future son-in-law. The Baronet receives the Corporal with open arms; and, however surprised at his manners, accounts for them by the peculiarities of the rising generation. The young lady is still more surprised to see the Corporal act the battle of Waterloo, by throwing the breakfast-rolls, &c. about the room. This is one of the worst exaggerations of the farce, and is altogether puerile and improbable. At last, *Levant* appears, the lady and all are reconciled, understand each other, are happy, and are married—the waiter alone excepted, who yet gains the inn, without being hanged for its purchase.

"Juan's Early Days," an *extravaganza*, from the first part of Lord Byron's poem, has been produced with some popularity. The subject is playful; and Miss Love, as the hero, plays it with spirit. Miss E. Tree is *Haidee*, and is suited to the character by her grace and animation. Some of the scenery is pretty; the dresses, and particularly that of *Lambro* the pirate, are handsome; and, on the whole, with the addition of some better and more characteristic music—for the hackneyed air of "Isabel" is the only pretty one in the piece—is worth going to see.

The Oratorios have begun, and much may be expected from the skill of Bishop, their director. But hitherto nothing new has been performed.

The Adelphi is filled with its unfailing

crowd to see Yates's pleasantries. No one knows better how to sustain and satisfy popularity. A succession of amusing and *petit* performances are carried on through the week, and the manager and the public do justice to each other.

The King's Theatre fills with the filling of the town. But Pasta is the sole attraction —a powerful one, undoubtedly; yet something more is due to the audience, and is necessary to the theatre. Sontag is promised, and doubted. It turns out that she has two months in the summer at her disposal, when she will, probably, if she has the usual foreign fondness for English gold, honour us at the rate of a hundred and fifty guineas a song.

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

DOMESTIC.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 6, 1827.—T. H. Hall, and W. Phillips, Esqrs., were admitted into the Society. A paper, by Professor Airy, was read on the corrections in the elements of De Lambre's solar tables, required by the observations made at Greenwich. From the investigations of this gentleman, it appears that erroneous estimates had been made of the masses of some of the planets, Venus and Mars in particular, and of the moon. The differences arising from these causes having been pointed out, and the corrections suggested, the latter were found to agree with observation in a most satisfactory manner.—Dec. 13. Dr. Roget communicated a paper, which was read, from J. Prinsep, Esq., assay master of the mint at Benares, on the measurement of high temperatures — for which see the *Varieties*. Also, a paper was read from Sir G. S. Gibbes, M.D. on alimentary substances.

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 14, 1827. — The beneficial results produced by this society are now beginning to be appreciated, and astronomers are daily becoming more anxious to forward the objects it has in view. At this meeting, a large mass of observations, extending over a period of thirty-three years, was forwarded from Major Hodgson, surveyor-general of India. It is by collecting and digesting detached observations, as well as by the proceedings of fixed observatories, that astronomy must receive much greater advancement. A paper was read on the computation of the geocentric places of the planets for ephemerides, by J. F. Littrow: the process was devised by M. Gauss, to avoid the very laborious calculations required by the usual method. M. L. communicated the formulæ, which give at once the geocentric right ascensions and declinations, as well as the distance, of the planet from the earth, in terms of the co-ordinates of the earth and planets at the instant of observation. An instrument, to illustrate some of the phænomena of rotation, contrived by Mr. Atkinson, of Newcastle, was exhibited by Mr. Riddle.

LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

Dec. 1, 1827.—A paper, by Mr. J. Main, on the locomotive power of the snail, was read. The belly of the snail being perfectly smooth, there are no appendages to do the office of feet, and the whole of the body moves at once, and not in parts successively. By placing the animal on a piece of glass, Mr. M. was enabled to detect a muscular motion; but this, instead of being from head to tail, was the reverse—so that the animal's motion cannot be caused by impulses in the direction of its progress. He offers two conjectures as to the cause of the animal's motion—that the body is moved forward by the retromissive discharge of slime, which, being emitted simultaneously from every part of the under surface, may exercise a force adequate to the propelling of the animal; or—from its power of forming its lower surface into segments of circles along the whole of its length, and thus, by assuming a vertical vermicular action on the plane of the sustaining surface, impelling the body forward by alternate contraction and expansion. As dry air deprives the animal of motion, the author is inclined to consider the first surmise the more probable.—An extract of a letter from Dr. Rigby was read, on the ova of the hirudo medicinalis; also an account, by the Rev. L. Guilding, of margarodes, a new genus of insects, found in the neighbourhood of ants'-nests. These insects issue from what is called the ground pearl, and appear to be parasites on the ants. The entire want of a mouth is remarkable in this new insect, the food being absorbed by tubes in the fore-claws: it also possesses the extraordinary power of throwing out long filaments when in dry situations, supposed to be for preserving itself, by obtaining moisture.—18. Three new species of land-tortoise were exhibited by Mr. Bell; and a portion of Dr. Hamilton's commentary on the Hortus Malabaricus, was read.—Jan. 15, 1828. Some specimens of ianthinæ, washed ashore in July last, in Oxwick Bay, near Swansea, many of them picked up alive, and yielding a beautiful dye, were exhibited by L. W. Dillwyn, Esq. Specimens of medusæ were found with them. A description was read of three new species of plants, natives of New Grenada, by M. Gondot, professor of botany at Bogota.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 1, 1827.—Two new fellows were elected; and a paper read on the Geology of Quebec, and its vicinity, by J.T. Rigsby, Esq., M. D.—21. The reading of a paper was begun on a group of slate rocks in Yorkshire, between the rivers Lune and Wharfe, from near Kirby-Lonsdale, to near Malham, by Mr. Phillips.—Jan. 4, 1828. Six new fellows were elected, and the reading of Mr. Phillips's paper concluded. A collection of fossil vegetables, from the Northumberland and Durham collieries, were presented by W. Hutton, Esq.; from whom a notice was read on the occurrence of chlorophœite in basaltic dykes in Northumberland, and of carbonate of strontian in the lead measures near Hexham.

FOREIGN.

INSTITUTE—ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Nov. 19 & 26, 1827.—M. Legendre announced a discovery of M. Jacobi, of Konigsberg, who has materially improved the important theory of elliptic functions. He submitted some of the principal results of these theorems of M. Jacobi, and stated the labours of this young mathematician on the theory of numbers. M. de Mirbel read a memoir on the origin, the development, and the organization of the liber (the inner bark of plants) and the wood. M. Cagniart de Latour read some new experimental and theoretical researches on the properties of sound.—Dec. 3. MM. Dumeril, Girard, and F. Cuvier reported rather favourably on M. Chabrin's memoir concerning the progressive motion of men and other animals. M. Biot read a memoir on the figure of the earth, confirming the conclusions to which the other observers and mathematicians had arrived, but proving the variation of gravity along the same parallel, and that on the same meridian the variation is not uniform. —10. MM. Gay Lussac, Vauquelin, and Chevreul reported on the work of MM. Dumas and the younger Roulay—a memoir on the formation of sulphuric ether: the report was highly complimentary, and recommended the publication of the paper by the academy, among the productions of persons not members of their body. MM. Dupuytren and Dumeril delivered a report on the interesting memoir of Dr. Lenn, of Geneva, relative to a new application of laryngotracheotomy. M. G. St. Hilaire read a memoir on a small species of crocodile living in the Nile, its organization, its habits, and the motives which led the ancients to adore it under the name of Suchus. M. Cauchy read a memoir on the development of functions in rational fractions: on this subject, M. Lacroix referred to a paper of Eulers, inserted in the Transactions of the Academy of St. Petersburgh.—17. MM. Desfontaines, Mirbel, and Cassini reported on M. A. Brongniart's memoir, entitled new observations on the spermatic granules of vegetables, which was recommended to the approbation of the academy, and ordered to be inserted in the "Recueil des Savans Etrangers."

VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

New Thermometer.—The incorrectness of the thermometers hitherto employed for measuring high temperatures, having led Mr. Prinsep, assay master of the mint at Benares, to make numerous experiments on the subject, in the course of his inquiries a remarkable fact presented itself in the change which occurred in a spring, constructed on the compensation principle, and formed by two slips of metals—the one of silver, the other of gold—originally quite pure, and united without any alloy. In the course of a few years, although it had never been subjected to a very high temperature, the surface of the gold became converted into an alloy of silver, the impregnation extending gradually to a considerable depth in the gold, and destroying the sensibility of the instrument to changes of temperature. After trying various plans, he gave the preference to the one founded on the following principle—*viz.* that the fusing points of the pure metals are fixed and determinate—that those of silver, gold, and platina comprehend a very extensive range of temperature, and that, between these three fixed points in the scale, as many intermediate ones as may be required may be obtained by alloying the three metals together in different proportions. When such a series of alloys has been once prepared, the heat of any furnace may be expressed by the alloy of least fusibility, which it is capable of melting. The determinations afforded by a pyrometer of this kind will, independently of their precision, have the advantage of being identifiable at all times and in all countries: the smallness of the apparatus is an additional recommendation, nothing more being requisite than a little vessel, containing in separate cells the requisite number of pyrometic alloys, each of the size of a pin's head. The specimens melted in one experiment need only to be flattened under the hammer, in order to be again ready for use. For the purpose of concisely registering the results, the author employs a simple decimal method of notation, which at once expresses the nature of the alloy and its correspondence with the scale of temperature. As the distance between the points of fusion of silver and of gold is not considerable, Mr. P. divides this distance

on the scale into ten degrees, obtaining measures of each by a successive addition of ten per cent. of gold to the silver, the fusion of which, when pure, marks the point of zero, while that of gold is reckoned at ten degrees. From the point of fusion of pure platina to that of pure gold, Mr. P. assumes 100 degrees, adding to the alloy, which is to measure each, in succession, one per cent. of platina.

Busby's Terrestrial Planisphere.—There are so many ridiculous attempts, at the present day, to find a "royal road to knowledge," that we instinctively look with suspicion upon any contrivance for facilitating the means of acquiring information. We have at different times pointed out what, upon examination, appeared to us deserving of notice, though we have more frequently passed over in silence than exposed what was worthless; and, were we to enumerate the various articles of which accounts are sent to this Journal, we might fill up some pages with the announcements of interested parties. A small terrestrial planisphere has recently fallen in our way, which seems admirably calculated to effect very nearly all that can be done with a globe, and at a cost quite trifling compared with the price of the latter. A few slight additions, which might readily be made, would, in some degree give this little machine a superiority over a globe, for the solution of many questions which frequently arise; and we shall be very glad if any commendation of ours have the effect of introducing it to the notice of the public.

Hydraulics.—A gentleman of the name of Cooper has invented in America an hydraulic machine of, we may say, almost incredible force. The model of it has been publicly exhibited. It is a cylinder eight inches in length, and the same in diameter, with a handle, of which the two extremities are attached to a pivot. The power of four men is sufficient to make it discharge continually a column of water, three-quarters of an inch thick, to a distance of 120 feet in an horizontal line, and to more than 90 feet in a perpendicular line. It is said that this machine is constructed on a principle entirely new. The inventor has given it the name of a rotatory piston; but, in fact, it has neither piston nor valve; it has rather the appearance of a wheel, which forms a vacuum on one side, and produces a strong compression on the other. The volume of water which it raises in a single revolution is said to surpass that of the entire machine. Great expectations are consequently formed as to its general utility; and steps have been taken for its construction upon a large scale, as well as agents been sent into Europe to prepare the way for its introduction into this country and France.

Plan for the Publication of Eastern Works.—It has long been a subject of regret to scholars, that scarcely any, or at least so very few, oriental works in the original languages are to be met with in this country, except as manuscripts, which exist in very great numbers in nearly all the public libraries. This general feeling has led to a plan being formed, among the members of the Asiatic Society, for publishing, free of expense to the authors, translations of the whole or parts of such works in the oriental languages as a proper committee (already appointed) shall approve. These translations are to be accompanied by the original texts, and such illustrations as may be considered necessary. By the publication of the original text, it is intended to multiply copies of such works as are scarce, and to furnish students at a moderate expense with correct copies of the best Asiatic works, to which they might not otherwise have access. Pecuniary and honorary rewards are to be given for such translations of works, in whole or in part, as may be thought deserving; and communications opened with other parts of Europe and the East, for the purpose of collecting valuable MSS., and whatever may be calculated to forward the views of the society. It is to be hoped that an undertaking so truly national as this is, will be supported and encouraged by national liberality; and that, by means of this plan, properly managed, the chief, perhaps the only obstacle, to the much-desired dissemination of knowledge relating to the East, may be entirely removed throughout Europe.

Substitute for Gall-Nuts.—We learn from Newton's Journal that, in the year 1826, a foreigner obtained in this country a patent for a substitute which he had discovered for gall-nuts, in all the different branches of the arts or manufactures in which gall-nuts can be used; and, from its apparent utility, we regret that this process has not been earlier brought before the notice of the public. This substitute for gall-nuts is an extract from the shell of the chestnut, and also from the wood and sap of the chestnut-tree, and is prepared by reducing the chestnut-shell into small pieces, and boiling them in water. One hundred weight of the shells of chestnuts thus broken is to be immersed in about 180 or 200 quarts of water in a vessel of copper, or any other material except iron, and after having been allowed to soak in this water for about twelve hours, the material is then to be boiled for about three hours, in order to obtain the extract. The wood of the chestnut-tree may be cut into small pieces, or shaved thin, and treated in the same way. The extract is now to be drawn off from the boiler, and filtered through a fine sieve or cloth, after which the water must be evaporated from it until the extract is reduced to the consistency of paste. It may now be cut into cakes of any convenient size, and dried in an oven of low temperature, and, when hard, may be

packed for sale, and used for any of the purposes in the arts to which gall-nuts have been heretofore applied. The quantity obtained from the above will be about eight or ten pounds. In using this substance, it is only necessary to pound or otherwise reduce it to powder, when it may be mixed with other ingredients, as pulverized gall-nuts. The same chemical properties belong to the sap of the chestnut-tree, which may be extracted by tapping the trunk, and when so obtained, employed for the same purpose as the gall-nuts. This invention seems less useful for its intrinsic merit, than for the hint it affords.

M. Ferrer on the Comets of 1807–11–13. —In the first part of the third volume of the Transactions of the Astronomical Society, which has just appeared, is recorded one of the most extraordinary circumstances in the annals of science. A Spanish gentleman, Don Joze de Ferrer, employing at first a reflecting circle, and subsequently a sextant of Ramsden, was enabled by a mean of some hundred observations, made at Havannah, in the island of Cuba, to calculate the elements of the comets which appeared in the years 1807–11–13, with as much precision as was obtained from observations made at the finest observatories in Europe. Such, indeed, was the accuracy of the sextant (of seven inches radius), and the skill of the observer, that, from his own observations alone, he was enabled to detect an error of 14″ in the places of Altair and α Cygni, which pervades all the nautical almanacks, from 1802 to 1810. We have recorded this circumstance as a proof that large instruments are not indispensable even in the present advanced state of the science of astronomy, and in the hope of inciting those who might otherwise be discouraged, from the smallness of their apparatus, to prosecute observations of the celestial phenomena, with the assurance that *skill* and *assiduity*, applied to instruments of inferior size, will always furnish results which need not fear competition with any that can be obtained by Brinkley, Bessel, or Pond, aided by the mechanical genius of Ramsden, Reichenbach, or Troughton.

WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN PREPARATION.

The Rev. H. Lendsay, A. M. is about to publish Lectures on the Historical Books of the Old Testament.

The Author of "Hajji Baba," announces a New Work, "Hajji Baba in England."

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Mr. H. G. Ward, late Chargé d'Affaires of His Britannic Majesty in Mexico, announces a Work, in 2 vols, 8vo., under the title of "Mexico in 1827."

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Craig's Practical Sermons. 12mo. 5s. 6d. boards.

Sermons on Sickness, Sorrow, and Death, By Rev. Edward Berens, M. A. 12mo. 3s.

PATENTS FOR MECHANICAL AND CHEMICAL INVENTIONS.

New Patents sealed in February 1828.

To John Weiss, Strand, Middlesex, surgical instrument-maker, for improvements on instruments for bleeding horses and other animals—Sealed 26th January; 6 months.

To Augustus Applegarth, Crayford, Kent, printer, for improvements in block-printing—26th January; 4 months.

To Donald Currie, Regent-street, Saint James's, Middlesex, for his method of preserving grain, and other vegetable and animal substances and liquids—31st January; 6 months.

To William Nairn, Dean-street, Edinburgh, Midlothian, mason, for his improved method or methods of propelling vessels through or on the water, by the aid of steam or other mechanical force—5th February; 6 months.

List of Patents, which, having been granted in March 1814, *expire in the present month of March* 1828.

9. James Thompson, for *improvements in the construction of fire-arms and the locks to them.*

14. Daniel Goodall, Burton Latimer, Northampton, for *manufacturing crapes from silks, and introducing therein patterns of plain or fancy materials.*

14. Roger Haslewood, London, for *improved folding screens for impeding currents of air.*

—. Edward Steers, London, for *a method of rendering the stoppers of bottles and jars air-tight.*

—. James Barclay, and William Cuming, Cambridge, for *improved wheels and axletrees for carriages.*

—. John Slater, Birmingham, for his *improved steam-boiler for the use of houses.*

—. Marc Isambard Brunel, London, for *a method of giving additional durability to certain descriptions of leather.*

—. Mathew Murray, Leeds, for *improvements in the construction of hydraulic presses.*

14. Alexander Cock, London, for his *prevention and cure of the dry rot in timber, and preserving woollen, linen, and other articles from mildew.*

23. William Alfred Noble, London, for *an improved steam and fire engine, and a new method of joining steam or water-pipes together.*

—. Emanuel Heaton, Birmingham, for *improved water-proof locks and breeches of fire-arms.*

28. John Sparks Moline, London, for *an improved method of tanning leather.*

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

Miss Helen Maria Williams, pre-eminent amongst the violent female partisans of the French Revolution, is said to have been born about the year 1762; though, according to our apprehension, her life must have been of earlier date. She was, we believe, a native of the North of England; resided some years at Berwick, came to London at the age of eighteen, and was introduced to the world, as a writer, by the late Dr. Kippis.

An accurate, copious, and impartially-written memoir of this lady, could not fail of exhibiting much curious literary and political information. She was the avowed author of many works. Her first poem was "Edwin and Elfrida," a legendary tale, in verse, published in 1782. She next produced, in 1783, "An Ode on Peace;" in 1784, "Peru," a poem; in 1786, in two volumes, "A Collection of Miscellaneous Poems;" and, in 1788, "Poems on the Slave Trade." About the last mentioned year, she visited France, where she formed many literary and political connexions. In 1790, in which year, the *Constitutionnel* informs us, she settled in Paris, she published "Julia, a Novel," in two volumes; also, "Letters Written in France, in the Summer of 1790;" and, in 1792, a second part of that work, in two volumes, having previously, in 1791, written "A Farewell for Two Years to England." The effects of these works were, to render the French Revolution popular amongst certain parties in England, and to recommend their author to the Brissotins at Paris. In the succeeding clash of factions, she was in great danger, and was actually confined in the Temple; but, on the fall of Robespierre, she was released. After her liberation, she resumed her literary labours, the first fruits of which were, "Letters, containing a Sketch of the Politics of France," in four volumes, in 1796. Her next publication was a "Translation of Paul and Virginia;" the exquisite simplicity of which she destroyed, by interlarding the narrative with some of her own Sonnets. In 1798, she produced "a Tour in Switzerland, with Comparative Sketches of the Present State of Paris:" in 1800, "Sketches of the State of Manners and Opinions in the French Republic:" and, in 1803, a Translation of the "Political and Confidential Correspondence of Louis XVI., with observations," in three volumes, 8vo.

During the "hollow armed truce of Amiens," Miss Williams is understood to have had some intercourse with the English Government; and, during the subsequent war, she became an object of suspicion to the French police, by whom her papers were seized and examined. In 1814, she translated the first volume of "The Personal Travels of M. de Humboldt," which she completed in 1821. Her latest performances are "A Narrative of Events in France," in 1815;—"On the late Persecution of the Protestants in the South of France," in 1816;—"Letters on the Events which have passed in France since the Restoration of 1815," in 1819; and, subsequently, a slight sketch, entitled "The Leper of the City of Aoste, from the French."

It should have been mentioned, that, for some years, Miss Williams wrote that portion of the New Annual Register, which related to the affairs of France. Lately, she has appeared only as the enemy of the revolution, and a friend of the Bourbons. Her circle of friends and acquaintances was extensive. She lived, for many years, and until the death of that gentleman, "under the protection," as the phrase is, of the quondam Reverend F. Stone, Rector of Norton, in the county of Essex.* Miss Williams died lately in Paris.

THE EARL OF NEWBURGH.

Francis Eyre, fifth Earl of Newburgh, Viscount Kinnaird, and Baron Livingston, of Flacrais, was born on the 10th of February, 1762. He succeeded his cousin, Anthony James Radcliffe, the fourth earl, on the 29th of November, 1814. His mother was the only daughter and heiress of Anthony Kemp, of Slindon, in the county of Sussex, Esq. by Ann Brown, daughter of Henry, fifth Viscount Montagu. His Lordship married, in 1788, Dorothy, daughter and co-heir of John Gladwin, Esq., by whom he has had issue two sons and six daughters: of these, both the sons and three daughters are living. The Earl of Newburgh died at his Hotel, Rue de Monsieur, at Paris, on the 23d of October. Thomas, his eldest son and successor, the present earl, was born on the 21st of October, 1790; and he married, in 1817, the Lady Margaret Kennedy, third daughter of Archibald, Earl of Cassilis.

LIEUT. COLONEL DE MONTMORENCY.

Lieutenant Colonel de Montmorency, H. P. Royal York Hussars, formerly of the 13th Light Dragoons, and afterwards Lieutenant Colonel of the 9th Lancers, was a nephew of the late Right Honourable Lord Viscount Frankfort de Montmorency, of

* In consequence of the Rev. F. Stone's having preached a visitation sermon in the church of Danbury, before the Archdeacon of the Diocese and the Clergy, in which he denied the Doctrines of the Church concerning the Holy Trinity, the Divinity of, and Atonement by Christ, proceedings were instituted against him in the Consistory Court, Doctors' Commons. The sermon was preached in July 1806; and, on the 20th of May, 1808, after repeated hearings, Mr. Stone having refused to renounce his heterodox opinions, and to declare his belief of the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, the Bishop of London pronounced sentence of deprivation against him, according to the forms prescribed by law, depriving him of the benefice of Cold Norton, in Essex—a living said to be worth 500l. per annum. Mr. Stone died some years since.

Galmoye, in the county of Kilkenny, the branch of the ancient and illustrious house of De Montmorenci, of France, which accompanied the renowned Richard de Clare, surnamed Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, to Ireland, in the years 1169 and 1172. Born in the year 1778, he entered the army at the early age of 15, and has served his country, as a cavalry officer, in every quarter of the globe where his services were required. He was an accomplished officer, both in theory and practice. In 1816, he presented to His late Royal Highness the Duke of York, a M.S. work on the exercise and manœuvre of the lance. It was received with much approbation; and subsequently, four regiments of British Lancers were formed.

Colonel de Montmorency died at Naples on the 4th of October. His death was caused by a fever, caught in the celebrated castle of Otranto, where it had become necessary for him to perform a sort of quarantine of nineteen days after his return from Greece. In private as well as in public, Colonel de Montmoreney was, in every sense of the word, a most exemplary character. His eldest son was one of the commissioners, on the part of the East India Company, who lately ratified the treaty of peace between the Company and the King of Ava.

SIR JOHN MURRAY, BART.

General Sir John Murray, was a native and a baronet of Scotland. He entered the army in 1788; and, during the campaigns in the Netherlands, in 1793 or 1794, he was present in various engagements, and served as aid-de-camp, first to Marshal Freytag, and afterwards to the Duke of York. In May, 1794, he obtained a colonelcy. He was afterwards at the capture of the Cape of Good Hope; was at the head of a division of troops in the Red Sea, in 1799; and, in 1800, was promoted to be a colonel in the army, and appointed quarter-master-general to Sir David Baird's army, in the Red Sea and in Egypt. Subsequently he was employed in India, where he commanded the Bombay division at Poonah. He also commanded the British army during the war with Scindeah, and during a great part of the war with Holkar. In 1805, he rose to the rank of major-general, and, from that year till 1808, he was on the staff of the Eastern District in Great Britain. In 1808 and 1809, he commanded the King's German Legion, under Sir John Moore and Sir Arthur Wellesley, and participated in all the actions which led to the expulsion of Soult from Portugal. In May, 1809, he was made colonel of the Third West India regiment; from which he was removed in 1818 to the colonelcy of the 56th Foot, which he retained till his death. In 1811, he became a lieutenant-general; in 1813, he was employed on the staff under Lord William Bentinck; and, subsequently, he was appointed to be the general of the Anglo-Sicilian army in Catalonia. In that command, he found himself compelled to raise the siege of Tarragona, and to retreat with the loss of part of his artillery. He was, in consequence, tried by a court-martial, and found guilty of an error in judgment.

In 1819, Sir John Murray attained that rank of general in the army. He was a knight of the Red Eagle of Prussia, of St. Januarius and of the Guelphic Order of Hanover. Sir John died at Frankfort-on-the-Maine on the 15th of October.

THE EARL OF PEMBROKE.

George Augustus Herbert, eleventh Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, Baron Herbert of Cardiff, and Baron Herbert of Shurland, K.G. Governor of Guernsey, general in the army, colonel of the 6th regiment of Dragoons, lord lieutenant of the county of Wilts, high steward of Salisbury, and visitor of Jesus College, Oxford, was born on the 11th of September, 1759; and he succeeded his father, Henry, the tenth earl, on the 26th of January, 1794. His mother was the Lady Elizabeth Spencer, second daughter of Charles, second duke of Marlborough.

This nobleman was descended from a family of the highest antiquity. One of his ancestors, Sir William Herbert, first earl of Pembroke, was, in the year 1552, commissioned to view the fortifications of Berwick; and, on the 17th of February, 1552-3, "he rode into London to his mansion of Baynard Castle, with three hundred horse in his retinue, of which, one hundred of them were gentlemen in plain blue cloth, with chains of gold and badges of a dragon on their sleeves."

The nobleman to whom this sketch refers, was educated at Oxford; after which, he was sent on his travels, under the care of the Rev. William Coxe, who conducted him through Poland, Russia, and other parts of Europe. On his return, Mr. Coxe published a full account of his travels, dedicating them to his pupil. His lordship entered into the army when young. While Lord Herbert, he sat in Parliament for the borough of Wilton; and, in 1784, he was made vice-chamberlain of His Majesty's household. On the 8th of April, 1787, his lordship married his cousin Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the honourable Topham Beauclerk, son of Lord Sydney Beauclerk. By that Lady, who died in 1793, he had a son, George, who died a few months after his mother; a daughter, the present Countess of Normanton, and another son, Robert Henry, his successor.

In the year 1807, the Earl of Pembroke was sent as ambassador extraordinary to the court of Vienna, whence he returned in 1808. In the same year, he married Catharine, the daughter of Count Woronzow, many years ambassador from the Em-

peror of Russia to the court of Great Britain. By that lady he has left issue a son and four daughters.—His lordship died at his house in Privy Gardens, on the 16th of October.

Lord Pembroke's seat, at Wilton, has long been celebrated for containing a fine collection of pictures, and the finest collection of antique statues, &c. in the kingdom.

Robert Henry, the present earl, was born on the 19th of September, 1791. His lordship married, at Palermo, on the 17th of August, 1814, Cedavia Spinelli, Princess Dowager of Rubari, in Sicily. This marriage was contrary to the wishes of his father, who, on hearing of the connexion, posted to Sicily, in the hope of preventing the ceremony, but he arrived too late. The earl, however, had the address to effect a separation; and, on his return to London, he instituted proceedings in the ecclesiastical court, in the hope of obtaining a divorce. In this, however, he was unsuccessful; but the parties agreed to separate; and, after the earl had settled upon her a considerable annuity, she returned to Palermo, accompanied by her brother, a Sicilian duke. She is said to have resided there ever since, apart from her husband.

MR. SALE.

John Sale, probably a descendant of Franciscus Sale, chapel master at Halee, in Tyrol, at the close of the sixteenth century, was born in London in the year 1758. In 1767, he was admitted as a chorister of the Royal Chapel, Windsor, and Eton College Chapel, under Mr. Webb. Ten years afterwards, he was appointed lay vicar of the choirs of Windsor and Eton; an office which he retained until the close of the year 1796. At that period he was a member of five choirs, viz. Windsor, Eton, His Majesty's Chapel Royal, Westminster Abbey, and St. Paul's. It was in 1778 that he succeeded Ladd, as gentleman of His Majesty's chapel royal; Soaper, as vicar-choral of St. Paul's, in 1794; and Hindle, as lay vicar of Westminster Abbey, in 1796. In the last-mentioned year, he resigned Windsor and Eton. In 1800 he succeeded Bellamy, senior, as almoner and master of the choristers of St. Paul's. These offices he resigned in the year 1812. In 1818, he became senior gentleman, or father of His Majesty's chapel royal; a sinecure office, relieving him from all duty and attendance.

Mr. Sale, honoured with the friendship of George the Third, as well as of his present Majesty, and of every member of the royal family—most of whom he had numbered amongst his pupils—was, for more than thirty years, a principal bass singer at the King's concert of ancient music; academy of ancient music; ladies' concert; vocal and other concerts; oratorios, &c. in London, and also Liverpool, Chester, Worcester, Birmingham, Hull, Norwich, Nottingham, Halifax, Yarmouth, Lincoln, Winchester, &c. His voice was a genuine bass, of fine tone and expressive compass.

In private life, Mr. Sale's character and conduct were irreproachable, and he was greatly esteemed and respected. He was secretary to the Nobleman's and Gentleman's Catch Club, and conductor of the Glee Club. With the permission of the Wellesley family, he published some of the late Earl of Mornington's glees, amongst which was that great favourite, "Oh! Bird of Eve." Many excellent glees of his own were published.

Mr. Sale died at his house in Marsham-street, Westminster, on the 11th of November. Mr. Goulden has been appointed to succeed him in the chapel royal. He has left two sons distinguished in the musical world:—Mr. J. B. Sale, who has been selected to teach the piano, &c. to the Princess Victoria, daughter of the Duchess of Kent; and Mr. G. C. Sale, the organist of St. George's, Hanover-square.

SIR ROBERT ABERCROMBY.

General Sir Robert Abercromby, descended from a very ancient and distinguished family, in Clackmananshire, North Britain, was the last surviving brother of the gallant lieutenant general who died of his wounds received at the battle of Alexandria, in Egypt, in March, 1801. Sir Robert was born in the year 1740; and he entered the military service of his country, as an ensign in the 44th regiment of the line, on the 21st of July, 1758. On the 19th of April, 1759, he obtained a lieutenancy in the same corps; and, on the 12th of December, 1761, he was promoted to a captaincy. He was present at the battle of Ticonderoga, the siege of Niagara, and the reduction of Fort Levi and Montreal. In 1763, he was placed on half pay; on the 1st of January, 1769, he was put on full pay in the 44th foot; he was promoted on the 15th of May, 1772, to a majority in the 62d regiment of infantry; and he obtained, on the 30th of November, 1775, a lieutenant-colonelcy in the 37th regiment of foot. From that period, until the close of the war, he served in America. He was at the battles of Brooklyne, Brandywine, and Germantown, and the sieges of Charlestown and Yorktown. On the 15th of February, 1782, he became a colonel in the army. From September, 1788, till April, 1797, he served in India. He was raised, on the 28th of April, 1790, to the rank of major-general, and succeeded Sir William Meadows, as governor of Bombay, and commander-in-chief of the Bombay army. The presidency of Bombay derived signal benefit from his active zeal and approved skill. He accomplished the reduction of Cananore and the province of Malabar; and, in 1792, his judicious and successful march across a vast extent of country, to

effect a junction with the army of Lord Cornwallis, at Seringapatam, tended greatly to secure the East Indian possessions in the Carnatic, against that once restless and aspiring Prince Tippoo Sultaun.

In 1793, he succeeded Lord Cornwallis as commander-in-chief of His Majesty's and the East India Company's forces in Bengal. He was present at the battle of Batina, where the Rohillas were totally defeated.

On the 26th of January, 1797, this active and useful officer was advanced to the rank of lieutenant-general; and, on the 29th of April, 1802, to that of general. He was appointed, on the 21st of August, 1806, governor of Edinburgh Castle.

Sir Robert Abercromby was one of the grand crosses of the Order of the Bath. At the period of his death, which occurred early in the month of November, at his seat, Airdrie, near Stirling, he was at the head of the list of generals. By his death the governorship of Edinburgh castle, and the colonelcy of the 75th regiment, became vacant.

WILLIAM BELSHAM, ESQ.

William Belsham, Esq., brother of Mr. Thomas Belsham, the well-known Unitarian minister, was born about the year 1782. As a whig historian—a political writer, energetically devoted to his party—Mr. Belsham had long been known in the literary world. He commenced his career, as an author, in 1785; and his principal works may, we believe, be thus chronologically arranged:—Essays, Philosophical, Historical, and Literary, 2 vols, 8vo, 1785;—Observations on the Test Laws;—Historical Memoir of the French Revolution, 8vo, 1791;—Examination of Mr. Burke's Appeal, 1792;—On the Necessity of a Parliamentary Reform, 1793;—Memoirs of the Reign of George III.;—Memoirs of the Kings of Great Britain of the House of Brunswick;—Remarks on the Administration of Mr. Hastings, in Bengal;—History of Great Britain, from the Revolution to the House of Hanover, 1798;—Continuation of the History of George III. to the Peace of Amiens;—Two Historical Dissertations on the Succession of 1717, and on the Treaty of Hanover, 1725;—Remarks on the History of the Politics of Great Britain and France, 1801;—Remarks on the Peace of Amiens, 1802;—Historical Dissertation on the Silesian War;—Historical Dissertation on the Character of Louis XVI.—His Historical Works relating to England, are now, we believe, to be had complete, in twelve octavo volumes.

Mr. Belsham lived in great intimacy with the late Mr. Whitbread, and with other gentlemen of the Whig party. Formerly he resided at Bedford; but latterly at Hammersmith. He died there, in Portland Place, on the 17th of November.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE very long course of south-westerly winds received a check on or about the 6th instant, and was succeeded by gales from the east, north, and south-east, accompanied by showers of rain and hail, followed by frost and snow—which, however, continued but a few days, producing little or nothing of that seasonable benefit to the land expected from frost. Variable and mild weather succeeded, and the wind soon returned to its long-accustomed western quarter, and even for days together, blowing from the south, as in the summer solstice. Warmth and moisture seem still the governing qualities, and all hope of winter or lasting frost must now be dismissed. The general augury from such a winter is a sequel of easterly winds and rigid weather, during the spring and summer; but favourable exceptions to this ancient rule have occurred, of which we had a remarkable example about ten years since. The damage from excessive atmospheric moisture, and from floods and the rise of springs in the low lands, will be severely felt in the succeeding crops of all kinds; whilst on the sound and dry lands, great crops may be expected, if a judgment may be formed from their present luxuriant and healthy appearance, indicating a natural tendency and power to produce solid grain, equally with an exuberance of stalk and leaf. The best wheats are full thickly planted; every kernel sown seems to have been prolific; and few farmers are sparing with respect to the quantity of seed. Even before the frost, the turnips were advancing apace towards the flowering and seeding process; and, instead of benefit from the frost, its short duration accelerated their uselessness. In many parts, the tops have been mown for cattle, and greens for domestic use. Those yet remaining in the ground are probably rather a burden than a benefit, not only from their washy and inferior quality, but as standing in the way of spring culture. Wheat, in a few parts, has been put in upon the turnip lands. In short, it is most fortunate for the country that grass, and hay, and fodder have been, and still continue so abundant; since, had the crop of turnips been the chief resource for the season, the predicament would have been most distressing to stock farmers; many of whom, in the present case, are so superabundantly provided, as to find it necessary to make sale of their surplus of hay and fodder—by no means an ordinary occurrence at this season.

The following character of the turnip husbandry on wet lands, we have taken from a weekly newspaper, and it tallies exactly with what ourselves have witnessed in too many late instances:—"We fear that sheep have fared but indifferently, in consequence of the late rains. Their wool was constantly soaked to the bottom of the staple, their backs and bodies chilled, their limbs cramped, and their bellies clotted with mud. In this situation, they frequently remained shivering under the shelter of a hedge, rather than face the weather in search of food, however liberally supplied; and, when compelled by hunger to approach it, they found their turnips covered with mire, and their hay sopped and rendered unpalateable by continual washings. Under such circumstances, it was impossible the poor animals could thrive; and it is feared a foundation will thereby have been laid for the rot and other fatal diseases." Such management as this would be condemnable for its abominable inhumanity, even were it attended with profit; but what is to be said to it as productive of obvious and heavy loss? The difficulty of getting upon the land in this state, in order to cart the turnips, may be urged, and we agree to it on our own repeated experience; but still the thing, judiciously managed, is practicable, and, in the view of profit, infinitely the least of two evils. But our general winter system for sheep is greatly defective, and very justly ridiculed by nations far behind us in other rural concerns.

Tares are a famous crop; and the spring species, together with beans, peas, and oats, are, to a great extent, already in the ground. Other articles of spring culture are following in quick succession, and, on all moderate and good lands particularly, the operations of husbandry in England and Wales were never more forward; evincing, at any rate, a good spirit in our farmers, and not clearly to be understood, as unaccompanied with insufficient means. The lambing season, on good soils and under due care, is proceeding with great promise; and we have lately witnessed some considerable Southdown flocks particularly successful. Store cattle and sheep, in the best counties, continue to bear a good price. In the poor districts, the report is different. Pigs are universally scarce and dear, though they are the stock most speedily raised and multiplied: thence, surely, no complaint ought to exist of their import, which, however, of late does not appear to be so considerable from Ireland as formerly. Fat stock, varying occasionally, still bears a general large price. The usual common-place at this time of the year—"wheat-ricks getting thin"—must be understood to refer to the poor districts. The stock of barley and pulse is great—the latter getting gradually dry, and improving in sample. In the market reports may be observed a separate line for *black* wheats—a sufficient evidence of the fallibility of that policy of insurance, *steeping* seed, so universally practised. The potatoe crop, as usual, holds out well, and its importance in the economy of bread corn is immense and national. Wool as yet merits no report. Broad clover-seed is one of the worst crops of last year; whilst hop-clover yields well, at least in quality, but is scarce and dear. Sainfoin and grass-seeds prove well, and meet a ready sale and good price. Common turnip-seed is in plenty; but new Swedish scarce and in demand. This is the year for eggs and poultry; whilst, to our own plenty, we have an addition from France and the islands; as also of apples. But the metropolis affords a never-failing and almost insatiable consumption.

The land is overrun with preserves and game—the devourers and curse of the farmer's substance; and poaching is the only refuge of the destitute and starving, as well as of the idle and profligate labourer. Thence a heavy and deadly responsibility to the country lies on those whose antiquated and silly pride and prejudices uphold this load of infamy and crime. But does not the chief blame attach to the almost criminal apathy and forbearance of the nation at large? On the body of farmers the chief of the burden falls—the disgrace on the nation; yet the farmer dares not complain, but, according to appearance, is content to accept monopoly as a recompense for the above and other national grievances. Such is modern patriotism!

Smithfield.—Beef, 3s. 10d. to 5s. 2d.—Mutton, 4s. to 5s. 4d.—Veal, 6s. to 7s.—Pork, 5s. 4d. to 6s. 8d.—Dairy, 7s.—Raw fat, 2s. 9d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 40s. to 65s.—Barley, 25s. to 35s.—Oats, 18s. to 32s.—Bread, 9d. the fine 4 lb. loaf.—Hay, 70s. to 105s.—Clover ditto, 90s. to 120s.—Straw, 30s. to 42s.

Coals in the Pool, 31s. to 39s. 6d. per chaldron.

Middlesex, February 22, 1828.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Sugars.—Sugar was very heavy last week, till towards the close of the market, when the purchases of Muscovadoes became much more considerable, and at very firm prices,

except for the low description of Browns, which were very dull, at a decline of fully 1s. per cwt.; Ordinary Browns, Jamaica and Demerara, being sold at our lowest quotation. The Refined market was in a very depressed state last week, some few lumps being sold at 79s. 6d.; and yet, as a general quotation, the price was about 81s. Molasses were a shade higher.

Coffee.—The few parcels of British Plantation Coffee offered last week went off at full prices for the good clean descriptions: the ordinary and rank sold from 1s. to 2s. lower.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—The expected declaration of a government contract for Rum has had the effect of rendering the prices firm, which were previously heavy and drooping. In Brandy and Geneva, there is no alteration.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—The latter, from Petersburgh, are from 25s. to 82s. per cwt. Little doing in Tallow. Hemp and Flax are quoted a shade higher.

Indigo.—The only purchases lately reported are inconsiderable.

Hops.—In Hops there is no alteration.

Cotton.—The purchases of Cottons for the week are few: the prices are without alteration.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 3.—Rotterdam, 12. 2½.—Antwerp, 12. 3.—Hamburg, 11. 13.—Paris, 25. 56.—Frankfort on the Maine, 150.—Altona, 13. 11.—Cadiz, 35½.—Bilboa, 36.—Barcelona, 35.—Madrid, 35. 20.—Malaga, 35½.—Leghorn, 48.—Gibraltar, 46. 3.—Lisbon, 45½.—Oporto, 46.

Bullion per Oz.—Portugal Gold in Coin, £2. 0s. 0d.—In Bars, £3. 17s. 6d.—New Doubloons, £3.14s. 9d.—New Dollars, 5s. 3d.—Silver in Bars, standard, £0. 0s. 0d.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, *Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Birmingham CANAL, 300*l.*—Coventry, 1,200*l.*—Ellesmere and Chester, 112*l.*—Grand Junction, 306*l.*—Kennet and Avon, 29*l.*—Leeds and Liverpool, 392½*l.*—Oxford, —*l.*—Regent's, 25*l.*—Trent and Mersey (4 sh.), 820*l.*—Warwick and Birmingham, 265*l.*—London DOCKS (Stock), 88½*l.*—West India (Stock), 210*l.*—East London WATER WORKS, 124½*l.*—Grand Junction, —*l.*—West Middlesex, 67*l.*—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, ¼ *dis.*—Globe, 150*l.*—Guardian, 20¾*l.*—Hope Life, 5*l.*—Imperial Fire, 95*l.*—GAS-LIGHT Westminster Chartered Company, 53*l.*—City, 167½*l.*—British, 14 *dis.*—Leeds, 195*l.*

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced between the 22d of January to the 21st of February 1828; extracted from the London Gazette.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Nias, B. M. Berner's-street, upholsterer
Jones, W. Handsworth, Stafford, farmer
Lever, B. Woolwich, linen-draper
Lyon, M. St. James's-place, Aldgate, victualler

BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month, 131.]

Solicitors' Names are in Brackets.

Baines, W. F. Aldermanbury, dealer. [Wright, Bucklersbury
Barrett, G. J. Crawford-street, Montagu-square, cheesemonger. [Hutchinson, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street
Bogg, J. Tattershall, Lincoln, scrivener. [Norris and Co., John-street, Bedford-row; Parker, Horncastle
Briggs, D. Hinckley, innholder. [Constable and Kirk, Symond's-inn; Greenway and Buchanan, Nuneaton
Barber, J. Liverpool, merchant. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Mawdsley, Liverpool
Brent, P. C. J. Kennington, Surrey, music-seller. [Wilks and Minithorpe, Finsbury-place
Brook, J. Choppard's-in-Wooldale, Kirkbriston, York, clothier. [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Stephensons, Holmfirth, Huddersfield
Bristow, R. Lloyd's Coffee-house, underwriter. [Wadeson, Austin-friars
Bishop, W. Ripon, grocer. [Strangways and Co., Barnard's-inn; Gill, Knaresborough
Breton, E. B. Gloucester-street, Queen-square, wine-merchant. [King, Bedford-place
Bradstreet, L. Water-lane, Tower-street, dealer. [Selby and Bolton, St. John's-street-road
Brett, J. Mason-street, Southwark, horse-dealer. [Rush, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street
Baynes, W. and J. Paternoster-row, booksellers. [Green and Ashurst, Sambrook-court, Basinghall-street
Brant, T. Hatton-garden, lamp-manufacturer. [Overton, New Bond-street
Biddle, J. and R. Cardiff, timber-merchants. [Bourdillon, Bread-street; Bevan and Co., Bristol
Battye, E. Burton Salmon, York, grocer. [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Wood, Pontefract
Board, S. Little Maddox-street, saddler. [Allen and Co., Carlisle-street
Baker, J. Drayton-in-Hales, Salop, tanner. [Heming and Baxter, Gray's-inn; Stanley, Newport
Bannister, T. Keynsham, Somerset, grocer. [Henderson, Surrey-street; Goolden, Bristol
Brodie, W. and Cameron, H. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, drapers. [Grace and Richmond, Birchin-lane

Burton, T. Newton-upon-Ouse, York, coal-merchant. [Lever, Gray's-inn; Russel and Co., York

Chaplin, H. Deptford, miller. [Lewis, Crutched-friars

Cooke, J. Liverpool, dealer. [Lewis, Crutched-friars

Chaulk, W. Cranbourn-street, jeweller. [Selby, Southampton-street, Strand

Cooke, W. Kidderminster, carpet-manufacturer. [Bigg, Southampton-buildings; Hallen, Kidderminster

Constantine, A. Bolton-le-Moors, draper. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple; Buckley, Manchester

Crutchley, T. Birmingham, victualler. [Holme, Frampton, and Loftus, New-inn

Cook, W. Bedwardine, Worcester, farrier. [Becke, Devonshire-street; France, Worcester

Candler, S., and Collinson, T. W. Y., Prince's-street, Leicester-square, grocers. [Osbaldeston and Murray, London-street, Fenchurch-street

Chambers, G. Blackburn, draper. [Norris and Co., John-street, Bedford-row; Haworth, Blackburn

Crossland, J. and W. Spencer, Sheffield, razor-manufacturers. [Rogers, Devonshire-square, Bishopsgate; Stanniforth, Sheffield

Croker, J. and A. Inglis, Wood-street, warehousemen. [Abbot, Roll's-yard

Cole, W. Nottingham, hatter. [Taylors, Feather-stone-buildings, Holborn; Payne and Daft, Nottingham

Coser, T. Stockton-on-Tees, Durham, draper. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple; Wood, Manchester

Delisser, A. Judd-street, apothecary. [Williams, Upper North-place, Gray's-inn-lane

Dean, B. Commercial-road, Lambeth, builder. [Phipps, Weavers'-hall

Dyer, W. Batheaston, victualler. [Jay and Co., Serjeant's-inn; Smith, Bath

Darby, I. York-terrace, Regent's-park, plumber. [Beaumont, Lincoln's-inn-Fields

Edwards, T. Swansea, merchant. [Michael, Red-lion-street; Jones, Swansea

Elsam, T. Oxford-street, cheesemonger. [Robinson, Orchard-street, Portman-square

Everall, S. Manchester, cotton-manufacturer. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple; Higson and Co., Manchester

Freer, T. High-street, Shoreditch, cheesemonger. [Rushbury, Carthusian-street

Feldon, J. A. Kensington, schoolmaster. [Thwaites, Bread-street

Fisher, J. Witney, draper. [Umney, Chancery-lane; Lee, Ducklington, near Witney, Oxford

Flavel, W. Leamington-priors, ironmonger. [Platt, New Boswell-court; Paterson, Leamington-priors

Gibbeson, R. Lincoln, wine-merchant. [Hicks and Dean, Gray's inn; Brown and Son, Barton-upon Humber

Gamble, W. Northampton-square, watch-maker. [Towers, Castle-street, Falcon-square

Gunn, R. Norwich, grocer. [Smith, Gray's-inn; Inby, Norwich

Goudge, A. Spital-square, pavior. [Church, Spital-square

Garforth, T Cleckheaton, York, flour-dealer. [Jaques and Battye, Coleman-street; Archer and Greaves, Ossett, near Wakefield

Hewitt, H. Crutched-friars, merchant. [Poole and Co., Gray's-inn-square

Hackett, J. Leicester, chemist. [Holme and Co., New-inn; Bond, Leicester

Humphrey, T. Water-lane, flour-factor. [Steel, King-street, Cheapside

Hunt, J. Brighton, trunk-maker. [Sundys and Walker, Austin-friars

Hollis, J. Goswell-road, stone-mason. [Carter and Gregory, Lord Mayor's Court-office

Hull, J. Bradway, Derby, scythe-manufacturer. [Blakelock, Serjeant's-inn; Smith, Sheffield.

Harris, G. Derby, woollen-draper. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Moss, Derby

Harris, J. King-street, Soho, linen-draper. [Turner, Basing-lane

Harrison, J. Liverpool, victualler. [Chester, Staple-inn; Hinde, Liverpool

Heynes, S. Cheltenham, wine-merchant. [Meredith and Reeves, Lincoln's-inn; Newman, Cheltenham

Hempenstall, W. Paradise-street, Rotherhithe, ship-owner. [Smith, Tokenhouse-yard

Hall, E. Stayley-bridge, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancashire, corn-dealer. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane; Higginbottom, Ashton-under-Lyne

Hill, C. Rochdale, innkeeper. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane. Whitehead, Rochdale

Hunter, J. and J. and A. Morgan, and W. P. Paton, Sun-court, Cornhill, merchants. [Kearsley, Lothbury

Hayes, J. and C. F. Atbury, Surrey, paper-makers. [Wigley, Essex-street.

Hall, S. White's-row, Mile-end, tallow-chandler. [Thompson, George-street, Minories

Heaton, T. Little-Bolton, Lancashire, stone-mason. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple; Pendlebury, Bolton

Ingram, J. Houndsditch, warehouseman. [Tilson and Son, Coleman-street

Jones, E. Edge-hill, Liverpool, cart-owner. [Jones, Pump-court, Temple; Jones, Liverpool

Jones, S. T. Hunter-street, wine-merchant. [Towne, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street

Jones, E. Liverpool, grocer. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Lacon, Liverpool

Johnson, E. Kingston-upon-Hull, grocer. [Knowles, New-inn; Bunney and Cracknell, Hull

Jackson, G. Coventry, ribbon-manufacturer. [Becke, Devonshire-street; France, Worcester

Jackson, R. junior, Coventry, ribbon-manufacturer. [Becke, Devonshire-street; France, Worcester

Kadwell, W. Keston, Kent, bricklayer. [Dobbins, Clement's-inn

Killick, W. junior, North Brixton, Surrey, veterinary-surgeon. [Haslam, Leadenhall-street

Kirby, J. Newton Burgaland, Leicester, corn-factor. [Dax and Son, Gray's-inn

Lote, J. Manchester-street, tailor. [Binns, Clement's-inn

Leverton, J. William-street, Regent's-park, painter. [Hill, Welbeck-street

Leigh, L. Canterbury, tea-dealer. [Batsford, Horslydown-lane, Southwark

Lewthwaite, J. and W. Lancaster, scriveners. [Cuvelje, Staple-inn; Armistead, Lancaster

Milne, P. New York-street, Commercial-road, and Hathway, T. junior, Wade-street, Poplar, merchants. [Wrentmore and Ellis, St. Mildred's-court

Mence, N. Henwick, Worcester, porter-brewer. [Platt, New Boswell-court; James, Worcester

Molineaux, T. Manchester, victualler. [Kay, Manchester

Medhurst, T. Barbican, linen-draper. [Farrar, Temple-lane

Mead, J. Downton, grocer. [Luxmore, Red-lion-square; Coombs, Sarum

Morley, I. Sidmouth-street, tailor. [Platts, Crescent, Jewin-street

Marshall, R. H. Plymouth, draper. [Green and Ashurst, Sambrook-court, Basinghall-street

Marsden, M. Manchester, upholder. [Lever, Gray's-inn; Ackers and Walker, Manchester

Noakes, W. Southend, Kent, miller. [Eicke, Old Broad-street

Nelson, J. Cobham-place, Finsbury square, dealer. [Blake, Essex-street, Strand

Newbould, T. junior, Sheffield, merchant. [Thompson and Co., King's-arms-yard, Coleman-street

Packwood, G. High-street, Southwark, shoe-manufacturer. [Clarke, Bishopsgate Church-yard

Parsons, T. Bishopsgate-street, wine-merchant. [Swain and Co., Frederick-place

Pyne, C. Borough-road, dyer. [Wilkinson and Co., Bucklersbury

Pearman, T. Nuneaton, cabinet-maker. [Allen and Co., Carlisle-street; Oram, Kenilworth

Pennington, S. Market-rasen, Lincoln, horse-dealer. [Wing, Gray's-inn; Dudding, Lincoln
Parish, G. Streatham, warehouseman. [Turner, Basing-lane
Price, R. Bradford, Wilts, victualler. [Berkley, Lincoln's-inn; Bush, Trowbridge
Rich, Sir Charles Henry, Beenham, Berks, dealer. [Few and Co., Henrietta-street, Covent-garden; Blandy and Co., Reading
Rickerby, M. Pitfield-street, Hoxton, linen-draper. [Jones, Size-lane
Rolfe, W. Edgbaston, Warwick, grocer. [Clarke, and Co., Chancery-lane; Tyndall and Rawlins, Birmingham
Roberts, M. Penryn, Cornwall, mercer. [Coode, Guildford-street; Johns and Son, Penryn
Robinson, J. Warbrick-moor, Lancaster, victualler. [Statham and Leicester, Liverpool; Slade and Jones, John-street, Bedford-row
Royle, J. A. Manchester, commission-agent. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple; Wood, Manchester
Salter, J. Pattingham, Stafford, farmer. [Bigg, Southampton-buildings; Thurstons, Newport
Sever, R. Paradise-row, Rotherhithe, master-mariner. [Blunt and Co., Liverpool-street
Snow, R. W. Leeds, innkeeper. [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Lee, Leeds
Scriven, H. Great Marlborough-street, surgeon. [Young, Poland-street
Sherwood, W., T. Gilbert, and W. Piper, Paternoster-row, booksellers. [Wilde and Co., College-hill
Squires, R. and Thompson, R. Liverpool, corn-dealers. [Adlington and Co, Bedford-row; Radcliffe and Duncan, Liverpool
Terry, J. Chapel-place, Bermondsey, bricklayer. [Haslam, Leadenhall-street
Thrower, R. junior, Ipswich, wire-worker. [Teague, Cannon-street
Thompson, J. junior, Swan-alley, Coleman-street, wine-merchant. [Stevens and Co., Little St. Thomas Apostle
Twamley, S. and J. Thurmaston, Leicester, horse-dealers. [Moore and Lake, Lincoln's-inn; Burbidge, Leicester
Tyser, T. junior, Barking, Essex, fisherman. [Woodward and Stanley, New Broad-street, and Barking
Tattersall, T. Chorlton-row, Lancashire, butcher. [Clarke and Co., Chancery lane; Smith, Manchester
Underhill, G. Eaton Mascott, Shropshire, horse-dealer. [Philpot and Stone, Southampton-street, Bloomsbury; Burley and Co., Shrewsbury
Vertegans, E., H. J. Barker, and J. Harley, Cheapside, warehousemen. [Wilde and Co., College-hill
Wilks, T. Tring, Herts, innkeeper. [Faithful, Warwick-court, Holborn
Walker, T. Radford, Nottingham, lace-manufacturer. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple; Greasley, Nottingham
Williams, W. New-court, Crutched-friars, merchant. [Spurr, Copthall-buildings
Wilson, W. junior, Winslow, scrivener. [Tomes, Lincoln's-inn-Fields
Willoughby, T. Partney, Lincoln, cattle-drover. [Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Walker and Sons, Spilsby
West, J. Golden-square, tailor. [Tomes, Lincoln's-inn-Fields
Washbourn, J. senior, and Washbourn, J. junior, Gloucester, stationers. [Hopkinson, Red-lion-square; Carter, Gloucester
Weston, T. Hirwain-wharf, Earle-street, Roman cement-manufacturer. [Wilde and Co., College-hill
Williams, F. Park-street, Grosvenor-street, plumber. [Tadhunter Bermondsey-street
Watson, J. Guisborough, York, maltster. [Dawson and Hawkins, New Boswell-court
Walking, E. A. Bath, draper. [Farrar, Godliman-street, Doctors'-commons
Young, J. Leeds, merchant. [Makinson and Sanders, Middle Temple; Foden, Leeds

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. W. Bowen, to the Vicarage of Ewias Harold, Herefordshire.—Rev. W. Heath, to the Vicarage of Caln, Devon.—Rev. G. A. Paske, licensed to the Chapel of Needham Market, with the Chapel of Darmsden, Suffolk.—Rev. J. J. Hodson, to the Rectory of Yelvertoft, Northampton.—Rev. H. S. Cocks, to the Rectory of Leigh; with the Chapelry of Bransford annexed, Worcester.—Rev. W. B. Pole, to the Rectory of Upper Swell, Gloucester.—Rev. W. S. Robinson, to the Rectory of Dyrham, Gloucester.—Rev. C. Collyer, to the Rectory of Clea next the Sea, Norfolk.—Rev. W. M'Douall, to the Rectory of Luton, Berks.—Rev G. Wood, to the Rectory of Dorchester Holy Trinity, with Frome Whitefield thereto annexed.—Rev. S. Lonsdale, to the Living of St. George's, Bloomsbury.—Rev. H. T. Coulson, to the Rectory of Landewednart, Cornwall.—Rev. J. R. Charleton, to the Vicarage of Elberton, Gloucester.—Rev. T. L. Hughes, to the Rectory of Penegoes, Montgomery.

POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS.

The Duke of Wellington, Right Hon. H. Goulburn, Lord G. C. H. Somerset, Earl Mountcharles, Lord Eliot, and E. A. M'Naghten, esq., to be Commissioners for executing the offices of Treasurer to the Exchequer.—H. Goulburn to be Chancellor and Under Treasurer of the Exchequer.—Sir J. Beckett, bart., to be Advocate General.—Right Hon. J. C. Herries, to be Master of the Mint.—Right Hon. T. Wallace, to be Baron Wallace, of Knaresdale, Northumberland.—Earl of Aberdeen, to be Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.—Earl Bathurst, to be President of the Privy Council; Lord Ellenborough keeper of the Privy Seal; Right Hon. R. Peel, to be one of the Secretaries of State.—Viscount Beresford, to be Master of the Ordnance, and the Right Hon. C. Arbuthnot, W. D. Adams, and H. Dawkins, esqrs., Commissioners of the Woods and Forests, &c.—The Duke of Gordon, to be Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland.—Viscount Melville, Right Hon. R. Peel, Earl Dudley, Right Hon. W. Huskisson, Duke of Wellington, Right Hon. H. Goulburn, Right Hon. T. B. Wallace, Right Hon. J. Sullivan, Lord Ashley, Marquis Graham, and L. Pell, esq., to be Commissioners for the Affairs of India.—Sir W. J. Hope, Sir G. Cockburn, Sir G. Clerk, bart., and the Earl of Brecknock, to be of the Council of the Lord High Admiral.—Colonel

Sir H. Hardinge, to be Clerk of the Ordnance.—Christian Koch, esq., to be British Consul at Frankfort.—Mr. W. May, to be Consul-General in Great Britain for the King of the Netherlands; and Mr. W. S. Day, to be his Consul in the Isle of Wight.—Right Hon. John Lord Ponsonby, to be Envoy Extra. and Minister Plenipo. to the Emperor of Brazil.—G. W. Chad, esq., to be Envoy Extra. and Minister Plenipo. to Columbia.—E. M. Ward, esq., to be Minister Plenipo. to the King of Saxony.—H. S. Fox, esq., to be Secretary to the Embassy of Vienna.—Hon. W. T. H. Fox Strangways, to be Secretary to the Legation at Naples.—Lord Albert Conyngham, to be Secretary to the Legation at Florence.—G. Jackson, esq., to be Commissary Judge at Sierra Leone.—H. U. Addington, esq., to be Minister Plenipo. to the Diet at Frankfort.—Duke of Montrose, to be Lord Chamberlain.—Sir C. Robinson, Judge of the Admiralty.—Dr. H. Jenner, to be Advocate General.—F. Freeling, esq., Dr. J. de Courcy Laffan, and P. Macgregor, esq., to be baronets.

SHERIFFS APPOINTED FOR THE YEAR 1828.

Bedfordshire, G. Musgrave, of Shitlington, esq.; Berkshire, T. Bowles, of Milton-hill, esq.; Buckinghamshire, R. Harvey, of Langley-park, esq.; Cambridgeshire and Huntingdonshire, J. P. Allix, of Swaffham-prior, esq.; Cheshire, R. Massey, of Moston, esq.; Cumberland, T. Parker, of Warwick-hall, esq.; Cornwall, J. W. Buller, of Shillingham, esq.; Derbyshire, Sir G. Sitwell, of Renishaw, bart.; Devonshire, W. Langmead, of Elford-leigh, esq.; Dorsetshire, W. G. Paxton, of Coombe-Almer, esq.; Essex, Sir C. J. Smith, of Suttons, bart.; Gloucestershire, F. Trotman, of Siston-court, esq.; Herefordshire, E. Higginson, of Saltmarsh, esq.; Hertfordshire, Sir. C. Smith, of Bedwell-park, bart.; Kent, Sir T. M. Wilson, of Charlton, bart.; Leicestershire, G. Pochin, of Barkby, esq.; Lincolnshire, C. Winn, of Appleby, esq.; Monmouthshire, W. Morgan, of Panty Goytre, esq.; Norfolk, Sir W. J. H. B. Folkes, of Hillington, bart.; Northamptonshire, H. H. H. Hungeford, of Maidwell, esq.; Northumberland, C. Bosanquet, of Rock, esq.; Nottinghamshire, J. E. Westcomb, of Thrumpton, esq.; Oxfordshire, C. C. Dormer, of Rousham, esq.; Rutlandshire, T. Walker, of Liddington, esq.; Shropshire, W. L. Childe, of Kinlet-hall, esq.; Somersetshire, J. H. S. Pigott, of Brockley, esq.; Staffordshire, J. Atkinson, of Maple Hayes, esq.; County of Southampton, W. S. Stanley, of Paultons, esq.; Suffolk, H. Logan, of Kentwell-hall, esq.; Surrey, T. Hope, of Deepdene, esq.; Sussex, R. Aldridge, of New-lodge, esq.; Warwickshire, Sir G. Chetwynd, of Grendon-hall, bart.; Wiltshire, G. W. Wroughton, of Wilcot-house, esq.; Worcestershire, G. Meredith, of Berrington, esq.; Yorkshire, Sir T. Sykes, of Sledmere, bart.

INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON, ETC.

CHRONOLOGY.

January 29.—The Parliament opened by Commission, when His Majesty's speech was read to the Lords and Commons by the Lord Chancellor.

February 8.—The Rev. Robert Taylor, pursuant to the sentence delivered yesterday in the Court of King's Bench, removed to Oakham gaol, in Rutlandshire, for one year's imprisonment for blasphemy.

9.—Don Miguel embarked at Plymouth for Lisbon.

13.—The Twelve Judges summoned to Guildhall for not paying the poor rates for their apartments in Serjeant's-inn, when their solicitor attended and paid the amount claimed!!!

— A morning concert held at Guildhall, under the patronage of the Lord Mayor and Nobility, for the benefit of the Spanish and Italian Refugees.

21. — The Sessions commenced at the Old Bailey.

MARRIAGES.

At the Palace at Kensington, the Princess Feodore, daughter of the Duchess of Kent by her first husband, to the Prince of Hohenlohe Laugenbourg.—At Twickenham, B. Alexander, esq. to Sophia, third daughter of Sir B. Hobhouse, bart.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, J. W. Scott, esq., to Lucy, daughter of the Rev. Sir C. Jervoise, bart.—At Broom-hall, A. Dundas, esq., M.P., to Lady Mary Bruce, eldest daughter of the Earl of Elgin.—At St. James's Church, Major-General A. G. Wavell (of the Mexican army) to Anne, daughter of Sir W. Paxton.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, J. H. Calcraft, esq., M. P., to Lady Caroline Montague, youngest daughter of the Duke of Manchester.—At Mary-le-bone, Captain Molesworth, brother of Lord Molesworth, to Miss Louisa Tomkyns; E. Coote, esq., to Eliza Rosetta, third daughter of H. M. Dawson, esq., M.P.—At St. George's, Hanover square, the Rev. R. L. Adams to the Hon. Eliza Atherton Powys, fourth daughter of the late Lord Lilford.

DEATHS.

At Ham, 90, General Gordon Forbes.—In Saville-row, Sir W. A. Cunynghame, of Milneraig, bart.—In Curzon-street, 70, H. Burgess, esq.—At Viscount Melbourne's, 43, Lady Caroline Lamb, only daughter of the Earl of Besborough.—At Chatham, 83, Mr. W. Purdon; he was the last survivor of the crew of the Swallow sloop, Capt. Cartwright, that sailed round the world in 1760.—At Turnham-green, G. E. Griffiths, esq., many years proprietor of the Monthly Review.—In Bryanstone-square, Admiral Sir Richard Strachan.—Lady Doyle, wife of Sir F. H. Doyle, bart.—At

the advanced age of 88, Mrs. Blomfield, mother of Lord Blomfield.—Henry Neele, esq., author of several distinguished works.—W. R. Bigg, esq., R.A.—At Ashley-park, Lady Fletcher, relict of Sir H. Fletcher, bart.—70, J. Tilstone, esq., of the West India Docks.—At Portland-place, 79, Lieut.-Gen. Burr.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At the British Ambassador's Chapel, Paris, E. S. Gooch, esq., eldest son of Sir T. Gooch, bart., to Louisa, second daughter of Sir G. B. Prescott, bart.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At St. George's, Grenada, 88, Rev. F. M'Mahon; the first clergyman who officiated according to the English Church in that colony, having arrived there in 1783, on its restoration to Great Britain.—At Naples, 88, the Margravine of Anspach, ci-devant Lady Craven.—At Nice, Lady Caroline Bentinck, second daughter of the Duke of Portland.—At Rome, Countess de Celles, lady of the Netherlands ambassador, and granddaughter of Mme. de Genlis.—At Vienna, in the arms of his brother Constantine, sunk under his sufferings, Prince Alexander Ypsilanti.—At Florence, J. D. Church, esq., brother of General Sir Richard Church, commander-in-chief of the Greek forces against the Turks.—At Freyburg, Mrs. Losack, wife of Admiral Losack.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES;

WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

The inhabitants of North Shields were thrown into great consternation on the night of the 18th of January, on account of most of the large fleet of ships in the port breaking adrift at ebb tide, occasioned by the sudden thaw. To attempt a description of the damage sustained in masts, bowsprits, spars, anchors, cables, &c. &c. is impossible, as few escaped, less or more, the general ruin. Two vessels sunk in the Narrows.

As some workmen of R. B. Sanderson, esq. were opening out an old coal shaft at the Minories, near Newcastle, on the 10th of January, they found at the bottom the entire body of a horse, which, on being exposed to the air, mouldered to dust. The colliery, it is supposed, had not been worked for 84 years.

On the 22d of January, in the night, two men, with women's hats on, and handkerchiefs tied under their chins, broke into Miss Town's house, at Throckley Fell, 5 miles from Newcastle, by breaking through the brick wall. They ransacked it completely, and carried off several articles of wearing apparel, and £20 in money. Before they went away, they had the hardihood to sit down to cold beef, and drink a bottle of wine.

The election for the city of Durham took place on the 5th of February, Sir Henry Hardinge having, accepted the office of Clerk to the Ordnance. Sir Henry was opposed by a Mr. Robertson, who, if not a man of straw, was certainly invisible, for he never made his appearance. On Wednesday the former was declared duly elected. He polled 288 votes, his opponent 76.

A martin was caught at Bishop Auckland the second week in February; and about the same time a wasp was seen in the city of Durham.

The election of a member of Parliament for the county of Durham, to succeed Mr. Lambton, elevated to the peerage, took place on the 13th of February, when Wm. Russell, of Brancepeth-castle, Esq., was returned without opposition.

A grand fancy ball took place at Newcastle on the 7th instant, which was numerously attended.

A preacher belonging to the Southcotian sect, has lately taken up his residence at Sunderland, where he has gained a considerable number of followers, from amongst the poorest of the people. He attended the funeral of one of his disciples on the 2d instant, attired as follows: a dirty white hat, red silk neckcloth, light blue coat with black buttons, white waistcoat, and trowsers and black stockings. He wears his beard to such a length, that he might be taken for a Jewish rabbi.

Married.] At Tynemouth, Mr. Graham to Miss Granger.—At Hexham, Mr. Woodmass to Miss Scott.—At Durham, Mrs. Stockton to Miss Lidster.—At Chester-le-Street Mr. Bell to Miss Murray.—At Rembury, H. Palliser, esq., to Miss Caroline Hardinge.

Died.] At Ellison-place, Newcastle, Lt.-Col. Laye, commandant of the 5th battalion of the royal regiment of artillery.—At Newcastle, the Rev. J. Barnett.—At Durham, T. Salkeld, esq., M.D.—At Bishopwearmouth, 87, Mrs. Coats.—At Ushaw College, near Durham, 76, Dr. Gilliro, the president of that establishment.

WESTMORELAND AND CUMBERLAND.

Died.] At White Syke, 91, Mrs. Margaret Tyson, relict of Mr. H. Tyson, by whom she had 14 children, the whole of whom attained their majority; and she had the gratification of witnessing 13 at one time surrounding her ingle, the youngest of whom was then 35 years of age. Ten survived their aged parent.—At Carlisle, General Sir P. E. Irving, bart.

YORKSHIRE.

The propositions about the vicarial tithes in Halifax not having been agreed to by the deputies, the vicar has addressed to each deputy the following:—"I do hereby require you to account with me for, and to pay the full value of the Tithes of Agistment, potatoes, turnips, seeds, eggs, milk, calves, gardens, pigs, foals, and bees, and also of all other vicarial or small tithes whatsoever (except lambs, wool, and goats) which hath arisen upon the farm and lands in the parish of Halifax, in your occupation, since April 6, 1827. And I do require you to set out for me the tithes of the above articles, which shall arise upon your farm and lands from and after the delivery of this notice, *in kind*. Dated this 1st Dec. 1827. *Charles Musgrave*, vicar of the parish of Halifax."

The port of Goole will open for foreign trade on the 6th of April next, and on the 9th a steam vessel from thence to Hamburgh.

The teachers and scholars of the Sunday School at Mirfield, have presented a superb silver cup to the Rev. S. Watt, for his unparalleled exertions during a period of five years; the Sunday School having increased in that period from 40 to 500 scholars, and from 10 to 100 teachers!

In the beginning of last month there were very severe gales on the coast; several vessels were lost at Scarborough, Whitby, Bridlington, &c.

A mariners' church has been established at Hull.

The king has consented to patronize the next Yorkshire musical festival. The Guarantee Fund amounts to near £10,000. It will commence on the 23d of September.

On the night of Saturday the 19th of January, the bank of the river Ouse, about a mile from Booth Ferry, burst, and all the adjacent low lands were laid under water. Great damage was done at Howden, Knedlington, Anelley, and Barmley-on-the-Marsh.

The gentlemen of the law resident in York have agreed to establish a law library in that city.

About the last week in January, the workmen engaged in widening the road in Clegg's-lane, Huddersfield, found embedded in the earth, near the surface, a bayonet; and on the following day a quantity of human bones were dug up. A human skull was discovered in the year 1816 near the same place. It is conjectured that the person had been murdered with the weapon, and that both were buried.

A fine heifer lately died on a farm at Orgrave near Attercliffe, after lingering three months in a state of great exhaustion, the whole carcass scarcely containing any blood whatever. An adder was found in its head, which is supposed to have been taken into the stomach, and worked its way to the extremity, drawing from the heart all that was intended for its nourishment.

A young gentleman at Leeds (Mr. J. Osburn) has deciphered the hieroglyphics upon a mummy lately given to the Literary and Philosophical Society in that town. They are the royal legend of Remesses V., the Amenophis-Memophis of the Greek writers, the father of the great Sesostris, and the last monarch of Manetho's eighteenth dynasty of the kings of Egypt. He ascended the throne of the Pharaohs, in the year 1493 B.C.

At the end of six months, the Bradford New Banking Company have declared a dividend of 5 per cent. on the capital subscribed, 2½ per cent. as a bonus, and 2½ per cent. to be reserved as a back-set, to reach any future bad debts or other contingencies.

In the beginning of February, the workmen employed in a new street erecting out of Micklegate-bar, York, whilst sinking a drain, found a stone coffin, of large dimensions, and which contained a skeleton, apparently that of a female. The next day, the bones of a man were found, who must have been an individual of extraordinary stature. They were about one-third larger than the bones of a full-sized man. The jaw bone was an enormous one, and the teeth were in a good state of preservation. Two Roman coins were found in turning up the earth, a little distance from where the stone coffin and bones were found.

Sir R. H. Inglis has been elected one of the representatives for Ripon, vice Sir L. Shadwell, now vice-chancellor.

Sir James Scarlett does not intend to come the northern circuit any more, now that he has resigned the office of attorney-general.

Swallows were seen in the plantations of Colonel Croft, at Stillington, near York, on the 31st of January.

Married.] At Sheffield, the Rev. T. Tattershall to Miss Ann M. Tattershall; J. F. Wright, esq., to Miss Whittenbury.—At High Hoyland, J. Shearwood, esq., to Miss Norton.—At Beverley, J. Harrison, esq., to Miss Lambert.—At York, M. Richardson, esq., to Miss Hick; J. Garlick, esq., to Miss Grainger.—At Leeds, M. H. Wood, to Miss Bower.—At Bridlington, W. Newmarsh, esq., to Mrs. Kingston.—At Hull, J. Richards, esq. to Miss Collings.—At Wakefield, Mr. W. Ridsdale, to Miss Ellen Teale.—At Northallerton, Captain Clayhills to Miss Beckitt.

Died.] At York, Mrs. Barton.—At Sheffield, P. Browncll, esq.—At Sewerby, Miss Rhoda Hall.—At Lotherton-hall, Mrs. Norcliffe.—At Mount St. John's, near Thirsk, Colonel Elsley.—At South Otterington, the Rev. J. Sampson.—At Hull, Mrs. Carrick.—At Hollins, near Halifax, Ellen Eliza and Caroline Ann, the two daughters of Colonel Deasden.—At Dromanley-hall, Mrs. Cleveland.—At Chapeltown, M. Chambers, esq.—At Leeds, T. Wade, esq.; Mrs. Fawcett.—At Fulford, J. Hotham, esq.—At Bridlington, Miss Mather.—At Heath, Miss Henrietta Hardy.—At Helmsley, the Rev. T. Lamb.

SALOP AND STAFFORD.

Died.] At Perry-hall, Stafford, 82, J. Gough, esq.—At the Grove, Market Drayton, 96, Lady Markham, widow of Sir J. J. Markham, bart., and sister of the late Robert Lord Clive.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

The custom duties of the port of Boston last year exceeded those of the preceding year by £8,190; and the expenditure of the department was £1,458 less.

Died.] At Stamford, 96, Mrs. Barbara Henrietta King.

LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE.

The annual income of the Corporation of Liverpool was, on an average of 10 years, from 1721 to 1730 inclusive, £1,603. 6s. 2d; from 1739 to 1748 it amounted to £2,126. 19s. 6½d.; and last year, 1827, the income was £131,202, 11s. 2d.!!!

Messrs. Johnson and Son, of the Congleton bank, who, during the 1826 panic, were compelled to stop payment, have announced their intention of liquidating all claims upon them, by paying an additional 5s. per pound, 15s. having already been paid.

A musical festival in the ensuing autumn will take place at Manchester, and the guarantee fund of £10,000, which it has been thought necessary to provide, in order to avoid all risk of the receipts, is very nearly, if not quite, filled up.

An unexpected claim has been made on the part of the Duchy of Lancaster for the Crown, of all the unenclosed strand of the river Mersey generally. In pursuance of which, the solicitor to the Duchy has served a notice on the trustees of the docks, not to pay to the Earl of Sefton, or the corporation, any sum on account of the purchases to the southward, the subjects of adjudication in 1826 and 1827.—*Liverpool Tuesday's Advertiser.*

Died.] Dr. Davis, of Macclefield. This respectable gentleman may be considered a third

victim to the conduct of the notorious Wakefields. Their grandfather's heart was broken by it; the wife of William, now in Lancaster gaol, died of grief; and Dr. Davis is now added to the list of sufferers. The payment of the fine, in consequence of Gilbert's non-appearance to the indictment (for which the Reverend Doctor was bail,) together with the loss of his school—nearly every boy being removed from the establishment—preyed on his mind, and he eventually sank under the influence of contending feelings—he died of a broken heart!—*London Paper.*

NOTTINGHAM AND DERBY.

The course of lectures lately given at the Crumford Mechanics' Institution, have excited such an interest throughout the surrounding neighbourhood, that they have been attended by multitudes.

LEICESTER AND RUTLAND.

The inhabitants of Leicester assembled at their Town-hall, have resolved upon establishing Infant Schools for children of 2 to 6 years; the committee for the management of which is to be composed of gentlemen who are, and those who are not, members of the Church of England. They observe, "that the very early age at which children are now introduced into manufactories, and the very general employment of females, in the various branches of trade in this place, the former being precluded from receiving the usual instruction at the ordinary daily schools, and the latter being in a great measure withdrawn from attending to their domestic duties, are reasons which render such institutions peculiarly important."

The earnings of the poor employed in the stocking manufactures at Leicester and county, do not exceed 7s. per week: nor have they in the most prosperous times for the last 11 years exceeded 11s. per week; how then is a father of a family thus circumstanced enabled to save any thing for educating his children? It is computed that there are 40,000 persons employed in the stocking trade of this county.

WARWICK AND NORTHAMPTON.

Married.] At Farnborough, W. Markham, esq., to Miss Lucy Anne Holbeck.—E. B. King, esq., of Umberslade, to Georgiana, daughter of R. Knight, esq., M.P.

Died.] 78, John Green, who for upwards of 64 years worked as a labourer upon the Heathcote farm, near Warwick; having been more than 30 years of that time in the employ of the present occupier, Mr. Sedgley; he was a very sober and industrious man, and followed his usual avocations till within a fortnight of his death.—At Stoke Bruern, 78, W. Stalman.—At West Bromwich, 82, Rev. W. Moody.

WORCESTER AND HEREFORD.

The inhabitants of Ledbury were gratified by the inspection of a very handsome wrought iron bridge, built by Mr. Sealy, and designed by Mr. T. Holland. It is 25 feet long in the span of the arch, and was completely finished, and put up with palisading, &c., fixed on four wheels, it proceeded through Ledbury to Eastnor, the seat of Earl Somers, where it is now fixed across the foot of the waterfall. The road to the fall, three miles in length, is very rugged and difficult, but, notwithstanding, the bridge arrived safe, and, Feb. 8, it was removed on its wheels across the platform, where it was lowered down upon the stone abutment prepared for it, in the presence of the noble Earl. The whole of the bridge does not exceed 30 cwt. in weight.

Married.] At Bromyard, the Rev. G. Woodhouse to Anne Sophia, daughter of Sir J. D. Colt, bart.

Died.] At Abberley, 79, the Rev. F. Severne; he had been 47 years rector of that parish, and 51 of Kyre.—At Welland, 44, J. Ireland, esq.—At Worcester, 56, Rev. Dr. Hook, dean of Worcester, archdeacon of Huntingdon, master of St. Oswald's Hospital, and holder of the livings of Bromsgrove and Stone.

GLOUCESTER AND MONMOUTH.

The total amount received from 1871 depositors in the Cheltenham Savings' Bank was, the 30th of January last, £73,388. 6s. 9d., out of which £39,406. 13s. 6d. have been paid back to depositors, and there now remains in government security the sum of £33,981. 13s. 3d.

At a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce lately held at Bristol, it was unanimously resolved to form a committee, which was accordingly appointed, to inquire into the capabilities which Bristol and its neighbourhood afford for the establishment of such manufactories as do not at present exist, and likewise into the causes of the decay in some branches of manufacture which are now in operation around them.

Died.] At Tortworth, 107, Mr. F. Walker; his youngest son, 26 years of age, and upwards of 6 feet high, attended his funeral.—At Clifton, 77, Mrs. Newcome, relict of Dr. Newcome, late primate of Ireland.

SOMERSET AND DEVON.

"The grand jury," at the late sessions at Exeter, "observed with surprise, that at present the business of the county, with regard to the expenditure of the Rates, is transacted in a room with closed doors, from which the public are excluded, which appears to be perfectly unconstitutional; and they therefore recommend that all business connected with expenditure be transacted in open court." The jury appear to have had in view (what we trust other county grand juries will have), to use the words of Burke, "an anxious care of public money, and an openness approaching to facility to publish complaint."

It appears by the accounts of the county of Somerset, from Dec. 31, 1826, to Dec. 31, 1827, that no less than £19,964. 12s. 0½d. were paid for its expenses; and that under the article for Prisons, and Prisoners, &c., there is a charge of £10,653. 18s. 8d.—besides more than £6,000 for prosecutions of felons, &c.!!!

The Report of the Bath Branch of the Royal Naval Annuitant Society has been made, and exhibits a most gratifying improvement in the state of its funds, which amount to £29,600, being an increase of £8,600 in the last year.

At the last annual meeting of the Devon and Exeter Savings' Bank, the trustees stated that the total receipts up to Nov. 20, 1827, amounted to £1,031,178. 6s. 8d. from the various depositors, and that although nearly £400,000 has been returned, with interest, there still remains in the care of government as much as £649,044. 0s. 2d.

Married.] At Puriton, Jervis Cooke, esq., son of Rear-Admiral Cooke, to Miss Harriot Bignel.

Died.] At Exeter, Anne Maria, wife of Vice-Admiral Robert Barton.—At Bath, Miss Marga-

ret Hay, daughter of the late Hon. E. Hay, governor of Barbadoes; 99, Dr. Robert Hope, senior physician of the navy.

DORSET AND WILTS.

The Wareham and Purbeck Savings' Bank had, Nov. 20, 1827, the sum of £24,843. 12s. 3d. in the hands of the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt; the number of depositors amounted to 404.

Died.] At Longford-castle, 78, the Earl of Radnor.—At Steeple-Ashton, 88, Rev. S. Hey.—At Wells, 88, Mrs. Tudway, relict of C. Tudway, esq., many years representative for that city.

HANTS AND SUSSEX.

From the opening of the Brighton Savings' Bank, Jan. 1818, to Nov. 20, 1827, there has been received £155,901. 15s. 11d., out of which bas been withdrawn £95,821. 15s. 8d.—having upwards of £60,000 in the hands of the trustees.

The new church at Brighton was consecrated Jan. 24; and the next day it was opened with a grand musical festival, the produce of which, after deducting all expenses, amounted to £240, which is to be applied to the benefit of the County Hospital and the National Schools.

The Horsham Savings' Bank Report states that up to November 20, 1827, it had received £12,335. 0s. 7d. from 730 depositors.

Died.] At Southampton, the Hon. Caroline Lady Gore Booth —At Brighton, the Hon. W. Wyndham, youngest brother of the Earl of Egremont.

OXFORD AND BERKS.

At the last General Meeting of the Oxford Savings' Bank, it appeared that the sums received up to November 20, 1827, amounted to £67,417. 3s. 8d.; and that the number of depositors were 2,285.

Died.] At Witney, 74, J. Clinch, esq.—Rev. Dr. Marlow, President of St. John's-college.

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK.

By the published accounts of the treasurer of the borough of Thetford, from Michaelmas, 1825, to Michaelmas, 1826, it appears that the expenses amounted to £290. 15s. 8d., out of which was paid £103. 10s. for a set of imperial weights and measures, Exchequer fees, and new beams and scales; and the sum of £120 for gaol, assizes, sessions, &c.

CORNWALL.

Fifty pounds have been remitted by the Society for the Relief of Distressed Foreigners, to the 350 unfortunate Germans, of both sexes, who were shipwrecked, and brought into Falmouth by the Plover; the President of the Society (Lord de Dunstanville) added £25 to the gift; and measures are taking to send these poor strangers home.

The copper ores from the parish of Gwennap alone, during the last 7 years, sold for £1,920,000, and last year the amount was upwards of £3,007,000, besides £50,000 received for tin, floor-spar, &c.

WALES.

By the report of the committee appointed to investigate the expenditure of the directors of the Montgomery and Pool House of Industry, it appears from a comparative statement of a half year's expenditure, taken from an average of the quotas of the last eight years and a half of the old system, with the second half year of the new system, that the former amounts to £3,878, and the latter to £279—leaving a half yearly balance in favour of the new system of £1,087, or an annual saving of £2,174; and the committee recommend all the parishes to keep a strict annual account of their payments to the poor.

Sheriffs appointed for 1828.—Anglesey, J. Panton, of Llanddytnan, esq.; Carnarvonshire, R. W. Price, of Bronygader, esq.; Merionethshire, T. Casson, of Blaenyddol, esq.; Montgomeryshire, J. J. Turner, of Pentrehellin, esq.; Denbighshire, L. H. B. Hesketh, of Gwrych-castle, esq.; Flintshire, G. W. Kenrick, of Mertyn, esq.; Carmarthenshire, W. Chambers, of Llanelly, esq.; Pembrokeshire, T. Meyrick, of Bush, esq.; Cardiganshire, J. Griffiths, of Llwyndurries, esq.; Glamorganshire, R. F. Jenner, Wenvoe-castle, esq.; Breconshire, F. Price, of Tyn-y-coed, esq.; Radnorshire, D. Thomas, of Wellfield-house.

As the principality of Wales has been generally noted to be as free from crime as any portion of His Majesty's dominions, our readers will be somewhat surprised to hear of a gang of Welsh robbers dwelling in a cave. The most inaccessible and rugged rock of Penmaen Mawr, rearing its lofty head beyond the clouds, and overhanging the sea, was the place fixed upon by these midnight depredators. Near this stupendous rock, in a crevice near the cave, is a small hut, built in such a manner, and of such materials, as to appear a part of the rock, where, for years back, an old woman and her three sons resided. One night two of the eldest sons took their boat and sailed for Bangor, where, after robbing a baker's shop and another, they returned in the boat, and deposited their plunder in this cloud-capt habitation. The neighbours, lower down the mountain, for some time past, were surprised how the men obtained a livelihood, as they seldom attended to their occupation of fishermen; and a suspicion at length reached the ears of the Bangor constables, who immediately repaired to their habitation. The constables found the old woman and her three hopeful sons at home, and on the table a pretty good quantity of flour, raisins, and currants for a good plum-pudding. In a peat-stack, close by, was found the baker's bread, with his mark upon it. These worthies lived well, for they killed their own mountain mutton (or rather that of others,) their house was filled with dried legs and shoulders, and they appeared to live as happy as Robin Hood and his merry men. But the next day the constables took two of the ingenious aërial inhabitants (the elder sons) into custody, and lodged them safely in Carnarvon gaol.

Married.] At Bangor, A. J. Creighton, esq., to Miss Jane Matilda Conyngham.

Died.] At Black-hall, Glamorgan, 99, Mrs. A. Davies.—Mr. E. Harries, master of the Free Grammar School at Bala, North Wales. — At Cowbridge, 76, W. Nicholl, esq., mayor and recorder of Cardiff, and many years chairman of the Glamorgan Quarter Sessions.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS,

From the 26th of January to the 25th of February 1828.

Jan.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Red.	N4 Pr. C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exch. Bills.	Consols for Acc.,
26	—	86⅛ ⅝	85⅝ ⅞	93⅜	93⅜ ½	100⅞ 1⅛	19⅛	219¾	91 92p	60 61p	85⅜ ⅞
27	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
28	209¾ 10½	86⅜ ⅝	85⅝ ⅞	—	93⅜ ½	101⅛ ⅜	19 9-16 ⅝	—	91 93p	60 61p	85⅜ ⅞
29	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
30	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
31	209½	86¼ ⅜	15⅛ ⅜	93½	93⅛ ⅜	101⅛	19½ ⅝	—	91 93p	61 62p	85½ ⅝
Feb.											
1	208¾ 9⅜	86⅛ ½	85¼ ¾	93⅜	93¼ ⅜	100⅞ 1⅛	19½ 9-16	249	93p	61 62p	85⅜ ¾
2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
3	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
4	208¼ 9½	83⅜ 86	85¼	—	92⅝ 3	100⅜ ⅜	19⅜ ½	—	91 93p	61 63p	85⅛
5	208¼ 9¼	86⅛	85⅛ ⅜	93⅜	92⅝ 3⅛	100⅜ ⅜	19 7-16 ½	—	93 94p	61 64p	85⅛ ⅛
6	207¾ 8¼	86⅜	85¼ ⅜	93⅜	93 ⅜	100⅜ ⅜	19¼ 9-16	249	94 95p	63 64p	85⅜
7	—	85⅜ ⅞	84⅞ 85	92½ 3	92½ ⅜	100⅜ ⅜	19⅜ 9-16	249	94p	61 63p	84⅞ ⅝
8	207⅝ 8⅜	86⅛	85⅛ ⅜	93¼ ⅜	93¼	100⅝ 1	19 9-16 11-16	—	92 93p	61 62p	85⅝ ⅜
9	208¼	86¼	85½ ⅝	—	93⅜	100⅞ 1⅛	19 11-16 13-16	219½	—	60 63p	85½ ½
10	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
11	—	86¼ ½	85⅜ ½	—	93⅜ ½	101⅛	19 15-16 ¾	250	93p	60 62p	85⅜ ⅛
12	208⅜ 9	86¼ ½	85¼ ½	93⅜	93⅜ ½	101¼ ⅛	19⅞ 13-16	249½ 50	92p	60 62p	85⅜ ⅛
13	208¾	86⅜ ½	85⅜ ½	93½	93⅜ ⅜	100⅞ ⅜	19 13-16 ¾	—	93 94p	61 62p	85⅜ 1
14	208½ 9	86¼ ½	85⅜ ½	93⅜	91⅜ ⅜	101⅛ ⅜	19 13-16	250	93 94p	61 63p	85½ ⅜
15	208¾	85¼ 6½	85¼ ½	93⅜	93⅜ ⅜	101⅜ ¼	19 13-16 ⅜	—	93 94p	60 62p	85½ ⅜
16	—	86¼	85¼ ⅜	—	93⅜ 4	101⅜ ⅜	19 13-16 ⅜	—	93p	60 63p	85½ ⅜
17	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
18	208½ 9	86¼	85⅜ ⅝	—	93⅜ ⅞	101⅜ ⅜	19 13-16⅞	—	93p	60 63p	85¼
19	208½ 9	86⅜ ¼	85⅜ ½	93⅜	93⅜ ⅞	101¼ ⅜	19 13-16⅞	—	94 95p	60 63p	85⅜ ½
20	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
21	208½ ¾	85⅜ 86	84⅜ 5⅜	93⅜	93¼ ½	101⅛	19¾ 13-16	249	94 95p	60 62p	84⅞ 85⅜
22	208¼	85⅜ ⅜	84⅜ ⅜	93	92⅝ 3	100¾ 1	19 11-16 13-16	—	92p	59 61p	84¼ ⅜
23	208	85¼ ⅜	84⅜ ⅜	—	92⅝ 3	100⅞ 1⅛	19¾ 13-16	—	—	59 61p	84⅜ ⅜
24	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
25	207	83⅜ 4½	82¾ ⅞	—	91½ 92¼	100⅛ ¾	19½ 11-16	—	85p	56 59p	82⅜ 83⅞

E. Eyton, *Stock Broker*, 2, *Cornhill and Lombard Street.*

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

From January 20th, to February 19th, 1828.

By William Harris and Co. 50, High Holborn.

January.	Rain Guage.	Moon.	Therm. 9 A. M.	Therm. Max.	Therm. Min.	Barometer. 9 A.M.	Barometer. 10 P.M.	De Luc's Hygro. 9 A. M.	De Luc's Hygro. 10 P. M.	Winds. 9 A. M.	Winds. 10 P. M.	Atmospheric Variations. 9 A. M.	Atmospheric Variations. 2 P. M.	Atmospheric Variations. 10 P.M.
20			51	53	43	30 13	30 18	87	90	W	SW	Fair	Fine	Fair
21			47	50	45	30 13	30 11	94	96	WSW	SW	—	—	—
22			45	46	40	30 00	30 13	96	96	WSW	WNW	—	—	—
23		☽	48	52	44	30 18	30 24	97	98	W	NW	—	—	—
24			50	52	48	30 23	30 23	97	98	WSW	WSW	Clo.	—	—
25			53	54	42	30 20	30 01	98	98	WSW	WSW	—	Rain	—
26			45	51	47	30 15	30 23	94	96	W	W	—	Fair	—
27			49	53	37	30 24	30 31	94	96	W	W	—	—	—
28			42	47	42	30 31	30 25	90	96	WSW	WSW	—	—	Clo.
29			45	50	40	30 08	30 06	96	98	SW	W	—	—	Fair
30			43	47	40	29 98	29 90	96	98	W	SW	—	Fine	—
31			43	49	43	29 90	29 86	98	98	W	SW	—	—	Rain
Feb.														
1	8	○	50	54	47	29 95	29 96	98	98	W	W	Rain	—	Fine
2			50	51	39	30 01	30 08	96	90	WNW	NW	Fair	—	—
3			45	49	39	30 34	30 29	96	97	WNW	W	—	—	—
4			45	52	39	30 21	30 11	94	98	NW	W	—	—	Clo.
5			46	53	48	30 15	30 01	93	98	W	NW	Clo.	Fair	—
6	10		50	54	45	29 93	29 91	98	98	W	NW	Rain	—	—
7	12		51	54	41	29 84	29 77	94	99	NW	W	Fair	—	Rain
8		☾	44	47	39	29 76	29 69	90	99	NE	NE	—	—	Clo.
9			43	46	34	29 63	29 63	90	98	NE	NE	—	Rain	—
10			35	36	30	29 71	29 54	95	98	ENE	SE	Clo.	Clo.	—
11			32	33	28	29 35	29 73	95	90	ESE	NE	Snow	Snow	Fair
12			29	33	28	29 83	29 93	93	94	N	N	—	Fair	—
13			30	32	32	30 01	29 92	93	98	NE	SE	Fair	—	—
14			33	35	32	29 45	29 43	96	98	S	W	Snow	—	Clo.
15		●	34	38	31	29 62	29 72	98	98	NW	WNW	Fair	—	—
16			32	36	31	29 76	29 74	94	92	WNW	SW	—	—	—
17			34	38	32	29 61	29 44	90	94	SW	SSE	Fine	Fine	Fine
18	14		36	41	36	29 29	29 21	97	98	SE	W	Clo.	Rain	Rain
19			38	47	37	29 26	29 23	99	98	WNW	WSW	—	Fine	Fine

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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POLICE OF THE METROPOLIS.—GENERAL INCREASE OF CRIME.

THE parliamentary fashion of the day is the appointment of "commissions" and "committees." A passion has come over us for caution in all things, and delay, and extra ultra consideration. We have become deeply impressed on the sudden with the superiority of "second thoughts;" and entertain no argument now to any change, until five-and-twenty select bodies of five-and-twenty gentlemen have five-and-twenty times sat and "reported" upon it. Thus, two months back, upon the competency of "the Game Laws," and now upon the state of "the Police," with piles upon piles of information before us, we resolve—not to take any measures—but to inquire farther—by means of another "committee." This is wrong; because it is a waste of life and leisure. If the public is to be amused, and the time got over—if this is all that is meant—"committees" are well calculated enough to effect that object: but if any thing like action is intended, such repeated appointments lead only to much needless delay; and to covering simple questions with such a mass of blunder and subterfuge, and extraneous details, that men's patience, as well as their understandings, turn away hopeless from the thought of digging out or disentangling them. A committee can only be useful where facts upon a given subject are wanted. We have half-a-dozen volumes of fact—and of abuse unreproved—the produce of the police committees of 1816 and 1822, upon the table before us. If committees are to continue to sit—with all their cumbrous machinery—every time any measure of domestic policy is to be suggested—what, we should desire to ask, is the province—or where the utility—of a minister?

The observations, however, with which the right honourable Secretary for the Home Department introduced his motion on the recent occasion for the appointment of a committee, seem to us singularly bare of any thing, in the shape of principle, which should guide or govern the committee in its inquiries. The fact of the increase of crime in the country and in the metropolis of late years—a fact as to which few people entertained any doubt—is established by the production of some tables. And there is a complaint—not very well sustained—of the condition of the nightly watch: with a proposition for making it general, instead of

parochial. And there is a little more matter, rather weaker still, about the necessity of a "concurrent jurisdiction" as to police, between that part of the town which lies in Westminster and Middlesex and that peculiarly belonging to the City: which might be of consequence, if the only matter of complaint were the troops of thieves and drabs who infest Fleet-street (more certainly than any other part of the metropolis); but which is of slight efficiency in considering the great questions of police regulation and extent of crime, as applying to, or with a view to any improvement in, the state of the country generally. And there are some other comments about the incompetency of haberdashers, and such trading people, as constables, and about the nation's having "outgrown its police institutions;" which we confess we don't perfectly understand, because any outgrowing would seem rather likely to apply to the extent of the police than its character and constitution.—But we anticipate our object: and, if we treat of results in the beginning, shall have to tell our tale twice over.

The question properly prefatory to any discussion upon the means of reducing the crime with which the country abounds, is—and as such Mr. Peel has treated it—the cause or causes by which that quantity of crime has been produced? And, on this question, a considerable number of politicians have attempted, and hold themselves still prepared, to prove, that the cause of the "crime" in the country is the "poverty." Now this seems to us to be a very fallacious theory; and we are quite sure that—if fallacious—it is a very mischievous and dangerous one. No doubt, the crime under which the country suffers proceeds from a variety of causes —of which poverty will be one. Part of it is inseparable from the constitution of society: and it is difficult to say exactly what that particular proportion may be. Another part will be attributable to an imperfect police, or defective legislation. A third part will proceed from the temptation to fraud, and facilities for its execution, which the peculiar circumstances of a rich and commercial country afford. And a fourth, from the pressure of distress—we speak here of national and general distress— not of cases of individual misfortune—upon the lower classes. But, practically, we believe that this last portion is the smallest of the whole; and we are sure that the very worst consequences are likely to arise from any attempt to give too much importance to it.

For, in the first place, it would sound oddly, we suspect, in the ears of a foreigner, listening for the first time to a speech upon English statistics, to hear the "distress" of the lower classes talked of as a necessary cause or excuse for crime; when he has heard also that, by a law which cost the country many millions of pounds annually, every man without the means of subsistence in England, was entitled to and received a maintenance, assessed and levied upon the funds of his richer neighbour. It would seem, we repeat, to such an individual, strange, that a farmer, who, on Monday, had paid a tax of four shillings in the pound on his rental, for the support of the poor of his district—that tax liable to be raised to eight shillings, if the necessity of the case had required it—should be referred to "distress"—when his hay-loft or his hen-roost was robbed on Tuesday—for an explanation, if not an entire justification, of the transaction. But, even apart from this particular provision—far less subject to it, if we are to accept of poverty, as a general excuse—for it is impossible to talk of it as a cause, without treating it in some measure also as an excuse—for crime, we admit a principle which strikes at once at the very key-stone of order and civilization in every country.

Society is only kept together by the law, or understanding, that the privations which a man cannot remove by his industry, or his ingenuity, he shall be content to submit to. No doubt, the mere wants of nature render this a principle subject to some limitation: but, protected as we are by the system of the poor-laws, no man can very well reach that extent of distress in England which a legislative inquiry should hold a justification of his infringement upon the property of his more fortunate neighbour. Poverty, indeed, is a relative, not a definite or positive term. We call a given state of things—no matter what—"the exceeding distress" of the lower classes of England. But, in the very same breath, probably, we are calling out for measures to prevent the British lower classes from "sinking to a level with the lower classes of Ireland!" In England, we find the condition of the lower orders bad. In Ireland it is a great deal worse. If we go to Poland or Russia, the state of things is still worse. In China, so bad, that men may be hired to suffer death for a small sum of money. Heaven forbid, therefore, that the condition of the lower classes of England should be farther deteriorated, or that we should be suspected of not desiring to improve it as far as it is capable of being amended; but still the case must be an extreme one in which we will admit poverty to be an excuse for crime; because poverty ever has been, and must continue to be, the lot of the million. In despite of philosophy or philanthropy, we must have hewers of wood and drawers of water: persons whose lives are passed in a state of constant labour, repaid sometimes by narrow means of subsistence, and always by very narrow means of enjoyment. All that the freest government can do is to give every man the right to change his station in society: the higher station—that is to say, the higher state of possession and enjoyment—must be the case of exception, not the ordinary rule. Because master carpenters, twenty years ago, could usually read, and journeymen very frequently could not, it would be a delusion to infer that, if all now read, all can be masters, and that the operative part of carpenters' work can cease.

Therefore, as poverty can no more be got rid of out of society, than it is possible to get rid of disease or death, we should be prepared to take almost any course—however apparently strict against offenders—or really costly, if necessity were, to the community—rather than admit the theory, that crimes against property must necessarily be the result of a state of a low paid labour. There is certainly no pecuniary expense to the community, at which we would not resist this principle; for, of all modes of paying labour, that by crime must be the most endless and the very worst. It is already enacted, that the rich—in England—shall maintain the absolutely poor: that no man, on any pretence, shall be without subsistence. This is much to have declared; although, as a customary gift soon grows into a debt, we are challenged directly, that this provision—immense as it would be esteemed, if now bestowed for the first time—is not enough. But, although we think any material extension of that charity needless, and pretty nearly, we are afraid, impossible; yet—if put to our choice—we would rather attempt its extension—we would rather, in fact, pay for "emigration," or pay any demand, however exorbitant—than recognize the fatal principle that crime against property is a necessary consequence of what is called "popular distress." Because society is not the dream of an idealist. "Distress"—or a state of privation—to express as nearly as possible

what is meant—for the terms of high or low wages, or high or low paid labour, are very indefinite—distress is a condition of things which always must exist. In England—as long as it continues to be a country probably, it will be the absolute failure of a market for labour—and that alone—that will in future limit the supply. We cannot have a limited extent of soil, with a full population freed from all the causes which go to impede increase: saved by science and knowledge from the ravages of disease: by moral lessons and early marriages from the scourges of debauchery and vice: dependent, moreover, for existence—as a manufacturing population—in great numbers upon the demand of foreign markets, which accident may close for a time, or entirely destroy:—this state of affairs cannot continue any where long, before an increasing population will overshoot the common demand for labour, and, consequently, reduce the wages of that labour to such a point as we may frequently term a condition of distress. It would be better, therefore, as it seems to us, for the country to establish any scheme, however costly, for getting rid of its surplus labour—deportation—nay, the plentiful maintenance of all unemployed labour in idleness—if so desperate a resort were necessary—than to assume that persons ill paid, or unprofitably employed, must relieve themselves by crime, or to allow any "distress"—short of the mere want of subsistence—from which the existing law secures them—to form an excuse for their engaging in it.

We feel that this point is likely to be an unpopular one; but it is impossible for us not to maintain it to the utterance. We admit the pressure of that case which compels a man to live upon the "parish allowance:" but we cannot admit that any person with that allowance has a claim to rob: we could but look for this result, if we repealed the law which compels us to provide such persons with the means of subsistence. It is a hard state of things for a man to have to live upon potatoes and salt. Few of our parish poor live quite so hardly as this; but, even where they do, they are as well off as a great part of the Highland peasantry; as well off as the more fortunate part of the Irish peasantry. And, however it may be a work of humanity and policy, as far as possible, to aid them, if, in a legislative point of view, we admit their distress to form any excuse for the commission of crime, we at once open the door to a continued system of plunder, which would make every man his own judge of his claim to the goods of his neighbour, and could only end in practically annulling the security of property altogether. Because the right to rob—apart from the consequences which our laws in general affix to it—is a glorious and most estimable boon! No man feels any abstract aversion to plunder—no soldier hesitates to strip the country of the enemy: the only ban under which the act lies, is that which the law—where it talks of hanging—has thought fit to impose upon it. Of ten labourers, therefore, whose means of subsistence for themselves and families are limited to the lowest amount at which that subsistence can be obtained—if, when two quit this ill-paid labour, and live by robberies, we listen to "distress" as an excuse for the election—what is the language that we hold out to the other eight?—what but that they have done themselves much injustice, by neglecting an immunity which has proved most profitable and agreeable to their fellows? With all that is heard of the pollution of prisons, and of the effect of ill example in confinement upon incipient offenders, we believe that the example of unprosecuted or unpunished offence—offence successful in its object, and

divested of its ill consequences—does more mischief to a community, or to any portion of a community, in one instance, than the discovery that crime was capable of being committed—at a heavy risk of after discount and suffering—ever did in ten.

We might pursue this argument farther: and it is an utter error to suppose that it is a question in which the rich only are interested. By the peculiar, though perhaps beneficial, constitution, indeed, of our legislature, it so happens that the parties who make laws are seldom those who suffer much from their violation. This may be well; because a man is likely to be an ill judge always of the extent of punishment or protection requisite in his own cause: but, well or ill, it is the fact. Persons of large wealth and extensive establishments are not the people who are exposed, practically, to depredation; any more than the man who rides always in his carriage perceives the inconvenience of a crowded or dirty street. The parties who suffer from plunder are the middle classes, who live necessarily in the public haunts of men; and whose possessions therefore are exposed; while their means will not defray the charge of an expensive and continued watching:—the small householder in the country, who has not the advantage of a ring fence, three miles round, to protect his pigs, or his poultry, or his fruit; and the shopkeeper in the town, who is obliged to keep his wares in a spot easy of access, while he can neither watch incessantly to guard them himself, or pay the cost of half-a-dozen sentries to do that for him. And the thing does not stop even here. No persons are so much exposed to depredation from "the poor," as the industrious poor themselves. Plunder is not nice in its object; and its great temptation is always, less amount, than security. One half the prosecutions for burglary and "stealing in dwelling-houses," in the agricultural counties, consist of cases where the whole value of the property stolen does not reach ten shillings: the cottages of the labourers who are abroad in the fields are broken into and ransacked by those who will not labour—or, we will say, by those who have support from the parishes, because they cannot obtain labour. Take this last to be the case, is it one jot less necessary why the offence should be extirpated? Such trash as to admit any excuse for attacks upon property, short of that on which the culprit was absolutely destitute of the means of life, could only end in the general depopulation of society.

From this statement, then, it will probably be inferred, that we should be inclined very guardedly to admit any case of necessity as a plea for the commission of crime. And we confess that, even at the hazard of occasional severity—much as our feelings would shrink from the details of such a course—we should be content, as the lesser evil—to reject that principle. Fortunately, however, we suspect that we shall not very hastily be put to this trial. The effect of "distress"—of that state of affairs and commerce in the country, which refuses to the industrious and steady labourer a competent supply of the necessaries of life for himself and his family—the quantity of crime resulting from this cause—no doubt must be something; but its amount, we believe, is very far smaller than is often assumed or imagined.

If it were not that a simple possibility, by the mere force of being confidently asserted a given number of times, often passes, without examination, for a truth, it would be surprising to find the scarcity of employment alleged as a leading cause of the existence of crime, when

the daily experience of all men—the mere habit of daily opening their eyes—shews them facts which demonstrate any such position to be a total fallacy. Mr. Wilmot Horton, we observe, in his late speech upon Emigration, quotes the *dictum* of a learned judge, as to his having constantly found the facts of low wages, and increasing crime, running side by side with each other. Now we confess that we do not exactly see the proof of this fact, in any thing that has been stated, either by that learned judge, or by those who rely upon him. In the first place, this term of "low wages" must always be taken subject to something more than a judicial exposition. "Low wages" depend upon a great variety of circumstances. Low *money* wages may be very high wages; and high *money* wages may be very low wages. We know nothing until we look to the quantity of work exacted for the given money; or the prices of the necessaries of life, at the time and at the place where it is paid. Still farther—it occurs to us to ask, where is it that this account has been taken of the different amount of crime subject to low and high wages? Because we ourselves should find some difficulty in selecting a proper situation for calculating the variance: for as far as we can recollect—for the last twelve years at least—we have heard of little but "low wages!" The learned judge's statement is quoted, as though he had noticed the rise or fall of the moral thermometer, as governed by the rise or fall in "the prosperity" of the lower orders, from session to session. Now we confess that we ourselves have found the complaint all one way—we certainly, for the period we speak of, have not heard the presence of "high wages" any where admitted. All that we can find, in support of the position that the amount of crime varies with the scale of wages, are a few cases of slight increase or decrease—the tallying of which with the rise or fall of the price of labour, as to time, &c., is very imperfectly made out; and we hesitate very much, therefore, upon such slight proof, to take the fact for granted, especially as we have a few instances—as well as a good many arguments and probabilities—which go to establish something very like the converse of it.*

To begin then.—If the statement were true, that the cause of the

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* Many statistical returns of great value might be annually published by government (which has all the information *ready*), at a very small expense: and, among others, an annual account of the amount, and disposal, of crime in the country—the commitments, convictions, and punishments—would be highly useful and interesting. As far as *data*, however, can be readily collected, we find very little evidence of that alternation, of "more or less crime," with "high or low wages," to which the learned lord in question alludes. It fact, it would be difficult, we suspect, for any man living to recollect any period, at which the complaint of "distress" was not heard from some quarter: and, even where years of comparative "prosperity" can be pointed out, we find little abatement in the amount of crime. The year 1826 was the period of the great distress in the manufacturing counties, when hundreds of thousands of persons were out of employ—maintained by public subscription through the country. The Bishop of Chester, in his evidence before the Emigration Committee, says, that "in Bolton alone there are 8,000 weavers out of employ, whom he thinks will never get work again." At Carlisle, Mr. Hunter says, "best weavers can only earn 5s. 6d. a week." Major Moody speaks to his knowledge of 7,900 men out of employ in Manchester only. In this year (1826) the number of commitments in the country was 16,147: and in the last year—which was one of comparative improvement, as far as employment was concerned—they rose to 17,921. Again, in Lord Goderich's "prosperity year" (1824), the amount of commitments was 13,693: which was an increase of near 1,500 over the number of the preceding year (12,260). And in that "prosperity year," the actual amount of commitments, which we have quoted—13,693—was rather greater than that of the years 1817, 1818, and 1819, which were years of extraordinary distress.

increase or commission of crime was to be found in the distress or privation to which the labouring classes are exposed, we should find the *first offences* in the way of theft, generally committed by deserving, careful, industrious people—people carried out of moral and active habits, by the distress, or necessity, which drives them to steal. In the agricultural districts, a day labourer, sober in his habits and economical of his means, or at least fairly attentive to his duties in society, would be detected stealing sheep, or in robbing a poultry yard, for the sake of supporting his family, who are absolutely in need. With a case of this kind, it is never difficult to deal, however painful it may be to meet with it. The interposition of the law is prevented by some act of private benevolence. Justice is due to the people who are destined to be robbed, as well as to the select few who are robbers: there never is a case of real distress, in which the instant inclination of the offended party is not to relieve rather than to pursue. But every farmer or country resident knows that the persons to whom he looks for breaking into his barn, or robbing his stable, are people of a very different description from these. They are the idle, the drunken, the insolent, and the wandering: the pot-house soakers: the sleepers and skittle-players by day, and poachers and black-fishers by night. They are the trampers, beggars, gipsies, who roam from fair to fair, and from market to market, with fifty ways of livelihood, but all idle, and thievish, and contraband. They are the women of the village, who find prostitution easier than labour: the men who are heard roaring along the roads, and damaging fences and gates for sport or malice at night: who are poor enough, and wretched; but quite sure never to want so much excuse for theft as the being "out of employ;" because their habits are such that no employer will retain them Every neighbourhood, which affords any convenience for plunder, has its *nest* of these caterpillars. Sometimes a severe session, and an unphilosophical judge, clear out the covey; and then a year or so may pass before another assembles. In every rural district, when a robbery has been committed—especially within twenty miles of town—the probable parties can be pointed out—though their detection is difficult—immediately. They are people known distinctly to the vicinity as thieves; generally carrying on some petty commerce upon their own account. Your "pieman," and small ambulant huckster of every description of ware, consumes a great deal of geese and turkies in the parish where he resides: bargemen on canals, higglers, and hay and straw carters, from their convenience of carriage, monopolize a still larger share of traffic in the property of their neighbours. It is true that these people—in a certain sense of the word—are "poor:" that is, their houses are desolate, and themselves and their families half naked. But their expenditure exceeds—often exceeds ten times over—that of the active and industrious labourer; and it has the prodigious advantage of being attained comparatively without effort into the bargain.

But, when we come to the metropolis—where the best field for judging of motive is—for the amount of crime there, measured against the extent of territory, is, as compared with the country, in the proportion of about fifty to one—how the idea of attributing the great mass of offence against property to "distress," ever could enter the mind of a sane person, it seems difficult to conceive! The thieves of London are bred out of labourers, or out of the children of labouring mechanics—we take here the lowest class of them in point of emolument—whose earnings are from

one guinea to three guineas—seldom less than thirty shillings—per week. They are the scum and offal of a community, which is always dissipated—always highly paid; which maintains a gin-shop at almost every fifth door—a pawnbroker (who aids extravagance three times, for necessity once) in every street; which fills the galleries of a dozen theatres—the benches of ten thousand "coffee-shops," and "reading-rooms," and such institutions of minor entertainment; which is systematically idle one day every week, and drunk at least two nights; and may be put down, without compliment—and as we take the liberty to consider it, also without offence—as incomparably the most riotous, licentious, drunken, insolent, bold, intelligent, and unmanageable in the world. It seems a little hardy to speak of low wages and distress, as almost the sole cause—for thus it is spoken of—of the existence of crime, with the fact before us, that the great mass of crime is found in London—where even the shadow of poverty or low wages never shews its face. The leading thieves, in most cases, are persons of considerable property—the "receivers," invariably wealthy men. The mere street thieves—the men without capital—are always persons with good shirts on, and watches in their pockets; and the lowest class of all—to whom dirt and sluttishness is no matter of distaste—though ragged and desperate, spend more each in gin and tobacco than would fall to the lot of six industrious men in their own class of society. We by no means assert or infer, that these people do not suffer much misery and occasional privation. The mass of mankind must look to endure this. We cannot—for fear a plasterer should pick a pocket—give him the estate of the Duke of Devonshire. But the mistake is in supposing that it is a life—while it lasts—of hardship, or a life to which those who adopt it are driven. In point of fact, it is a life which five in six deliberately adopt, in preference to labour; and it yields them more profit, in idleness, than a life of labour would do—if they were disposed to submit to, or undertake it.

And we go far beyond this. It seems a waste of time almost to expose so obvious a fallacy, as that "distress" is necessary to—or in any respect necessarily coeval with—the production of crime: but the folly has become so fashionable, that we may be allowed the utterance even of a few truisms to rebuke it. We talk of "distress" among the lower classes as the cause of theft: some of the poorest countries, as regards the condition of the lower orders, are those in which the least disposition to theft prevails! What extent of wealth in any place—take the condition of the metropolis—has ever been found able to extinguish it? A book lies open before us at this moment—Washington Irving's Life of Columbus—which affords a singular illustration of this truth. What was it that, instantly after the discoveries of Columbus, carried robbery, massacre, and ruin through the New World? This was not "poverty." What was it that blasted the fertility of the new country—first depraved and then annihilated its peaceful population—made it at last a howling wilderness, the resort of only thieves and murderers—and at last spread discord and bloodshed among the ravagers, and made them prey upon each other, when all other prey was gone? This was not "poverty." It was the lust of riches, of enjoyment—beyond that wealth and enjoyment which the lawful means of the plunderers could command: and it ended—as such passions indulged must necessarily end—in the waste and desolation of property and enjoyment altogether. We must not be

answered, that these were the crimes—this the rapacity—of an invading power towards a conquered, or at least a foreign state. It was not this: it was much more. The invaders—discoverers—whatever they are to be termed—when the natives, who were common spoil, could no longer be robbed or murdered, robbed and murdered each other. These were not the crimes of the "lower classes:" men who, from their gifts, might have been heroes—who stand almost worthy of that name in the commencement of the story—scarcely perceive the means of plunder—and the excuse for availing themselves of it—when we find them transformed into traitors, pilferers, and assassins. But a case still stronger than that upon the side of wealth, presents itself on the side of poverty. Distress—where it really exists—disdains and repudiates the spurious license which is attempted to be bestowed upon it. How stood the case twelve months since with the manufacturers of Yorkshire, of Lancashire, of Glasgow?—when hundreds of thousands of weavers worked sixteen hours a day for a shilling? and hundreds of thousands more were "out of employ"—assisted by public subscription for the means under the poor-laws failed—altogether? Did robberies increase a hundred-fold in these districts—for, if there be any truth in the position that we are combating, they ought to have done so—when half-a-crown a week was the highest allowance to any unemployed individual? The increase of crime at this time was scarcely any thing. The difference between the commitments of 1826 and 1827, in Lancashire, was not worth naming.* At that very moment, for every thief that reduction to oatmeal, and potatoes, and salt herrings, was raising up in Manchester, the desire to drink gin-and-water, and sit in the galleries of the Circus or the Cobourg Theatre, in London, was generating a dozen. The short truth is—and no one before the days of philosophy ever doubted it—that men commit crime, every where, six times more frequently for the gratification of their desires, than for the relief of their necessities. The play-house and the public-house—not the poor-house—are the intermediate stages between honest labour and the hulks, or the treadmill, or the gallows. Crime—and the commonest description of crime—crime against property—is not confined to any peculiar class of individuals; and the motives which lead to it operate—upon particular minds—in all. A peer will cheat some suckling at the gaming-table; a merchant double a capital of twenty thousand pounds, by a fraudulent insurance, or a packed bankruptcy; an actress, who wins a thousand a year by her lawful trade, chooses to be a strumpet. All this dereliction proceeds neither from a love for vice, nor "from the pressure of necessity;" but it is the same "necessity"—the desire to possess a good, or a fancied good—with a regardlessness of the means—that makes a London shoemaker pick pockets, or a farmer's labourer rob hen-roosts or corn-bins, in preference to ploughing fields, or a London maid-servant insolently quit a competent and honest service, and take to red ribands and the *pavé* for a livelihood! It is a desire to obtain a certain end, for which we are disposed to hazard certain consequences: the thing gained being, in our view of the chances, and of the condition of society, of more value than the thing given.

Assuming then—that which we think stands sufficiently proved—that

* The distressed people committed no crimes, but a few, of violence: scarcely any (beyond the ordinary average) in the way of theft.

crime does *not* proceed in the main—or even in any material degree (as has been asserted)—from the pressure of necessity, it becomes, next, important to consider, as nearly as may be, from what causes it does proceed, and what are the circumstances which have led, of late years, to the increase of it?

The increase of crime which appears peculiarly during the last two or three years, we suspect has in a great measure been accidental. Of course, chance must at all times have something to do in such a production: the amount of offence, in two successive years, is seldom exactly the same; and there is as frequently a decrease as an exaggeration, for which no direct cause can be assigned. One circumstance, however, is worth notice:—public "distress" has very little claim to take the merit of the increase of crime which has appeared during the last three years; because, in the time of the serious distresses of 1816 and 1819—the quantity of offence against property was *less* than it is at present. The causes, however, of the general increase of crime which has arisen within the last fifteen years, may be looked for, we think, a little in the result of the following circumstances:—to some diminution which has taken place in the severity of punishments:—to an increase in the quantity of property accumulated in the hands of individuals, and consequently in the amount of material placed within the scope of theft:—something to the increase of our own population in numbers:—something (not much) to an increase in the privations suffered by the lower orders, and to the new facilities opened for fraud by the advances of luxury among the higher:—and very considerably from a decreased apprehension in the minds of the people of several of the punishments inflicted; as well as from a cessation or stoppage in the operation of those drains by which the less favourably disposed part of our population used to be carried off.

In considering the first of these causes, or supposed causes, then, we beg to set out by stating, that we shall not enter here into any argument concerning the moral legality of punishment by death. We shall assume capital punishments to be just and admissible; not more because we ourselves believe such to be the case, than because the whole system which we are discussing is founded upon that belief. The question is one which, on its own merits, we should feel no slowness about meeting. We believe the resource, though painful, to be necessary; and are prepared to shew that there is not one of the speculators, who has endeavoured to get rid of it, that does not, when we come to the detail of his scheme, exhibit some alternative incomparably more offensive to public feeling and humanity, in its stead. This question, however, we leave at present entirely; for a very slight digression upon it would carry us farther than our limits can afford to go.

That a diminution in the severity of our punishments, as compared with the number of our crimes, has taken place within the last few years in England, is capable of proof. In the year 1805 (to go no farther) the number of commitments in England and Wales, was 4,605; and the number of capital punishments 68. In the year 1818, the commitments were 13,560; and the capital punishments 97. Here, the commitments have multiplied three times over, and the capital punishments increased one-third.

The frequency of the punishment of transportation beyond seas has been diminishing, too, during the same period. The heavy charge attending this course of disposing of offenders has deterred government

from resorting to it, unless in cases of very pressing necessity, as a substitute for death; while, unfortunately, a well-founded opinion has, at the same time, been gaining ground among the people, that it amounted, *de facto*, to little or no punishment at all.

Now, without meaning to infer that the increase of crime to which we allude, has proceeded entirely, or even mainly, from the diminished severity of punishment that has taken place, yet it is certain that the two facts have been coeval: and we take it to be mere nonsense to talk of the non-effectiveness of severe punishment in restraining men from crime. Every man carries within his own breast, we rather think, a consciousness which gives the lie to that assertion. When we hear such speculations vented—and such matters have been talked by gaolers and turnkeys before Committees of the House of Commons—as that—"Criminals fear this punishment, or the other punishment," but are "never afraid of the punishment of death!"—we believe some people connected with the London magistracy, have been so deluded, or have truckled so far to the cant of an influential party, as to utter these miserable absurdities—when we hear all this, what becomes of the little fact presented to us every day, that criminals are glad to plead "guilty"—guilty upon any minor charge—whatever may be the penalty—when actually brought to the Old Bailey, rather than take their trial for a capital offence, where they think there is a likelihood that the punishment will be inflicted? To look back to a complete proof of the truth of this position—the time of the prosecutions for the forgery and uttering of the one-pound notes! we find every culprit—we don't think there is an exception—whom the Bank of England would consent to transport for life, upon a plea of "guilty" to the minor offence—the having forged notes in possession—gladly availing themselves of that alternative, and most earnestly soliciting it, in preference to meeting the prosecution upon the capital charge? And, in the same way, with reference even to the minor punishments—of which men are undoubtedly less apprehensive—Mr. Cobbett proses about the "desire" of offenders to be transported, or to be sent to the hulks, or to be imprisoned:—where are the thieves, in town or country, who, in executing their robberies, fail to take every precaution—in despite of this "desire"—to escape detection? We believe that few horse-stealers, or shop-lifters, or sheep-stealers, or housebreakers, when they go away from a man's premises, leave their cards behind them. A gentleman who finds, on getting up in the morning, that his garden or hothouse has been stripped in the course of the night, seldom finds the thief waiting at the door to be taken into custody. That a few rascals, when taken, or convicted, or otherwise without hope of escape, should express satisfaction at the prospect of going to Botany Bay—or even that some one individual, every twelve months, should be really desirous of being transported thither, and commit some offence for the direct purpose—are cases not impossible; and cases, indeed, familiar enough to all men conversant with the administration of criminal justice. But the first case proves nothing more than the vulgar fact, that a man can afford to make light sometimes of the evil which there is no avoiding; and to attempt to draw any inference from the second, would be about as reasonable as to conclude that men in general in England, find life a burthen, because one individual in every five hundred thousand perhaps gets rid of it by suicide. All silk breeches

made in Bond-street split—because Mr. Tomkins or Mr. Jenkins, in stooping, has had an accident!

If we were to philosophize for a century—which is, in other words, to amuse ourselves by proving that we are mistaken in the evidence of our eyes, and ears, and all our other senses, we should not be able to shake the fact, that here—in England—in our existing state of society—no matter what may have been the case formerly, or what may still be the case elsewhere—to punish any particular crime certainly and severely, has the effect of restraining the commission of it. If this were not the case, stealing from the person by violence would be as ordinary a crime as picking pockets: it is an offence considerably the more easy in perpetration of the two. We do not mean to infer from hence, that it is only necessary to punish *all* crime severely, and that all crime will disappear. Some amount of larceny, or disposition to larceny, will always exist; and it is convenient to direct it rather into those courses, in which it may expend itself with the least quantity of mischief to society. We have very little doubt, however, that, as to many offences, the recent lenity extended—whether right or wrong—has actually produced a disposition to their increase. Since the pardon of Savery, for instance, at Bristol—a case which renders it impossible, we apprehend, to execute any other man in future for forgery—since that case, the crime of forgery, we think, in the perception of every one, must have very evidently increased.

The next circumstance to which we have adverted, as one cause of the increase of crime—the increased amount of property collected by individuals—together with what we may take to be the increased extent of luxury among the more wealthy and middle classes—needs very little illustration. Its operation is most apparent in great cities, and especially in the metropolis. The mere increased extent of London and its dependencies, must unavoidably have produced a corresponding increase in the amount of our house robberies. Indeed the effect goes rather further than this. In the new and more open districts, robberies are easier, while police regulations, from the expense with which they are attended, take some time to become equally perfect: and the natural result is, that we have three complaints of house-breaking from the suburbs, for one within the older and more closely-peopled parishes of the city. Moreover, almost every tradesman now, that can afford to live in tolerable comfort, has two residences; the consequence of which is, that the master's eye—which is worth six eyes of any body else—must always be wanting at one of them. He carries on his trade either in Cheapside or Friday-street, and sleeps at Clapham or Kennington: at night, therefore, his property, in town, is either left under the uncertain charge of a lock and key; or committed to the certain negligence of servants, who, like their master, have their own amusements in the evening to attend to. Besides all this, we are more a people of out-door amusements—though still very far behind the French in that virtue—than we were twenty years ago. Twenty years ago we had generally two theatres during half the year, and only four during the other half, open at a time: now we have seldom less than eight on foot at a time: and this is independent of minor raree-shows out of number, and houses of cheap public entertainment: and all live. All these excitements to assemblage tend to the production of a certain quantity of crime; the

facility of which is considerably increased by the great exposure of valuable property in shops and dwelling houses, which the modern style of trade, and especially the great competition that exists in retail trade, renders necessary.

The last cause to which we have proposed to attribute the recent increase of crime—the stoppage of those vents by which that part of our population most likely to become criminal was used to be carried off—we shall treat of in connexion with another branch of our subject. It avails very little, as Sir J. Scarlett truly observed a few weeks back in a discussion upon Mr. Brougham's motion on the state of the law, to point out faults, if we have not some means of suggesting remedies: and the first effort is, moreover, incomparably more easy to the very best regulated mind, than the latter. Nevertheless, there is a certain quantity of utility in merely marking out the existence of an evil. It is only the first step towards improvement: but it is a step, nevertheless; and a step that is indispensable. And there is still more usefulness in the removal of erroneous conceptions, or beliefs, upon any particular evil; such as are calculated either to misrepresent the causes of its presence, or to misstate its extent. Thus far we have gone, therefore, for the purpose of shewing, that the increase of crime, which is admitted on all hands to have arisen of late years, is by no means to be attributed solely to "general distress;" and that there are various and weighty other causes far more nearly concerned in the producing of it. In attempting to suggest any thing like remedy, we premise, that to expect to do more than get rid of a portion of the evil—or prevent its further advance—would be entirely visionary; and even towards that purpose, we have no plan of much novelty to propose, nor any which we expect will meet unequivocally with public approbation.

There are two courses which may always be made operative, for the purpose of effecting a decrease of crime in any country:—the course of prevention, by regulation and vigilance; and the course of determent, by penalty and example:—we omit, for the present, the cultivation and advancement of moral improvement in the community, as a measure well worthy to be kept always in recollection, but not of sufficiently immediate effect and operation for the purpose before us.

We have said that any improvements to be looked for from the discussion of this subject, can only be considered as improvements of degree. The suggestions thrown out by the Home Secretary, in introducing his motion for a committee, go almost exclusively to the system of prevention; and, even upon that system, do not, we think, go a very great way. There seems to be a feeling that it is necessary that *something* should be done, as there was probably on the part of the Marquis of Lansdowne, when he proposed publishing a "police report" at the public expense—and in a shape which nobody would read—while the same document already appeared most completely and abundantly in the newspapers, at no expense to the public, and in a shape which every body would read: but we decidedly object to changes—especially to costly ones—introduced merely for the sake of seeming to be in action: or to any changes—cheap or costly—(as tending, by their failure, to throw a damp upon reform and exertion altogether)—from which some real benefit may not fairly be expected.

In the first place, then, the honourable secretary suggests the propriety of a change in the system of our London "nightly watch;" and

is of opinion that it should cease to be supplied by the respective parishes, and become a general force and charge, under the direction of the authorities of police. Now, without hastily objecting to this plan, we confess that we are not entirely satisfied with it. It will produce, at once, a considerable increase of expense; for the police watch, if it is to be more effective than that of the parishes, will not be maintained at so cheap a rate. In return for this, it will probably be better served, and, moreover, the persons of whom it is composed, will form a numerous and effective body of men, available, on special occasions, for other purposes than the duties of nightly watchmen, at the disposal of the magistrates: it will, in fact, be something like the constabulary system which Mr. Peel has already succeeded in introducing, and with great advantage, into Ireland. But at the same time, there certainly exists no *necessity* in London for the presence of a force like this; nor are we sure that a force of constables, so hired and paid, will ever be so popular as the simple citizens—the domestic authorities—by whom the duty is perfectly well executed at present.

We do not quite understand what is meant—unless as far as the necessity of an increased quantity of force is adverted to—by the hint that the metropolis has "outgrown its police:" nor do we see any circumstances which lead us to believe, that six tradesmen are not as well calculated to execute any given extent of duty now, as four were to get through it thirty years ago: we may want a greater amount of force, but there seems to be no case made for the need of a force of a different character. We do not hastily lapse into "constitutional" jealousies; but certainly such a change as that suggested by Mr. Peel, would be a very sweeping and important measure of innovation; and we are not at present clear that any material or lasting advantage will be derived from it. There is a vulgar proverb about "new brooms sweeping clean:" the fresh system will be more vigilantly watched, and, consequently, more actively worked, for a short time, than the old one has been; but at the end of two years there will be no considerable difference. As the case stands, for example, we do not perceive any very particular extra vigour about the ordinary agents employed by the police, above those entertained by the parishes. First-rate police officers are active men; but they are esteemed chiefly active when tempted by high bribes, or the hope of considerable gain; and among the inferior agents, we do not find any virtue entitled to very peculiar distinction. There are the "day patrol"—who do very little. Pickpockets—all *personally* known—still abound in the streets; not in the same extent that they did seven or ten years ago: but that fact arises from a little change of circumstances, not from any peculiar effort of the police. Picking pockets is not so good a trade—as we are informed by those conversant in these matters—as it was ten years ago. Since gold has been in common circulation, the passenger's cash is carried in his *purse*—which is usually deposited in the pocket of the waistcoat or smallclothes—a locality comparatively inaccessible. The stock of bank notes lay commonly, because most conveniently, in the *pocket-book;* which lying also most conveniently in the coat pockets, was handy for abstraction: besides which, the fashion of using snuff boxes of *papier-maché* (of small exchangeable value) has succeeded to the taste for silver or gold; and the reduction of the duty on silk has lowered the price of handkerchiefs so much, that they are absolutely not worth stealing! The industry, therefore, of the

thief, is directed, from the picking of pockets, to horse stealing, or coach robbing, or some more profitable branch of depredation. Apart, however, from the fact of their efficiency—for a fact may always be disputed—there appears to be no good reason why police watchmen should be materially more effective than parish men. The complaint of the physical inefficiency of parish watchmen is an error. The abuse existed at one period; and people go on talking about it, as if it had never been corrected. It takes a long time to enlighten the public mind upon any subject: the people in Yorkshire still think that the devil lives in London: and, though the setting a spring gun is by law a misdemeanor, the boards of notice—"Spring guns and steel traps!" continue to live, and excite terror half over England. The parish watchmen are not prize fighters, nor selected police thief takers; they would be a most expensive body of men if they were so; but they are neither parish paupers, as some people suppose, nor decrepid men. The men employed are, in most instances, now, or at least in a great many instances, old soldiers. And the best answer to the complaint of physical inefficiency, is the fact—that we often hear of their vigilance being eluded; but never of any contests in which rioters or thieves, by force, escape from them! Parish watchmen may be bribed—as police watchmen may be; or they may be apathetic and negligent—as police watchmen, unless, by better payment, their places are made of more value, would be just as likely to be; but certainly robberies are not committed because their strength is ever physically overpowered; and the fact is, that we want very little physical force at any time in this country for the execution of the law; the name and the ensign of power are sufficient; and we should be very loth to take any measure which seemed to admit that they were not so.

In the same way, as to Mr. Peel's point of the "concurrent jurisdiction," between the authorities of the City—properly so called—and those of Middlesex and Westminster. The one jurisdiction affords no "sanctuary," we apprehend, to offenders from the other. And surely, in the beginning, it would be enough for each party to commence by curing itself? If two houses were on fire, one on each side of Fleet-street, what nonsense it would seem to talk of waiting for a concurrent stream of water, or the arrival of two engines, before we began to put them out! The state of the city police is *infamous;* worse, no doubt, than that of Westminster. But let Westminster and Middlesex reduce themselves to something like order; and the heavy aldermen—though great bodies are prone to move slowly—will get an impulse from parliament—or public indignation—which will assist them in their march. It is a little premature, moreover, this scheme of getting rid of our parochial watch, and setting all matters right by exchanging it for a public police, when the incompetency of our public police itself, is a topic of complaint all over the country.

To us, however, we confess it seems perfectly hopeless that any change in the character of our nightly watch—subject to the continuance of its present amount in force and numbers—can produce any material effects in the prevention of crimes against property. Any advantage which an extension of its strength might effect, would be confined, it will be recollected, to the reduction of offence within the metropolis: a change in the state of the watch of London can have no opera-

tion upon the amount of crime in the counties. But the present numbers of the nightly watch in London, are perfectly unequal to produce any decided effect in the prevention of many kinds of depredations; especially of that species of theft which they are most peculiarly maintained to guard against—the robberies (burglarious or otherwise) upon houses.

Every species of offensive operation must have an advantage over the defensive. The street watch is a definite thing: to be looked for in a definite place; changing its position at known intervals; and whenever it takes up any one locality, leaving at least three others unguarded and exposed. We have before observed, in a passing notice upon this subject, that the duty entrusted to the nightly watch, is four times even more extended than its strength could properly perform. With less than a given number of sentries, it is impossible to occupy a given line; if we double their distances, the enemy passes between. A nightly watchman can only guard so much of ground or property as he can at once keep within his eye—or at least not a great deal more. If he must leave one street (as he is compelled to do) for ten minutes together, unguarded, while he walks round to serve another, he can by no possibility be responsible for the safety of his "beat." Nothing is more easy, or more certain—and it is the ordinary habit of the thief—to *watch* a *watchman, from* that point of his guard, on which he (the rogue) proposes to perform his operation: five minutes is in general sufficient to effect an entry into premises; and by a very little management he may calculate of free leave for twenty. And it is impossible that any change unattended with very heavy expense, could effect an improvement upon this state of things: because five times the number of watchmen now employed, would not be equal to such an arrangement as would give each man a locality which he could overlook, and be reasonably held answerable for. In fact, a great increase of number would reduce, but no number that we can talk of retaining could entirely prevent depredations upon houses. From the manner in which the streets of London are divided: the various different avenues of access to the same buildings: the innumerable cross streets, and bye lanes, the alleys, and yards, and passages, and "mews," it would be impossible to maintain such numbers of guards as should make the watch upon houses entirely effective. And even if this outward supervision could be compassed, from the number of empty houses, or unfinished buildings, to which admission may be obtained by day; from the possibility of hiring a house, or lodging—a speculation very slight compared with many of those undertaken by London thieves—for the purpose of passing from one building to another: from the abutment of the backs of whole streets of large and well inhabited houses, (as those in Bloomsbury) upon neighbourhoods of entire knavery and pauperism, which the eyes of Argus could not keep honest, and which cannot be removed:—in short, when it is notorious that the man who sits upon the *front* of a carriage, within thirty miles of town, cannot prevent property from being stolen from *behind* it—it seems hopeless that we should ever devise any system of watching (police or parochial) by which the *entry of thieves into buildings*—connected with which particular point a word hereafter—can be entirely, or even within a very long interval of entirely, prevented. The watch, and the police also, may upon several points be susceptible

of improvement; but we doubt whether it is by attention to these measures alone, that the amount of annual crime against property, will in any very considerable degree be abated.

As the best theories, unless well looked after, are apt to do mischief by running into extremes, we are a little afraid that, among the various modes of reducing the average of crime that presses upon the country, the simply obvious one, of punishing the parties who commit it, has fallen undeservedly into neglect. The plan has its merits—although it is simple and self evident: in many countries, it is very much relied on; and, in our own, the principle—upon matters not connected with human frailty—is decidedly recognized. The farmer troubles himself little (for he knows it would be to little purpose) to fence round his poultry yard, and guard it by watchmen at every corner from the attacks of the fox: but he *shoots the criminal the first time he catches him:* and experience shews us that the same party so treated, seldom offends again. We are a little afraid—protesting that no person can be more forward than ourselves, in the cause of real humanity—that rogues have been rather too much petted, during the run of philanthropy, in the course of the last ten years. The feeling which has led to this result is—supposing it to have occurred—honourable; but it is not so entirely a feeling of disinterested benevolence as the warmest of its disciples imagine; and the cause of its extent and popularity may very easily be traced. The vulgar proverb of "First come, first served," has an application in all the affairs of human life: the calamity before us—that which *obtrudes* itself upon our notice—we are always very anxious to remedy: sufferings far greater, and deservings far more meritorious, not decidedly thrust upon our observation, pass for very little. The criminal portion of mankind are thrown, by their position, out of the great mass, and under our especial notice; and they reap the benefit, very largely, of that location. Prisons are public institutions: we visit them: feel concerned, nationally, in their competent regulation: then take a pride in them; and in the course of all this acquire a feeling of compassion for the individuals who inhabit them. The same quantity of misery, or a tenfold greater degree, existing abroad in the crowd and bustle of the world, we lament—but it does not come before us in a ready and distinctive form—and, moreover, not within such a compass that we can relieve it. We cannot give bibles and flannel waistcoats to a whole world: and we are apt to give them—without any inquiry, which would be too tedious or too troublesome, into peculiar merits—to the people who stand before us, and who are without them: we forget, when we extend our charity to a thief, who is sentenced to twelve months imprisonment for some tolerably considerable crime, that many an honest man is in quite equal need of that same charity, who is not *in the way* to receive it, simply because he has performed those duties and obeyed those laws, which the whining knave before us has refused to attend to.

We do not mean here to enter into the question, of how much good is effected by the prison honorary regulators—how much "criminal reform?" We believe that, practically, the "reform" produced is so small as not to be worth notice. The creed of a thief in prison, and the tale of a deserter who goes over to the enemy, are likely to be what the French hair-dresser's religion was—"Any thing that shall please his lordship!" The persons who are not so mixed up, in belief or interest, with the reforming party, as to be capable of forming an opinion (and

we declare, without hesitation, that for the declaration of gaolers or turnkeys—where that party is accustomed to visit—we would not give one farthing) all these affirm, who have had the best means of information, that the real reform effected is very rare, and even the show of it very transitory. Mr. Cunningham's book upon New South Wales, among other authorities, may be consulted with great advantage upon this subject: and, in the meantime, we are quite sure that the principle of giving "more joy to the one sinner that repenteth, than to the ninety-nine just men who have no need of repentance"—however it may be worthy of consideration in the matter of sublunary views, as applied to all worldly affairs, is as direct an offer of a bounty to sin as can well be imagined. It is an ill temptation to hold out before the industrious and indigent labourer, against whose necessities, perhaps his best exertions are scarcely able to make head, the fact that those persons whom the law calls "criminals"—who have seized the advantage which he has often perceived, but refused to avail himself of—that these persons are relieved from labour, better lodged, and as well fed, as himself; and, moreover, made the objects of peculiar care and attention to a large body of his superiors in rank and wealth, by whom his own necessitous condition—and the exertions which he makes fairly to bear up against it—are overlooked, or—deplored with a sort of general lamentation, and dismissed. Men may not be tempted, by these exhibitions, to commit crime: but their apprehension of the ultimate consequence of committing it, will unavoidably be materially lessened. They will not court the prison, for the sake of Mrs. Fry's patronage: but, if the worst should happen, Mrs. Fry's patronage is a capital *pis-aller*. It is a sort of "purse to the losing man." The fight—that is, the robbery—takes its course. If the offender wins—*i. e.* escapes, he has mended his condition considerably: if he is detected, he has a resource (perhaps rather better than his original condition) to fall back upon!

Now a principle like this is wrong: and we believe that the excess of it is practically mischievous. If society draws no distinction between the honest man and the thief, or makes its distinction rather in favour of the latter, the result is that crime *ought* to increase. The trade of theft is more easy, as well as more lucrative, than that of honesty; we have only to make it more creditable—as already we treat it "in pity more than anger"—and the sooner all persons, who have not every thing they can desire, turn thieves the better!

As the law stands, its sentences are very lenient: its successful operation very uncertain. The number of executions, as set against the capital convictions, does not amount to one in fifteen. Transportation, as a punishment, we have already observed, has little terror: and it is too expensive, if it had terror, to be generally employed. The "hulks," again, are maintained at an enormous charge to the country; and, from the indisposition of mankind always to *go on* inflicting punishment after the subject of provocation has ceased, it is generally known that a great proportion of the culprits manage, upon some pretence, to get liberated after a few years of confinement—when they return to society, to commit new crimes—and be returned to their former situation. And the minor species of punishments, as the short terms of imprisonment—and this is almost all that can be apprehended—abundance of persons are always ready to hazard, against the actual profit (added to the chance of entire impunity) gained by engaging in

the trade of theft. The object then would be, if possible, to devise some species of penalty, or course of punishment, which shall be sufficiently displeasing to deter offenders from crime, and yet not of a nature from which, as disproportioned to the offence, humanity will recoil: and this desideratum—sufficiently difficult to be supplied—brings us rather to one of the circumstances which we set out by charging as a cause of part of the recent increase of crime—the stoppage or failure of those drains, by which as short a time back as twenty or thirty years since, the depraved or doubtful part of our population, was accustomed, in a considerable degree, to be carried off.

During the whole of the last twelve or fourteen years, the diminution of our military and naval establishments, has removed a valuable drain that we possessed, for the incipient knavery of the country. Apprehensions, we recollect, were entertained, lest the kingdom should be flooded with offenders, at the time when great numbers of men were discharged from our army; but the real probability of inconvenience lay in the presence of those who would cease to be enlisted into it. We know that we shall be met upon the threshold of this part of our discussion—by the clamour against "looking at our army and navy" as "places of retreat for criminals:" but we will go through with the argument, whatever termination it is to have: there must be a dust-hole in some corner of every house; and the modern philosophy, which says there shall be none, only concludes by leaving the dust scattered up and down, trampling under foot, and doing mischief every where. The fact, too, is one over which the optimists will find it hard to get: the enlistments for the army and navy, in the time of the war, *did* purge the country of its scum, and turned it—as the manure which is a nuisance in one place becomes valuable in another—to purposes of utility and advantage. The recruiting parties cleansed, periodically, the villages and the towns. The poachers, fowl stealers, garden robbers, and other incipient candidates for the gallows, in the counties; dissolute mechanics, stage-struck footmen, and idle apprentices in the cities; all those who only waited for the bribe of a few guineas in hand, and a few days' drunkenness, to commit some offence which would have fixed their destinies as rogues for life: all these, and a great many others, who had committed small crimes, and whom their neighbours or masters thought better got rid of than prosecuted: all this rabblement—amid the rejoicings of their friends that they met with no worse fate—were regularly, and periodically, carried off by "the soldiers."

Beyond this voluntary enlistment, both in the agricultural districts and in the larger towns, and especially in the metropolis, minor offences were frequently commuted by magistrates, for the immediate entry of the prisoner into the army or navy. It is a sickly nicety that objects to this: the same aim that did a wrong in shooting at a pheasant, turned to good account when pointed at a Frenchman: the wavering principles of the parties were more likely to be fixed by a drill serjeant than by Mrs. Fry: and the worst of them were at least as fit to figure in the 40th Foot, as to be restored—with the help of greased locks and hymn books—to a place in civil society. In fact, at all events, the profligate, *in esse*, and *in posse*, were the men who recruited our armies, and received bounties as substitutes in our militia: and it was well for them and the country that they did so. They made first-rate soldiers; and were made good subjects: the observation of the elders was of latter years—when

such a character marched away—"He'll come back a better man than he went!" and the comment was a just one. The stern and unceasing discipline of the army; the certainty of punishment, from which (except in avoiding offence) there was no escaping; tamed and regulated those spirits, which, less tightly curbed, would have carried their owner to his ruin. Many a rogue that, at eighteen, shewed every symptom of making a figure at the Old Bailey, made a figure at Vittoria and at Waterloo, and returned to his native village a sergeant. Less fortunate, or less meritorious men, were sobered, if not radically cured, by the habit of restraining themselves; they became cautious—if not entirely honest; and even this is something. The discipline of a battalion does that for the human character, which the bar wig does for the human head; the one equalizes habits, and morals, and temperaments, as the other, without being in any high degree ornamental, levels personal appearance: no one perhaps shews very well—but no one shews very ill—in it. The advantage to society, and to the interests of humanity, from the reception of these people into the service, was incalculable; it was often rather a reckless than an abstractedly vicious spirit which was leading them into mischief: but it was leading them to a course, which society was compelled, at all hazards, to repress, and it would never have been eradicated by any mild or ordinary course of discipline.*

Then when it is considered that, during the war, our enlistments and press system, carried from 20,000 to 30,000 men every year away, it will be evident that the opportunity existed for more than all our knaves to go, and the very best temptation that could be offered to attract them. The question is as to any means by which, under a peace establishment, any approach to the same advantage can be enjoyed. The inconvenience of the existing system is, that the same individual offenders—through a long course of smaller crimes, ending generally in a capital one—continue to pester society often for a long series of years. Thieves, perfectly well known, and from time to time convicted, nevertheless live on, and sometimes become wealthy men, in the exercise of their vocation. Juries—especially where an offence is called capital—although there be no chance of the capital sentence being carried into execution—are unwilling, except upon the most indisputable evidence, to convict. Smaller depredations are punished by terms of imprisonment: and for these, the same men are regularly tried, and convicted, over and over again, session after session. The pickpockets, who are confined from time to time under the "police act," are in the same situation; liberated in one month, and tried for a fresh offence in the next. The result is, that their whole lives are maintained at the charge of the public; for one half their time is occupied in committing depredation, and the other half in expiating the offence in prison. Now, with reference to one description of offenders—the females—there is no help for this. One favourable circumstance is, that their criminality is less dangerous than that of men: and society must be content to keep them in order as well as it may, by an expensive system of confinement, and now and then to make an additional outlay, in the way of transportation, to get rid of them. But, for the male offenders, we are not inclined, for the sake of

* Immediately upon the termination of the war (and of the levies) the amount of crime rose enormously. The number of commitments in the year 1815 (the last year of the war) was 7,818. In 1817, they were 13,500; and they have never decreased materially since.

treating them leniently, to put the country by any means to so much cost. A man who is convicted a second time in a court of justice as a thief, is fixed as a thief for life. A first conviction, in point of fact, generally settles the question of what his future conduct shall be: but beyond a second, the most sanguine reformer (in his senses) can hardly, we should think, entertain a hope. Then there certainly seems to be no reason—or at least we are at a loss to perceive any—why a man should go on living in the community for the sole purpose of committing crimes, if there are any means by which that community can get rid of him. When, we know from experience, that he will go on offending, until he is (say) transported, is it not more reasonable, instead of waiting for his thirteenth offence—if we can do so—say to transport him for the third?

We have, for instance, for the last year, a catalogue of say 2,500 culprits: nineteen of them in twenty thieves: of these not thirty will suffer capitally: not so many as a hundred will actually be transported beyond seas: the rest will all be, within a short time—the greater part within two years—turned out again to prey upon the public: and, during this interval, the active and industrious part of the community—the poor no less than the rich—are furnishing the means of subsistence, in idleness, to the caterpillars!

Our impression is, then, that one of the most important steps that could be taken towards the diminution of crime in England, would be the resort to some species of punishment, which should remove offenders in the beginning of their career, instead of allowing them to remain session after session, and year after year, a pestilence to the community: and which should, moreover—for this is the material circumstance—either get rid of them at a slight expense, or make them, if we are compelled to incur expense, in some way useful to the country in their exile. This is a problem of difficulty; and we know that the scheme which we are about to suggest, will be met by many with objection. In fact, no scheme for disposing of offenders ever could be devised that would not be open to very easy exception. It is scarcely possible to deal very benignantly with such persons, and yet justly with the community at large. There is so much misery necessarily attached to the lot of even honest industry and poverty, that it is difficult to *provide*, especially and directly, for any class of parties, without almost protecting instead of punishing them. Our own view, however, decidedly is, that the true policy is rather the reverse of that now in popularity. We must, even at the hazard of being stigmatized as oppressive, take care that, in all arrangements, we preserve the honest man: the hanged part of society must not have all the preference over the unhanged; and we confess that, in the absence of any more available plan—and we shall be extremely glad to have our attention directed to any—we have a feeling that a good deal might be done by a change in the constitution of our military force employed in the colonies.

The consumption of human life, in our colonial regiments, is enormous. Seven years almost always reduces a regiment entirely to a skeleton; and not unfrequently less than three years—nay even two years, and sometimes one year—is sufficient to produce the same effect. Of course our readers will be aware that this havock proceeds from the unwholesomeness of the climate; there being, in fact, in the islands, no peril or death at all from war. The number of the troops maintained in our colonies

(India excepted) is about 10,000. Of these, some are men who have been sentenced from other regiments, to West India service, for misconduct: but the offences of such soldiers are often slight, and they might very well be dealt with (if such a course were desirable) and retained in their own corps: besides which, this source does not furnish any thing like the whole supply, and troops are regularly raised, in the ordinary way, for colonial service. Then it certainly does not appear to us to be very well ordered, that free and unattainted subjects—or men very nearly in that situation—should be employed in this dangerous and unthankful duty, while convicted thieves—nay thieves for life—convicted half a dozen times over—enjoy the highly preferable lot of being retained as labourers in England, or of being transported to the admirable climate, and every way desirable locality of Botany Bay. If it be objected that these enlistments still (upon the principle we have above described) carry off a number of persons who *would* probably be burthensome to the country, then we answer that *those* persons are good enough for the average service of the army: to the worst men—although this principle is lately a good deal overruled—we would assign the worst duty.

A soldier in a West India regiment, being under orders to embark for Jamaica, absolutely by committing a felony, would raise his fortune, as the law stands, two hundred per cent. For the worst that could happen to him, would be that, in a few years, he would have the means of becoming a free settler in Van Diemen's Land. It is difficult certainly to understand the policy of this arrangement, which allows the better man to be visited with incomparably the worse lot; and we do believe, that, with advantage, it might be changed. We repeat that we are not afraid of bringing degradation upon the army: such a result is no necessary consequence of the course which we propose. The same men who would only be mischievous and dangerous, entrusted with the freedom belonging to a civil condition of society, under the prompt and severe discipline of military law, would, in three instances out of four, become active and effective soldiers. To restrain them from error, and keep them in the way that they should go, they require a degree of coercion, which, as free subjects, cannot be maintained over them: subject to that coercion (which the law of the army is in the habit of exercising) there is no reason why they should not become useful members of society.

Our object is not at present to enter into any of the details which would be connected with the execution of a scheme like this: all we wish is to enforce, as a principle, the utility of clearing England of characters who, at home, can only be burthensome; and who, by the course that we propose, would, not only be removed from the scene where they are a danger and an offence, but enjoy the chance of redeeming themselves elsewhere. It would be easy to form those offenders, who, under the provisions of the law, should become subject to such a penalty, into select corps for the service of the colonies, allowing them the privilege, after seven years of good behaviour, to volunteer into regiments of the line. There could be slight danger of insubordination from such troops, as they need only be employed in conjunction with regular regiments; and of difficulty in dealing with the individuals, we have no apprehension; we believe that the major part would become smart soldiers; and for those who proved incorrigible, punishments would be provided by the rules of military service, which, however painful such a resource might be, there could be no hesitation as to carrying into execution.

The advantage of a system like this would be, that we could thin the ranks of the offenders who, under the present law, are over and over again, turned out to prey upon the country, without either producing a ruinous expense to the public, or shutting the individuals themselves out from all chance of retrieving their station in society. Judges of assize, or magistrates at sessions, might be empowered, on a man's second conviction for minor offences, or on his first conviction for a felony, to sentence him, instead of transportation, to a certain number of years of military service in the colonies. The men would be secure in this situation. They would be past the power of doing mischief. And they would be ten times over in a better position to reform than if they were in confinement: for they would be living in society, and actually performing a useful duty in the state: subject to such *surveillance*, as—incomparably better than withdrawing them from the world—compelled them to honest and active conduct in it. Such a punishment would unite two of the most important, and yet most difficult qualities to blend in any description of penalty: it would be very much dreaded by offenders, and yet not of such a character that we could have an aversion to inflicting it. Of all conditions distasteful to a thief, there is none so very abhorrent as the state of a soldier. Discipline, constant exertion, the necessity for prompt submission, without murmur or appeal; all these are circumstances the most repugnant to those tastes and habits which he quits the course of honesty and industry purely to indulge: and yet they are inconveniences to which the most scrupulous philanthropist could have no hesitation in subjecting him. He is made serviceable: he is placed in an excellent school for curing his ill dispositions: he has still the means, by good conduct, of regaining the position that his offences have forfeited: and—his name does not go on year after year swelling the criminal calendar: until he *is* reformed, the country is delivered from him.

Objections will be taken to this scheme, in which we admit there is no novelty, and which we shall be glad to see displaced by some proposition more effective: but, in the meantime, we are convinced that if measures are to be adopted, which shall reduce the amount of crime which exists in the country, they must be either some punishments which shall strike terror into offenders, or some arrangement which shall carry them off more rapidly from the country as they do arise. For mere improvements in our regulations of police, we are far from contending that much exertion is not wanting in this department, or that good may not be effected by exertion in it; but we doubt whether that benefit would be extremely extensive: and it is to be recollected that it would be confined entirely to the metropolis. In the counties nothing could be done by "concurrent jurisdiction," or a change in the "nightly watch:" but the power of getting rid of dangerous and disorderly people there, would be of incalculable value: the curse of the agricultural districts is in the hordes of smaller offenders, who appear over and over again until they are as familiar to the gaoler as his own servants: dividing their time, as we have already observed—but always at the common expense—between residence in gaol, and engagement in depredation.

In London, too, we are inclined to believe that any improvements which may be effected from a change in the state of the police, will be rather in the getting rid of the mass of disorder and riot which now disgraces our streets, than of the depredation which is committed in

them. Or, if this last object is attended to, and any advantage gained in it, such advantage can only be looked for in a very trivial and incompetent degree. In fact, wherever great wealth is abroad, and great traffic always carrying on, the system of prevention must necessarily be inefficient and confined. Every such system can only be founded upon some abridgment of the free agency of the subject: this result, besides any objection attaching to it from other causes, is peculiarly inconveniten—we may say intolerable—in a commercial country: such a system would more than outweigh, in its offence, ten times the amount of protection which it afforded. It is too great a demand upon men's time and patience, that, for the sake of those, towards whom they are inclined to feel with very little forbearance, they should go very far in a system purely preventive. Every man's transactions in trade cannot be made hourly subject to inspection, that a few knaves may not deal in stolen property; nor can the possessions of any other man be so constantly watched, that they may not at some time be attacked by the thief, whose business is to find an opportunity of plundering them. It is necessary—(for the trade, if it is to have existence, will not bear this enormous tax)—to find some cheaper and more compendious mode of giving protection. To deter by severe example is one course of effecting this object, and one to which, in case of necessity, we should not hesitate to resort. But that of a prompt removal of offenders—combined with such a treatment as should make that removal distasteful rather to the habits of the parties than attended with direct physical suffering—is a result less offensive to the feelings of humanity, and one which might, in some degree, be attained, we think, under the arrangement that we have described.

It remains only shortly to observe upon a few of the points connected with the state of our metropolitan police, in which something like a change (now reform is on foot) would be desirable: and this is a part of our subject which we shall treat very briefly, not only because our limits will not permit us to extend upon it, but because the details which it embraces would be better calculated for the consideration of the authorities immediately entrusted with the administration of that branch of affairs, than interesting or intelligible to the public at large.

Some approach to peaceableness and order in our streets, is of no less value for the general convenience and decorousness maintained by it, than as it would operate to destroy many opportunities for the commission of crime: and in this respect the state of London is disgraceful to the police authorities. The City is incomparably worse regulated than any other portion of the town. From midnight until three or four o'clock in the morning, Fleet-street, at all times of the year, is regularly paraded by gangs of drunkards, thieves, and prostitutes, who render the passage absolutely dangerous to peaceable inhabitants, and to whose conduct of riot and abuse, the watchmen and patrols, having either the cue to that effect from their superiors, or toleration at least from those authorities in their negligence, offer no impediment. In despite of the denials of parliamentary aldermen, there is a general understanding that the influence which certain publicans of this neighbourhood (who gain largely by the expenditure of these wretches) possess in the city elections, induce the London magistracy to endure the scandalous excesses, which go on under their very eye-sight: if this should be proved to be the case—as we think, by the continuance of the nuisance, after so much

complaint, it most satisfactorily is—it is fit, that by a peremptory act of the legislature—without waiting for the city to "give up its privileges" —such a public disgrace should be put an end to.

A second circumstance of consideration, and one of more general importance in any discussion, as to the improvement of our metropolitan police, will be the conduct and regulation of that unhappy class of females, with which, in common with those of most great cities, the streets of London are infested. The subject is an unpleasant one to treat of; but, for a short space, we find it our duty to pursue it: when a nuisance is absolutely driving us from our streets, and even from the windows of our houses, it is too great a fastidiousness to refuse to argue upon the means of abating it. Upon the expediency of tolerating the existence of the miserable class of beings in question, there can be no doubt: but there is no earthly reason why, in England more than in any other country, their conduct should be permitted to become an offence to all society. There is no reason why, in London, after nightfall, it should be impossible for any decent female to pass through the streets, even protected, without being exposed to such insults, and such exhibitions, as it is impossible to think of without indignation: and if it were not that those who make the laws, are, by their wealth and means of equipage and attendance, secured from such annoyances, the state of things is one which would not be permitted, for a single session of parliament, to continue. If thirty members of the House of Commons were exposed, with their families for one month, to the offence, which is endured by the tradesmen (no less respectable in their habits and feelings) between St. Paul's and Charing-cross, within the next week, the London magistracy would receive an intimation, that they *must* "give up" their authority, or use it in some manner more beneficial to the morals and convenience of the public.

There certainly could be no cruelty in protecting the ears of decent persons, and especially of the females, who may be compelled to move through a particular locality, from gross and monstrous obscenity. The permission to use such conduct can produce no advantage to the parties so indulged: all that can be necessary, or adviseable, is to *give* free licence to the trade of these miserable people: without allowing them the privilege (extended to no other class of subjects) of insulting and disgusting—without any gain to themselves—the whole community. The same description of traffic is carried on in other capital cities; in Madrid, in Paris, and in Lisbon: but no where accompanied with any approach to the same open and needless enormities. The abuse forms no necessary part of the character or calling of the beings who commit it: and arises simply from the natural proneness there is about human nature—especially in a degraded condition—to offence, where it is known that such offence will be tolerated. We are aware of the general disposition that exists to treat these unhappy people with forbearance, and we will not question the justness of that disposition: but we owe consideration to other portions of the community besides that part which happens to be vicious; and, besides, the evil which we complain of, six months of firm conduct would be sufficient to put an end to entirely. The same females, who render our ordinary theatres almost unapproachable to decent women, from the offensive obtrusiveness of their deportment, go into the pit at the Opera House—the same individuals —where they know that riot is not permitted—and conduct themselves

in a manner offensive to no one. And, for severity, there needs no iota of it even in the process of abating the evil that we allude to: a woman who haunts the streets for a livelihood, hates confinement sufficiently in nineteen cases out of twenty, to induce her to govern her tongue in order to avoid it: and—for the severity—such a being—soul and body—is better off while she is in prison than when she is out of it.

For the diminution of depredation likely to be produced by a reform of the riot and disorder which now disgrace our streets, we have already stated our opinion, that that reduction could only be of a very limited character. And of the check that can be given to theft by any new description of police arrangement—unless such an one as public opinion would not acquiesce in—we are not disposed to be very sanguine. Some slight alterations of arrangement in the way of detail may have a limited utility; and many of these would be of a character, probably, at first sight, deemed very trifling and unimportant. The slender alteration, for example, in the regulation of the "nightly watch," of causing it to remain on guard one hour later in the morning, would do more, we suspect, to check robberies in town, than the grand change of the system from parochial to general. This is a little matter of practice; but, nevertheless, very material. The real difficulty of thieves under any system of police will not be in the getting access to property, in London, in the night: but there is considerable difficulty and danger in the work of removing it. The stoppage of persons found abroad with loads at unseasonable hours of the night, or even of those seen putting them into vehicles, is a measure of great restraint to the operations of the larcenous part of the community. Five-sixths of the house robberies that are discovered in town, are discovered by the apprehension of the thieves, not in breaking into the dwellings, but in carrying off the plunder. And almost the only period at which this can be effected, with any tolerable chances of safety, is exactly at day break in the later months of the year—within about one hour—from six o'clock to seven—after the night watch has been withdrawn, and yet the town is not sufficiently alive, or lighted, to make interruption from passengers likely. The keeping the lamps lighted in London for half an hour later from September to April, and the watch at their posts an hour longer all the year round, would be alterations attended with very little expense, and such as would, practically, prevent a great many burglaries. The half hour lost by the guard, is always sure to be the half hour gained by the depredator.

A farther advantage to which the public of London are entitled, and one which would be also obtained at a very slight expense, is an addition to the numerical strength of our evening and night police. By a due attention paid to the placing of a very few extra watchmen or constables, three-fourths of the street robberies attended with violence might be prevented. All those thoroughfares about town, which run through bad neighbourhoods—such as those, for instance, of High-street, St. Giles's—part of Bishops-gate-street—and Gray's-inn-lane, should be doubly watched. Stationary watchmen, or police officers, should also be placed, constantly after dark, at the mouths of those avenues which run from ill neighbourhoods into the high streets. Ruffians lurk in crowded thoroughfares, near these points of retreat, for the purpose of attacking passengers; and when once they reach the corner that leads to the general resort, pursuit, on the part of the per-

son robbed, becomes hopeless: these means of escape ought to be cut off, and might be so with very little difficulty: twenty men cannot watch a wolf in his nightly prowlings: but one is sufficient to catch him as he returns to his den with the prey.

A force of one hundred additional watchmen, stationed with judgment, and compelled to be active, would be sufficient to prevent two-thirds of the street robberies which are now every winter committed in town: a hundred more would effect considerable benefit in the outskirts: but, in these—especially in the suburbs on the Surrey side the river—Lambeth, Kennington, Clapham, &c. &c.—all residents will bear us out in our opinion, that, for any material change, nothing less than a decided increase in the severity of our police system can be looked to. If any Secretary of State for the Home Department will take the trouble to walk, a-foot, about twelve at night, from Blackfriar's-bridge to Vauxhall, or Camberwell turnpike, he will be able, we are sure, to satisfy his colleagues of State (if he return alive) that our view of the state of things in these parishes is not exaggerated: and the evil is too widely spread to be cured by any preventive arrangement; a scheme of "watching," to be effective, must watch half the community.

In addition to these considerations, it does appear to us absolutely imperative that some measures should be adopted, to check that most powerful adjunct to the trade of theft—an adjunct without which that trade must speedily stop—the business of receiving, and dealing in stolen goods. That the persons and dwellings of regular receivers of stolen goods out of number should be entirely known to the police, and that no course should be taken to destroy, or even to harass them, does seem to be a state of things, the necessity of which must be proved to us before we can admit it.* The number of persons, too, unfortunately, in town, is known to be considerable, who, without carrying on a distinct trade as receivers of stolen goods, are, nevertheless, far from particular as to the fact where property comes from—purchased in the course of their business, or out of it—provided they can deal advantageously by entering into the bargain. If a public prosecutor is appointed, as it is proposed, no mercy ought to be shewn to persons of this latter description; and every case which bears the semblance of such fraudulent dealing most rigidly investigated; and it is not clear to us, that, upon a second conviction for receiving or dealing in stolen goods, the party (if those convictions

* The greatest part of the difficulty in the way of dealing effectually with these "receivers," arises out of the inconvenience of well regulating the emoluments of our police officers. We can hardly give these people a very active interest in the apprehension of offenders, without weakening the value, at the same time, of their testimony in all cases, by the fact that their livelihood is generally concerned in the conviction of the man that they swear against. As the arrangement stands, it is not difficult for a man who makes large gains by the dealing in stolen property, to purchase the forbearance of an officer, who would gain little or nothing probably by molesting him. And the circumstances under which such dealers are commonly detected—where they are detected—are almost always such as would lead to a suspicion that some practice like this is going on. When a "receiver" is apprehended, and his house searched, there is invariably a large quantity of stolen property—property stolen a long time back—discovered; and the immediate question is—since this man is so perfectly well known to the police, how does it happen that he was not apprehended before? There is not quite so much activity about our magistrates in these matters as might be desired. A police magistrate should be answerable, in some degree, for the condition of his district: he does not sit in his office—or ought not to sit there—merely for the purpose of committing such parties to prison as the vigilance of inferior agents may find it convenient to bring before him.

failed to carry him out of the country) might not with great propriety be made subject to search, at all times, both in his person and in his premises, by the police (without any specific warrant for the purpose granted by a magistrate, for a term of—say ten years—to be fixed by the court which tried and sentenced him.

It will be obvious that, in a discussion of so much general interest, and so extended in detail as the present, only a very brief outline of any change or changes which might be desirable, can be given within the limits of a magazine. We are aware, too, that, in the hints we have thrown out, we shall have exposed ourselves to the hazard of being charged with mere vulgar error—with a recurrence to the antiquated policy of severe enactments, to prevent the increase, or the commission of crime. If every course that has been used and departed from—and the utility of which would seem to be obvious—is, of necessity, error, we must be content to lie under the charge. The whole question, as it seems to us, is one of degree. To be criminal is a condition undoubtedly pitiable and unhappy: but injustice is done to honesty—a consummation we are anxious to avoid—if we fail to treat criminality at the same time as a condition fit to be steadily visited with punishment. In admitting the circumstances connected with crime to be fairly entitled to some commiseration, we by no means recognize the principle, that the mass of crime committed in this country proceeds from either public or individual distress. Distress is a convenient plea for those persons in society who will not endure privations, or undergo the labour of making exertions to avoid them: but it is not distress that makes one-fifth of the domestic servants of England dishonest, and half the rest—male and female—the better paid, notoriously the more impracticable—the most unmanageable class of people in existence.

The crime which fills the country against property is not the kind of crime against property which distress would produce; nor are those individuals who are distressed the characters that we find concerned in the commission of it. Drunkenness brings more people to the gallows than the wants of a wife and four children. Wherever any approach to the fair excuse of distress exists, with all the selfishness that the world is accused of, sufficient, and more than sufficient, disposition exists to shew lenity and allowance: the disposition to severity is seldom if ever found—never but as an exception to the common rule—except where that plea is distinctly negatived by circumstances. The shopkeepers of London, whose passions against larceny are always kept excited by the constant depredations to which they are exposed, and the vital interest they feel in getting rid of offenders—these people never spare a "person in a respectable station of life," who is caught lifting, or otherwise purloining their goods: but whenever a case of real and pressing want is made out—even without inquiring into the causes which may have produced that want—we almost invariably find them disposed to relieve the offender, and to forego prosecution.

Then against the system of extending too much charity to the thief, painful as the task is, it is our duty to hold up our hands. If we could reward all the virtuous, we should be very glad to see such a practice introduced: but as that scheme is incapable of being acted upon, we must punish the vicious—there must exist the distinction. We sincerely believe that that distinction is not sufficiently marked at present: and—with all the odium which may attach to such a declaration—we add our belief, that a great portion of the indifference as to character

which prevails with the lower orders, arises out of the slender distinction they see taken by their superiors, between the claims of crime and those of honesty. For the rest, it appears agreed that the existing state of things demands some change. That change, to be an effective, must be a vigorous one: if we wish to remove a mass of feculence, we must have recourse to the birch broom; we cannot do it with a camel's hair pencil. Vice, in every nation, and in every state of society, must be restrained by the fear of suffering. All the speculators who deal in lenient systems, make pain—and pain frequently applied in the most objectionable way—their *ultima ratio*. We may regret that the state of human nature demands this resort: but we are not warranted in refusing to have recourse to it.

VILLAGE SKETCHES:

No. X.

The Mole-Catcher.

There are no more delightful or unfailing associations than those afforded by the various operations of the husbandman, and the changes on the fair face of nature. We all know that busy troops of reapers come with the yellow corn; whilst the yellow leaf brings a no less busy train of ploughmen and seedsmen preparing the ground for fresh harvests; that woodbines and wild roses, flaunting in the blossomy hedgerows, give token of the gay bands of haymakers which enliven the meadows; and that the primroses, which begin to unfold their pale stars by the side of the green lanes, bear marks of the slow and weary female processions, the gangs of tired yet talkative bean-setters, who defile twice a day through the intricate mazes of our cross-country roads. These are general associations, as well known and as universally recognised as the union of mince-pies and Christmas. I have one, more private and peculiar—one, perhaps, the more strongly impressed on my mind, because the impression may be almost confined to myself. The full flush of violets which, about the middle of March, seldom fails to perfume the whole earth, always brings to my recollection one solitary and silent coadjutor of the husbandman's labours, as unlike a violet as possible—Isaac Bint, the mole-catcher.

I used to meet him every spring, when we lived at our old house, whose park-like paddock, with its finely clumped oaks and elms, and its richly timbered hedgerows, edging into wild, rude, and solemn fir-plantations, dark, and rough, and hoary, formed for so many years my constant and favourite walk. Here, especially under the great horse-chesnut, and where the bank rose high and naked above the lane, crowned only with a tuft of golden broom—here the sweetest and prettiest of wild flowers, whose very name hath a charm, grew like a carpet under one's feet, enamelling the young green grass with their white and purple blossoms, and loading the very air with their delicious fragrance—here I used to come almost every morning, during the violet-tide—and here almost every morning I was sure to meet Isaac Bint.

I think that he fixed himself the more firmly in my memory by his singular discrepancy with the beauty and cheerfulness of the scenery and the season. Isaac is a tall, lean, gloomy personage, with whom the clock of life seems to stands still. He has looked sixty-five for these last twenty years, although his dark hair and beard, and firm manly

stride, almost contradict the evidence of his sunken cheeks and deeply lined forehead. The stride is awful: he hath the stalk of a ghost. His whole air and demeanour savour of one that comes from under-ground. His appearance is "of the earth, earthy." His clothes, hands, and face are of the colour of the mould in which he delves. The little round traps which hang behind him over one shoulder, as well as the strings of dead moles which embellish the other, are encrusted with dirt like a tombstone; and the staff which he plunges into the little hillocks, by which he traces the course of his small quarry, returns a hollow sound, as if tapping on the lid of a coffin. Images of the church-yard come, one does not know how, with his presence. Indeed he does officiate as assistant to the sexton in his capacity of grave-digger, chosen, as it should seem, from a natural fitness—a fine sense of congruity in good Joseph Reed, the functionary in question, who felt, without knowing why, that, of all men in the parish, Isaac Bint was best fitted to that solemn office.

His remarkable gift of silence adds much to the impression produced by this remarkable figure. I don't think that I ever heard him speak three words in my life. An approach of that bony hand to that earthy leather cap was the greatest effort of courtesy that my daily salutations could extort from him. For this silence, Isaac has reasons good. He hath a reputation to support. His words are too precious to be wasted. Our mole-catcher, ragged as he looks, is the wise man of the village, the oracle of the village-inn, foresees the weather, charms away agues, tells fortunes by the stars, and writes notes upon the almanack—turning and twisting about the predictions after a fashion so ingenious, that it's a moot point which is oftenest wrong—Isaac Bint, or Francis Moore. In one eminent instance, our friend was, however, eminently right. He had the good luck to prophesy, before sundry witnesses—some of them sober—in the tap-room of the Bell—he then sitting, pipe in mouth, on the settle at the right-hand side of the fire, whilst Jacob Frost occupied the left;—he had the good fortune to foretel, on New Year's Day 1812, the downfal of Napoleon Buonaparte—a piece of soothsayership which has established his reputation, and dumbfounded all doubters and cavillers ever since; but which would certainly have been more striking if he had not annually uttered the same prediction, from the same place, from the time that the aforesaid Napoleon became first consul. But this small circumstance is entirely overlooked by Isaac and his admirers, and they believe in him, and he believes in the stars, more firmly than ever.

Our mole-catcher is, as might be conjectured, an old bachelor. Your married man hath more of this world about him—is less, so to say, planet-struck. A thorough old bachelor is Isaac, a contemner and maligner of the sex, a complete and decided woman-hater. Female frailty is the only subject on which he hath ever been known to dilate: he will not even charm away their agues, or tell their fortunes, and, indeed, holds them to be unworthy the notice of the stars.

No woman contaminates his household. He lives on the edge of a pretty bit of woodland scenery, called the Penge, in a snug cottage of two rooms, of his own building, surrounded by a garden cribbed from the waste, well fenced with quickset, and well stocked with fruit-trees, herbs, and flowers. One large apple-tree extends over the roof—a pretty bit of colour when in blossom, contrasted with the thatch of the little dwelling, and relieved by the dark wood behind. Although the owner be solitary, his demesne is sufficiently populous. A long row of bee-hives extends along the warmest side of the garden—for Isaac's

honey is celebrated far and near; a pig occupies a commodious stye at one corner; and large flocks of ducks and geese (for which the Penge, whose glades are intersected by water, is famous) are generally waiting round a back gate leading to a spacious shed, far larger than Isaac's own cottage, which serves for their feeding and roosting-place. The great tameness of all these creatures—for the ducks and geese flutter round him the moment he approaches, and the very pig follows him like a dog—gives no equivocal testimony of the kindness of our mole-catcher's nature. A circumstance of recent occurrence puts his humanity beyond doubt.

Amongst the probable causes of Isaac's dislike to women, may be reckoned the fact of his living in a female neighbourhood (for the Penge is almost peopled with duck-rearers and goose-crammers of the duck and goose gender), and being himself exceedingly unpopular amongst the fair poultry-feeders of that watery vicinity. He beat them at their own weapons; produced at Midsummer geese fit for Michaelmas; and raised ducks so precocious, that the gardeners complained of them as forerunning their vegetable accompaniments; and "panting *peas* toiled after them in vain." In short, the Naïads of the Penge had the mortification to find themselves driven out of B—— market by an interloper, and that interloper a man, who had no manner of right to possess any skill in an accomplishment so exclusively feminine as duck-rearing; and being no ways inferior in another female accomplishment, called scolding, to their sister-nymphs of Billingsgate, they sat up a clamour and a cackle which might rival the din of their own gooseries at feeding-time, and would inevitably have frightened from the field any competitor less impenetrable than our hero. But Isaac is not a man to shrink from so small an evil as female objurgation. He stalked through it all in mute disdain—looking now at his mole-traps, and now at the stars—pretending not to hear, and very probably not hearing. At first this scorn, more provoking than any retort, only excited his enemies to fresh attacks; but one cannot be always answering another person's silence. The flame which had blazed so fiercely, at last burnt itself out, and peace reigned once more in the green alleys of Penge wood.

One, however, of his adversaries—his nearest neighbour—still remained unsilenced.

Margery Grover was a very old and poor woman, whom age and disease had bent almost to the earth; shaken by palsy, pinched by penury, and soured by misfortune—a moving bundle of misery and rags. Two centuries ago she would have been burnt for a witch; now she starved and grumbled on the parish allowance; trying to eke out a scanty subsistence by the dubious profits gained from the produce of two geese and a lame gander, once the unmolested tenants of a greenish pool, situate right between her dwelling and Isaac's, but whose watery dominion had been invaded by his flourishing colony.

This was the cause of feud; and although Isaac would willingly, from a mingled sense of justice and of pity, have yielded the point to the poor old creature, especially as ponds are there almost as plentiful as blackberries, yet it was not so easy to control the habits and inclinations of their feathered subjects, who all perversely fancied that particular pool; and various accidents and skirmishes occurred, in which the ill-fed and weak birds of Margery had generally the worst of the fray. One of her early goslings was drowned—an accident which may happen even to water-fowl; and her lame gander, a sort of pet with the poor old woman,

injured in his well leg; and Margery vented curses as bitter as those of Sycorax; and Isaac, certainly the most superstitious personage in the parish—the most thorough believer in his own gifts and predictions—was fain to nail a horse-shoe on his door for the defence of his property, and to wear one of his own ague-charms about his neck for his personal protection.

Poor old Margery! A hard winter came; and the feeble, tottering creature shook in the frosty air like an aspen-leaf; and the hovel in which she dwelt—for nothing could prevail on her to try the shelter of the workhouse—shook like herself at every blast. She was not quite alone either in the world or in her poor hut: husband, children, and grandchildren had passed away; but one young and innocent being—a great grandson, the last of her descendants—remained a helpless dependent on one almost as helpless as himself.

Little Harry Grover was a shrunken, stunted boy, of five years old—tattered and squalid, like his grandame, and, at first sight, presented almost as miserable a specimen of childhood, as Margery herself did of age. There was even a likeness between them; although the fierce blue eye of Margery had, in the boy, a mild appealing look, which entirely changed the whole expression of the countenance. A gentle and a peaceful boy was Harry, and, above all, a useful. It was wonderful how many ears of corn in the autumn, and sticks in the winter, his little hands could pick up! how well he could make a fire, and boil the kettle, and sweep the hearth, and cram the goslings! Never was a handier boy or a trustier; and when the united effects of cold, and age, and rheumatism confined poor Margery to her poor bed, the child continued to perform his accustomed offices—fetching the money from the vestry, buying the loaf at the baker's, keeping house, and nursing the sick woman, with a kindness and thoughtfulness, which none but those who know the careful ways to which necessity trains cottage children would deem credible; and Margery, a woman of strong passions, strong prejudices, and strong affections, who had lived in and for the desolate boy, felt the approach of death embittered by the certainty that the workhouse, always the scene of her dread and loathing, would be the only refuge for the poor orphan.

Death, however, came on visibly and rapidly; and she sent for the overseer to beseech him to put Harry to board in some decent cottage; she could not die in peace until he had promised; the fear of the innocent child's being contaminated by wicked boys and godless women preyed upon her soul; she implored—she conjured. The overseer, a kind but timid man, hesitated, and was beginning a puzzled speech about the bench and the vestry, when another voice was heard from the door of the cottage.

"Margery," said our friend Isaac, "will you trust Harry to me? I am a poor man, to be sure; but, between earning and saving, there'll be enough for me and little Harry. 'Tis as good a boy as ever lived, and I'll try to keep him so. Trust him to me, and I'll be a father to him. I can't say more."

"God bless thee, Isaac Bint! God bless thee!" was all poor Margery could reply.

They were the last words she ever spoke. And little Harry is living with our good mole-catcher, and is growing plump and rosy; and Margery's other pet, the lame gander, lives and thrives with them too.

M.

LE ROMAN DE ROSE.*

Though an elaborate review of the above work has just appeared in a respectable periodical—which has, in consequence, the indisputed honour of first introducing the author of the *Roman de Rose* to the English reader—yet so far is the subject from being exhausted, that it still retains sufficient of novelty to recommend it. As the writer of that article has not been able to carry away the abundant harvest which he found, but has left something, perhaps much, to be gleaned by succeeding labourers, we also have ventured to enter the field. After the general view which has been taken of that subject, we have no wish to examine it in detail: we can do little more than advert to such pictures of the work as remain unnoticed; and such, if we are not greatly mistaken, will not be esteemed less interesting than those already before the public.

The *Roman de Rose* is, beyond comparison, the most curious document now existing of the languages, history, opinions, and manners of the Normans, from the ninth to the twelfth century. It is a metrical history, in the *romance,* or ancient vernacular dialect of Normandy, of the dukes of that province, from Rou, or Rollo, to our Henry I. It commences, indeed, at an earlier period—with the irruption of Hastings and his royal pupil, Biorn (the son, as is commonly supposed, of the famous Danish king, Regner Ladbrog), who, in the ninth century, committed such dreadful excesses in France. It is a very copious chronicle, containing more than sixteen thousand verses. Its merits as an historical record, however, are not of the highest order: the greater portion of it has little claim to originality. From Hastings to Richard II. it is little more than a translation of Dudo, dean of St. Quentin; and of William, a monk of Jumieges, from that duke to the Norman conqueror. Still it contains many important particulars omitted, or but imperfectly noticed, by the preceding writers; it exhibits a more faithful picture than either of the then existing state of society in Normandy; and it is entirely original from the Conqueror to A. D. 1106. It was undertaken at the instance of our Henry II., who, at the same time, prevailed on a monk of St. Maur to compile, in the same dialect a metrical history of his predecessors, from the foundation of the duchy. The chronicle of the latter is nearly three times as copious as the *Roman de Rose:* it still remains in MS.; nor can we reasonably hope for its publication, when we consider the nature of our current literature, and the very few persons who are able to read, still less to edit, it.

Of Robert Nace little is known. He was born in the island of Jersey, A. D. 1124; and he died in England in the sixtieth year of his age. He was educated at Caen in Normandy, and, on arriving at the age fixed by the canons, he took holy orders. In 1160 he finished his arduous undertaking, which, at a time when the true principles of poetry were either not understood or disregarded, procured him a high reputation.

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* Le Roman de Rose, et des Ducs de Normandie, par Robert Nace, Poëte Normand du XIIe siècle; publié pour la première fois d'après les Manuscrits de France et d'Angleterre; avec des Notes pour servir à l'Intelligence du Texte. Par Frederic Plugnet, Membre de la Société des Antiquaires de France, etc. 2 tom. 8vo. Rouen; 1827.

So great was the estimation in which the *Roman de Rose* was held at the court of Henry, that to read and recite it was the favourite amusement of "gallant knights and gentle dames." For this poem Nace was rewarded by his sovereign with a prebend in the cathedral of Bayeux—a reward, however, which he appears to have considered as inadequate, and as falling short of the expectations he had been encouraged to form:—

"Li reis jadis maint bien me fist,
Mult me duna, plus me pramist;
E se il tot duné m'eust,
Co k'il me pramist, mielx me fust."*

And he concludes his poem in a manner equally disappointed and petulant:—

"Ci funt le livre Maistre Nace,
Qu'in velt avant fere, s'in face."†

For the reason already assigned, we cannot notice the depredations of either Hastings or Rollo in France; but though the expedition of the former into Italy has been related, that relation has not been in the words of our author. Hence we proceed to give it entire, and as much in Nace's manner as the genius of both languages will permit.

After Hastings had laid waste the western provinces of France, and committed excesses the bare recital of which makes us shudder, he found that the country offered very little to tempt the cupidity of his followers; and he resolved to sail for Rome, a city that he believed to be the richest on earth. He accordingly collected about a hundred vessels, and, accompanied by the royal Biorn, passed the straits of Gibraltar, and proceeded towards Italy. Though no mention is, as far as we can remember, made of this expedition in the chronicles of that country, and though the accounts given of it by Nace and the monk of St. Maur possess little of the soberness belonging to history, there appears to be some foundation for it. Luna, then a flourishing city, but now a petty town on the gulf of Spezzio, was the first and only scene of Hastings's depredations in Italy. His arrival at the port, we are told, was predicted in an extraordinary manner:—

"In the cathedral of that city, matins had one morning begun, and proceeded I wot not how far, and one of the choristers was reading a lesson (neither do I know which *it* was), when he suddenly stopt short, in the very midst of the chapter, and no other thing could he say than, '*A hundred ships approach Porto Venere!*' Wherefore the clergy around him inquire, 'What sayest thou? thou takest no heed to the book.' Quoth he: '*I tell you that a hundred ships approach Porto Venere!*' So they again: 'Look well at the manuscript.' But still he cried out, '*A hundred ships approach Porto Venere!*' The same thing he said a fourth time; nor for the life of him could he say other. Which thing proved to be a prophecy; for the next morning, when all arose, they espied the fleet of Biorn." (Tom. i. p. 25, 26.)

When Hastings arrived at the port, the city appeared so magnificent that both he and his chiefs were persuaded it must be Rome. Their

* "Formerly the king did me much good: he gave me much, but he promised more. If he had given me all he promised, it would have been much better for me."

† "Here ends the book of Master Nace: if any person wishes to continue the subject, let him do it."

appearance terrified the inhabitants; and all who resided in the vicinity fled within the walls, to claim the protection of the absent governor and the bishop.

"Very deceitful was Hastings, and of marvellous cunning. He saw that, as the city was strong, well defended, and able to hold out, he could never gain it by force; so by force he would not assault it. Since, then, he cannot enter it in this way, he must think of another. Wherefore he sendeth word to the bishop and priests that he meaneth not to do ill to the place; that for this he hath, forsooth, too much to answer, of which it repenteth him sore; that a storm, and contrary winds, have forced him, howbeit unwillingly, to the coast; that he hath been driven about, hither and thither, so as not to know where he is; and that, if his bodily estate were better, he would anon depart. But verily he is sick, so that he cannot continue his voyage: he hath much need of rest. All that he wisheth is, leave to buy food—to come and go to the market. He hath moreover great fear of dying, and wisheth, for his soul's sake, to become a Christian. And for that he hath done much ill to France, he repenteth sore. So they believed him well in that he wished to save his soul: wherefore they do as he desireth; they grant him a truce; and if he willeth to be made a Christian, they will baptize him, and make him right welcome. Surely in an evil hour was this truce granted! So the deceiver feigneth sickness; his visage groweth pale; much he complaineth of his body —much also of his head—and that he hath grievous pains in every limb."

In short, Hastings acted his part so well—he complained so heavily, and made such wry faces—that some even of his chiefs, who had been acquainted with the deception, began to fear that his sickness was real—that he was near the point of death.

"Why need I say more of this deceit? He must and will become a Christian; and, as he cannot walk, he is carried to the church. The bishop preached to him, signed him with the cross, baptized him, and anointed him with oil. The governor was present, was godfather, and held him over the font. When the ceremony was over, and the traitor clothed in the usual garb, —'Verily,' quoth he, 'if I amend, I will do honour to this place; and ye all shall not repent the having honoured me. But I am feeble, and sick unto death: my liver, withal, is diseased; so that I cannot much longer live. Howbeit, when I am dead, lay me, I pray ye, in this church: for this place I love well, and here I wish to be laid. Bury me as becometh one who now believeth, and hopeth to be saved.'"

What could the good fathers do? To deny so small a favour to a son of mother church was not surely in their nature. The promise required was given, and Hastings was carried back to his ship. No sooner did he set his foot on board, than he privily assembled his chiefs, acquainted them with the further design he had in view, and how it should be executed. A few days were suffered to elapse, and he was laid on a bier, covered with a funeral pall, and reported to be dead. Loud lamentations were soon heard among the ships, "as if each pagan had lost a father, son, daughter, or brother." Preparations were speedily made for the interment: a considerable number of pirates, all wearing mourning-cloaks, followed the bier in melancholy procession to the gate of the city, and there another howl of grief was raised. The gate was opened, and all entered.

"The bells began to toll, the citizens to assemble, and there was a great procession of priests, bearing crosses and censors. All pity the mourners, who

walk severally along, and no one suspecteth the treachery. So the bishop, the governor, his barons, and of others a multitude, hastened to the church;—in short, every one was there, as if a saint were to be buried. Wherefore, the church received the body:—better had it remained without! and woeful it was that they suspected not the trick! The master-clerk singeth the office:—a great pity was that!—better had all been confessed, their own death being so near! The bishop singeth the mass. Of pagans present stand a multitude. When the bier was to be raised, that the body might be put into the grave, behold! suddenly up started Hastings, and, with a loud cry, drew his sword! The first blow he struck was at the bishop: he cleft the head of his godfather as if it were that of a brute beast! Therewith all the pagans threw off their cloaks, drew their swords, and closed the doors, that no one might escape. Such a slaughter followeth as is made by a wolf, when it can enter the fold unknown to the shepherd: it worrieth lambs and sheep, and spareth not great or little. In like manner did the misbeliever with the poor Christian flock: he slew the bishop, the governor, and others without number. Afterwards, the men spread throughout the city, from one house to another."

After this notable exploit, Hastings returned to France, leaving Biorn, with the command of a considerable portion of the fleet, to prosecute other enterprises. His arrival threw the whole nation into alarm: the French king had already a sufficient number of Scandinavians on his hands, without the addition of one so justly dreaded, and whose bands had laid in ashes the most flourishing towns in the western provinces. A consultation of Gallic nobles and prelates was held; and the result was a resolution to offer conditions of peace to the formidable pirate. They were accepted by him; and we do not hear that, during the remainder of his life, he resumed his ruthless habits.

Of Rollo, the immediate successor of Hastings, and the principal subject of the metrical chronicle before us, enough has been said on another occasion. He led his resistless bands into France about A.D. 870; and, in the course of thirty years' war on the feeble descendants of Charlemagne, he founded a powerful dynasty in Normandy, in the possession of which he was solemnly confirmed by the celebrated treaty at St. Clair-sur-Epte, A.D. 912. Having evinced consummate prudence in the establishment of the dukedom, and proved himself as great a legislator as a warrior, he resigned the government to his son, William Long-Sword, and at length died, universally regretted by his subjects, about 931.

The administration of William offers nothing interesting to the English reader. His assassination, in 943, left his son, Richard I., a minor, to struggle against both the turbulent Norman nobility, and Lothaire, king of France. The address of the young duke enabled him to elude the means laid for his destruction by his great enemy; and his valour to triumph over his rebellious vassals. This is the prince who struck the devil at midnight in the cathedral; and to whom his infernal majesty and the angel, on a subsequent occasion, referred the fate of the poor amorous monk, drowned in the Robee. Both these legends are before the public; but two other strange stories—one relating to himself, the other to his hunter—will not fail to interest the reader. The former of these is not so remarkable for the adventure, as for the mystery attending the knight and the lady:—

"There is a country called Corcers, near the Forest of Lions, the which containeth a valley, neither very long nor very wide. Now, after August had

passed away, early one morning rose the duke, who sent his foresters to look out for a fine stag. In the mean time he prepareth his nets, taketh his arrows, calleth together his dogs, and goeth out to hunt. But he commandeth his hunters and varlets to lead the dogs by another path; while he, with his sword girded at his side (the which he always wore), rideth toward Corcers. Hear what a mishap! He was looking before and around him (whether he hoped to find any thing, I cannot tell), when he saw a knight not far off, who appeared very comely, both as to figure and garb. On one side the said knight lyeth a sword, very shining, and well ornamented; on the other sitteth a fair lady, of goodly presence and costly garments, her veil covering her head. He perceiveth the duke approach, so that he cannot flee. But, Heavens! what evil deed hath he done? The lady's head hath he cut off!—Crieth the duke: 'Wickedly hast thou done: in all places, meet it is that a woman be safe.' With that he rideth nearer, and with his sword striketh off the knight's head in like manner. He then gazeth at the two bodies, and great is his wonder at beholding them. Quoth he: 'Never did I see such a beautiful couple before.' On the fourth day caused he them to be buried; but what is strange is, that of no one cou'd he learn who they were, or whence they came. This evil deed which did the duke, in slaying the knight, hath never before been put in writing; but fathers tell it to their children." (Pp. 288–290.)

These mysterious strangers were believed to belong to some other world than the present, or at least as beings of a nature different from ours. Such was the intercourse which the duke was thought to hold with the supernatural powers—so frequent were his adventures with them—that they ceased to inspire him with dread: he cared no more for them than for so many creatures of flesh and blood. The following, which is marvellous enough, relates not to the duke:*—

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* The reader will not perhaps be sorry to see the original of the above legend:—

"Une altre adventure mult grande
Avint el chief de cele lande
A un des veneors li cunte;
Guardez se fu honur se hunte.
Un cerf aveient retenu,
Pris l'aveient et abatu;
Li cerf aveient escorchié,
E fet aveient li forchié.
Un des veneors se hasta,
Uler s'en volt, si s'en turna;
A son seignur aler voleit
Par une veie ke il saveit,
Une gent pucele ad truvée
Dedenz li bois, prez de l'orée;
Bien ert vestue é bien chaucíée,
Bien afublée é bien liée.
A lié vint, si l'a saluée,
Et ele altresi s'est levée,
E kant il la vit en estant,
Descendus est maintenant.
Demenda li ki ele esteit,
En cel broil sule ke faseit?
Un hoem, ço dist, atendeit,
Ki cuntre lié venir deveit.
Par une de ses menches l'a prise,
Asez li ofri sun servise.
Ne sai retraire ke il li dist,
Mes ço dient ke il la prist,

"Another adventure, still more strange, happened on the border of the same country to one of the duke's hunters, and keeper of his honour. A stag had been caught, killed, flayed, and cut up. This hunter hastened afterwards to join his lord by a path which he knew well. Within the wood, and near the border, he seeth a girl marvellously fine, richly attired, and withal vastly sprightly of countenance. Her he approached and saluted, and, on her part, she arose. Seeing her standing, he dismounted. Says he: 'Who art thou, and what doest thou alone in this wood?' Replied she: 'I am waiting for a man who must pass this way.' He seized her by her sleeve, and offered her his service. What more he said to her, I cannot tell; but, as the report goeth, he took her and seated her by his side on the grass. She bore all he did, said nothing, and offered no resistance.——

* * * * * * *

——When he wished to rise from her side, that he might go on his way, she seized him with great force (whether by the hands or feet, I do not know), flew with him through the boughs and branches, made him rise very high into the air, and fixed him like an owl at the top of a tree. When he wished to look on her, and speak to her, he knew not what was become of her—could not see nor hear her! The hunters, who were carrying the stag, soon passed along the same path. Him they saw on the tree, and great was their trouble to get him down." (Pp. 290–292.)

From the death of Richard I., in 996, to that of Robert the Liberal, otherwise Robert the Devil, who died on a pilgrimage in 1035, and who was the father of William the Bastard, there is little in the Norman annals likely to interest an English reader.

Like almost all the Norman historians, Nace will have it that St. Edward always designed William for his successor—that he invited the latter to his court, and solemnly declared that enterprising prince heir to the crown;—nay, that he prevailed on an assembly of nobles and prelates to sanction the nomination. Though this is contradicted by the positive and perhaps incontrovertible testimony of Ingulphus, we consider the subject of so much importance in English history, that we cannot pass it unnoticed. Hitherto it has not been so much noticed by our own historians, as by those of France: and the reason doubtless is, the difficulty of consulting the MS. of the *Roman de Rose.* We know

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Et á terre lez li l'asist:
Ele esgarda tut é sofri,
Nule rien ne li desfendi.
Purpensa sei ke il li fereit
Com hom e feme fere deit,
Quant li aut fet ço ke li plaut,
E relever de lié se vaut,
E ke kuida de lié partir,
Ele l'empeint de tet air,
Ne sai n od piez n od mainz,
Purmi baanches é parmi rainz
Le fist haut cuntre mont voler,
E el faist d'un arbre encroer.
Quant il vout ele esguarder,
E k'il kuida á lié parler,
Ne sont k'ele fu devenue,
Ne l'ad oie ne ne vene.
Veneors ki li cerf portonent,
Ki par cele sente pasauent,
Lur cumpaignun en l'arbre virent,
A grant paine le descendirent."

not whether a similar account of Edward's death-bed scene be preserved by the monk of St. Maur.

"'The day came which no man could avoid, and King Edward must die. Much he wished that Duke William should have his kingdom. He lay infirm, feeble, and ready to depart. A herald was ordered to assemble around his bed his friends, counsellors, and others. An Englishman first spoke, as Harald had commanded him. 'Sir king,' saith he, 'great grief have we all to lose thee, and much is our dole that we cannot save thee. For as each one must die for himself, so another cannot die for thee: dust unto dust. After thy decease no heir of thy body remaineth to comfort us: thou hast not son or daughter to continue thy royal race. Throughout this thy realm all weep and say, that if thou help them not, they are but as dead—that never shall they have peace; and, verily, I think their saying is true; for, without king, no peace, and, unless by thee, we can have no king. Then, while thou yet livest, give thy kingdom to one who may secure us that blessing. God forbid that we should ever have one to bring us into war: where peace and justice fail, wretched is that realm. Who loveth not both, hath no right to reign. Well hast thou reigned, and served God, and well shalt thou be rewarded. Here are thy friends, the noblest in the land, who are come to beg a king from thee: all pray that Harald be thy choice: better we cannot advise thee, nor better canst thou do.' When that Harald's name was heard, great was the applause of all present, who said that well had the herald spoken. 'Sire,' said they, 'if thou make not Harald king, never shall we have peace.' Then the king, being supported in his bed, turned towards the English: 'My lords,' quoth he, 'well ye know, and often have ye heard me say, that, after my death, the duke of Normandy should have my kingdom, to which thing also some among ye have sworn.' Replieth Harald, who was standing near: 'However this be, Sire, grant that I be king, and that thy realm be mine: I wish only thy consent.'—'Harald,' saith Edward, 'thou shalt have it; but foresee I well that thou wilt soon die: if I know the duke, his barons, and the numbers he doth command, nothing but God can save thee.' Wherefore Harald spoke of the good he meant to do; and to the king he said other things which seemed him fit; that, moreover, he feared not Norman, or any other. Therewith turned the king and said (whether willingly or not, I cannot tell)—'Let the English choose for king the duke, Harald, or any other: to them I leave the choice.'"

This is a subject which continues to be wrapped in great obscurity. That William had received some encouragement to hope for the crown many years before the death of the Confessor, is unquestionable; and it seems equally clear that he visited the court of England—whether merely as a kinsman to Edward, or to receive from the latter an assurance of the succession, is doubtful. It is, however, certain that, during the king's life, he was regarded by many as one who would inevitably succeed to the throne. Of this Harald was well aware; and, whatever may be our esteem for that brave Saxon nobleman, we cannot exculpate him from the heavy charge of duplicity brought against him by the writers of that period. If William was an usurper, so also was he; and to him, indeed, more than the other, must be attributed the mischiefs which so long afterwards desolated the kingdom. Had he drawn his sword, not in the defence of his own guilty ambition, but to support the just claims of Edgar Atheling, he would have left behind him a name gloriously immortal.

While William was making his mighty preparations for the invasion of England, the favourable termination of the enterprise was predicted by a certain priest, who, with a view perhaps of obtaining a richer guerdon, took care that his prediction should be flattering enough to the ambition of the future conqueror:—

"So the week before he left the Somme, came a learned clerk, well versed in astrology and magic, and believed, as he had foretold so much, to be a good diviner. Wherefore he divined for the duke, who, said he, should safely pass over the sea, and fulfil his purpose without fighting. Harald would submit, and consent to hold his lands as William's vassal; after which things, the latter would return in surety. Well did he foretel concerning the good end; but as to no fighting, there, indeed, he lied. When the duke landed on the English coast, remembered he the diviner, for whom he inquired. Replieth one of the sailors: 'He is drowned, and the ship lost which bore him.' Saith the duke: 'Little doth it matter: a pretty conjurer truly! Not well could he divine of me, seeing that he could not divine of himself: if he could foresee every thing, why not his own death?' (Tom. ii. p. 150–151.)

The remaining events recorded in the *Roman de Rose* belong to English history, and are too well known to be noticed here.

From the extracts which have been made, the reader will perceive that Nace's merit as a poet is not of the highest description. In carefully perusing both the volumes, we do not remember to have met with a single poetic image—not one allusion to the objects which are so familiar to the "sons of song." Never did the world produce two such rhymers as him and Benait de St. Maur. Yet, strange as it may seem, neither were ignorant of the immortal inspirations of the Roman muse. During the darkest periods in the middle ages, Virgil was read in the cloisters; and it is difficult to conceive why no portion of his divine soul was infused into the reader. To say that his beauties were not understood, would be a libel on the monastic character. Perhaps the frigidity of feeling engendered by the seclusion of the cloister, and by a total absence of the incentives which animate the rest of men to tread the paths of glory or wealth, may explain—at least in a considerable degree—the lifeless, we might say the soporiferous, chronicles of former ages. Yet the simplicity with which Nace executes the task assigned him by his royal benefactor; his excessive credulity; his faithful picture of the manners and opinions of the times; his general accuracy as to events not derived from his two usual guides; and, above all, the language in which he writes, will ever make him both an amusing and an instructive author. To the historian of Normandy, he cannot fail to prove of invaluable service; and by the historian of England, he may be consulted with profit. Of the latter, his account of the battle of Hastings, and his enumeration of the valiant barons who fought with the Conqueror on that eventful day, are especially deserving of notice. That the *Roman de Rose* should be here for the first time published, is not very creditable to the present age, or to those immediately preceding; nor do we think that London has much reason to rejoice that Rouen has, on the present occasion, cast her boasted spirit of literary enterprise into the shade.

THE EARLY ENGLISH DRAMA:

No. II.

The Witch.

There are accidental circumstances connected with the *Witch* of Thomas Middleton, that would alone give it peculiar claims upon our attention, even if it were without those poetical and dramatic merits which in fact it possesses. It is unquestionably the source from whence Shakspeare has drawn one of the finest inspirations of his genius: it includes that wild chaos, out of which he has created a little world of poetic power and wonder. The great general mass of the "reading public" (and it is to *them* especially that we would be understood to address these papers on our "Early Drama") are perhaps little aware that Shakspeare is neither the original inventor of the Weird Sisters in *Macbeth*, nor even the adopter of them, from the vague traditions, or still more vague superstitions of the country, in connexion with which we find them placed in his noble drama. The truth is, that, long previous to the writing, or probably to the conception of that drama, the wild enchantresses who perform so extraordinary a part in it, already existed in the play which we have chosen for the subject of our present paper: they existed there under the same forms, bore the same names, and exercised the same natures—they even acted, and made others act, with a view to the same purposes, and used occasionally the very same language. In short, all that Shakspeare has done for the Witches in *Macbeth* (but what an "all!") is, to give them "a local habitation," and to invest them with a power, a grandeur, and a consistency of moral purpose, which have changed them, from a hideous and incoherent dream, into a high and passionate reality—a reality of the imagination only, it is true—but assuredly not the less real and impressive on that account. We shall, if our limits permit, endeavour to prove this to the reader before we close the present article. In the mean time we must add, that the above was not our only or even chief reason for choosing the *Witch* of Middleton as a subject for abstract and examination. In fact, the intrinsic merits of the *witch* part of this drama are little or nothing; and if they were a thousand-fold more than they are, they would all be counteracted and destroyed by the horrible and nameless brutalities into which the execution of this portion of his play has lead the author. Its merit consists in having given rise to one of the finest existing displays of poetical power, directed and held in order by the most perfect judgment that was ever yet allied to such a power: for if there still remain a doubt as to the supremacy of Shakspeare's *judgment*, it can only be in the minds of those who have never duly considered any *one* of his works. The judgment displayed in the particular instance before us—though relating to a small portion of one work alone—is in fact quite sufficient to decide the question; for where a particular quality of mind like the judgment is once exercised, consistently and consecutively, with a view to an express end, and it achieves that end, *there* it must exist. The inference is, that, wherever what is called judgment appears to be absent from the works of Shakspeare, be sure it is either from a want of time, or of inclination to exercise it, or from an advised determination to sacrifice it to other objects: which latter case, by-the-by, is but another exercise of the judgment—since judgment is neither more nor less than the power of creating

and adapting means to ends. Let us now turn at once to the drama before us; for, as we have hinted above, it possesses intrinsic merits and sources of interest, which make it fully worthy of fixing our exclusive attention for a time.

The plot of the *Witch*, if not very skilfully, is at least very artfully constructed, with a view to extracting a moral interest from a certain wild kind of poetical justice—a justice, however, rather more consonant with the seeming views of nature than of those metaphysical philosophers who have of late years been kind enough to interpret her voice to us: for all the leading persons of the drama would, with one beautiful exception, be pronounced monsters of moral guilt by the class of casuists just alluded to; and yet all of them arrive at their respective ends, and are made happy at last.

The opening scene of the *Witch* is constructed with great dramatic skill—since it places before us, in the most natural manner, and with the utmost clearness and brevity, the motives of all the principal persons of the drama, and at the same time justifies the views (as much, at least, as any thing *can* justify such views), the development of which forms the main business of the piece. This fine scene, too, has enough both of poetical merit and of characteristic manner, to fit it in all respects for our main purpose, of making the subjects of our notice in these papers explain and illustrate themselves. Before giving the chief portions of this scene, it may be well to premise that the general scene of the drama is placed at Ravenna, in Italy, and that it opens at the house of Antonio, a lord of the Duke of Ravenna's court, on the day of the marriage of Antonio with the Governor's niece, Isabella—a lady previously betrothed to and loving Sebastian, who has long been reported dead, but has this day returned, before the supposed commencement of the play, and having heard of the marriage, has taken upon himself the disguise of a servant, and contrived to introduce himself into the house of Antonio, the bridegroom.

A Room in ANTONIO'S *House.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* FERNANDO *(his Friend).*

Seb. My three years spent in war have now undone
My peace for ever.
Fer. Good, be patient, Sir.
Seb. She is my wife by contract before Heaven
And all the angels, Sir.
Fer. I do believe you!
But where's the remedy now? You see she's gone;
Another has possession.
Seb. There's my torment.
Fer. This day, being the first of your return,
Unlucky, proves the first too of her fastening.
Her uncle, Sir, the Governor of Ravenna,
Holding a good opinion of the bridegroom,
As he's fair-spoken, Sir, and wond'rous mild——
Seb. There goes the devil in a sheep-skin——
Fer. With all speed
Clapt it up suddenly. I cannot think, sure,
That the maid over-loves him: though, being married,
Perhaps for her own credit now she intends
Performance of an honest, duteous wife.
Seb. Sir, I've a world of business. Question nothing:

You will but lose your labour. *'Tis not fit*
For any—hardly mine own secrecy—
To know what I intend. I take my leave, Sir.
I find such strange employments in myself,
That unless death pity me, and lay me down,
I shall not sleep these ten years—that's the least.
[*Exit* SEBASTIAN.

Fer. That sorrow's dangerous can abide no counsel:
'Tis like a wound past cure. Wrongs done to love
Strike the heart deeply: none can judge on't
But the poor sensible suff'rer, whom it racks
With unbelieved pains, which men in health,
That enjoy love, not possibly can act—
May not so much as think. In troth I pity him;
His sighs drink life blood in this time of feasting.

* * * * * *

Enter Duke, Duchess, Lord Governor, ANTONIO, ISABELLA, *and* FRANCISCA.

Duke. Why surely, my lord Governor,
Bacchus could ne'er boast of a day till now
To spread his power, and make his glory known!

Duch. Sir, you've done nobly; though in modesty
You keep it from us, know we understand so much.
All this day's cost 'tis your great love bestows,
In honour of the bride, your virtuous niece.

Gov. In love to goodness, and your presence, Madam:
So understood, 'tis rightly.

Duke. Now will I
Have a strange health after all these.

Gov. What's that, my lord?

Duke. A health in a strange cup, and 't shall go round.

Gov. Your grace need not doubt that, having seen
So many pledged already. This fair company
Cannot shrink now for one, so it end there.

Duke. It shall, for all ends there. Here's a full period.
[*Taking out a cup formed of a skull.*

Gov. A skull, my lord?

Duke. Call it a soldier's cup, man.
Fy!—how you fright the women! I have sworn
It shall go round; excepting only you, Sir,
For your late sickness, and the bride herself,
Whose health it is.

Isab. Marry, I thank Heaven for that.

Duke. Our Duchess, I know, will pledge us, though the cup
Was once her father's head; which, as a trophy,
We'll keep till death, in memory of that conquest.
He was the greatest foe our steel e'er struck at:
And he was bravely slain. Then took we thee
Into our bosom's love. Thou mad'st the peace
For all our country—thou—that beauty did.
We are dearer to thee than a father—are we not?

Duch. Yes, Sir, by much.

Duke. And we shall find that straight.

Ant. That's an ill bride-cup for a marriage-day;
I do not like the face on't.

Gov. *Good, my lord,*
The Duchess looks pale: let her not pledge you there.

Duke. *Pale?*

Duch. *Sir, not I.*

Duke. *See how your lordship fails now:*
The rose not fresher, nor the sun at rising
More comfortably pleasing.
Duch. Sir, to you, the lord of this day's honour.
Ant. All first moving
From your grace, Madam, and the Duke's great favour:
Since it must——

* * * * * *

Duch. (aside). Did ever cruel barbarous art match this?
Twice hath his surfeits brought my father's memory
Thus spightfully and scornfully to mine eyes,
And I'll endure 't no more: 'tis in my heart since.
I'll be revenged, as far as death can lead me.
(Act I. Scene 1.)

It can scarcely be necessary to point out to the reader the truly dramatic spirit of all this, or its striking effects in exciting the attention and awakening the curiosity, by opening a vista into the future proceedings of the principal persons of the drama. We cannot, however, refrain from dwelling for a moment on two passages in particular, which we conceive to possess an extraordinary degree of poetical merit, and precisely that *kind* of merit which springs from a *dramatic* power in the writer. We allude to the passages printed in italics. Nothing can be finer than the first, as indicating the fearful state of Sebastian's mind, and at the same time preparing the way for what that state of mind may afterwards be expected to lead to. And the second, by its vivid appeal to the imagination of the reader, places him in the position of an actual spectator of what is passing. He sees the poor Duchess, first "pale" with suppressed horror and indignation at the outrage about to be practised upon her filial feelings; and the next moment flushed with womanish fears, lest her savage tormentor should guess the nature of her thoughts.

From the foregoing extract it will be seen that this drama has two distinct plots;—one growing out of the endeavours of Sebastian to regain possession of his betrothed love; and the other arising out of the Duchess's desire to revenge the repeated outrages put upon her by her husband. These two plots are made to run parallel with each other throughout the piece—a practice very common with the old dramatists. The plot of the lovers takes the lead; and in the very next scene we find that the vague and unsettled purposes which had hitherto been floating about in the mind of Sebastian have already (on the same night) taken a sort of half-formed consistency—which, however, still remains uncertain, both in its character and ultimate tendency, till moulded by circumstances external from himself. And, undoubtedly, this vagueness and uncertainty as to his own views—this "infirmity of purpose," on the first contemplation of guilty thoughts by a mind to which they are new and strange—is no less true to nature than it is conducive to striking dramatic effects. How often, too, are the most important determinations and actions of our lives dependent on, and directed by, the merest trifles of the passing hour—a thought, a look, a word dropped by a companion, or even a stranger. Precisely thus it is with the naturally noble-minded Sebastian. His purposes, good or bad, are at the mercy of that over which he himself has no control; and he does not dare attempt to *form* those which his conscience would disapprove, but waits, in a state of vague and restless misery, till circumstances make them form them-

selves. From the brilliant hall of banquet, in which the drama commenced, the scene now changes at once to the dim horrors of the witch's habitation. The first portion of this extraordinary scene, which is occupied by the conferences and operations of the witches among themselves, includes too much of what is simply disgusting to permit of our extracting it entire. It also includes, however, one or two touches of poetic beauty that well deserve to be rescued from such a neighbourhood. Hecate, the principal witch, is giving directions to the rest about the due performance of their horrible incantations, and she inquires,—

"Are the flames blue enough?"

The hag who is tending them answers,—

"The nips of fairies upon maids' white hips
Are not more perfect azure."

Shakspeare himself never produced any thing more exquisite than this; and the intrinsic beauty of the illustration is, if possible, heightened by the singular manner in which it contrasts with, and as it were counteracts the otherwise unmingled deformity of the scene and characters before us. Its effects are like those of a slender ray of moonlight, penetrating into the confines of a dungeon filled with rottenness and death, and bringing with it from without images and associations made up of gentleness and beauty. There is another short passage in this part of the scene, which, if not so exquisitely beautiful, produces somewhat similar effects upon the reader, in virtue of the host of pastoral images and associations it calls up. Hecate is luxuriating in the mischief she intends to do to some one who has offended her, and includes, among other ill turns, the sending some of her familiars, in the form of snakes, to milk his kine; and she adds,—

———"The dew'd skirted dairy wenches
Shall shake dry dugs for this, and go home cursing."

This is Shaksperian.—The middle portion of this scene in the witch's cave we shall extract entire, on account of the great merit of all Sebastian's part of it, and because it fixes his hitherto vague and floating purposes, and thus far shews the progress of the plot.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. Heav'n knows with what unwillingness and hate
I enter this damn'd place; but such extremes
Of wrongs in love fight 'gainst religious knowledge,
That, were I led by this disease to deaths
As numberless as creatures that must die,
I could not shun the way. I know what 'tis
To pity madmen now; they're wretched things
That ever were created, if they be
Of woman's making, and her faithless vows.
I fear they're now a-kissing. What's o'clock?
'Tis now but supper-time; but night will come,
And all new-married couples make short suppers.

He now addresses the Witch.]
Whate'er thou art, I have no time to fear thee.
My horrors are so great and strong already,
That thou seem'st nothing. Up, and laze not!

Had'st thou my business, thou couldst ne'er sit so;
'Twould firk thee into air a thousand mile,
Beyond thy ointments. I would I were read
So much in thy black power,* and mine own griefs!
I'm in great need of help: wilt give me any?
Hecate. Thy boldness takes one bravely. We're all sworn
To sweat for such a spirit. See, I regard thee;
I rise, and bid thee welcome. What's thy wish?
Seb. Oh! my heart swells with it! I must breathe first.
Hec. Is't to confound some enemy on the seas?
It may be done to-night. Stadlin's within;
She raises all your sudden ruinous storms,
That shipwreck barks, and tear up growing oaks;
Flies over houses, and takes Anno Domini
Out of a rich man's chimney (a sweet place for it!)—
He would be hang'd ere he would set his own years there:
They must be chamber'd in a five-pound picture,
A green silk curtain drawn before the eyes on't:—
His rotten, diseased years!—Or dost thou envy
The fat prosperity of any neighbour?
I'll call forth Hoppo, and her incantation
Can straight destroy the young of all his cattle;
Blast vineyards, orchards, meadows; or in one night
Transport his dung, hay, corn, by recks, whole stacks,
Into thine own ground.
Seb. This would come most richly, now,
To many a country grazier;—but my envy
Lies not so low as cattle, corn, or vines:
'Twill trouble your best powers to give me ease.
Hec. *Is it to starve up generation?*
To strike a barrenness in man or woman?
Seb. *Ha!*
Hec. *Ha! did you feel me there? I knew your grief.*
Seb. *Can there be such things done?*
Hec. Are these the skins
Of serpents? these of snakes?
Seb. I see they are.
Hec. So sure into what house these are conveyed,
Knit with these charms and these retentive knots,
Neither the man begets, nor woman breeds;
No—nor performs the best desires of wedlock:
Being then a mutual duty. I could give thee
Chiroconita, adincantida,
Archimadon, marmaritin, calicia,
Which I could sort to villainous barren ends;
But this leads the same way. More I could instance,—
As the same needle thrust into their pillows
That sows and socks up dead men in their sheets:

* * * * * *

———Yet all's there, Sir.
Seb. You could not do a man that special kindness
To part them utterly, now? Could you do that?
Hec. No: time must do it: we cannot disjoin wedlock:
'Tis of Heav'n's fast'ning. Well may we raise jars,
Jealousies, strifes, and heart-burning disagreements,
Like a thick scurf o'er life, as did our master

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* Query—"*as* mine own griefs"—without the comma?

Upon that penitent miracle. But the work itself
Our power cannot disjoint.
Seb. I depart happy,
In what I have,* then; being constrain'd to this.
And grant, you greater powers that dispose men,
That I may never need this hag again! [*Exit.*
Hec. I know he loves me not, and there's no hope of it.
'Tis for the love of mischief I do this,
And *that* we're sworn to the first oath we take.
(*Act I. Scene* 2.)

All this is very spirited and effective, and it forms a bright exception to what we have said above, as to the general want of merit of the witch part of this drama. Above all, nothing can be finer in its way than the first passage marked in italics, where the questionings of Hecate are made to probe into the secret heart of Sebastian, and drag thence thoughts and wishes that otherwise he would never have dared to utter, even to himself. Again, the comparison of the "jealousies, strifes," &c. to "*a thick scurf o'er life,*" has a fearful beauty about it, the effect of which can never leave the mind of the reader or spectator who is duly impressed by it. It is a passage that, if once felt, is felt for ever.

The second act opens on the morning after the marriage of Antonio with Isabella, and discovers the former suffering under the consciousness of the effects worked upon him by the *charm* given to Sebastian by the witch. It also introduces Francisca, sister to Antonio—a person brought forward for no very obvious purpose, but that of confusing and overloading the plot, by connecting it with a sort of under-plot, which is rendered doubly objectionable by its gratuitous grossness. As the whole of this portion of the drama has no necessary connexion with the chief plot, we shall pass it over altogether—merely observing that we fear—or, rather, we hope—those kind of additions were absolutely necessary—or at least were considered so—in order to propitiate the, in some respects, gross tastes of the audiences of our early theatre. They are so almost universal among even the finest and the purest writers of the time in question, that no other interpretation can be put upon them.

Towards the end of the first scene (which is a very long and ill-conducted one), Sebastian appears, under his disguise of a servant, in the family of Antonio,—where he has contrived to place himself, in order to watch the progress and effects of his secret machinations. But neither now, nor for a considerable time after, is he able to discover any thing, in the words or bearing of Isabella, which promises future success to his (now unlawful) love. She is still, calm, and self-possessed; and as silent as to her former love, as if it had never existed. In fact, the character of Isabella is conducted throughout with great truth and beauty—but especially up to the period at which she is led to believe that there is just cause for her to cast off the engagements which (believing Sebastian dead) she has suffered herself to be half forced into with Antonio. Then, but not till then, it appears that they press upon her secret heart with a weight,

"Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life;"

and that her love for the wrong'd Sebastian is still the moving spirit of her thought. Her bearing, up to the period of the present scene, is beau-

* He refers to the *charm* she has given him—the snakes'-skins, &c.

tifully described by Sebastian himself; and also his own conflicting feelings under the perplexing circumstances of his situation. After the exit of Antonio, who has evinced, by his words and manner, that the witch's promises have not failed Sebastian, the latter, after a brief exultation over the misery of his rival, turns all his thoughts towards Isabella.

——" How well *she* bears it!
Hardly myself can find so much from her,
That am acquainted with the cold disease.
Oh, honesty's a rare wealth in a woman;
It knows no wants—at least it will express none,
Not in a look. Yet I'm not thoro'ly happy.
His ill does me no good. Well, may it keep me
From open rage and madness for a time;
But I feel heart's grief in the same place still.
What makes the greatest torment 'mongst lost souls?
'Tis not so much the horror of their pains
(Though they be infinite) as the loss of joys.
It is, that Deprivation is the mother
Of all the groans in hell; and, here on earth,
Of all the sighs* bred in the hearts of lovers.
Still she's not mine, that can be no man's else
Till I be nothing. If religion
Have the same strength for me as 't has for others,
Holy vows witness that our souls were married."
(Act II. Scene 2.)

Assuredly, in the age alone to which this drama belongs, and neither before nor since, has the female character been truly appreciated and justly depicted. Neither has the true nature of dramatic language and versification been felt and practised much better. How perfectly simple, for instance, is the passage just cited! There is not a word in it, nor a collocation of words, that any of us might not utter in the common talk even of the day in which we live. And yet how perfectly does it all arrange itself into that modulated harmony, without which *poetry* cannot exist, and which of itself alone almost makes poetry!

The plot now leaves the lovers for a time, and returns to the Duchess, and her projects of revenge against her lord,—who, it appears, has just finally fixed her till now relenting purpose, by again coming to her bedside at the dead of midnight, and repeating his strange outrage upon her filial feelings.

Duch. He lives not now to see to-morrow spent,
If this means take effect—as there's no harm in it.
Last night he played his horrid game again;
Came to my bedside at the full of midnight,
And in his hand that fatal, fearful cup;
Wak'd me, and forc'd me pledge him, to my trembling,
And my dead father's scorn: that wounds my sight,
That his remembrance should be rais'd in spite.
But either his confusion, or mine, ends it."
(Act II. Scene 2.)

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* The edition of this play published from the MS. discovered by Mr. Isaac Reed, has this line thus:—

" Of all the *redd-sighs* in the hearts of lovers."

The alteration is adopted from the suggestion of the editors of a later edition.

In this scene the Duchess, in concert with her woman Amoretto, arranges and prepares her plans of revenge; and, at the commencement of the third act, they appear to have reached their accomplishment, by Amalchildes having been induced to believe himself beloved by the Duchess, and to have engaged in the secret murder of the Duke, under the promise that he himself shall occupy the vacant throne and bed. The remainder of the third act is occupied with the practices of Sebastian (still disguised as Celio, servant to Antonio), to persuade Isabella that Antonio is false to her bed.

Nothing can be more beautiful, in point of character, than the way in which Isabella receives and entertains the suggestions of Sebastian, touching this matter. At first she rejects them with indignation, as unworthy to be admitted even into her thoughts. But when the supposed Celio's persistance in his charges against Antonio, and his offers to prove the truth of them, seem to render that truth "probable to thinking," mark how all her views and feelings change in an instant!—

Isa. Art thou yet
So impudent to stand in it?
Seb. Are you yet so cold, Madam,
In the belief on't? There my wonder's fixt,
Having such blessed health and youth about you,
Which makes the injury mighty.
Isa. Why I tell thee
It were too great a fortune for thy lowness
To find out such a thing: thou dost not look
As if thou'rt made for it. By the precious sweets of love,
I would give half my wealth for such a bargain,
And think 'twere bought too cheap. Thou canst not guess
Thy means and happiness should I find this true.
First, I'd prefer thee to the lord my uncle:
He's Governor of Ravenna: all th' advancements
I' th' kingdom flow from him. What need I boast that
Which common fame can teach thee?
Seb. Then thus, Madam,
Since I presume now on your height of spirit,
And your regard to your own youth and fruitfulness
(Which every woman naturally loves and covets),
Accept but of my labour and directions,
You shall find both your wrongs (which you may right
At your own pleasure) yet not miss'd to-night
Here in the house neither. None shall take notice
Of any absence in you, as I've thought on't.
Isa. Do this, and take my praise and thanks for ever.
(*Act II. Scene* 2.)

This act concludes with a short witch scene, introduced without any very obvious purpose, unless it be that of keeping of the witch machinery full in the reader's imagination throughout the whole piece. This short scene, however, must certainly be made an exception to what we have said above, as to the general want of merit of this portion of the drama; for it includes great poetical beauty, and considerable power of affecting the imagination. It merely consists of a conference between the three principal witches, preparatory to their ascent into the air on their nightly rambles; and it includes that fine song and chorus (sung up in the air by the attendant witches, spirits, &c.) which was afterwards adopted literally by Shakspeare into a similar scene in *Macbeth*:—

"Come away! come away!" &c.

As there happens to be "no offence in't," we may give the first part of this scene, as a specimen of the author's manner in this portion of his work. It is in a strangely wild harmony with the highly poetical chorus which concludes it. Mark, too, how finely the character of the evening is indicated by the very first line:—bright, but stormy:—for it is only when the winds are careering swiftly among light broken clouds, that the moon seems to "ride briskly."

Hec. The moon's a gallant: see how brisk she rides.
Stad. Here's a rich evening, Hecate.
Hec. Aye, is't not, wenches—
To take a journey of a thousand miles?
Hoppo. Our's will be more to-night.
Hec. Oh, 'twill be precious. Heard you the owl yet?
Stad. Briefly in the copse,
As we came through now.
Hec. 'Tis high time for us then.
Stad. There was a bat hung at my lips three times,
As we came through the woods, and drank her fill:
Old Puckle saw her.
Hec. You are fortunate still:
The very scritch-owl lights upon your shoulder,
And woos you like a pigeon. Are ye furnished?
Have ye your ointments?
Stad. All.
Hec. Prepare to flight then:
I'll overtake ye swiftly.
Stad. Hie, then, Hecate!
We shall be up betimes.
Hec. I'll reach ye quickly. (*Act III. Scene* 3.)

The opening of the fourth act finds the Duchess fully persuaded of her husband's death by the hand of Amalchildes; but the report of the murder having occasioned a movement among the people, which threatened the power and safety of the Duchess, she (once stepped into crime) immediately determines on getting rid of her instrument, and turning her favour towards the governor of the city, who has the public voice at his command. The latter seemingly yields to the views of the Duchess, in order the better to counteract them.

Meanwhile Sebastian (as Celio) puts in practice his awkward and complicated plans, utterly unintelligible without the most fixed attention, yet equally unworthy and incapable of exciting any—by which he hopes to persuade Isabella of her husband's falsehood—but the sole effect of which is, to bring into suspicion with Antonio the honesty of Isabella herself: which latter end is also furthered by the concurring plans of Antonio's sister, Francisca.

All this portion of the play is crude and confined to the last degree, in point of plot and arrangement; and this defect is not made up for by any very striking merits in the details. We may, however, extract two passages, which possess, together with much truth of character, considerable poetic beauty. Sebastian is endeavouring to justify, to his friend Fernando, the somewhat questionable measures in which he is engaging his assistance.

Seb. If ever you knew force of love in life, Sir,
Give to mine pity.
Fer. You do ill to doubt me.
Seb. I could make bold with no friend seem'lier
Than with yourself, because you were in presence
At our vow-making.
Fer. I am witness to it.
Seb. Then you best understand, of all men living,
This is no wrong I offer, no abuse
Either to faith or friendship; for we're registered
Husband and wife in heaven, though there wants that
Which often keeps licentious men in awe
From starting from their wedlocks—the knot public.
'Tis in our souls knit fast: and how more precious
The soul is than the body, so much judge
The sacred and celestial tie within us,
More than the outward form—which calls but witness
Here upon earth to what is done in heav'n.
(*Act IV. Scene* 2.)

What follows includes Sebastian's self-reflections on a particular position in which he finds himself placed in regard to Isabella:—

Seb. I cannot so deceive her: 'twere too sinful.
There's more religion in my love than so.
It is not treacherous lust that gives content
To an honest mind: and this could prove no better.
Were it in me a part of manly justice,
That have sought strange hard means to keep her chaste
To her first vow, and I t' abuse her first?
Better I never knew what comfort were
In woman's love, than wickedly to know it.
What could the falsehood of one night avail him
That must enjoy for ever, or he's lost?
'Tis the way rather to draw hate upon me;
For, known, 'tis as impossible she should love me
As youth, in health, to dote upon a grief;
Or one that's robb'd and bound, to affect a thief.
No—he that would soul's sacred comfort win,
Must burn in pure love, like a seraphim. (*Act IV. Scene* 2.)

We are now at the end of the fourth act, and yet the *dénouement* of both plots seems as far off as ever. Antonio, after making a mad attempt upon the life of Isabella and her supposed paramour, is suddenly undeceived as to her supposed guilt—but not till he imagines that he has (in the dark) destroyed her; and, in his mingled rage and remorse at his sister's acknowledged guilt and his own fatal mistake, he swallows poison (as he thinks), and administers the same to his sister and her lover. Meanwhile, Isabella is equally misled by the attempts of Sebastian to inculpate Antonio; and the fifth act opens with a crude and ill-conducted scene, in which the various explanations of all these complicated matters take place,—only, however, for them to become involved anew, by new mistakes and intrigues; and the scene ends by Antonio being again led to believe his wife false with Celio (Sebastian); and by Isabella supposing herself irretrievably disgraced by her attempts to discover a just ground for breaking off her hated marriage.

We are now once more conducted to the witch's habitation, where the Duchess comes to seek the means of privately destroying Amalchildes.

This scene has nothing remarkable in it, except that it closes with the well-known incantation, beginning

"Black spirits and white, red spirits and grey," &c.;

which, probably, ninety-nine out of every hundred of our readers have hitherto believed to be the composition of Shakspeare. This brings us to the last scene in the play; and yet no step seems made towards the winding-up of the plots. It will readily be supposed, therefore, that this is not effected at last in the most natural or satisfactory manner. It is, however, managed better than the previous conduct of the piece leads us to expect; and the somewhat violent changes that are worked in the principal characters was permitted at least, if not absolutely looked for and approved, by the audiences of that day. As this concluding scene is not without poetical merits, we shall let it perform its own office of explanation, by extracting the principal parts of it.

A Room in the Governor's House.

Enter Lord Governor, ISABELLA, SEBASTIAN, FLORIDA, FRANCISCA, ALBERZANES, &c.

Isa. My lord, I've given you nothing but the truth
Of a most plain and innocent intent.
My wrongs being so apparent in this woman
(A creature that robs wedlock of all comfort
Where'er she fastens), I could do no less
But seek means privately to shame his folly.
No farther reach'd my malice; and it glads me
That none but my base injurer is found
To be my false accuser.
Gov. This is strange—
That he should give the wrong, yet seek revenge.
But, sirrah, you *(to CELIO)*—you are accused here doubly:
First by your lady, for a false intelligence
That caus'd her absence,—which much hurts her name,
Though her intents were blameless: next by this woman,
For an adulterous design and plot
Practis'd between you, to entrap her honour,
Whilst she, for her hire, should enjoy her husband.
Your answer.
Seb. Part of this is truth, my lord,
To which I'm guilty in a rash intent,
But clear in act; and *she* most clear in both—
Not sanctity more spotless.

Enter HERMIO (Servant to ANTONIO).

Her. Oh, my lord!
Gov. What news breaks there?
Her. Of strange distraction:
Here stands the lady that within this hour
Was made a widow. *(To ISABELLA.)*
Gov. How!
Her. Your niece, my lord.
A fearful, unexpected accident
Brought death to meet his fury: for, my lord,
Entering Fernando's house, like a rais'd tempest,
Which nothing heeds but its own violent rage,
Blinded with wrath and jealousy, which scorn guides,—

From a false trap-door fell into a depth
Exceeds a temple's height, which takes into it
Part of the dungeon that falls threescore fathom
Under the castle.
Gov. Oh, you seed of lust!
Wrongs, and revenges wrongful, with what terrors
You do present yourselves to wretched man
When his soul least expects you!

* * * * * *

——Yet all this clears not you. *(To* CELIO.*)*
Seb. Thanks to Heav'n
(He discovers himself to be SEBASTIAN.*)*
That I am now of age to clear myself, there!
Gov. Sebastian!
Seb. The same, much wronged, Sir.
Isa. Am I certain
Of what mine eye takes joy to look upon?
Seb. Your service cannot alter me from knowledge:
I am your servant ever.
Gov. Welcome to life, Sir!—
Gaspar, thou swor'st his death.

* * * * * *

Seb. And I *was* dead, Sir,
Both to my joys, and all men's understanding,
Till this my hour of life; for 'twas my fortune
To make the first of my return to Urbin
A witness to that marriage: since which time
I've walk'd beneath myself and all my comforts,
Like one in earth whose joys are laid above.
And though it had been offence small in me
T' enjoy my own, I left her pure and free.
Gov. The greater and more sacred is thy blessing:
For where Heaven's bounty holy ground-work finds,
'Tis like a sea, encompassing chaste minds.

Enter Duchess.

Her. The Duchess comes, my lord.
Gov. Be you then all witnesses
To an intent most horrid.

* * * * * *

——Madam!
Duch. My lord!
Gov. This is the hour that I've so long desired:
The tumult's full appeas'd: now may we both
Exchange embraces with a fortunate arm,
And practice to make love-knots—thus!
(He draws a curtain, and discovers the Duke laid out as a corpse.)
Duch. My lord!
Gov. Thus, lustful woman, and bold murd'ress, thus!
Bless'd powers, to make my loyalty and truth
So happy!——
Look there, thou stain of greatness—shame of honour!
Behold thy work, and weep before thy death!
If thou be'est blest with sorrow and a conscience,
Which is a gift from Heav'n, and seldom knocks
At any murderer's breast with sounds of comfort.
See this, thy worthy and unequall'd piece—
A fair encouragement for another husband!

Duch. Bestow me upon death, Sir; I am guilty,
And of a cruelty above my cause.
His injury was too low for my revenge.
Perform a justice that may light all others
To noble actions. Life is hateful to me,
Beholding my dead lord. Make us as one
In death, whom marriage made one of two, living,
Till cursed fury parted us. My lord,
I covet to be like him.
Gov. No—my sword
Shall never stain the virgin brightness on it
With blood of an adultress.
Duch. There, my lord,
I dare my accusers, and defy the world,
Death, shame, and torment. Blood I am guilty of,
But not adultery—not the breach of honour.

* * * * * *

(Here she clears herself of the last-named charge.)

Gov. My sword is proud thou'rt lighten'd of that sin.
Die then a murdress only!——
Duke (rising). Live a duchess!
Better than ever lov'd, embrac'd, and honour'd.
Duch. My lord!
Duke. Nay, since in honour thou canst justly rise,
Banish all wrongs! Thy former practice dies.
I thank thee, Amalchildes, for my life,
This lord for truth, and Heav'n for such a wife—
Who, though her intent sinn'd, yet she makes amends
With grief and honour, virtue's noblest ends.
What griev'd you then shall never more offend you.
Your father's skull with honour we'll inter,
And give the peace due to the sepulchre:
And in all times may this day ever prove
A day of triumph, joy, and honest love! [*Exeunt Omnes.*

Thus ends (not in the most natural or satisfactory manner, it must be confessed) the *Witch* of Thomas Middleton—a play possessing, together with glaring faults and deficiencies, much that is valuable on account of its intrinsic merits, and more that is highly curious and interesting on account of the results that have sprung from it. In regard to the intrinsic merits of this play, much of them which consist in detail we have laid before the reader, for his own judgment and approval. In regard to the *dramatic* merits of this work, it may be said generally that the principal characters are conceived and drawn with great truth of feeling, and also with a full and firm trust in the power of that truth to affect the spectator, without the aid of overstrained sentiments, and violent moral contrasts. Moreover, they shew a faith in the feelings and knowledge of the *audiences* of those days, which was highly creditable to both parties. It would evince rashness, rather than a judicious boldness, in a modern dramatist to present an audience with even one (much less three in one play) such character as either Sebastian, the Duchess, or the Duke—neither of them endued with any thing essentially bad in their nature, yet each led to perform the worst actions from the worst motives! We of the nineteenth century do not give our sympathy to such people. To satisfy our modern audiences, a character must be either utterly bad, or absolutely good; and for a murder to be

committed, or even contemplated, by any but *a murderer*, is a solecism in the dramatic morals of the day. In short, those characters which act from mixed motives—which are made up of a "mingled yarn, good and ill"—are not for our money. We know better. And, accordingly, our dramatists know better than to offer such characters to our notice. It was not so with the play-writers and play-goers of the sixteenth century: the one could conceive and depict, and the other could recognize and sympathize with, whatever formed part of our common nature—whether of good, or evil, or of the two inextricably linked and blended together. And the consequence is, that we owe to that age, for our mingled delight and instruction, a body of poetic truth and beauty—beautiful in every case where true—which no other age of the world ever produced, either before or since, and which (it must be confessed) no other age is likely generally or justly to appreciate.

Our limits forbid us to say more at present on the use which Shakspeare has made of the *witch* portion of this play; but the subject is one of so much interest and curiosity, that we may perhaps take a future occasion of devoting a short paper to it alone.

UNIVERSITY OF BONN.

[FROM AN OXONIAN.]

MY DEAR A.: *Bonn, August* 1827.

MY silence hitherto has probably induced you to think that my experience has confirmed your doubts of the advantages that would attend my passing the long vacation on the banks of the Rhine, in preference to some quiet spot in Wales or the Isle of Wight. You may, however, forthwith undeceive yourself; for the short time I have been here has at once satisfied me that I have as much leisure for fagging as the most tranquil village in England could secure, and has given me a foretaste of the pleasures attending a diligent inquiry *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis.*

My present quarters are at the Star at Bonn, where I have arrived by so quick a process of locomotion, as to leave little space for notes by the way. This I shall make amends for on my return; and, for the present, leaving the Netherlands, Aix-la-Chapelle, and Cologne to another opportunity, I shall proceed to give you some account of Bonn—my *meta viarum.*

The facilities of travelling are really too tempting to a restless spirit; you will hardly believe me when I say that I arrived here to a late dinner on the fourth day after my departure from London (a distance of nearly 370 miles), and that without the slightest fatigue, having had my regular sleep each night. The first day lands you at Ostend, 140 miles; the second takes you by canal to Bruges and Ghent, there trans-

ferring you to a diligence, and setting you down at Brussels at nine o'clock—85 miles; the third day carries you, to your utter astonishment, by an *accelerated* diligence, through Louvain and Maestricht to Aix-la-Chapelle—91 miles; and, on the fourth, you are received into this seat of science by means of the Prussian diligences, and after a two hours' rest at Cologne, which breaks the day's journey of 50 miles.

Whilst I am upon the Prussian diligences, I may here, once for all, express my approbation of their neatness, punctuality, and system of regulation. The passenger having taken his numerical place, and paid his *passagiergeld,* is thereupon warranted free from impositions by coachmen and guards. A printed billet is put into his hand, containing the thirteen rules ordained by his Prussian majesty in regard to the diligences. The ninth and tenth rules prove the laudable care of the king for the health and comfort of his subjects, though they make an Englishman smile:—"Rule 9. Sick persons, especially the epilechi, and those afflicted with eruptions and humours, as also children under four years old, are not allowed to travel.—Rule 10. The conducteur and travellers are forbidden to smoke tobacco, or to have large dogs with them." The ordinance touching smoking is, indeed, more honoured in the breach than in the observance—as every man that enters brings a pipe with him, and civilly presumes you have no objection to tobacco. It certainly does not suit a traveller in Germany to have any such objections; and I accordingly make a practice of dissembling my utter dislike to the herb and its abominable appurtenances.

There are few places where I could have had better opportunities of mixing in good German society; for so I call the company of the eminent men that adorn this university. I have become acquainted also with many of the students from distant parts of the kingdom, and, in my rambles to the neighbouring villages, have seen something of the country people; and since my raptures at the wide and swelling Rhine, at the green island of Rolandswert, and the castled tower of Drachenfells, are beginning to tranquillize, you will, I dare say, be glad to receive a sober sketch of the attractions that this town contains within itself.

Bonn is pleasantly situated on the left bank of the Rhine, at that point where the scenery changes from mountains to the plain, and where the father river quits its narrow course through castellated rocks, to expand its surface as it approaches the manufacturing country near Cologne, Dusseldorf and Elberfeld, and the flats of Holland. The houses are of white stone, and slated: there are about 1,200 of them, and 10,000 inhabitants, including the University. I entered by a long avenue of trees on the Cologne side, and crossed the moat, which still remains, though of the fortifications little is now left—scarcely enough to remind you of Julian the Apostate, who founded *Bonnensia Castia,* as our friend Tacitus says. The situation of the place has made it famous for treaties, councils, coronations, sieges, and other events in European history; and it was not without a feeling of national pride that I was informed it had surrendered to Marlborough in 1703. Our vanity is now so wholly absorbed in Waterloo, that the numberless places of glorious memory in the Netherlands and this part of Germany are not even thought of, by the passers by, as worthy of either honour to the brave, or a sigh for poor human nature. If it were part of the law of nations, that, on the field of every action, a stone should be erected, stating the number of

killed and wounded, I fear such memorials would be so frequent as to verify the foreboding of Campbell :—

> " Shall war's polluted banner ne'er be furled?
> Shall crimes and tyrants cease but with the world?"

But, as these reflections are somewhat episodical, I was going on to say that Bonn is quite destitute of architectural beauties: its streets are narrow, dirty, and ill-paved; and the houses are not equal, in size or appearance, to those of the Netherlands, or of many German towns—such as Coblentz, Mayence, or Frankfort. The only open spots worthy of being called *places* are the market-place, which you arrive at from Cologne, through *Kolnstrasse*, or Cologne-street, and *Bonngasse*, or Bonn-street. The other open place, the *Vierrechsplatz*, is between *Hundsgasse* (Dog-street), leading to Coblentz, and the river. The sight of an open place is what I always expect to be gratified with in a foreign town—lamenting, as I do, that no such enjoyments for the public exist in London, or our large towns. An open square in a town gives of itself the idea of freedom, particularly when surrounded by shops, and used as a public parade. At Bonn, the market-place was used for this latter purpose; but since the walks in the neighbourhood have been so much improved, they are naturally resorted to for the evening's promenade. I know few more delightful shades than that of the chesnuts, which extend nearly a mile from the University to Poppelsdorf, a village in the road to the hill of Creugberg. At Poppelsdorf is the old château of Clemensruhe, a sort of appendage to the University, containing cabinets of mineralogy, botany, zoology, and chemistry, and apartments for several of the professors. Here also is the botanical garden of twenty acres, where the professor of botany (Dr. Nees von Esenbeck) occasionally gives peripatetic lectures, much in the same way as Dr. Buckland's geological expeditions from Oxford. There is a striking difference in the attention paid to natural history by the English and the foreign universities: in the former it is considered a mere superfluity; and I hardly knew six men in Oxford who had any knowledge of animal anatomy, or could tell the calyx of a flower from the corolla. Latterly, we have had some little attendance given on the geological and mineralogical lectures in Oxford; but I fear it is more attributable to the novelty of these researches, and the popularity of the professor, than to these sciences having fairly struck root. In every college in Germany, the Netherlands, and, I believe, in France, natural history is a principal branch of education; and the traveller is immediately struck with the cabinets and gardens as an indispensable appendage of the university. And if education be something better than the mere cramming of boys with a jargon of (to them) senseless dead languages—if it be really valuable, not for the matter which is taught, but for the habits of attention and observation that it secures—if its object, in short, be to form virtuous and intelligent men—how can such objects be better attained than by introducing the student to the powers of God, displayed in the several kingdoms of nature?

These reflections occurred to me whilst resting under one of the fine cypresses in the Poppelsdorf garden, looking full upon the seven hills on the other side of the father river. One of the students came and sat down on the bench with me. He had an intelligent forehead, bright eyes, and

a pale complexion, and his yellow hair fell in ringlets down his neck, according to the fashion. He wore a cap—for hats here are unknown—and smoked one of the German pipes which you have seen: the bowl of it was ornamented with the portrait of a lady-fair, and with two broad stripes of black. This latter mark, he told me, was to denote that he was a Prussian: for the Prussian students consider their presence an honour to the Rhine University, and look down on their brethren who live in this neighbourhood. He proposed a walk to Creuzberg, and we proceeded through the wood till we reached the summit, on which stands a pretty church, belonging to the demolished convent of the Servitians. Here the view was really magnificent: the seven hills *(Sieben-gebergen)* to our right reared their heads in a regular line: the prospect extended along the right bank of the river to Cologne, whose spires and towers, glittering in the distance, in the midst of the plain, formed a striking contrast to the hills to our right. The student and I had, by this time, become intimate, and as he knew French enough to help out when my German failed, we conversed without difficulty. He told me that his period of study was the happiest that he expected in life, and seemed to feel none of that joy which we anticipate, when, having taken our degree, we say—

> *"Post tot naufragia tutus—sum*
> *Baccalaureus artium."*

On the contrary, the prospect to a German of entering a profession, or of becoming one of the literati, or, in other words, journeymen writers, is gloomy enough; for the field is full. I have seen an advertisement from the rector of the University of Heidelberg, published at the desire of the Grand Duke of Baden, cautioning parents from sending their sons into the medical classes, they being already too crowded to admit of any hope of success in that profession. We need not wonder then that London abounds with literary Germans, as well as English, who live by their wits, and that so poor a living they make of them.

My friend the student has since introduced me to one of the drinking parties, the nature of which is pretty well known from the accounts of other travellers. The quantity of the thin white Rhine wine consumed was enormous: three bottles a man was thought nothing of—and yet they seemed to stand it stoutly. It was, indeed, a saturnalia! At first one of the party acted as king of the symposium, and parts were assigned to the rest; but, latterly, it was nothing but the clash of six voices singing and roaring at once. Some of the songs were witty and pointed, and I regret the confusion left my recollection of them so indistinct. One of them celebrated the superior happiness of the free burschen (students) over any monarch living; and it accordingly went through a catalogue of the powers of Europe thus:—"The grand seignor is a very good fellow—but he has no wine. The pope is also a very good fellow—but he has no women. But how much happier are the burschen, who have both wine and women!" &c. &c. I could not prevail on my friend to give me copies of the choicest songs, as he seemed to consider it a sort of breach of confidence: he, however, handed me the following, which, though of no very high flight, may serve as a specimen of a German drinking song:—

DRINKLIED.

Gott Bacchus gab uns Reden,
Drum lasst uns frohlich seyn,
Nichts kostlicher in leben
Giebt's als ein gut glass wein!

Cupido ist ein knabe
Von blinder wuth ermannt
Drum sei bei Bacchus gabe
Der kleine gott verdamnt.

Uns tüchish zu verwunden
Gelingt ihm nur zu schnell
Wir, aber, wir gesunden
An Bacchus feuerguell.

Die schönen werden kalter
Und welken mit der zeit—
Der wein gewinnt, je alter,
Je mehr an tuchtigkeit.

Strahlt auch von meiner nase
Ein lichter purpurschein,
Was thuts? habe ich ein glase
Nur immer guten wein.

Ha! freunde wenn im kreise
Ihr volle römer schwingt
Oh! dann auch ans den gleise
Ein datzend hoffe springt.

Schwort nur zu meiner fahner
Trots fasten und kastein,
Ihr edlen drink-kampaner,
Es wird euch nicht gerein.

DRINKING SONG.

God Bacchus gave us command,
Therefore let us be merry;
There is nothing more precious in life
Than a good glass of wine.

Cupid is a boy
Excited by blind rage;
Therefore by the gift of Bacchus
Let the little god be condemned.

In wounding us cunningly,
He succeeds but too quickly;
But we are cured
By Bacchus, the source of fire.

The fair become colder,
And fade away with time—
Wine, the older it is,
Increases the more in virtue.

There blazes also on my nose
A purple shining pimple—
What of that? if I have always
A glass of good wine.

Ha! friends, when in a circle
The full goblet passes,
Oh! then also out of its course
An additional hope springs.

Swear now to my altars;
Despise fasting and chastening;
My noble drink-companions,
You shall not repent of it.

I was much struck also with "Wo ist der Deutches Vaterland:" a song composed by a professor of Bonn, who was expelled by the government on account of his liberal opinions. What his conduct may have been in other respects I know not: but I honour him for the warmth of feeling expressed in his verses. It was new to me when I received a copy; but I do not insert it here, understanding that it has been published lately in London, with a translation.

The University is a noble building, on the south side of the town. It is surrounded by plantations and gardens reaching to the river. It was originally built for a palace, by the Elector Joseph-Clement, in 1717: the University was established by the Elector Maximilian, brother of the Emperor Joseph, but was suppressed by the French during their possession of the country. The edict of the king of Prussia, dated the 18th of October 1818, restored it; and its utility may be estimated by the fact that there are now 1020 students—a surprising proof of the wants of the neighbourhood, and of the attraction of its eminent professors. The students exceed half the number of the whole of those at the six Netherlands universities, of which we hear so much. The fact is, that the latter are on too small a scale, their average numbers being only three hundred

each; and with education for two thousand, out of a population of six millions, the Netherlands are not much better off than England, which reckons about five thousand at Oxford and Cambridge, out of twelve millions of inhabitants. The central situation of Bonn obtains for it many young men from the Netherlands and Switzerland, and a few English and Scotch. Its cheapness is also no small recommendation. I speak under the mark when I say, that for 20*l.* a year to the University and professors' fees, and 40*l.* more for lodging and necessaries of all kinds, one may have here a first-rate education. The students live like independent men, and are in no way under the control of the rector, except whilst they attend the lectures. The characteristics of Bonn, as distinguished from Oxford, are—1st. Its limited expense; 2d. The earnestness shewn by the students in the prosecution of their studies; and, 3dly. That it is unconnected with any particular form of religion. In fact, the plan is entirely the same as that proposed for the new establishment in London; and I am happy in hoping that the care of the council in selecting the London professors, will probably raise its fame, as has been done at Bonn.

Of this establishment, Professor Niebuhr, the Roman historian, holds the first rank in the estimation of the Germans, and, indeed, of all Europe. He is a Dane by birth, and is the son of the famous traveller in Arabia and the East. He held for many years the office of Prussian minister at the court of Rome, and has subsequently resided altogether in Bonn. The two volumes of his great work, which he was led to produce by the topographical researches he had made in Rome, is now too well known to require any comment. It is only to be regretted that the first edition has been translated into English since the publication of the second edition: it was contrary to the express wishes of the author and his friends, who look forward with more confidence to the promised translation by Messrs. Hare and Thelwall. When the remaining volumes appear, and when our countryman, Mr. Arnold (who is much spoken of here), brings forth his promised work on the same subject, a bright light will indeed be thrown on Roman history. Niebuhr is in the mean time lecturing on the geography and ethnography of the ancients, and on those branches of political economy which comprise finance, currency, and banking. He resides in Kolnstrasse, was married not long ago, and has several children. He is thin and slight in his person, and is somewhat of an invalid. His house contains several choice Italian pictures: and the professor is now become quite a lion to travellers, I suspect somewhat to his annoyance, though his civility and kindness always ensure a hospitable reception.

Professor A. G. Schlegel is also well known in England for the extent of his historical researches, particularly into the ancient history of India and the Eastern nations. He is remarkably neat in his appearance, and gave me more the idea of an English man of fashion than a German historian. He is lecturing for the ensuing year on Herodotus's description of Egypt, which he illustrates in Latin, historically and geographically; and on general history, up to the overthrow of the Western Empire. He also gives, *privatissime*, to a select few, an interpretation of the *Rameidos*, an Indian heroic poem, of which there are few, indeed, who know even the name.

I have obtained a programme of the lectures for the year 1827-1828,

which will give you at once an idea of the arrangement of the studies and of the professors employed. I wish it may fall into the hands of any of the council of the London University, as information of this kind cannot but be useful to them. The divisions, you will observe, are fourfold —three professional, and one philosophical branch.

The first order is *Catholic Theology*, with four professors.

The second, *Evangelical or Protestant Theology*, with four professors, including Dr. Nitysch, who is now engaged in preparing a second refutation of Mr. Rose's calumnies on the German Protestants; although it has been done once effectually by Dr. Bretschneider.

The third order is *Law*. Nine professors, who embrace the whole field of jurisprudence—Roman, feudal, German, and French—as well as natural, criminal, ecclesiastical, and commercial, ancient and modern.

The fourth order is *Medicine*. Eleven professors; one of whom devotes himself to the useful task of giving general advice for the preservation of health.

The fifth order is that of *Philosophy*, with twenty-nine professors. This includes history, logic, mathematics, languages, natural sciences, political economy, and every branch of learning not comprised in the other orders. Niebuhr and Schlegel are in this list.

There are also extra lectures for architecture, music, painting, statuary, and, as might be expected in a German school, teachers of gymnastics. The library contains above 70,000 volumes, and is particularly rich in classics. It is well arranged, and is open to the public at all reasonable hours—an accommodation which it would be well if our English collections afforded. The publicity of the churches and libraries in most parts of the Continent is indeed enough to shame our chapters and curators into more liberality. "Time and the hour" will, however, at length make them yield to the general good. There is an academy of statuary with many good models, and a very large collection of Roman antiquities, found in the neighbourhood of the Rhine. It is, however, not so extensive as that of Neuwied, which, though highly curious, has been but little visited. So great value is attached to the Roman monument inscribed "Deæ Victoria sacrum," lodged in the place St. Remi at Bonn, that that square is now generally called the *Rœmerplutz*. The music warehouse of Simrock is one of the best in Germany: lithographic engraving is chiefly used, and it would be difficult to name a piece of music that is not to be found there. Some English ladies, whom I met at the *table d'hôte*, told me that Simrock's collection was the largest they had met with in the course of a long tour.

Apropos of the *table d'hôte*—that at the Star is abundantly provided, and very cheap. One usually meets several of the professors, and such company as may be in the house. The apartments are clean and neat, and a drawing-room up-stairs is better furnished than that of most inns in England. The landlady is noted for her *embonpoint*, and not less for her good humour and civility. There are other good hotels, as the Angel, the Hôtel de Cologne, &c.; but the Star is decidedly the best. The early dinner-hour (one o'clock) makes a supper at nine necessary, which is a very social meal, and gives the traveller the opportunity of mixing twice a day in pleasant company.

After what I have said of the University, you will perhaps wish to have my thoughts on the German system of education. The influence

which that system exerts upon the national character is undeniable; and the same may be said of our own institutions—as witness the heaps of prejudices that are instilled into us at Oxford and Cambridge; for who can deny (I speak not with reference to any particular subject) that the English are the most prejudiced people in Christendom, considering the degree of information and experience within the means and memory of all classes in Great Britain? The Germans seem to fall into the other extreme; and, instead of having any bias in favour of received opinions and established institutions, seem often to delight in overthrowing them, merely because they are such. They are so rejoiced at the discovery of novelty, that we should be very cautious how we adopt the new lights which, from time to time, emanate from these giants of literature; because, by the time we may have resolved to admit them as worthy of credit, they may not improbably be blown out by the authors themselves. When we call to mind the eagerness with which Lavater's physiognomy, and, latterly, Gall's phrenology, have been received here, and the absurd notions of magnetism, idealism, polarity, and a thousand others that have been engrafted on more rational views of philosophy, I cannot but admit that the Germans lack, in some measure, that sober judgment on which John Bull is so disposed to pride himself; and, I believe, if discipline at the universities was more strictly enforced, and theses or essays were instituted, calculated to make the students think more deliberately upon given subjects, it would prove a good check to that rhapsodical turn of mind for which the youths and the men are alike remarkable.

Do not suppose that, like Mr. Rose, I am enraged at the Germans for questioning those old opinions which he is pleased to think preservatives against infidelity. I acquit them, on the whole, of such a charge, though they may, perhaps, in some cases, not have taken sufficient pains to reconcile the discoveries of history and philosophy with that religion, the purity and sanctity of which every good man must acknowledge, though he may disregard the various traditions and ceremonies that have been handed down with and engrafted upon it. I have heard, upon good authority, that the tide of religious opinion is beginning to turn in Germany; and that not a few of those lofty minds, who have been wandering for a season into spheres beyond the comprehension of human reason, have returned earthward, with the sober conviction that the Gospel is the only safe rule of faith and practice.

The extent of their biblical researches, their profound knowledge of Hebrew, of oriental manners, and of the geography of Palestine, joined to a perfect acquaintance with the various philosophical systems of antiquity, have convinced the judgment of many, whom the dogmas of an orthodox church might try in vain to turn, or the mere light of reason be insufficient to keep in the right path. If my information be correct, as I have every reason to believe, you will agree with me that the result will be attended by the happiest effects for the republic of letters, and will form the most splendid triumph that the Christian faith has yet achieved.

Oxoniensis.

SCENE IN A DALECARLIAN MINE.

"Oh! fondly, fervently, those two had loved;
Had mingled minds in Love's own perfect trust;
Had watched bright sunsets, dreamt of blissful years:
——And thus they met!"

"Haste, with your torches, haste! make firelight round!"
—They speed, they press—what hath the miners found?
Relic or treasure, giant sword of old?
Gems bedded deep, rich veins of burning gold?
—Not so—the dead, the dead! An awe-struck band,
In silence gathering round the silent stand,
Chained by one feeling, hushing e'en their breath,
Before the thing that, in the night of death,
Fearful, yet beautiful, amidst them lay—
A sleeper, dreaming not!—a youth, with hair
Making a sunny gleam (how sadly fair!)
O'er his cold brow: no shadow of decay
Had touched those pale bright features—yet he wore
A mien of other days, a garb of yore.
Who could unfold that mystery? From the throng
A woman wildly broke; her eye was dim,
As if through many tears, through vigils long,
Through weary strainings:—all had been for him!
Those two had loved! And there he lay, the dead,
In his youth's flower—and she, the living, stood
With her grey hair, whence hue and gloss had fled—
And wasted form, and cheek, whose flushing blood
Had long since ebb'd:—a meeting sad and strange!
—Oh! are not meetings in this world of change
Sadder than partings oft? She stood there, still,
And mute, and gazing, all her soul to fill
With the loved face once more—the young, fair face,
'Midst that rude cavern touched with sculpture's grace,
By torchlight and by death:—until, at last,
From her deep heart the spirit of the past
Gushed in low broken tones:—"And there thou art!
And thus we meet, that loved, and did but part
As for a few brief hours!—My friend, my friend!
First-love, and only one! Is this the end
Of hope deferred, youth blighted? Yet thy brow
Still wears its own proud beauty, and thy cheek
Smiles—how unchanged!—while I, the worn, and weak,
And faded—oh! thou wouldst but scorn me now,
If thou couldst look on me!—a withered leaf,
Seared—though for thy sake—by the blast of grief!
—Better to see thee thus!—for thou didst go,
Bearing my image on thy heart, I know,
Unto the dead. My Ulric! through the night
How have I called thee!—with the morning light
How have I watched for thee!—wept, wandered, prayed,
Met the fierce mountain-tempest, undismayed,
In search of thee!—bound my worn life to one,
One torturing hope!—Now let me die!—'tis gone!
Take thy betrothed!"—And on his breast she fell.
—Oh! since their youth's last passionate farewell,
How changed in all but love!—the true, the strong—
Joining in death whom life had parted long!
—They had one grave—one lonely bridal bed—
No friend, no kinsman there a tear to shed!
His name had ceased—*her* heart outlived each tie,
Once more to look on that dead face—and die!

F. H.

THE SEXTON OF COLOGNE.

In the year 1571, there lived at Cologne a rich burgomaster, whose wife, Adelaide, then in the prime of her youth and beauty, fell sick and died. They had lived very happily together, and, throughout her fatal illness, the doating husband scarcely quitted her bedside for an instant. During the latter period of her sickness, she did not suffer greatly; but the fainting fits grew more and more frequent, and of increasing duration, till at length they became incessant, and she finally sank under them.

It is well known that Cologne is a city which, as far as respects religion, may compare itself with Rome; on which account it was called, even in the middle ages, *Roma Germanica*, and sometimes the *Sacred City*. It seemed as if, in after-times, it wished to compensate by piety the misfortune of having been the birth-place of the abominable Agrippina. For many years nothing else was seen but priests, students, and mendicant monks; while the bells were ringing and tolling from morning till night. Even now you may count in it as many churches and cloisters as the year has days.

The principal church is the cathedral of St. Peter—one of the handsomest buildings in all Germany, though still not so complete as it was probably intended by the architect. The choir alone is arched. The chief altar is a single block of black marble, brought along the Rhine to Cologne, from Namur upon the Maas. In the sacristy an ivory rod is shewn, said to have belonged to the apostle Peter; and in a chapel stands a gilded coffin, with the names of the holy Three Kings inscribed. Their skulls are visible through an opening—two being white, as belonging to Caspar and Baltesar—the third black, for Melchior. It is easy to be understood that these remarkable relics, rendered sacred by time, make a deep impression on the imagination of the Catholics; and that the three skulls, with their jewels and silver setting, are convincing proofs of genuineness, to religious feelings—though a glance at history is sufficient to shew their spuriousness.

It was in this church that Adelaide was buried with great splendour. In the spirit of that age, which had more feeling for the solid than real taste—more devotion and confidence than unbelieving fear—she was dressed as a bride in flowered silk, a motley garland upon her head, and her pale fingers covered with costly rings; in which state she was conveyed to the vault of a little chapel, directly under the choir, in a coffin with glass windows. Many of her forefathers were already resting here, all embalmed, and, with their mummy forms, offering a strange contrast to the silver and gold with which they were decorated, and teaching, in a peculiar fashion, the difference between the perishable and the imperishable. The custom of embalming was, in the present instance, given up; the place was full; and, when Adelaide was buried, it was settled that no one else should be laid there for the future.

With heavy heart had Adolph followed his wife to her final resting-place. The turret-bells, of two hundred and twenty hundred weight, lifted up their deep voices, and spread the sounds of mourning through the wide city; while the monks, carrying tapers and scattering incense, sang requiems from their huge vellum folios, which were spread upon the music-desks in the choir. But the service was now over; the dead lay alone with the dead; the immense clock, which is only wound up once

a-year, and shews the course of the planets, as well as the hours of the day, was the only thing that had sound or motion in the whole cathedral. Its monotonous ticking seemed to mock the silent grave.

It was a stormy November evening, when Petier Bolt, the Sexton of St. Peter's, was returning home after this splendid funeral. The poor man, who had been married four years, had one child, a daughter, which his wife brought him in the second year of their marriage, and was again expecting her confinement. It was, therefore, with a heavy heart that he had left the church for his cottage, which lay damp and cold on the banks of a river, and which, at this dull season, looked more gloomy than ever. At the door he was met by the little Maria, who called out with great delight, "You must not go up stairs, father; the stork has been here, and brought Maria a little brother!"—a piece of information more expected than agreeable, and which was soon after confirmed by the appearance of his sister-in-law, with a healthy infant in her arms. His wife, however, had suffered much, and was in a state that required assistance far beyond his means to supply. In this distress he bethought himself of the Jew, Isaac, who had lately advanced him a trifle on his old silver watch; but now, unfortunately, he had nothing more to pledge, and was forced to ground all his hopes on the Jew's compassion —a very unsafe anchorage. With doubtful steps he sought the house of the miser, and told his tale amidst tears and sighs; to all of which Isaac listened with great patience—so much so, indeed, that Bolt began to flatter himself with a favourable answer to his petition. But he was disappointed: the Jew, having heard him out, coolly replied, "that he could lend no monies on a child—it was no good pledge."

With bitter execrations on the usurer's hardheartedness, poor Bolt rushed from his door; when, to aggravate his situation, the first snow of the season began to fall, and that so thick and fast, that, in a very short time, the house-tops presented a single field of white. Immersed in his grief, he missed his way across the market-place, and, when he least expected such a thing, found himself in the front of the cathedral. The great clock chimed three quarters—it wanted then a quarter to twelve. Where was he to look for assistance at such an hour—or, indeed, at any hour? He had already applied to the rich prelates, and got from them all that their charity was likely to give. Suddenly, a thought struck him like lightning;—he saw his little Maria crying for the food he could not give her—his sick wife, lying in bed, with the infant on her exhausted bosom—and then Adelaide, in her splendid coffin, and her hand glittering with jewels that it could not grasp. "Of what use are diamonds to her now?" said he to himself. "Is there any sin in robbing the dead to give to the living? I would not do such a thing for myself if I were starving—no, Heaven forbid! But for my wife and child—ah! that's quite another matter."

Quieting his conscience, as well as he could, with this opiate, he hurried home to get the necessary implements; but, by the time he reached his own door, his resolution began to waver. The sight, however, of his wife's distress wrought him up again to the sticking-place; and having provided himself with a dark lantern, the church-keys, and a crow to break open the coffin, he set out for the cathedral. On the way, all manner of strange fancies crossed him: the earth seemed to shake beneath him—it was the tottering of his own limbs: a figure seemed to sign him back—it was the shade thrown from some column, that waved to and fro

as the lamp-light flickered in the night wind. But still the thought of home drove him on; and even the badness of the weather carried this consolation with it—he was the more likely to find the streets clear, and escape detection.

He had now reached the cathedral. For a moment he paused on the steps, and then, taking heart, put the huge key into the lock. To his fancy, it had never opened with such readiness before. The bolt shot back at the light touch of the key, and he stood alone in the church, trembling from head to foot. Still it was requisite to close the door behind him, lest its being open should be seen by any one passing by, and give rise to suspicion; and, as he did so, the story came across his mind of the man who had visited a church at midnight to shew his courage. For a sign that he had really been there, he was to stick his knife into a coffin; but, in his hurry and trepidation, he struck it through the skirt of his coat without being aware of it, and, supposing himself held back by some supernatural agency, dropt down dead from terror.

Full of these unpleasant recollections, he tottered up the nave; and, as the light successively flashed upon the sculptured marbles, it seemed to him as if the pale figures frowned ominously upon him. But desperation supplied the place of courage. He kept on his way to the choir—descended the steps—passed through the long, narrow passage, with the dead heaped up on either side—opened Adelaide's chapel, and stood at once before her coffin. There she lay, stiff and pale—the wreath in her hair, and the jewels on her fingers, gleaming strangely in the dim lights of the lantern. He even fancied that he already smelt the pestilential breath of decay, though it was full early for corruption to have begun his work. A sickness seized him at the thought; and he leaned for support against one of the columns, with his eyes fixed on the coffin; when—was it real, or was it illusion?—a change came over the face of the dead! He started back; and that change, so indescribable, had passed away in an instant, leaving a darker shadow on the features.

"If I had only time," he said to himself—"if I had only time, I would rather break open one of the other coffins, and leave the lady Adelaide in quiet. Age has destroyed all that is human in these mummies; they have lost that resemblance to life, which makes the dead so terrible, and I should no more mind handling them than so many dry bones. It's all nonsense, though; one is as harmless as the other, and since the lady Adelaide's house is the easiest for my work, I must e'en set about it."

But the coffin did not offer the facilities he reckoned upon with so much certainty. The glass-windows were secured inwardly with iron wire, leaving no space for the admission of the hand, so that he found himself obliged to break the lid to pieces, a task that, with his imperfect implements, cost both time and labour. As the wood splintered and cracked under the heavy blows of the iron, the cold perspiration poured in streams down his face, the sound assuring him more than all the rest that he was committing sacrilege. Before, it was only the place, with its dark associations, that had terrified him; now he began to be afraid of himself, and would, without doubt, have given up the business altogether, if the lid had not suddenly flown to pieces. Alarmed at his very success, he started round, as if expecting to see some one behind, watching his sacrilege, and ready to clutch him; and so strong had been the illusion, that, when he found this was not the case, he fell upon his knees before the coffin, exclaiming, "Forgive me, dear lady, if I take

from you what is of no use to yourself, while a single diamond will make a poor family so happy. It is not for myself—Oh no !—it is for my wife and children."

He thought the dead looked more kindly at him as he spoke thus, and certain y the livid shadow had passed away from her face. Without more delay, he raised the cold hand to draw the rings from its finger; but what was his horror when the dead returned his grasp !—his hand was clutched, aye firmly clutched, though that rigid face and form lay there as fixed and motionless as ever. With a cry of horror he burst away, not retaining so much presence of mind as to think of the light. which he left burning by the coffin. This, however, was of little consequence; fear can find its way in the dark, and he rushed through the vaulted passage, up the steps, through the choir, and would have found his way out, had he not, in his reckless hurry, forgotten the stone, called the *Devil's Stone,* which lies in the middle of the church, and which, according to the legend, was cast there by the Devil. Thus much is certain,—it has fallen from the arch, and they still show a hole above, through which it is said to have been hurled.

Against this stone the unlucky sexton stumbled, just as the turret-clock struck twelve, and immediately he fell to the earth in a deathlike swoon. The cold, however, soon brought him to himself, and on recovering his senses he again fled, winged by terror, and fully convinced that he had no hope of escaping the vengeance of the dead, except by the confession of his crime, and gaining the forgiveness of her family. With this view he hurried across the market-place to the Burgomaster's house where he had to knock long before he could attract any notice. The whole household lay in a profound sleep, with the exception of the unhappy Adolph, who was now sitting alone on the same sofa where he had so often sat with his Adelaide. Her picture hung on the wall opposite to him, though it might rather be said to feed his grief than to afford him any consolation. And yet, as most would do under such circumstances, he dwelt upon it the more intently even from the pain it gave him, and it was not 'till the sexton had knocked repeatedly that he awoke from his melancholy dreams. Roused at last, he opened the window and inquired who it was that disturbed him at such an unseasonable hour?—"It is only I, Mr. Burgomaster," was the answer.—"And who are you?" again asked Adolph.—"Bolt, the sexton of St. Peter's, Mr. Burgomaster; I have a thing of the utmost importance to discover to you."—Naturally associating the idea of Adelaide with the sexton of the church where she was buried, Adolph, was immediately anxious to know something more of the matter, and, taking up a wax-light, he hastened down stairs, and himself opened the door to Bolt.

"What have you to say to me?" he exclaimed.—"Not here, Mr. Burgomaster," replied the anxious sexton;—"not here; we may be overheard."

Adolph, though wondering at this affectation of mystery, motioned him in, and closed the door; when Bolt, throwing himself at his feet, confessed all that had happened. The anger of Adolph was mixed with compassion as he listened to the strange recital; nor could he refuse to Bolt the absolution which the poor fellow deemed so essential to his future security from the vengeance of the dead. At the same time, he cautioned him to maintain a profound silence on the subject towards

every one else, as otherwise the sacrilege might be attended with serious consequences—it not being likely that the ecclesiastics, to whom the judgment of such matters belonged, would view his fault with equal indulgence. He even resolved to go himself to the church with Bolt, that he might investigate the affair more thoroughly. But to this proposition the sexton gave a prompt and positive denial.—"I would rather," he exclaimed,—"I would rather be dragged to the scaffold than again disturb the repose of the dead." This declaration, so ill-timed, confounded Adolph. On the one hand, he felt an undefined curiosity to look more narrowly into this mysterious business; on the other, he could not help feeling compassion for the sexton, who, it was evident, was labouring under the influence of a delusion which he was utterly unable to subdue. The poor fellow trembled all over, as if shaken by an ague fit, and painted the situation of his wife and his pressing poverty with such a pale face and such despair in his eyes, that he might himself have passed for a church-yard spectre. The Burgomaster again admonished him to be silent for fear of the consequences, and, giving him a couple of dollars to relieve his immediate wants, sent him home to his wife and family.

Being thus deprived of his most natural ally on this occasion, Adolph summoned an old and confidential servant, of whose secrecy he could have no doubt. To his question of—"Do you fear the dead?"—Hans stoutly replied, "They are not half so dangerous as the living."

"Indeed!" said the Burgomaster. "Do you think, then, that you have courage enough to go into the church at night?"—"In the way of my duty, yes," replied Hans; "not otherwise. It is not right to trifle with holy matters."

"Do you believe in ghosts, Hans?" continued Adolph.—"Yes, Mr. Burgomaster."

"Do you fear them?"—"No, Mr. Burgomaster. I hold by God, and he holds up me; and God is the strongest."

"Will you go with me to the cathedral, Hans? I have had a strange dream to-night: it seemed to me as if my deceased wife called to me from the steeple-window."—"I see how it is," answered Hans: "the sexton has been with you, and put this whim into your head, Mr. Burgomaster. These grave-diggers are always seeing ghosts."

"Put a light into your lantern," said Adolph, avoiding a direct reply to this observation of the old man. "Be silent, and follow me."—"If you bid me," said Hans, "I must of course obey; for you are my magistrate as well as my master."

Herewith he lit the candle in the lantern, and followed his master without farther opposition.

Adolph hurried into the church with hasty steps; but the old man, who went before him to shew the way, delayed him with his reflections —so that their progress was but slow. Even at the threshold he stopt, and flung the light of his lantern upon the gilded rods over the door, to which it is the custom to add a fresh one every year, that people may know how long the reigning elector has lived.

"That is an excellent custom," said Hans; "one has only to count those staves, and one learns immediately how long the gracious elector has governed us simple men."

"Excellent!" replied Adolph; "but go on."

Hans, however, had too long been indulged in his odd, wayward

habits, to quicken his pace at this admonition. Not a monument would he pass without first stopping to examine it by the lantern-light, and requesting the Burgomaster to explain its inscription. In short, he behaved like a traveller, who was taking the opportunity of seeing the curiosities of the cathedral, although he had spent his three-and-sixty years in Cologne, and, during that period, had been in the habit of frequenting it almost daily.

Adolph, who well knew that no representations would avail him, submitted patiently to the humours of his old servant, contenting himself with answering his questions as briefly as possible; and in this way they at last got to the high altar. Here Hans made a sudden stop, and was not to be brought any farther.

"Quick!" exclaimed the Burgomaster, who was beginning to lose his patience; for his heart throbbed with expectation.

"Heaven and all good angels defend us!" murmured Hans through his chattering teeth, while he in vain felt for his rosary, which yet hung as usual at his girdle.

"What is the matter now?" cried Adolph.

"Do you see who sits there?" replied Hans.

"Where?" exclaimed his master;—"I see nothing; hold up the lantern."

"Heaven shield us!" cried the old man: "there sits our deceased lady, on the altar, in a long, white veil, and drinks out of the sacramental cup!"

With a trembling hand he held up the lantern in the direction to which he pointed. It was, indeed, as he had said. There she sat, with the paleness of death upon her face—her white garments waving heavily in the night wind, that rushed through the aisles of the church—and holding the silver goblet to her lips with long, bony arms, wasted by protracted illness. Even Adolph's courage began to waver.—"Adelaide," he cried, "I conjure you in the name of the blessed Trinity, answer me—is it thy living self, or but thy shadow?"

"Ah!" replied a faint voice, "you buried me alive, and, but for this wine, I had perished from exhaustion. Come up to me, dear Adolph; I am no shadow—but I soon shall be with shadows, unless I receive your speedy succour."

"Go not near her!" said Hans; "it is the Evil One, that has assumed the blessed shape of my lady to destroy you."

"Away, old man!" exclaimed Adolph, bursting from the feeble grasp of his servant, and rushing up the steps of the altar.

It was, indeed, Adelaide that he held in his eager embrace—the warm and living Adelaide!—who had been buried for dead in her long trance, and had only escaped from the grave by the sacrilegious daring of—*The Sexton of Cologne.*

THE COMING OF SPRING.

The voice of Spring—the voice of Spring!
I hear it from afar!
He comes with sunlight on his wing,
And ray of morning's star:—
His impulse thrills through rill and flood,
It throbs along the main;
'Tis stirring in the waking wood,
And trembling o'er the plain!

The cuckoo's call, from hill to hill,
Announces he is nigh:—
The nightingale has found the rill
She loved to warble by:
The thrush to sing is all athirst,
But will not, till he see
Some sign of him—then out will burst
The treasured melody!

He comes—he comes!—Behold, behold
That glory in the east
Of burning beams of glowing gold,
And light by light increased!
Already Earth unto her heart
Inhales the genial heat—
Already, see, the flowers start
To beautify his feet!

The violet is sweetening now
The air of hill and dell;
The snow-drops, that from Winter's brow,
As he retreated, fell,
Have turned to flowers, and gem the bowers
Where late the wild storm whirled;
And warmer rays, with lengthening days,
Give verdure to the world.

The work is done;—but there is One,
Who has the task assigned,—
Who guides the serviceable sun,
And gathers up the wind;
Who showers down the needful rain
He measures in his hand;
And rears the tender-springing grain,
That joy may fill the land.

The youthful Spring—the pleasant Spring!
His course is forward now:—
He comes with sunlight on his wing,
And beauty on his brow:
His impulse thrills through rill and flood,
And throbs along the main—
'Tis stirring in the waking wood,
And trembling o'er the plain!

March 18. C. W.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

A History of the Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus, by Washington Irving. 4 *vols.* 8*vo.*; 1828.—Of Columbus and his renown, few perhaps remember the time when they had not heard something. The greater part of people know and speak of him as the discoverer of America, and scarcely suppose more is to be known, or can be worth knowing—every body can sketch the outline of his story, that he, for instance, taking the sphericity of the earth as indisputable, proposed to get to the east by the west—that he had great difficulty in gaining credit for so paradoxical an excursion, and greater still in persuading royal personages to fit out a fleet—that at last, however, he did succeed with Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain—that in three or four voyages he discovered the New World, and laid the foundation of a colony or two—that, in the prosecution of his toils, he encountered revolts among his crews, and ingratitude at home, and died, worn out with disappointment and sorrow; but few have traced, or will take the trouble, with the documents hitherto within reach, to trace the exact and successive steps of his discoveries, and many, even of reading people, will be surprised to learn that, excepting the Honduras and Mosquito coasts, Columbus himself never touched upon the continent of America, and that he died in the belief that St. Domingo was Japan, and Cuba the extremity of China. The truth is, that though slight and glancing accounts are to be met with in every book of geography, we know not where any thing like a detailed narrative is to be found—more detailed, we mean, than Robertson's for instance; but Mr. Washington Irving has had the benefit, not only of consulting the recent and voluminous publication of Navarette, during his residence at Madrid, but has been admitted freely to the family papers of the Duke of Varaguas, the descendant and representative of Columbus.

The history before us is far too circumstantial for us to give any thing like an adequate view of it; but we may in a page or two convey to the reader some notion of what he will find in this very full, and accurate, and readable piece of biography. Mr. Washington Irving could not but execute respectably whatever he undertook, but we doubt if he has done wisely in thus tasking and straitening his powers, which plainly require a freer course for their activity than history allows.

Of the early life of Columbus, the author has done little but call into doubt the few points that were received as unquestionable. It may be concluded that he was a native of Genoa, the descendant of a family distinguished in the naval service of that state, and himself early engaged in it; and that wherever else he might go, he certainly went with an expedition directed against the pirates of the Barbary coasts, and accompanied John of Anjou, in his invasion of Naples. Other events, probable or improbable, may, however, be passed by till we find him in Portugal, drawn thither probably by the hope of sharing in the discoveries then undertaken in the African seas.

It was here, apparently, where nothing but discoveries were talked of, that his thoughts were more particularly turned to the east. By whatever steps he arrived at it, the conclusion was fixed in Columbus's mind, that the earth was round—and that, therefore, the east was accessible by pursuing a westerly course. He supposed an open sea to interpose between Europe and Asia. Ptolemy, whose authority no scholar ventured to question, had divided the equator into twenty-four hours, of fifteen degrees each; and of these, fifteen hours were supposed to be known to the ancients, extending from Gibraltar, or the Canaries, to the city of Thinæ, the eastern boundary of the known world. The Portuguese, by advancing to the Azores, had discovered one more, and therefore there remained eight hours, or one-third only of the globe yet unexplored; and how much of this was filled up with the undiscovered parts of Asia, who could tell? The length of a degree, too, had been supposed to be not more than 56 miles, which again lessened the intervening space. Then again, according to the narratives of Marco Paulo and Sir John Mandeville, Cathay extended far beyond the boundaries of ancient knowledge, and islands, particularly Antille and Cipango, lay still beyond—so that, on the whole, the probability seemed to be, that either these islands, or the continent of Asia, were within 4,000 miles of the Portuguese coast. That lands really existed in the western direction there were numerous indications; —a pilot, for instance, sailing 450 leagues to the west of St. Vincent's, had picked up a piece of carved wood, evidently not laboured with an iron instrument. In Porto Santo, again, a similar piece of wood had been taken up, drifted from the same quarter. Reeds of an immense size had floated from the west, such as Columbus imagined had been described by Ptolemy as growing in India. At the Azores, again, trunks of immense pines had come ashore, and two dead bodies, with features differing from every known race of men. The probability, then, in the mind of Columbus, rose to certainty, that India was approachable in this direction, and, of course, by a much shorter route than by circumnavigating Africa, supposing it to be indeed circumnavigable, which supposition, however, de-

pended solely upon nothing but the reports of the ancient geographers, for no one had yet gone beyond the south of the equator.

With a belief thus fixed, and his imagination inflamed, he dwelt upon the thought, till he believed himself destined, and especially appointed, by Providence, to open this western route to Asia, and he accordingly moved heaven and earth to accomplish his destiny. John II. of Portugal, though himself not indisposed to adventures, was urged in vain—his counsel pronounced the scheme chimerical, though an under-hand attempt was made by certain influential persons to ascertain the truth of his story, and anticipate the glory, by despatching vessels—which, however, effected nothing. Indignant at this treatment, Columbus appealed to Spain; but Spain was otherwise engaged—the Moors were to be driven from Granada; but at length, overcoming difficulties opposed to him on all sides—what will not perseverance like his overcome?—after laying siege to the court for seven years, Isabella herself undertook to fit out three small vessels; and, stipulating for the appointment of viceroy over all the lands he should discover, and a share of the plunder, for such it must be termed, and the title of admiral—all which was finally conceded—in the year 1492, then in his 56th year, he sailed from the port of Palos.

After encountering the frequent resistance, and almost mutinies of his crews, and when despair—if despair could ever find a seat in so sanguine a breast—had perhaps almost seized himself, he came suddenly upon the Bahamas, and made his first landing on what is now called Cat Island; and from thence, sailing along the northern coast of Cuba, onward to the west, he came to Hispaniola, where one of his vessels was wrecked, and another, commanded by Pinzon, deserted him. Here, then, proposing to return to Spain for reinforcements, he built a fortress, by the name of La Navidad—uninterrupted by the natives. Every where indeed he found them gentle, confiding, easily conciliated—in a state of absolute nudity—the country beautiful and fertile, but wealth there was none. Small pieces of gold were seen on their persons, and with these they readily parted for toys; and observing the eagerness with which gold was seized, they made signs that there was abundance in the far off mountains. Thus much accomplished, and with this intelligence, Columbus lost no time in returning to Spain—leaving thirty-nine men at the fortress, with special directions to survey the island, and collect all the gold in their power—hoping, as he said, to find on his return at least a ton of it, and that in three years, wealth enough would be obtained to conquer Jerusalem and the holy sepulchre.

Narrowly escaping shipwreck, and some treachery on the part of the Portuguese, he at length reached Spain, and was received with the very highest marks of distinction by his sovereigns—even to seating him in their presence—and active preparations were forthwith made to start him afresh with augmented resources. Ferdinand's rapacity was now inflamed by Columbus's magnificent anticipations — no less than the means of leading 50,000 foot and 10,000 horse against the infidels. In the following spring he set sail with a fleet of seventeen ships, and 1,500 men on board. The first land he made, this time, was Dominica, from discovering it on a Sunday; and after cruizing some time among what are now termed the Windward Islands, he arrived at La Navidad—when he had the misery and mortification to find nothing but destruction, and not a soul left to tell the tale of their fate. From the natives it was gathered, eventually, that no sooner had the admiral quitted the shore than all subordination was at an end—the passions of lust and avarice raged uncontrolled—till the patience of the mild and enduring natives was exhausted, and plenary vengeance inflicted.

The first step Columbus took—nothing repulsed—was to choose another spot, on the same coast, for settling a colony—the next, to despatch twelve of the vessels to Spain, and solicit for farther reinforcements and provisions. To break the disappointment of the king, he proposed, most iniquitously, if we are to judge of the act by modern sentiments—and we see not why we should not, for Isabella's accorded with them—to make an exchange of the natives, as slaves, for live stock and provisions, to be furnished by merchants—the settlement would thus be benefitted, the king's exchequer replenished, and the natives themselves be made Christians, and put in the way of salvation. In the meanwhile, detachments were despatched to explore the interior, and search for gold—followed, for quarrels soon ensued, by Columbus in person. Returning from thence to the settlement, he prosecuted his discoveries in the direction of Cuba, and, sailing from the eastern point of Cuba towards the south, he dropped upon Jamaica, and from thence reverting again to Cuba, he coasted along the southern shore of that island, till it trended to the south, and he could see no termination. Concluding, with confidence, that he had found the continent of Asia, he returned to the settlement, where business enough was prepared for him. Partly from the just resentments of the chiefs, particularly Canoabo, a chief of no common vigour, and of the Caribbee race—and partly from the quarrels of the Spaniards among themselves, and the treacheries of Don Margarite and Father Boyle, affairs were in sad disorder. The presence of the admiral quieted matters at the settlement; and as to the natives, prompt and thorough-going measures were taken, and the matter ended by

the capture of Canaobo, the subjugation of the whole island, and the imposition of a tribute—followed by the discovery of the Hayna Gold Mines, which Columbus determined to be the Ophir of Solomon.

In the meanwhile, Margarite and Boyle, who had quitted the island, were busy in Castile in blackening the reputation of the admiral, and so effective were their misrepresentations, that a commissioner, Aguado, was actually despatched to inquire into the real state of things, and the conduct of Columbus. Aguado came of course, prejudiced against Columbus, and employed himself, from the first moment of his arrival, in collecting evidence against him; and as soon as he had gathered what appeared sufficient to crush him, he returned to Spain, and Columbus did the same. This was in 1496. His reception at the port was a striking contrast with the congratulations and triumphs of his former return; but at court he was welcomed in a manner far more flattering than he had reason to expect—his enemies had not succeeded in completely alienating Ferdinand—*he* had still some reliance on Columbus's realizing his magnificent promises.

The admiral's first object—finding his reception thus comparatively friendly—was to solicit the means of prosecuting his discoveries—particulariy in Cuba, which he affirmed to be the rich and splendid continent of Asia. Immediate compliance was pledged by the king: but impediments interposed—wars—the marriage of his daughter—but above all, the crafty delays of Fonseca, whom Columbus had offended; nor was he able to sail again for two years—not till the spring of 1498. Steering now farther to the south, he discovered Trinidad; and passing along the Gulf of Paria, his imagination kindled at the sight of pearls round the necks of the natives—aided by sundry speculations of his own, and the extreme beauty of the country, he pronounced it to be the very seat of Paradise. From thence he proceeded to the settlement in St. Domingo—where new troubles and vexations awaited him. His brother Bartholomew had been left in command, and one Roldan, a protégé of Columbus, thinking himself as clever as any body else, resolved to be second to none in authority. The consequence of this and other cabals was the ruin of the prosperity of the colony—the suspension of the mines—and the extinction of the hopes of unbounded wealth. The horrors of famine followed close upon those of war. Nor was the presence of the admiral able to do much; he issued proclamations, and did all in his power to enforce order and obedience, and was at last obliged to accommodate with Roldan on his own terms. Other mutinies of officers, and revolts of the natives followed thick upon each other, while some, who had been expelled from the colony, returned to Spain, and made the most outrageous misrepresentations of his conduct to the court; and the court, indiscreetly, to say the least, commissioned Bobadilla, as they had before done Aguado, to go to St. Domingo and "inquire," and, moreover, empowered him, if he found the admiral guilty of crimes, or extraordinary imprudence, to supersede, and send him home. Of course Bovadilla's first step was, not to inquire, but to supersede, and, without farther ceremony, he threw Columbus into chains, and despatched him to Spain.

Bobadilla's conduct had been so manifestly precipitate and presumptuous, that, without waiting for any inquiry into the reality of Columbus's offences, the king and queen ordered Columbus to be instantly released, and invited him to court—where his reception was signally kind and sympathizing. No notice was taken of the charges against him—Bobadilla was recalled; but Columbus *was not replaced.* In vain were all representations and remonstrances—Ferdinand was inflexible—he had given up what now appeared to him too much for a subject, and he was resolved to make use of the present opportunity of resuming the grant. Ovando was despatched to replace Bobadilla, and with difficulty was Columbus at last allowed, in May 1502, to set forth again with four small vessels, whose whole crews did not exceed 150, expressly to pursue discoveries, and prohibited landing at St. Domingo in his outward voyage.

The object of this fourth, and his last, voyage, was to discover a strait or passage through Cuba to the Indian Sea. He had found the coast of Cuba going off to the south, and observing the currents between the east point of Cuba and the gulf of Paria, setting towards that part of the coast, which he supposed to go far to the south, he was satisfied an opening would be found, which would take him at once to the Indian Sea. To discover this opening then was his object; for the Cape of Good Hope had now been doubled; and to contend with the Portuguese in Indian discoveries, was a point of honour and glorious ambition. In pursuance of this object he coasted the Honduras, the Mosquito, and Veraguas—still taking them for Cuba—his continent—in vain; "but if," says Mr. Irving, magnificently, "he was disappointed in his expectation of finding a strait through the Isthmus of Darien, it was because nature herself had been disappointed, for she appears to have attempted to make one, but to have attempted it in vain."

The new settlement he commenced at Belen met with nothing but disasters, and he finally quitted the coast of Veraguas for Jamaica, where his vessels stranded, and his misfortunes increased ten fold. With the loss of power came the loss of respect; and mutinies, even with his small party,

again followed. Applications for relief were made to Ovando at St. Domingo, and for a time disregarded; and all his mortifications were aggravated by the intelligence he received of the oppressions practised on the natives, and the general ruin of that beautiful island. The population, which has been stated at a million, though probably above the mark, was utterly annihilated, by wars, hard work, and cruelties. Africans were introduced to supply their place; and Columbus had himself indeed brought negroes from Spain—such as were born there, and brought up Christians—which was the introductory step to the African slave trade for the West Indies. Obtaining at last a ship from Ovando, he landed at St Domingo, and after being treated with some shew of civility, he finally returned to Spain—to seek redress, and the restoration of his honours and authority; but his patroness was now on her death-bed, and Ferdinand still impracticable; and Columbus himself, worn out with labours and exertions, shortly afterwards followed his royal mistress. His son had somewhat better luck—he married into one of the noblest families of Spain, and through the influence of his new connexions, recovered some of his father's rights, and transmitted them to his descendants.

So much for the outline of Columbus's story, which Mr. Irving has in general well filled up. Columbus, apparently, was not a man calculated to conciliate his cotemporaries. He was for carrying all by force of argument, and when others doubted, was offended. He was peremptory on points, which he could not demonstrate. He was a foreigner and unsupported — and jealousies were naturally excited against him. Ferdinand, too, had conceded to him powers and privileges which perhaps no services could rightly claim—which were granted without calculation, and which, had they been executed, would have made him greater than his master. His personal authority was great, but of course his *presence* was indispensable, and he could not be everywhere. He had not, besides, taken a due measure of his crews and agents; he looked upon them as machines, and they regarded themselves—incurring such risks as they did—as fellow-adventurers—companions—entitled to share in the goods the gods should grant them. Had he been *obeyed*, no doubt the kindliness of his nature would have kept him abhorrent from cruelties, and St. Domingo might quickly have become profitable and flourishing in its own population; but the low passions of low men made enemies where he would have made friends, and his absence was the signal for licentiousness and misrule. On the matter of discovery, and the rights which discovery gave, he was a perfect fanatic; he had no scruples or reserves on the right of invasion. Christians might justly enslave heathens—though he would himself have treated them kindly, had they submitted quietly. To remedy the mischiefs of others, he was tempted to do, what cost him something to reconcile to his sympathies—the dispatching slaves *from* the island in exchange for provisions,—but then they were all to be made Christians, and that was a cure for all enormities. Never did any one man, in the records of human nature, commit, and cause to commit, more complicated mischief—more intolerable oppression—more insolent tyranny. The interests of his fellow-creatures were forgotten or scorned, in the pursuit of personal distinction. Benefits to the country that employed him, no doubt, he anticipated to be great; but they were promoted at the cost of others, and he never for a moment lost sight of his own reward. He is over-estimated—our admiration of his abilities, and his persevering resolution, and a New World, as we bombastically phrase it—blind us too much to the moral defects of the man. Isabella had glimpses of this, and did something to counteract consequences. We should like to see another American, Dr. Channing, handle Columbus's character—Mr. Washington Irving is too ready to extenuate and apologize.

Sketches of the War in Greece, by Philip James Green, Esq., late British Consul for the Morea, &c.; 1828.—This volume of the Messieurs Green, the British Consul and Vice-consul for the Morea, is not by any means an unimportant or unwelcome one. It presents, indeed, no favourable view of the conduct of the Greeks in the prosecution of their unexceptionable cause; but then it is not statements put forth to answer particular purposes, whether favourable or unfavourable, that the public require, or in the long run will approve of, but truth and truth only. Unluckily, however, this truth which the public require—meaning those who have no personal bias—no interests to warp their sentiments—is the hardest thing in the world to get at, and can indeed be got at by no other process than the severest exercise of the coolest judgment—in shaking and sifting the opposing materials, which prejudice and partiality, for one or the other, is pretty sure to be busy—pour into the critical sieve; without these opposing materials the judgment must be utterly at fault. But who will furnish materials save those who are on the spot, and immediately concerned?—and this concernment it is that alloys the pure gold of truth. Of those who have given us information relative to the Greeks, some have been either in the service, and well or ill-treated, or wishing to be in it—some employed as agents by loan-making friends—others closely connected with the Turks, officially or commercially — some, prompted by the conviction that things had been exaggerated, took the common course of setting them right by excessive dis-

paragement; and the few, who *could*, by capacity and talent for observation, perhaps, have given the fairest representations, were too full of the relics and ruins of antiquity to record modern events—too much dazzled by the brilliant achievements and magnificent effects of older times, not to ascribe too much of the same splendid character to their—in all but their resistance to oppression—degenerate successors.

The consul, it is pretty clear, is unfavourably disposed towards the Greeks, that is, he has evidently a bias—he has suffered by the Greeks—had they been quiet, he had been still at Patras—and this alone must make us distrust at least his opinions and conclusions. This need not throw discredit on the reality of the facts he presents, because few of any respectability—of any experience in life, will forge facts; and, besides, if we had not that security, we have another, in the very facilities of detection, which the readiness and abundance of modern communication furnishes; but facts may easily be discoloured and distorted: and though ever so fairly stated, conclusions which the facts will not legitimately warrant, may easily be palmed upon careless readers, who look more to the bare conclusion than the premises or the truth of the deduction. This is unquestionably Mr. Green's case. Nor is our confidence in him a whit strengthened by the deprecations he puts forth in the preface. "Instead of adopting," says he, "the terms Infidels and Christians, I have made use of those of Turks and Greeks—it must not thence be inferred that I am prejudiced against the Greek cause. On the contrary, it is impossible to be indifferent in such a cause—it is impossible not to wish the liberation of any people from a state of thraldom, so degrading as that of the rajahs under the Ottoman dominion." And yet the fact is, that it *is* impossible for the readers of this book of his not to conclude him prejudiced against the said cause— or why should he, solicitously as he does, apologize for the cruelties of the Turks, and leave, as he quietly does, those of the Greeks to shift for themselves? The Turks were the unquestioned oppressors; and the Greeks, as the party attempting to shake off oppression, had a natural claim to sympathy, and the best title to consideration and allowance. Cruelties and massacres abound on both sides through the contest; but when the Turks are the agents, Mr. Green laments: when the Greeks commit the same atrocities, he is horror stricken. He talks of the Greeks trafficking in the sale of their Turkish captives, but not a word of the Turks enslaving Greeks. Throughout the correspondence he is perpetually predicting disasters to the Greeks, and ultimate triumph to the Turk. This is all the tone of a partizan. The Greeks have not been worse than the Turks, though they may not have been much, if anything, better—but they have had provocations—have been, by his own shewing, oppressed. Mr. Green may have his palliative—or, to speak more correctly, he may have good reason for his leaning towards the Turks; he was officially connected with them—where he resided they were the masters, and the Greeks the slaves, and equality of intercourse would of course rather be sought with the master than the slave; but then he should not pretend to regard with favour the Greeks, when his feelings are so warmly kindled towards their oppressors, that he cannot even controul his language.

Mr. Green was residing at Patras, as consul, when the revolution burst at that point, in April 1821—at a time when, as appears by his letters, notwithstanding the thickening rumours, he treated the expectation of a revolt as a matter of the utmost improbability. By the advance of the Greeks, he lost his furniture and a valuable horse; and in June quitted the peninsula for Zante, and from that period was alternately at Patras and Zante, but by far the greatest part of the time at Zante, till the fall of Missolonghi, in April 1826, when he finally returned to England. Extending through these five years, in the volume before us, we have a series of letters, commenting on the chief events, as they occurred—few of which fell under his own personal observation—and for the rest he must have been indebted to the information of others. It must be admitted he was favourably situated, and he talks much of his official correspondence with the consular agents. Captain Blaquiere is charged in no civil terms as being defective in this respect—as seeing little with his own eyes; but really, from Mr. Green's own accounts, we must say, Capt. B.'s opportunities were little inferior to his own. Mr. Green's book must not be taken as a consecutive sketch of the history—there are material omissions—some only to be accounted for by the bias to which we have adverted—for instance, the Turkish massacre and destruction of Scio.

One thing struck us as odd—and we are inclined to ask why Mr. Green took the professional opinion of a civilian—and one not officially connected with the government—on the legality of the blockade, by the Greeks, of the Gulf of Patras—when the Ionian Commissioners had virtually, if not expressly admitted it—and when the natural course in any difficulty surely was to apply to the government at home? This opinion is paraded at full length in the appendix—and is made to justify some parts of his conduct towards the Greeks.

When the report reached him of Lord Cochrane joining the Greeks—this is the tone he takes—

I am inclined to doubt that his lordship seriously intends joining the Greeks, or even supposing such

to be the case, I cannot imagine that the British government can permit such a proceeding. Any one acquainted with the Turks and their government must be well aware of the difficulty of persuading them that it is not a national measure; and failing in this, a rupture would in all probability follow. But there is too much cause to fear that *that* would not be the only unpleasant result; as in the event of Lord Cochrane's joining the Greeks, accompanied by frigates and steam vessels, there can be little doubt of his obtaining great successes over the Turks, in which case an indiscriminate massacre would probably take place of British subjects residing at Constantinople and Smyrna. The mere report of such a powerful acquisition has caused great joy among the Greeks; but if his lordship's proposed assistance is to benefit them, he must not delay, as otherwise, it is more than probable they will have little need of his services.

So much for the consul's predictions, and his knowledge of Greeks and Turks!

Memoirs of the Life and Travels of John Ledyard, by Jared Sparks; 1828.—This is a volume of some interest, and, upon the whole, well executed—relative to a man of no common, nay of very *un*common qualities—a man whose extraordinary energies, unchecked by early discipline, or too masterful to be checked by discipline, early or late, or any restraints, gentle or severe, drove him centrifugally from the dull routine of ordinary life, to roam at large, and seek gratification in his own peculiar way. He was of a temperament too restless to know repose—too resolute to quail before toil or trouble—too sanguine to anticipate misfortunes, or to guard against them—the vigour and vivacity of his spirit prompted him to active and adventurous employment, and he must find it or die. It was intolerable to his compelling ardour to tread in the same path that others had trodden, or to do what others were doing. Distinction was the thing he panted for, and for which he was ready to toil—it was of a generous cast, for he sought it only by conferring extraordinary benefits on the world. In the midst of poverty and rags, a sense of independence and desert bade him stand upright before his fellow-men, and forget the superiorities of rank and station. Though soliciting and accepting assistance, he had that within that would amply repay—powers to face and surmount difficulties which others shrunk from encountering. Though actually overcoming immense difficulties, under which the mass of mankind must have sunk, in almost every thing he undertook, he was unsuccessful—*he had no luck*. Generally the unlucky are the imprudent, and Ledyard must be numbered among those who attempt more than the course and complication of circumstances, which fetter them on every side, and which they refuse to calculate, allow them to perform. His self-reliance prompted him too often to trust to the chapter of accidents, and they, as they will, failed him. Yet it is no uninstructive spectacle to contemplate such a man's career — though he took no lesson, he may give one.

Descended from an American family, John Ledyard was born in 1751, at Groton, in Connecticut, within a few hundred yards of Fort Griswold, so well known in the annals of the American revolution. His father was captain of a West India trader, and died early, leaving three sons and a daughter, of whom Ledyard was the eldest, and an estate, which he possessed, by some neglect or chicane, reverted to his own father, and was thus lost to his children. After some years, the widow—a lady of many excellencies, according to the biographer, of person, character, and intellect—married again, and Ledyard was taken into his grandfather's family, and, on the grandfather's death, being transferred to his guardian's, a respectable attorney of Hartford, who had married an aunt, was by that gentleman destined for his own profession. But neither the "profound wisdom," says Mr. Sparks, "nor the abstruse learning, nor the golden promises of the law," had any charms for Ledyard. He was for something more stirring and free, and that was not easy to be found. He was now nineteen. For once in his life he deliberated, but chance rather than choice at last decided. Dr. Wheelock, the amiable and pious founder of Dartmouth College—an institution established at Hanover, to educate missionaries for the conversion of the Indians—had been the intimate friend of the grandfather, and now invited young Ledyard to join him. His mother, too, was earnest in the cause; and to her wishes and advice he perhaps mainly yielded, though, no doubt, the prospect of difficulties in this "labour of love" had charms for him which the law could not give, and a missionary he would have become, could he have cut the training. To this place he however set out, but in his own way—not on horseback—the college was far in the interior—as others did, but in a crazy gig, where there were no roads, to enable him to carry some theatrical apparatus; for the thought of nothing but dry and sedentary study was intolerable to him. From the college, before he had been there three months, he suddenly decamped, and, at the end of another three or four months, reappeared; after wandering, it is supposed, to the borders of Canada, and the Six Nations—apparently with a view to reconnoitre the missionary ground. The view probably was repulsive, for nothing more was heard of missionary schemes. He soon now grew heartily weary of the college, and becoming more irregular than before in his attendance on lectures, and receiving sundry admonitions from the superiors, which he chose to consider as indignities, he resolved to make his escape; and, even in his escape, must take his own course. He contrived to cut down a large tree on the margin of the

Connecticut, and, with the aid of his fellow-students, he shaped it into a canoe, fifty feet long and three wide, and launched it; and with some provisions, a Greek Testament, and an Ovid, actually, in spite of all difficulties from falls and rapids, arrived in safety at his uncle's at Hartford, a distance of 140 miles.

His next scheme was to set about the study of theology, to qualify for a preacher at home; but, impatient of the drudgery, he was quickly on the move to solicit immediate ordination—sometimes meeting with encouragement, and sometimes discouragement, till at last, in despair or disgust, he gave up the attempt and the church, and within a few weeks was found on board a vessel bound for Gibraltar and the Barbary coast. He had entered as a common sailor, but the captain had been his father's friend, and treated him rather as an associate than one of the crew. At Gibraltar—again wishing for a change—he enlisted in a British regiment of infantry, and was found by his comrades strutting in regimentals; but being released at the solicitation of the captain, he returned to the ship, and to America.

At a loss, again, for employment, he suddenly bethought himself of going to England, to look up some wealthy relations, of whom he had heard his father speak. No steps of prudence were of course taken—no inquiries made where they were to be found—no documents prepared to identify himself; but, on arriving in London, and hearing accidentally of a gentleman of the name, he presented himself to claim the rights of relationship; and, though not treated precisely as an impostor, he was required to furnish some written testimony. This was, of course, too much to brook; he withdrew in a rage—determined to prosecute the inquiry no further, and renounce for ever all who bore the name.

His object was now to accompany Captain Cook in his third voyage; and, to accomplish it, he enlisted in the Marines, and by his address got into Cook's presence, made himself acceptable, and was appointed a corporal. In this capacity he accompanied Captain Cook, and was on all occasions distinguished for his activity—ready for every thing, volunteering where others flinched, and proving equal to whatever he undertook. Through the whole voyage he kept a journal; but on his return, all papers of this description were demanded by the Captain, and Ledyard's among the rest—to prevent imperfect accounts of the voyage being published before the Admiralty one. These papers Ledyard never recovered; but about two years after, in America—he had by that time deserted from the British ship, which brought him to the coast—he was induced by a bookseller to write an account—necessarily an incomplete one, for the want of documents—varying, in some particulars, from the orthodox report, but the variations relate chiefly to occurrences, as to which, says the biographer, "he had probably a better opportunity for personal knowledge, or concerning which, for various reasons, it was the policy of the leaders of the expedition to preserve silence. The train of events at the Sandwich islands, which led to the death of Captain Cook, is narrated by Ledyard in a manner more consistent and natural than appears in any other account of it. The precipitancy of the officers, and of Cook particularly, or at least their want of caution, which was the primary cause of the tragical issue, was kept out of sight by the authorised narrators, and a mystery long hung over that catastrophe, owing to the absence of any obvious coherency between causes and effects. On this point Ledyard's narrative is full and satisfactory."

Again at large, his thoughts speedily turned to some new employment. Ever since his voyage with Cook, he had been filled with visions of extraordinary advantages to result from trading in furs on the NW. coast of America, and exchanging them at Canton for the products of China. The Russians at Onolaska, with whom he had talked in his voyage, he knew had done great things in this way. To accomplish this scheme he was now perpetually planning, at home and abroad, in public and private—first in America, then going to Cadiz, then to L'Orient, but constantly baffled. Once in France with Paul Jones, a spirit something like his own, all was arranged—steps actually taken, and the measure in progress; but, with Ledyard's usual luck, the thing again fell to the ground. While in France, he was frequently with Jefferson, then ambassador, and La Fayette, apparently on terms of great intimacy; but neither of them seem, whatever they may have thought of his schemes, to have promoted them. Resolute, however, not to abandon a visit to the NW. coast, when he found he could not get there by sea and in company, he proposed to tramp through Siberia, cross Behring's Strait, examine the coast, and then cross the American continent to the United States—trusting for the execution to his luck. In this wild scheme he was so far assisted by Jefferson, as to get him permission from the Empress to go into Siberia. While waiting for this permission, and when, through impatience of delay, on the point of setting out without it, he received a letter from Sir James Hall—a man almost as eccentric as himself, who had introduced himself to Ledyard a short time before, and proffered him twenty guineas—summoning him to London. On his arrival there, he found a ship ready to sail for the Pacific. Sir James introduced him to the owners, who offered him a free passage, and promised to set him ashore at whatever point he pleased. The vessel dropped down the river, and in a few days put to sea. Ledyard

was at the summit of his wishes—nothing seemed to stand between him and his hopes; but, again, before the ship was out of sight of land, a government order overtook her, and the voyage was broken off—and the matter left unexplained.

Nothing daunted still, he revived his Siberian scheme, and a subscription was set on foot by Sir Joseph Banks and *his* friends to start Ledyard with a certain sum, which seems not to have been very magnificent; for in a few weeks he was at Hamburgh, in high spirits, sound health, and *ten guineas* in his pocket. At Hamburgh he heard of Major Langhorne's being at Copenhagen, and from the accounts he received of him there and at London, he was seized with one of his irresistible impulses to see, and persuade him to go with him to Siberia. No sooner said than done—to Copenhagen he flew, and at Copenhagen, on the 1st January 1787, he found Langhorne, from the neglect of common precautions, in distress and difficulty. Without a care or a thought, Ledyard's ten guineas were instantly advanced; but no arguments could prevail on Langhorne to accompany him. Ledyard had now lost time, and gone out of his way, to no purpose; and finding the passage across the Gulf of Bothnia, from the state of the ice, unsafe, he determined forthwith, in spite of all perils and obstacles, to go round the head of it; and, nobody knows how, actually reached Petersburgh in March. The Empress was then on her well-known tour to the Crimea, and he was compelled to wait for a passport, which was at length, though with difficulty, obtained, and luckily he was allowed, how brought about does not appear, to join Dr. William Brown, a Scotch physician, going to the province of Kolyvan, in the service of the Empress. He had thus a conveyance and a companion for 3000 miles. At Yututsk, however, where he arrived in September, he was detained, almost perforce, for the winter, under pretence of the impracticability of reaching Okotsk—a period which he spent in active inquiries relative to matters which he was fond of contemplating. Here, too, he met Billings, who had been an officer of Cook's, and was then employed by the Empress, to very little purpose, on a voyage of discovery. In the spring, when preparing for the prosecution of his purpose, he was suddenly arrested by an order from the Empress, forced back through Siberia, with little attention to his accommodations, placed upon the frontiers, and bidden to go where he pleased, so that he did not return to Russia. The cause of this violent abduction was, probably, some apprehensions, that eventually the fur-trade in the Aleutian islands would be interfered with.

Again defeated, when almost within sight of the very coast he had so long laboured to revisit—though what he was to do when he got here is not very obvious—he returned again to England; and immediately on his arrival, Sir Joseph Banks introduced him to Beaufoy, Secretary of the African Association, who proposed his going into the interior of Africa, under the auspices of the Association. The route proposed was from Cairo to Sennaar, and from that point westward, in the same latitude, and in the supposed direction of the Niger. Beaufoy asked him when he would be ready—"To-morrow morning" was the prompt reply; and in a few days he actually set out, and in a short time, by the way of France, arrived at Cairo,—where, when just on the point of setting out for Sennaar under the most favourable circumstances, he was taken ill, and swallowing an over-dose of vitriolic acid, he died some time in November 1788, in his 38th year—a very memorable example of determined purpose and defeated hopes.

Wherever it was practicable, the narrative is carried on by means of Ledyard's own letters, and extracts from his journals—very agreeably relieving the somewhat heavy style of the biographer—for Ledyard's language is striking—and his thoughts distinct and direct. Some of his speculations on the affinity of nations are well worth reading, and his remarks on the Nile, and the prepossessions and the blindness of travellers relative to it, good. "You have the travels of Savary," he says—"Burn them."

The White Hoods, by Mrs. Bray. 3 *vols.* 12*mo.*; 1823.—Mrs. Bray, late Mrs. C. Stothard, is in full activity. In the course of last year we noticed her De Foix, and here in a few little months we are called on again; and, moreover, a third story is already announced, as "preparing for the press." This, perhaps, is no bad policy. Activity may be a good thing in novel-writing as well as in war. The novel-reading world is very likely to give way before reiterated attacks, where the assailant shews no symptoms of self-distrust—where no time is given to breathe—to recover the shock, and close up the breach again. The confidence of the garrison is shaken at the valour that quails not at a first repulse, but resolutely, with fresh and fresh vigour, returns to the charge; and Mrs. Bray will evidently lose nothing by relaxing—she is indeed more likely to carry the fort than keep it.

To speak soberly, Mrs. B., we fear, lacks the essential quality of a successful novelist; she has no creative power; but she has industry, and is capable of acquiring, and in no ordinary degree of retailing and recasting her materials. She has seized upon Froissart, and means to novelize him, we suppose, from beginning to end. He is, indeed, a treasure for the purpose; he is full of details and petty occurrences, and of incomparable value to the describer and the transcriber. War must be as much out of the lady's beat as of ours, and she must know

as much of marshalling a field as a "spinster," or a reviewer; but Froissart is all before her, and he delights in the toils and tumults of battles—with very little labour convertible, and all he possesses is fair plunder. Castles, and courts, and dresses, and processions, he paints like a Flemish artist; and in castles, and churches, and domes, and arches, Mrs. B. is herself quite at home; and Ghent she accordingly describes like a native, born and bred on its waters in the fourteenth century.

The scene of the story is Flanders, the period the fourteenth century, and the occasion the revolt of the city of Ghent, whose adherents, from the distinguishing part of their dress, were called the White Hoods. Lewis de Male was Earl of Flanders at the time, and the rebellion was occasioned by his interference with some of the privileges of his good city of Ghent. These privileges were thus invaded on the promptings of *private* interest—a very common case, we take it—and not from any desire of encroachment on the part of the prince. A low intriguing fellow gets the ear of the Earl, suggests some new charge upon the customs, the execution of which must fall upon the dean of the pilots, whose office he himself covets, and who he knows will resist—and thus eventually supplants him. John Lyon, the dean, in revenge, joins a discontented party, who take advantage of the dissatisfaction, and rumours of new attempts on public liberties, and a rebellion is got up in the Jaffier style. With the execution and final defeat of this rebellion, which is an historical fact, is mixed up a tale of domestic events.

The disgraced dean had a very beautiful daughter, whom, to promote his own aspiring views—for he was before of an intriguing turn—he contrives to introduce to the gaieties of the court and the observance of the Earl. The Earl is a widower, still young and ardent, and is with difficulty dissuaded from marrying her; but though thus defeated, he is too deeply enamoured to give her up quietly, and makes divers fruitless efforts to win her on easier terms. His mother, the Countess d'Artois, a lady of most imperious and royal spirit—the chief obstruction to her son's matching with Anna—condescends to truckle with Gilbert Mathew, her son's favourite, to remove Anna out of the Earl's way, and his appointed course is to blacken John Lyon, and blast his fortunes. The father thus dismissed from his office, and publicly disgraced, in the heat of resentment, joins a set of conspirators—men of broken fortunes and profligate habits, at the head of which was his own nephew Du Bois; and just before the party are about to commence operations, John Lyon, in a brawl at an inn with Mathew, the man who had supplanted him, unluckily kills Mathew's brother. Though he escapes, he is in imminent peril from the vengeance and the interest of the favourite; and his presence is indispensable to the success of the conspiracy. A pardon must, therefore, by fair means or foul, be procured; and Anna is accordingly called in requisition. She must present herself to the Earl, and solicit her father's life. To expose herself to the hazards of misconstruction, she, the most delicate of human angels, is of course reluctant; but the peril of her father, of whose disloyalty till now she knows nothing, forces her to consent. Baffled in her first attempt to put the petition into the Earl's hand in public, she is, luckily, in the midst of her embarrassments, rescued from them by the encounter of a young gentleman, whom she had not seen for two years before, but whom she had known as a student at St. Omer's, and to whom she had given her entire affections. Of him and his friends she knew absolutely nothing, but he now undertakes to procure her an interview with the Earl—warning her, however, against committing herself, in any way, with him—for he is a man to take advantages. Though warned, yet driven to desperation by the inflexibility and artifice of Lewis, she does so far commit herself as to consent to wear a gold necklace which the Earl insists upon, and which is to entitle him to conference on demand. The sight of the necklace excites a little uneasiness in the lover, but not much, and we wonder at it.

John Lyon, now abroad again, the rebellion ripens apace, and we are admitted to the secret councils of the conspirators, and to the midnight diableries of one of the prime agents—a sorceress—one of Sir Walter Scott's viragoes, whose stirring energies, at will, rouse or paralyse those of all who come in contact with her. The explosion at length comes, and one of the first acts of the Earl, in revenge for the father's treason, is to get forcible possession of the daughter; but just as he is worked up by her resistance to actual violence, the rebels break into the palace, and he is compelled to drop the prey, and escapes himself with extreme difficulty. The rebels now advance towards Bruges, headed by John Lyon, accompanied by his daughter, and Bruges is taken that very night by surprise. The Earl's mother is there, and celebrating a feast, which the chiefs of the rebels make no ceremony in joining; and before the party break up, through her worthless agent Mathew, the Countess contrives to poison John, and his lovely daughter escapes only by the whispered warnings of her lover, who happens to be present also, and who now proves to be no less a person than Sir Walter D'Anghien, the Earl's nephew. In a subsequent encounter with the rebels, this Sir Walter, by an act of headlong valour, falls into their hands, desperately wounded, and is taken to the very house where poor Anna resides, who of course be-

comes his nurse, and when she has cured him, escapes with him. This Sir Walter is a very Paladin, and on the strength of his feats he ventures, very thoughtlessly we think, considering how well acquainted with the circumstances he is, to introduce the lady to the Earl, and solicit his protection for her, while he again pursues the rebels. The Earl, it seems, was subject to sudden fits of rage, and now jealousy and disappointment combine to work him to fury; the storm of passion blows a perfect hurricane. He is, however, the very soul of honour; and as he had been betrayed into a pledge of protection, will give it, but solemnly protests, if the young gentleman marries he shall lose his head, and the young lady, on her side, promises not to marry without his consent.

While under this his loyal protection, the rebels again come down upon the Earl, and drive him from his palace, and in company with Anna and Sir Walter, he flies, and again narrowly escapes from extremest dangers—more than once, by her vigilance, she saves his life, which at last works something like remorse and pity in the bosom of the proud Earl, and he is fast preparing to abandon at once his resentments and his hopes.

The rebellion is now at its height, and the rebels are headed by the son of the illustrious Van Ardaveld, the hero of Ghent. Assistance from the young king of France, Charles VI., is obtained, and the Earl, still accompanied by Anna and Sir Walter, joins the French troops with his own, and after several skirmishes, preparations are made on both sides for deciding the contest at Rosebeque. On the eve of that day D'Anghien conveys the young lady for safety to a neighbouring convent; but by the treachery of Mathew, the evil genius of Flanders, they are intercepted by Du Bois, and carried to the rebel camp, and D'Anghein is rescued by the king and his chivalry, at the very moment when he is tied to the stake, and archers are bending their bows to shoot him like a crow. The rebels are by this decisive day crushed; the Earl recovers his authority and his temper, and the young lady becomes Sir Walter's bride. And so ends of course the tale.

The historical parts are no doubt accurately given—at least as accurately as Froissart gives them, and with these we have nothing to do; but the characters, several of them, the Knight of Ghent, and particularly Philip Van Ardaveld, are exhibited with some spirit; and generally the tale is told with more simplicity and distinctness than the former effort led us to expect—there are no brilliant or conspicuous scenes—the whole is respectable—rather perhaps above par than below it.

Narrative of a Three Years' Residence in Italy, 1819—1822, with Illustrations of the present State of Religion in that Country; 1826.—Skipping the devotional verbiage, which our abhorrence of cant compels us to do—and all violent thrusting in of biblical phrases—all uncalled-for profession of confidence in the source of all creation, must wear the semblance of cant, and as such should be known and shunned, and is known and shunned by persons of common propriety or modesty—skipping this verbiage, with which these pages abound, we find the volume to be a very lively one—lively not from vivacity of remark, or eloquence of wit, or piquancy of anecdote, for of all this there is really nothing, but from the skilfulness with which the author, a lady, hits off scenes and ceremonies—the very delicate tact with which she selects the telling points, and passes the superfluous—such as are sufficiently implied for the imagination readily to supply. The lady is of the evangelical class, whose motive for quitting her native shores was no idle "desire of seeing foreign countries, or of seeking amusements in them, which were not to be found in her own"—but domestic ones—that is, to rejoin her sister's family, during her residence with whom she witnessed the death of that sister's daughter and husband, which throws a serious and lugubrious air, and a double portion of the language of piety, with which, however, on so mournful an occasion, we can well sympathize.

The particular object of the book—as distinguishing it from similar publications—is somewhat ostentatiously put forward in the title page, as intended to illustrate the present state of religion in Italy; but this is done chiefly by detailing a few instances of superstitious practices, which she need not—coming from Ireland too—have gone so far to find, and describing the processions and observances of pope, and cardinals, and priests, with all which we assure the good lady, notwithstanding her declaration that this has not been made a prominent object in any recent travels, her numerous predecessors have made us acquainted even *ad nauseam.*

But her views are far from being confined to such matters; she has eyes for every thing; and in her eagerness to see and know all, she occasionally looks and listens with other people's eyes and ears, and answers for more than she can know.—"Aricia, about a mile from Albano," she says, "is little better than a village, though one of some antiquity—being mentioned by Horace!" And to an equal degree of antiquity almost every village in Italy may lay claim, whether mentioned by Horace or not. But at this little place, this excellent Protestant lady was shocked by an inscription, *in Latin,* on the church door—"Sacred to Maria, equal to God the Father." We have not the Latin, and the lady professes herself to know nothing of that language, but one of her fellow travellers she undertakes to say did; and it is no

novelty for us to judge of what we know not, and to take upon ourselves to *decide* that another understands what we do not. But near this place also were "discovered, it seems, several sepulchral urns, deeply imbedded in lava, which, from their peculiar forms, *are supposed to be antediluvian*—no similar urns, or even models, having ever been seen before." Of any thing, except bones, pretending to be antediluvian, we never before heard, and suppose the supposition must be the lady's own.

At Appii Forum the party could get neither chairs nor tables, and her fellow traveller told her that Horace—again—notices this place as one of bad accommodation in his time. Now, notwithstanding the authority of her fellow traveller, Horace says no such thing; and if the good lady was resolved to quote Horace, why not herself consult a Smart? Horace only says he could not eat because the water was so abominable: but the fault was probably in his own want of appetite, for his companions found a dinner, and apparently a very good one—they exhausted Horace's patience at least by sitting over it longer than he liked. At Meta, she went into the church during service; but "the gospel for the day, *in Latin*, was rather gabbled over than read."—See what prejudice will do for us; the lady, though understanding nothing of the language, judges of the reading of it—"while," she adds, though we do not at all know what she means, and no doubt she makes some mistake—"while guns were continually firing, as a mode of evincing the joy of the people at the event."

At Pompeii the lady exclaims—

> How shall I relate to you the wonders of this town—its houses, temples, and streets, all again brought to view, where, from many vestiges still remaining, the very employments of its inhabitants may be traced? In one place, *supposed to have been a* COFFEE-HOUSE (it does not appear by whom) the marks are still to be seen where the wet cups had stained the slab of marble before the door. In a shop, where oil had been sold, the jars still remain. In another house, all the apparatus of a lady's toilette was discovered, combs, needles and rouge; the last is exactly the same kind as now made *(se judice)*—the combs so rough and coarse that they would scarcely be used upon horses—the needles as large as bodkins (though not as to the sizes, the lady may be mistaken as to their uses). There was found likewise a whole dessert of fruit, chestnuts, raisins, bread, wine, oil, &c. &c. The wine and oil in powder, the fruits reduced to ashes, but still preserving their forms; there were also eggs unbroken, &c.

Reverting to the destruction of Pompeii, she says, in her way—"in vain did they call on their gods to deliver them—they were metal and stone—they could not hear them."

At the Vatican, when roaming through the rooms, she saw, she says, "a statue of Euripides, greatly prized on account of *the rarity* of statues of this poet." The good lady would be puzzled probably to find another, or to establish the genuineness of this.

But, leaving the statues, the ignorance of the natives astound her—particularly of the ladies, and above all their geography, e. g.—

> In the hearing of an Italian Signora, at a conversazione, the Marquis C. said that the Conde de F., being sent by the king of Portugal from the Brazils on an embassy to the pope, to congratulate him on his restoration from his exile and captivity under Bonaparte, found, on being presented to his holiness, that he had forgotten his credentials; but, added the Marquis, luckily he had only left them at the Farnese-palace—had it been at the Brazils, months must have elapsed before he could have performed his embassy.—"You astonish me," cried the Signora; "I had no idea that Corsica could be so distant; are not the Brazils part of Corsica?"—"No, Signora," answered the Marquis, with a gravity which at least an *Irishman* could hardly have commanded—"the Brazils are in America."—"America! and where is America?"—"America is the new world."—"Is there a *new* world?"—"Yes, surely, discovered by Christopher Columbus."—"*O che bella nuovita!*" And she called aloud to the company to announce the wonderful intelligence—"A new world is discovered by Christopher Columbus, and an ambassador has been sent to congratulate the pope."—"From whom have you heard this?" exclaimed different voices.—"*Eccola,*" cried the Signora, directing every eye to the Marquis, as she said, "*Signore Marchese, le prego mi dica da chi l' ha inteso?*"—"*Dal mio nonno,*" answered the Marquis, "*ed il mio nonno l' ha inteso dal nonno suo.*"

But she has another story. "A nobleman, who was one of her most constant visitors, asked her sister, who wrote Tasso—who translated it into Italian—and whether Virgil were the author of the Gerusalemme Liberata?" The good lady does not seem to suspect the sister was quizzing her.

A little scrap on the ladies we must find room for—

> I expected much more beauty than I have seen amongst the women of Italy. Many of them, however, are interesting in their appearance; fine dark eyes and eye-lashes, and an intelligent countenance, prevent their being deemed ugly; but in general there is a want of feminine softness; they scream in a guttural discordant voice when speaking; their clothes, particularly in the morning, seem hung on them; and their great gold ornaments render their dirty, untidy appearance more conspicuous. Their motions are all hurried; exactly the opposite of that beautiful description which you and I have read together, and have so much admired, of what women ought to be. I asked our Italian master why the females here screamed so loud, while the men spoke in a moderate and not unpleasing accent? He said, because the women are "*si orgogliose,*" and "*si piene di rabbia.*" You would have laughed had you seen the action which ac-

companied his words. He shook his head, made a grimace, to intimate the angry spirits which the women manifest.

More than once the good lady expresses her fears that in all this gossipping about strange places and strange persons much valuable time is lost; and once, after describing the tombs at Sorrento, she apologizes—adding, "I fear there is too much amusement and interest in these curious investigations; at least in my own case, I find my thoughts often occupied with them, to the exclusion of better things. Yet here, too (and this is a most lucky recollection—it reconciles all) a lesson of instruction may be received, where we are *forcibly* reminded that generation after generation passess away. And where are now this crowd of immortal spirits once inhabiting this earth," &c. &c.

Reminiscences of Henry Angelo; 1828. When swords constituted a part of fashionable dress, the wearers were liable occasionally to be called upon to make use of them, and some dexterity in handling the weapon was of course indispensable. Fencing accordingly became a branch of a gentleman's education, and the professors of a *science,* to speak profanely, thus exclusively belonging to gentlemen, by a very natural blunder claimed themselves to be something approaching to gentlemen. The pretensions of these persons—supporting them as they did on what was for the most part merely ornamental—a very subordinate part of the more substantial structure—were of course generally most contemptible. Exceptions there were, as there are among players and fiddlers, and Angelo, the father of the Reminiscent, was one of them. He was the son of a merchant of Leghorn, who gave him a liberal education, and then left him, we suppose, to carve his own fortunes. He came into this country at a time when foreigners were all in all—none but foreign artists and professors were patronized by the royal family and their attendants—and being well introduced, and possessing tact enough to see the weakness of others, and with confidence in his own adroitness, he set about turning his accomplishments to a profitable purpose. He could ride and fence; he commenced teaching both, and made himself acceptable to the rank and opulence of the country by his skill, or his reputation for skill, in horse flesh, and thus worked himself into the acquirement of £2,000 a year, and sometimes, says his son, £4,000. This success, coupled with some companionable qualities, not only admitted him to the tables of the great, but enabled him also to gather round his own professional men of all sorts—choice spirits and *bon vivants,* with excellent appetites, but bare boards and empty cellars at home.

Henry Angelo, the author of this volume of Reminiscences, which is soon, it seems, to be followed by another, was the son of the *elder* Angelo, as the son takes pains to designate him, and followed the profession of a fencer till a very late period—never with the success of his father, for, by the changes of fashion, Angelo's "occupation" was in fact "gone." But with his father's friends he was of course mixed up, and especially with those whose professions and merits bring them conspicuously before the public—such persons flock together, however different their actual pursuits—publicity is the common link—and accordingly players and playwrights, musicians, painters, quacks, poets, and paper scribblers, come naturally together. In society of this kind was Henry Angelo born and bred, and with his talent for mimickry and conviviality, he maintained his position, and was long a welcome companion at clubs and coffee-houses, when *clubs* were very different from the dry and unsocial things they are now become.

Angelo was himself sent to Eton, and of being an Etonian he is not a little proud, and forces it accordingly pretty often upon his readers—being as anxious to establish his own gentility as his father's—though talking about such a thing is not perhaps the best way of establishing the claim. But no matter: gentility is after all a comparative matter, and few people use the same standard. After leaving Eton, Angelo was sent to France to learn the language, and complete the circle of his accomplishments, being destined, it seems, for the army; but the fates were against him, and the next best thing to wielding the weapons of war in the field, was to teach the use of them, in mimic battle, in a quiet apartment at home. He had, however, the satisfaction of getting commissions for three of his own sons in after life.

"After having mixed"—says he (with a very innocent sort of vanity)—"for more than half a century, in every class of society, with princes and peers—I say it with reverence and respect—with authors, composers, musicians, poets, painters, players, and having been a member of many clubs and communities of highly talented worthies of all professions, I may be presumed" (be allowed to presume—does he mean?) "to enrol my name among those who are said to have '*seen life.*'"

Of course he has as good pretensions to present his Reminiscences as Reynolds, and Dibdin, and others, with which we have recently been deluged; and Angelo's volume is of the same stamp precisely—not on the whole perhaps better, and certainly not on the whole worse. The same conspicuous names are perpetually recurring in all of them, and often the very same stories: for instance, Wilkes and the Lord Mayor—and again the painter Jervas, and "poor little Tit;" but Angelo has got more among the painters and caricaturists than the players; and, aided by the records of

his father's reminiscences, he has introduced a number of odd fellows, of whom his predecessors, in his line, could know nothing. The jokes and the stories, the reader will anticipate, are of the coarser cast; and, unluckily, things which once set the table in a roar—and a party at a table are easily set a roaring—will seldom bear repeating in print—like certain French wines, which will not bear exporting—too light and frail to stand the shaking of the passage. Take a story. One Signor Dominecetti, a quack doctor, of great celebrity in his day, was once at Eton, magnificently dressed, with a frogged coat, embroidered waistcoat, a finely frosted wig, and a bag unusually low, and very highly scented. Foote was of the party; and his nose was exceedingly offended at the doctor's scents. After dinner—little Angelo was one of them—a fishing party was proposed—

A punt, with chairs and tackle, was provided at Piper's, by the bridge; and as we stood at the door of the old boatman, and talking of the learning of the college, and asking how I got on in Latin, Foote, working his nostrils, moved back, saying, "Pshaw! confound your scents! I hate all scents!"—"Vat is it for, mine Gote, you hate *sense*, Mistare Footes? You who are the greatest of wits!"—"No, no," exclaimed the player, "I hate fops and fools."—"Ah, dat is good," replied the doctor, "ha, ha, ha." We were on the water until after dusk, and caught no fish. "Varee strange!" cried the doctor.—"Strange!" echoed Foote, "damme, doctor, they smelt you, and would not bite."

Now this excited, no doubt, shouts of laughter—but where is the wit or the humour?—there is nothing but the ventings of vexation and contempt. A man must be ready primed for fun to explode thus at a spark.

Theodore Hooke, in his last Sayings and Doings, speaks of dining in company with Colman at a party, where he was a stranger, but where the expectation was highly excited, as if Colman

"——— could never ope
His mouth but out there flew a trope."

Till dinner, and for some time at dinner, Colman said nothing, but being helped to some venison, he was asked whether he would take some sweet sauce. "No," says he, "I never take sweet sauce"—which was received with a general shout, though one lady of the company confessed to her neighbour she could not see the point of it. Happy would Angelo be, if his readers came to his book as ready to be delighted as Colman's admirers.

We can only notice an odd thing or two as we go along. When at Paris, Angelo boarded with one M. Livier, who had been one of the first dancers at the Italian Opera House, and maitre de ballet at one of the London theatres—

He was addicted to self indulgence, loved his ragout and fricandeau, made too free with the Burgundy and Champaigne, and keeping late hours à l'Anglaise, smoked his pipe, and drank oceans of punch. These excesses, operating upon a crazy constitution, and a sensitive mind, engendered periods of hypochondria. During these paroxysms, he exhibited a number of comical pranks, fancied himself Apollo, and taking his fiddle, would make a circle of chairs, and play to them, as the nine muses, with the most extravagant grimaces. Sometimes, during these aberrations, he was possessed with a calculating freak; and among other numerical exercises, would reckon on his fingers how many dinners he had swallowed within a given time, and how many more the *belly gods* would grant him on this side the Styx. "Hélas, hélas, encore un autre diner est passé," he would exclaim on finishing his meal, &c. Foote said of him, "Livier is the true compound of French and English—the fellow is always merry or sad."

Tate Wilkinson and Ned Shuter were both of them frequenters of Whitfield's Tabernacle, the first, perhaps, merely for purposes of humour; but the other, though a man of the most dissolute habits, was, according to Angelo, a "fanatical conventiclist." Wilkinson was in the habit of taking off Whitfield, if that can be called "taking off," which was the very life—in this way. Supposing the text to be, "May we all work the harder"—thus illustrated—

There was a poor woman, and she was a long while before she was converted; she was threescore years and ten. Yes, she was; she was threescore years and ten. "Sir (says she to the good man that converted her) Sir (says she) I am threescore years and ten. I have been a long time about it; but, Sir (says she) I will work the harder; yes, Sir (says she) I will work the harder!" And, O! may you all—all—all—like that dear good woman—all work the harder, —What (looking down from his desk in a sudden rhapsody) what—you young ones! You are some of you twelve, some fourteen years of age, yet you don't think of going to hell. What, twelve and fourteen years of age, and not think of going to hell! O ye little brats, you!" And then he shook his white wig, and growled exactly like my performance (says Wilkinson) of Squintum, &c.

Whitfield's chapel in Tottenham Court Road was supported by the voluntary contributions of the followers of the preacher; and Shuter being a liberal contributor to its funds, Whitfield, very strangely, as his congregation thought, not only permitted, but actually recommended, in his pulpit discourse, that they should attend Shuter's benefit; but for that night only. No doubt, with such a license, Ned played to a crowded house.

Can this be credible? If it be not the fact, the fabrication is a joke far too poor to be grinned at.

Dr. Bossy was the last mountebank doctor who exhibited in London, about forty years ago.

Every Thursday, his stage was erected opposite the north-west colonnade, Covent Garden. The platform was about six feet from the ground, was covered, open in front, and was ascended by

a broad step ladder. On one side was a table, with medical chest, and surgical apparatus, displayed on a table with drawers. In the centre of the stage was an arm chair, in which the patient was seated; and before the doctor commenced his operations, he advanced, taking off his gold laced cocked hat, and bowing right and left, began addressing the populace which crowded before his booth. The following dialogue, *ad literatum*, will afford the reader a characteristic specimen of one of the customs of the last age. It should be observed that the doctor was a humourist.—An aged woman was helped up the ladder, and seated in the chair; she had been deaf, nearly blind, and lame to boot; indeed she might be said to have been visited with Mrs. Thrale's three warnings, and death would have walked in at her door, only that Dr. Bossy blocked up the passage. The doctor asked questions with an audible voice, and the patient responded—he usually repeating the response in his Anglo-German dialect.

Doctor.—Dis poora voman vot is—how old vosh you?

Old Wom.—I be almost eighty, Sir; seventy-nine last Lady-day, old style.

Doctor.—Oh! tat is an incurable disease.

Old Wom.—O dear! O dear! say not so—incurable! Why you have restored my sight—I can hear again—and I can walk without my crutches.

Doctor (smiling).—No, no, good vomans—old age is vot is incurable; but by the blessing of Gote, I vill cure you of vot is elshe. Dis poora voman vos lame, and deaf, and almost blind. How many hosipetals have you been in?

Old Wom.—Three, Sir; St Thomas's, St. Bartholomew's, and St. George's.

Doctor.—Vot, and you found no reliefs? Vot none—not at alls?

Old Wom.—No, none at all, Sir.

Doctor.—And how many medical professioners have attended you?

Old Wom.—Some twenty or thirty, Sir.

Doctor.—O mine Gote! Three sick hosipetals, and dirty (thirty) doctors! I should vonder vot if you have not enough to kill you twenty time. Dis poora vomans has become mine patient. Dr. Bossy gain all patients bronounced ingurables; pote, mid de blessing of Brovidence, I shall make short work of it, and set you upon your legs again. Coode peoples, dis poora vomans vas teaf as a toor nails (holding up his watch to her ear, and striking the repeater). Gan you hear dat pell?

Old Wom.—Yes, Sir.

Doctor.—O den be tankful to Gote. Gan you valk round dis chair? (offering his arm).

Old Wom.—Yes, Sir.

Doctor.—Sit you down, again, good vomans. Gan you see?

Old Wom.—Pretty so so, doctor.

Doctor.—Vot gan you see, good vomans?

Old Wom.—I can see the baker there (pointing to a mutton pyeman, with the pye-board on his head. All eyes were turned towards him).

Doctor.—And vat else gan you see, good vomans?

Old Wom.—The poll-parrot, there (pointing to Richardson's hotel).

"Lying old bitch," screamed Richardson's poll-parrot. All the crowd shouted with laughter.

Dr. Bossy waited until the laugh had subsided, and looking across the way, significantly shook his head at the parrot, and gravely exclaimed, laying his hand on his bosom—"'Tis no lie, you silly pird, 'tis all true as is de Gosbel."

Travels in Buenos Ayres and the adjacent Provinces, &c., by T. A. Beaumont, Esq.; 1828.—The details of this volume—marked as they are with the characters of truth—will go far, we should think, to put an effectual stop to all further attempts at money-making by emigration-schemes—at least in countries not under our own control. No auspices could have appeared more favourable than those under which the Association for Colonizing the Provinces of Buenos Ayres commenced. Mr. Barber Beaumont, the father of the author of the volume before us, and the originator, we suppose, of the association itself, was especially invited to collect colonists, and superintend the emigration; advantages of an extraordinary kind were held out, and every temptation employed to bring him there. In March 1826, accordingly, his son embarked with two hundred emigrants—men of the labouring classes, with their wives and children—to settle them on the lands purchased by the Rio de la Plata Agricultural Association, in the province of Entre Rios. Before their actual embarkation, intelligence had been received of the blockading of the River by a Brazilian squadron, but assurances were at the same time conveyed to the parties, that no impediment would be thrown in their way—that before their arrival the blockade itself would be broken up, and if not, that an understanding existed, and even licenses were actually obtained—the Buenos Ayreans stuck at nothing—for the English emigrants to pass unimpeded. The facts, however, proved very different; for, on their arrival at Monte Video, permission to pass up the river was peremptorily refused—and no body knew any thing about these licenses.

But though Buenos Ayres was not to be got at, the Brazilians were ready to snap at the colonists; and to alleviate Mr. Beaumont's disappointment, they assured him that at Rio Janeiro there was a ready market for English industry—that the Emperor himself was most anxious to encourage English settlers in his dominions, and had actually issued a decree offering free grants of land, and even assistance till the cultivators got returns from their labour. Not knowing what better to do, Mr. Beaumont proposed the alternative to some of the men, who readily acceded; but before the necessary arrangements were finally completed, their comrades were seized with a panic—they had been alarmed by reports that they were to be sold to the Brazilians, and absolutely refused to embark in the ship that had been prepared for them, or to quit that in which they had come from England; and the captain of that ship would not take it to Rio, being determined to return forth-

with to England. The consequence was, that about fifty went ashore to remain in the country, and the rest Mr. Beaumont had the mortification to see sail away with the captain. They were safely landed at Plymouth in July—after being six months afloat—*all* at the expense of the Association.

The vexation which this unfortunate event gave me (says Mr. B.) was aggravated by the intelligence that the Buenos Ayres government had deceived us—that they would not allow any settlement of Englishmen to succeed within their territory—that all they wanted was our money and men; both of which they would turn to their account—that the settlers in the province of Entre Rios were exposed to the greatest hardships—that they had been despoiled by their pretended friends the Republicans, even more than by the nominal enemy of the province, the Imperialists—and that it was impossible for any settlement in that province to succeed so long as the war continued, for that there was no security for property, or even life.

The obvious and immediate cause of the failure of this Rio de la Plata Agricultural Association was the war with Brazil, and the blockade of the rivers—

But we much deceive ourselves, adds Mr. B., by attributing the failure wholly to the war and blockade—that cause did not operate against a small colony which was sent out from Buenos Ayres to Entre Rios, and who were driven out by the natives, just before the arrival of the Rio Plata Agriculturists—nor against the San Pedro settlement—nor against the Rio Plata Mining Association—nor the numerous other companies which have been raised in Buenos Ayres, or for the objects of Buenos Ayres, all of which have ended in disappointment and immense loss. No; the predominant and enduring causes of all these failures are the bad faith of the government, and the rapacity and treachery of the leading political people.

On the arrival of the associated agriculturists, all interests were found to be in array against them. The landholders in the towns, who had land occupied by farmers or gardeners, saw nothing but loss to themselves in the competition of the new comers; the working farmers and gardeners of the country, though very few in number, thought that their occupation was gone; the bakers at Buenos Ayres, who are likewise millers frequently, were strongly opposed to the agricultural settlements; and the merchants, who had made the importation of corn and flour from distant countries their staple article of commerce, were naturally inimical to the success of an enterprise, which had for its object the rendering the country independent of foreign supplies of flour; and the jealous and prejudiced natives, generally, were filled with apprehensions, that the establishment of colonies of Englishmen within their territories would endanger their political independence.

When to these apprehensions and feelings against the success of the settlements were added the immediate and personal advantages to be derived from the dispersion of the settlers, the partition of their stores and funds, the procuring emigrants for soldiers, or sailors, or artisans, to fight or work for them, and above all, the delight of deceiving and overreaching their confiding friends in England, it is perhaps not very much to be wondered at, that the prospective benefits to the country, to be derived from the projected agricultural settlements, were sacrificed to the present gains and gratifications of individuals.

Here is perhaps something of the tone of disappointment; but no doubt there was roguery on the one side, as well as credulity on the other.—At Monte Video, Mr. B. succeeded in getting employment for the fifty emigrants who remained; and then started over land to Buenos Ayres, to see the actual condition of the Entre Rios settlement, and procure, if possible, something like redress from the government. In this journey it was that Mr. B. had the opportunity of contemplating much of the country, and giving the very satisfactory account of it he has done. At Buenos Ayres, the president received him very cavalierly. Though he had received civilities and attentions, without number or measure, in England, from Mr. B.'s family, he presently made the young gentleman understand that Mr. Rivadavia, in London, and Don Bernardino Rivadavia, president of the Argentine Republic, were not to be considered as one and the same person. He was superciliously referred to the ministers, and from them not the slightest redress could be obtained, and he accordingly lost no further time in turning his back upon Buenos Ayres—and all emigrations, we should suppose—for ever.

Keeper's Travels in Search of his Master. New Edition. — By successive augmentations this very popular little volume, excellently designed to impress upon children the claims of sympathy on the part of dumb animals, and the duty of kindness towards them, must now, not altogether to its advantage, be taken out of the class of children's books, and referred—we scarcely know where; at all events, it is no longer a child's book, and, therefore, Keeper's Adventures lose their interest, and are of no farther value than as they are occasions, for which any thing else would do as well, to introduce the author's sentiments—sentiments which are all of the most amiable philosophy, and illustrated by no common communications; and though sometimes quaintly expressed, and unskilfully argued, are amply compensated by the earnestness of the general tone, which shews the whole to come warm from the heart, with the testimony of deep-felt conviction.

Speaking of domestic animals, and especially of cats, and the superstitions relative to cats, he says—

If we are to sum up the whole, it is the share of reason and of sympathy with the human race, and human wants and inclinations, which undoubtedly belong to the cat, that are at the bot-

tom of all the superstition, and of all the seeming marvel; and yet, if the cat had not derived from nature this degree of resemblance to ourselves, and this sympathy with human wants and feelings, how should she ever have become the inmate of our houses, and (as I may finish the sentence by saying) the nestling of our bosoms? It is only when we deny the natural qualifications of the cat, that we can be misled into the ascription of supernatural. But depend upon it, that all those animals which readily live in our society (and the number of species might even be multiplied at our pleasure) have more or less natural resemblance to ourselves. It is true that they cannot speak—that is, that they cannot articulate our words; but we understand their cries and voices without the aid of words, and they, on their part, understand our words, not as words, but as cries, and as sounds of our voice, and, therefore, as expressions of our feelings. To understand our feelings, however, they must feel like us; for there can be no understanding where there is no sympathy, or sameness of feeling.—If animals feel like ourselves, their feelings, therefore, are to be treated in the same manner as our own. For my part, after the remark that I have made, I hardly know how to call animals "dumb;" but if dumb they are, I must consider them as no other than our dumb *friends.* They live with us; they sympathize with us; they attach themselves to us; they weep (it may almost be said) with us; they rejoice with us; they understand much of what concerns us; they feel hot and cold, and soft and rough, and (what is more uniting still) kind and unkind, like ourselves; and I cannot think (knowing these truths as intimately as we do) that we should permit ourselves to act as if those truths were not such, only because the animals cannot tell us of them *in words.*

We may give another specimen of the writer's turn of thought—

Your remark upon the cat's sitting or lying upon a woollen or other cloth, reminds me of a habit which is shared both by cat and dog; I mean that of placing themselves upon even the smallest piece of paper, rather than upon no bed at all; for it is evidently a bed that they seek, and that for the sake of warmth beneath them, willingly (while in a robust and healthy state) leaving their backs to brave the atmosphere. And the pertinacity with which animals always avail themselves of the nearest approach to what they want, is highly worthy of remark. Exposed in a field, the horse, or ox, or sheep, will place itself on the sheltered side of a tree or post. The shelter obtained may be next to none; but if it be the best within reach, it is sure to be clung to. In like manner, a dog or cat possesses itself of the smallest scrap of paper for a bed, in preference to no bed whatever; and especially so if it is to lie upon a cold horse-hair chair or sofa. It takes to the stuffed horse-hair in preference to the floor; but it obstinately avails itself of even a scrap of paper, in the way of protection from the glossy and cold horse-hair. Paper is doubtless a kind of linen or cloth; and the dog and cat accept it in that quality.

A cottager had been kind to Keeper when maltreated by some mischievous boys, and one of the children of the Lady Bountiful of the village proposes some reward—which gives occasion to the following very obvious, perhaps, but also very sound distinction—and one that is apt to be forgotten where it is most wanted—

The peculiar reward of goodness is not worldly gain; and we do but mislead and corrupt people of humble condition, when we *pay* them, literally speaking, for every mere act of moral duty. The reward of virtue is not bread, but something better; that is, it is a pleasure of the heart, an inward satisfaction, which the world, nor its gold, can neither give nor take away. You shall carry little Jemmy a play-thing—and yet I almost think that even that will be better at another opportunity—I would have no one in this village taught to do a good deed, as the forerunner of some worldly gain from those a little richer than themselves. Our visit, and our expressions of feelings like her own, will be Nelly's best reward; and I am sure that she is a young woman of such right ideas, and so well brought up, that she will think them so. We do well when we pay the poor for their labour, and for their services; but when they do only what goodness of heart or justice of principle requires of them, there is an indelicacy upon the one hand, and a mischief upon the other, both of which we should equally shun. We ought to learn them the true, and more honourable, and more useful belief, that such things merit more than any of their superiors have it in their power to bestow; and that they are to be practised alike by rich and poor, not for worldly gain, but for something far above it.

But the great point of interest with the author is the defence of hunting and shooting, as chargeable with cruelty towards animals. The subject is largely (occupying almost half the volume) though loosely discussed—we mean in a rambling style—and the best defence that a man, evidently of no common intellects, can make—we know not that a better can be made—is, that hunting and sporting is a natural passion implanted in our frame, because the earth produces animals destructive to the comforts and labours of men, and must be kept down by the exertions of men; that if the passion were repressed and tamed down to apathy, the consequences would soon be sorely visited upon us, and we should be overrun with violence and vermin;—that town sports and field sports are essentially different—the town sports being justly chargeable with cruelty, because neither necessity nor utility can be pleaded—for to worry a cat, or bait a badger or a bull, or to set dogs a fighting, the animals must be already in possession, and the parties be prompted by wantonness, or a worse motive—

It is not the rural sportsman that baits or worries the animals he chaces; but it is specifically the townsman, who, at a ring, or in a pit, or in an amphitheatre, unites himself with lazy crowds, to sit, or stand, and look upon the efforts and sufferings of so many brute prisoners, and to gamble upon the chances of their strength, and misery,

and death. Who will confound for a moment, under any aspect whatever, such things as these with the pastimes of the field? They are sports peculiarly the share of the rabble of towns, and not those of what I will make bold to call the chivalry of the fields.

The author, we believe, is Mr. Kendall, the writer of several works of no inconsiderable power — particularly his Letters on the State of Ireland, On Trial by Battle, and the Crested Wren, &c. &c. In the volume before us, he announces the "true history of the unicorn, along with that of the mermaid, sea-serpent, craken, ogre, werewolf, vampyre, leviathan, behemoth, &c., under the title of Errors, Fables, and Obscurities, concerning the natural history of the heavens, the earth, mankind, and the animal and vegetable kingdoms; to which is added contributions to the natural and civil history of various animals, as the whale, the dolphin, the camel, the sheep, the dog, the cat," &c. &c.

Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Character, Literary, Professional, and Religious, of the late John Mason Good, M.D., &c. &c., by Olinthus Gregory; 1828.—Who, beyond the narrow circle of Dr. Mason Good's friends and acquaintance, are likely to read Dr. Olinthus Gregory's bulky biography of him, we have no conception. Active, and even useful and successful, as he may have been in his professional capacity, and indefatigable as a scribbler as he unquestionably was, we know of no performance of his possessed of such permanent value, or any merits or services which can so have impressed the public mind, as to make the detail of his life, or the survey of his sentiments, of any the slightest importance to any human being—that narrow circle excepted, to which we allude, and which almost every man's memory commands. Dr. Olinthus Gregory, however, thinks otherwise; and as, unluckily, his book has fallen into our hands, we must give some account of the man, and of the matter of the book. The author, to be sure, has an object which we have not—Dr. Mason Good, in his later days, became a convert to Evangelism, after associating twenty years with Socinians, and it is of consequence with a party to swell the bead-roll of its saints and adherents.

Dr. Mason Good's publications have occasionally fallen in our way, for the last twenty years, and we have seen enough to settle in our minds that he was pre-eminently in possession of the qualities that lead to book-making—a man of ready apprehension—capable of great labour—with a facility of acquiring, and a fluent pen, which prompted him to communicate as soon as he had acquired—of a sanguine temperament—prone, therefore, rather to find resemblances than to detect distinctions —fond, consequently, of generalizing and of weaving systems, and impatient of dwelling on points and facts, and indisposed to arrive at truth by that surest path—the examination of details. Nothing daunted—nothing puzzled him—he could grasp with equal ease the circle of the sciences, and the world of language, and, in fact, left scarcely any thing untouched, and wanted nothing of being himself a perfect encyclopædia, *totus teres atque rotundus*, but a little mathematics, of which Dr. Olinthus Gregory, who must know, seems to think he did not know much.

This commanding person was born, it appears, in 1764—he was the son of a dissenting teacher, and his mother the niece of Mason, the author of the "well-known" treatise on Self-knowledge. He was educated by his father, and at the usual age of fourteen, was apprenticed to a surgeon at Gosport, and, in due course, commenced operations as a finished performer at Sudbury. In 1793 he removed to London, and was so far successful, as to make an income of £1,400 by his professional practice; and, in 1820, with a Scotch diploma, he started as a physician, and met again with a degree of success, that made him regret he had not made an earlier attempt. His death occurred in January 1827, accelerated by the multiplicity of his pursuits, and exertions beyond his strength—exertions, which neither his circumstances, nor his reputation, nor any anticipations of extraordinary usefulness, seem in any respect to have exacted.—Now to his literature—

From his earliest years he was given up to acquirement; and, very early also, the possession of knowledge, thus acquired, to an unusual degree, was too much for him to keep, and he accordingly proceeded to pour it forth, in amplified forms, for the benefit of his generation. We cannot enumerate one half of his numerous publications, but when he once began there was no stopping him—he had no rest in his soul. Poems, plays, translations, essays, critiques, fell in showers from his prolific pen; but among his more important and acknowledged works must be reckoned his Dissertation on the Diseases of Prisons and Poor Houses—collected, we presume, in his way, from books—he could at the time have had little personal experience of these places— a prize essay, and published at the request of the Medical Society (in Bolt-court, Fleet-street). This publication first introduced his name to his brethren. In the following year (1794) a stir was made among the doctors to separate the apothecary and the druggist, and a society was instituted under the title of *The General Pharmaceutic Association*, of which Mr. Mason Good was an active member, and, after his manner, shewed his activity by writing a book, entitled the History of Medicine, so far as it relates to the profession of the apothecary, from the earliest accounts to the present period, which, according to the biographer, aided greatly

the views of the association; and though the said association did not accomplish all it projected, yet it led the way to reformation; and druggists are now men of liberal education, and run no risk of blundering in the disgraceful manner of their predecessors. "Before this auspicious reform," says Dr. Gregory, apparently on his own knowledge, "some drug-dealing grocers at Marlow, mistook arsenic for cream of tartar, and tinctures of opium and jalap for senna and rhubarb. And at Croydon, a druggist, after spelling out the words *cucurbita cruentia* (which we believe means a cupping glass—we remember the word in Juvenal—but Dr. Gregory should not have left us to the chance of a frail memory) applied to another Esculapius, and found them to mean an *electric shock*. While at Worcester, a physician prescribing "Decoct. Cascarilla ℥vij. Tinct. ejusdem ℥i," was requested by the druggist of the town to substitute something else for the Tinct. Ejusdem, as he had no tincture called Ejusdem by him, and none was to be got in the town," &c. But the days for these blunders are, it seems, gone by; and, of course, when we hear of such things in the papers—one occurs in the *Times* to-day—like the rest of the broad sheet, it is not to be credited. But we are forgetting Dr. Mason Good.

From 1797 to 1803 he was fagging away for reviews, particularly the Analytical and Critical Reviews, the British and Monthly Magazines; and in 1803, his labours were still more multifarious. He was finishing his Translation of Solomon's Songs, carrying on his Life of Dr. Geddes, and walking from twelve to fourteen miles a day to visit his numerous patients. In addition, he says himself, in a letter to Dr. Nathan Drake, "he was editing the Critical Review, besides writing several of its most *elaborate* articles—every week supplying a column of matter for the Sunday Review; and at the time of writing, had for some days had the great weight of the BRITISH PRESS upon his hands."—"So great a variety of occupations," remarks Dr. O. Gregory, "would have thrown most men into confusion; but such was the energy," &c.

But, besides all this, he was at this very time toiling at his translation of Lucretius, which he had commenced so early as 1797. This task was accomplished while tramping the streets on his visits to his patients—with what benefit to them it is not easy to determine. Think of a man arriving at a patient's door, with an unfinished line floating in his brain—Apollo defend us! This translation was finished in 1805. It is in blank verse, and, with a multitudinous mass of annotation, fills two stout quartos. It is undoubtedly the best we have. Busby's, which appeared a few years after, is comparatively loose and redundant—the sense could hardly be missed by any body. Busby, who was nothing but a coxcomb, had, indeed, to struggle with the fetters of rhyme, but that was his own choice. Lucretius is not a poem addressed to the imagination, but to the understanding; it is a system of philosophy—such as it is—and the first merit in the translation of such a thing is closeness and accuracy—with rhyme, that is impracticable. Mr. Mason Good made the better choice, and his execution is respectable—the language is clear—the construction sometimes easy, and the cadence occasionally some music in it. But though a better translation be conceivable enough, it is worth nobody's labour, we think. The notes are full of varied and valuable matter—constituting a running commentary on the whole poem—with a profusion of observations on the peculiarities of the ancient schools of philosophy (not always accurate; the reader must not expect *so* much; the writer had too much to do to be accurate), sketches of modern discoveries, and the anticipations of those discoveries by the ancients.

From the publication of Lucretius to 1812, he seems to have been nearly occupied with the Pantalogia, a work of the Encyclopædia kind, which he undertook in conjunction with his friends, Mr. Newton Bosworth, and our biographer, Dr. Olinthus Gregory. This work extended to twelve thick octavos, and Mr. Mason Good *did* his full share. Then followed his performance on the Study of Medicine—the object of which was to bind more closely together physiology, pathology, nosology, and therapeutics—branches which are usually treated of separately, and not at all, in his opinion, to the advantage of any of them. This was published in 1822, in four very large volumes, and again, in 1825, augmented to five; and holds, we believe, a respectable station among the *general works* of the profession. The doctor has not done yet; in 1826 appeared, in three octavos, the Book of Nature, which, says Dr. Gregory, "was an infelicitous title—it conveys no adequate idea, I might almost say, *no idea*, of the nature of the publication itself." They contain the substance of his lectures at the Surrey Institution, and touch upon every thing. "The young in perusing them will find their thirst for knowledge kept alive while it is gratified"—so says Olinthus—we know nothing of it ourselves.

But now we have forgotten his translation of Job—a work which would have cost some men half a life, but with Mr. Good's skill and tact, and something too with his management of his time, a book more or less was nothing. The same character of respectable mediocrity is applicable to this as to all his philological performances; his views were hastily got up; he could not afford to be nice, had he had the talent for balancing critical niceties; he caught a glance, and was content with it; and he

had ingenuity enough to cover defects, and give a plausible appearance even to absurdity. According to him, Moses was the author of Job—which is about as probable as that Adam was.

Notwithstanding all that we have been detailing, he has left behind him translations of the Proverbs and the Psalms—quite ready for the press—and even with directions for the printers. The volume before us contains some scores of specimens of his poetry, written on all sorts of occasions—generally in the worst taste possible, some of which, however, Dr. Nathan Drake, we think it is, considers "excellent imitations of the Horatian Epistolary style and manner"—God wot!

We have just discovered a note—more labours. He was, it seems, the author of the Millenium, in three cantos, a satirical poem. For some years he contributed largely to Dodsley's Annual Register, taking, Dr. G. believes, the entire department of natural history and philosophy, of general literature, and of poetry and belles-lettres. He also assisted Mr. Woodfall in the arrangement of the materials in his edition of Junius's Letters, 1812, and in investigating and balancing the claims of different "individuals to the authorship of those extraordinary productions."

So much for Dr. Mason Good; if we underrate him, let him have the benefit of Olinthus Gregory's wind up—

> In short—had he published nothing but his Translation of Lucretius, he would have acquired a high character for free, varied, and elegant versification, for exalted acquisitions as a philosopher and as a linguist, and for singular felicity in the choice and exhibition of materials, in a rich state of critical and tasteful illustration.
>
> Had he published nothing but his Translation of the Book of Job, he would have obtained an eminent station amongst Hebrew scholars, and the promoters of brilliant criticism.
>
> And had he published nothing but his Study of Medicine, his name would, in the opinion of one of his ablest professional correspondents, have "gone down to posterity, associated with the science of medicine itself, as one of its most skilful practitioners, and one of its most learned promoters."

MONTHLY THEATRICAL REPORT.

THE fortune of physicians was said by Johnson to be so curiously capricious, "that their history would make an excellent book." But what is the fortune of physicians to that of actors—the fortune of men who take years to rise, or be ruined—to that of men who may do either in a month? The close of the last Drury Lane season saw Kean on the verge of being undone. Unpopularity, in every shape, was hanging over him, pressing under him, crushing round him, like the fields of ice round the polar expedition. Unlucky newspaper correspondences, family quarrels, public avowals, and official speeches from the stage, consigning him to the very *Hôpital des Fous*, seemed to have put an end to this clever and very singular person. When, lo! within a little month, or ere those shoes were old in which he walked out of Drury Lane to exile and oblivion, he starts upon the world again, fresh and fierce as ever—a young serpent, with his old slough cast off, and rearing his new crest, and shining in his new colours—a giant, refreshed with wine—a racer, sleek and strong, to carry off every plate—Kean, every inch Kean, again.

We are extremely glad of this turn of affairs, for his sake, that of the public, and that of the theatres. He is a powerful actor, whose place could not be filled up hastily. The public have not so many attractions on the theatrical boards that they can dispense with any; and Covent Garden, independently of the vast personal interests connected with its permanency, our old attachment to this admirable place of scenic beauty and skill, and the public gratification, for which it has so long and so largely provided, is essential to the well-being of the whole profession of the drama. Monopoly, odious in all things, is ruinous in the theatre; and humble as the stage now is, it would be down in the dust the day that saw either of the winter theatres without a check and a rival.

Kean's performances, during the season, have grown in popularity; and his last has been his most popular. But what a work is that last!—"Othello"—the richest, most poetical, and most empassioned piece of writing that ever came from human genius! "Macbeth" has more dramatic activity, splendour, and variousness of character;—"Hamlet" more of that solemn depth of thought that wraps the man like midnight, and gives its living agents something of the supernatural and mysterious dignity of beings belonging to another world;—"Lear" has more of the fiery eloquence and daring grandeur of human nature, exasperated to the highest pitch of noble wrath, scorn, and indignation;—but "Othello" lays open the solitary heart as it was never laid open before. It strips every fibre, shews it to us palpitating, and penetrates, from depth to depth, into the startling wonders of our frame.

It is high praise to the actor to be able to give any representation that can personify this marvellous embodying of our nature in agony; and it is Kean's highest praise that the *Moor* is his best part. But, by adding to his performance those of Kemble's *Cassio*,

and Young's *Iago*, as perfect a play is given as the modern stage can supply. Miss Jarman is, it is true, no very superb *Desdemona*. But where are we now to find a better?

The utter dearth of actresses of the higher order is one of the phenomena of the day; and while we have a dozen of very pretty and ingenious females for all the minor departments of tragedy and comedy, we have neither the lady of comedy, nor the heroine of tragedy. Débutantes come, are applauded, yawned at, and pass away. We hear with wonder and with incredulity of the time when three great actresses contested the tragic palm, and when Siddons herself was long kept in the back-ground by this rivalry of talent. But all have vanished alike; and if a woman walks the stage well, dresses showily, and repeats her lines without a lapse of memory, she has gone through the degrees, and is entitled thenceforth to figure through the sublimities of Shakspeare.

No comedy has appeared at Covent Garden. The "Merchant's Wedding," which the newspapers, and the whole tribe of periodical publications, with the single exception of ourselves, praised loftily, and which we pronounced to be a dull affair, though compiled by a very smart contriver of these things, has gone the way of all things of the kind. The obvious fact is, that, beyond a few nights, these *rifacciamenti* never live: they have their experiment for a night or two, are lauded as surprising recoveries from the treasuries of our dead literature, and are no sooner recovered than they are replaced in the sepulchre—the shelf from which they should never have been disturbed.

The attempts to vary the performances by opera have failed. Sapio has taste, and a very pretty voice; but it is a voice for the concert-room, and there "his commission ends;"—it wants power for the stage. As an actor, Sapio of course makes no pretension, and he has no claim. Miss Stevens's return has had no favourable result; and that public favourite must feel that some extraordinary repossession of her powers must occur, before she can recover her hold upon the audience.

The "Invincibles," a farce, double distilled, from the French and from the German, has been subjected to a triple operation by Morton. Nothing can be duller than the plot, but the dialogue, which is altogether a tissue of common-places, familiar to the memory of the oldest inhabitant—Morton's usual offence. But the manœuvres of *Corporal* Vestris, and her half-dozen female musqueteers, have lifted this dreary farce into popularity. The manual exercise is gone through with a dexterity that might raise the envy of the Guards; and it is understood that the staff of the Tower Hamlets Militia regularly take post, in the front of the pit, to give the last polish to their military science.

Drury Lane has done nothing conspicuous during the month. But it feels the effects of that most impolitic of all systems, known technically as *starring*. Mathews is gone; and, however unimportant any one actor's loss may seem in so strong a comic company, yet the season has gone down. The public are a jealous public; and when they see any thing openly subducted from their entertainment, they take a distaste to the whole affair—as managers ought by this time to have known, and will at all times be compelled to know. But the hardship is not less severe upon authors. The engagement of a principal performer comes to an end in the run of a piece. The part must be either supported by an inferior, which is ruinous; or the piece laid aside. What man, who can exert his ability in any other way, will write for the stage—or what man does write? We have not had for years a single original performance. Every thing has been translation, patchwork, piebald mediocrity. Nothing has lived a week, and nothing deserved to live half the time.

Opera at Drury Lane has gone down exactly in the same way, and for the same reason. Mrs. Glossop, who still so absurdly *Madames* herself, succeeded, with the powerful help of Braham, in bringing opera into popularity. She sang with great skill and elegance, and was increasing in success. But her engagement was for a part of the season—it came to an end—she went to gather laurels round the country theatres—and the opera instantly sank, and is now nothing. Miss Paton is equally rambling; and we have, in consequence, Miss Love actually filling the character of *prima donna*. We can scarcely conceive these errors of management to be wilful. But no manager will do his duty to himself or the public, who suffers performers thus to start away from his theatre. Why not retain the policy under which the theatres flourished so long? Why not form, at the beginning of the season, the company which is to continue till the end? If performers, vain of their talents, should object to this, let the manager be firm. The public understand reason, like the rational exercise of authority, dislike professional arrogance, and will support the right side.

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

DOMESTIC.

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

January 11.—A paper, entitled third series of observations, with a twenty-feet reflecting telescope, containing a catalogue of 384 new double and multiple stars, completing a first thousand of those objects detected in sweeps with that instrument, together with observations of some previously known, by I. F. W. Herschel, Esq., president, was read. The learned author observes, that on an average of the part of the heavens swept by him, not above one in four of double stars, sufficiently remarkable to attract attention in sweeping, have been catalogued by M. Struve. The limit of vision in the Dorpat telescope he presumes to be about his average, 14th magnitude, though such a determination must necessarily be liable to some latitude. This conclusion he deduces from a series of instances, in which small companions have been seen by him attached to large stars within the limits of Professor Struve's 4th class, which have escaped the notice of the latter. He proposes the following classification of double stars nearly resembling that proposed by his distinguished fath.

Class 1	Close	0″ & below 1″
	Not close	1″ .. 2″
Class 2		2″ .. 4″
Class 3		4″ & below 8″
Class 4		8″ .. 16″
Class 5		16″ .. 32″
Class 6		32″ .. 64″

so that the limit of distance of stars of the 11th class shall be 2″×1″. The contrasted colours so frequently observed in double stars, he regards as in many cases referable to the laws of vision. He then adduces evidence, which he considers satisfactory, that the fifth star in the trapezium, in the nebula of Orion, existed not on the 13th of March 1826, though observed by M. Struve on November 11 of that year. He considers it, therefore, if not as a new star, at least as a variable one of very singular character.

LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

Feb. 5.—Some account of the botany of the provinces lately ceded by the Burmese to the East India Company, with a description of two new genera of plants, in a letter to H. T. Colebrooke, Esq., by N. Wallick, M.D., superintendent of the Botanic Garden at Calcutta, was read. The author states that his botanical treasures are most extensive; the number of species having long ago surpassed 2,000; that he has never seen any vegetable production equal to his Amherstia nobilis when in full bloom—the genus of this plant is evidently allied to Heterostemon and Desfontaines. Dr. Wallich has at length found the varnish tree of the Burmese, which he constitutes a new genus, and calls it melanorrhœa. Also another singular plant, which he calls phytocrene gigantea, allied to Araliaceæ. The trunk is as thick as a man's thigh, and when divided, affords a large quantity of a limpid, tasteless, and very wholesome water.—19. A description was read of a curious fungus, belonging to the gastromycous order, found near Wrexham, by I. T. Bowman, Esq., on decaying oak branches stripped of bark. In its earliest stages it is globular: afterwards, from the expansion of the filaments, the sporules are exposed, and the sporanginm becomes rugged and broken from the ripening of the seeds, the peridium bursts, and the filaments set at liberty, acquire first a horizontal and then a more erect position, resembling the branches of a palm tree. There was also read at the above meeting some portions of a paper by I. E. Bicheno, Esq., entitled remarks on the flora of Great Britain, as connected with geography and geology. The author in this paper, instead of attempting to connect plants with particular temperatures, as most authors who have treated the subject have done before, endeavours to shew the relation which vegetables have to geographical and geological structure. He regards England as the most favourable place to commence such remarks, because of the intimate knowledge we have of its stratification, and also of the stations of all our plants.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 1.—The reading of Professor Sedgwick and Mr. Murkison's paper, on the geological structure of the Island of Arran, begun at the last meeting, was concluded; the details, presenting no interest to the general reader, we think it needless to insert. On the fifteenth of the same month the anniversary meeting of the society was held, and the officers and council for the current year were elected.

FOREIGN.

INSTITUTE—ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

December 17, 1827.—M.M. Gay-Lussac, Thenard and Chevreul, presented a favourable report on two notes of M. Serullas, one on the bromures of arsenic, antimony, and bismuth; the other on the oxibromure of arsenic. Mr. Girard made a verbal report on the works relative to the opening of the canal of the Hudson, which had been forwarded by M. Genert. M. Cauchy read a memoir, entitled "Employment of the calculus of remainders for the summation or the transformation of series, of which the general term is an

even fraction of the number which represents the rank of this term." He also read a printed note on a memoir of Euler, bearing the title "Nova methodus fractiones quascumque rationales in fractiones simplices resolvendi."—24. MM. Raspail and Saigey transmitted a note relative to their process of sizing paper, requesting it might be left with the secretary for the use of those whom it might concern, to which the Academy acceded. MM. de Jonnès read a note on the recent employment, at Cephalonia, of mercury as a preservative against the plague. A zoological memoir of M. Jacobson having been referred to MM. Dumeril and Blainville, their report was ordered to be printed.—31. M. Arago read an extract from a memoir of M. La Rive, of which the object was the study of the circumstances which determine the direction and intensity of the electric current in a voltaic element. M. Mitscherlick, of Berlin, and Mr. Conybeare, were nominated correspondents in the section of mineralogy and geology. MM. Mathieu, Legendre, and Dulong, made a report (of which the following is the conclusion) on M. Francœur's memoir, relative to the comparison between the French metre and the English measures. "The proportion of the imperial English yard to the French metre was obtained with great precision by an immediate comparison of the two standards. The metre=39·37079 English inches, and the yard is=0·91438348 of a metre. The ounce was determined=31·0913 grammes, a result which is considered to be within from 2 to 4 milligrammes of the truth." The approbation of the Academy was expressed as to the skill with which M. Francœur had solved this interesting problem. MM. Desfontaines, Mirbel, and Labillardiere reported favourably on, and recommended the publication of M. Jaume Saint-Hilaire's "French Flora and Pomona."—Jan 7. M. Mirbel was named vice-president for the year 1828, and M. Dulong, vice-president for 1827, commenced his functions as president for the current year. M. Warden, a correspondent, communicated a letter from Mr. Smith, trading in the Upper Missouri, who, in the end of 1826, had explored a tract of country to the south-west of the Great Salt Lake, to the west of the Rocky Mountains in North America. M. Blainville read a note, and MM. Bosc and Latreille, communicated some observations on the difference between the males and females in a species of *gelinotte* (g. *mariönis*). Mr. Ivory, of London, was named correspondent in the section of geometry.

VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

The Bank Question.—The time having arrived when this important question must receive the attention it is entitled to, we submit to our readers the following impartial view of it:—

The misunderstanding existing between the Bank of England and the Country Bankers is of a two-fold nature—

1st. The country bankers complain, that in endeavouring to establish *generally* the branch banks, and to obtain a monopoly of the paper circulation of the kingdom by these means, and by getting to themselves exclusively the private banking business of the country, the bank directors are exceeding their understood privileges, as between them and the country and London bankers, which were, that they, the bank directors, should be the bankers of government in all its various branches, of receipts and payment, to public offices, to the Court of Chancery, and for such private concerns as, from party preference, or other causes, became entrusted to them; and that the general private banking business of the country should be with the country and London bankers. In return, the bankers have always continued to hold in dead deposit, as well as for payment of all demands upon them, the notes of the Bank of England exclusively;—each party thus becoming deeply interested for the welfare and prosperity of the other, instead of being rivals and opponents as is now the case. The advantage to the Bank of England of having so immense a proportion of their notes as centre with the bankers in a constant state of complete inaction, without chance of presentation, must be obvious—and equally so the disadvantage which might accrue to them from any other mode of circulation being adopted, by substitution of a different paper, on the plan of the Hamburgh and other foreign banks. On the whole, the bankers think themselves hardly dealt with: but this being a question of private interest, the public probably care little about it, and the majority, not understanding the matter, will, without giving it reflection, side with the strongest party. There can, however, be little doubt that, unless checked, the establishment of general branch banks goes to the subversion of all private banking, both in town and country, as the bank directors offer advantages which private bankers cannot do—such as transacting private business free of all the expense and charges incident to the transfer of property to and from the metropolis, and also more particularly in the payment of the government dividends and annuities on the spot where the branch bank is established.

The second objection urged is on public grounds, viz. that a general monopoly of the whole banking business of the country, and an uncontrolled power over the circulation of the country, with the means of extending and contracting it at will, would give no steady price to any thing or any property—all articles of consumption, and all property of every description, personal or real, varying according to the plenty or scarcity of the circulating medium, regulated by the will of twenty-four men.* That to these men will be thus given a power, which might be subversive of the best interests of the country, and dangerous even to the government itself.

The effect of the local branch banks will be gradually to check the due circulation of money in the country, and cramp the means of the agriculturists and manufacturer: for the private banker finding himself unequal to compete with the directors of the Bank of England, now issues his notes merely for the deposits of cash made with him; and looking to the possibility of another convulsion, he makes no advances on loan, but sends the property to his London correspondent, there to be employed at slender interest, with a power of immediate recall, in case of a run upon him; and this it is that causes such an immense influx of money to the London bankers, who hold, without the means of employing, that which, by an undue course of things, thus becomes useless to all parties.

Celestial Maps.—From a communication made last month to the Astronomical Society, by Mr. Arrowsmith, we learn that he has in preparation two maps of the heavens, the northern and the southern hemisphere, of the unusual size of 39 inches in diameter—they are intended to revolve in the plane of the equator, a novel arrangement, through which, together with their unrivalled accuracy, they will be rendered as useful in the observatory as ornamental in the library.

Earthquakes in the West Indies.—During the last six months of 1827, no less than ten earthquakes were felt in the Antilles. Eight were only undulatory motions of the earth, slow, and weak. But that of August 5 consisted of two smart shocks; and that of November 30 was of similar violence and duration, lasting no less than 50 seconds; for the last 70 years a similar one has not been experienced at Martinique; it occasioned, however, more terror than mischief. At Guadaloupe, where it was felt about a quarter of an hour later than at the other island, its effects were equally severe.

* In the year 1817, it appears that the issue of Bank of England notes was nearly 30 millions; in 1822, a lapse of five years only, it stood at less than 17. This will at once shew the unsteadiness of circulation, and how it must operate upon the value of all property.

Medical Researches.—An opinion has long prevailed, that Columbus introduced into Europe from America the disease at present known under the appellation of siphylis. This question, which has been agitated during three centuries, has been at length set at rest by the researches of Dr. Thienne, a physician of Vicenza, who has satisfactorily proved the ravages of this disease long before the birth of Columbus. His investigations have led to some curious results, inasmuch as he has established a sort of analogy and identity between the elephantiasis, the leprosy, the venereal infection of Canada, the sibbens of Scotland, the radzygé of Norway, the saws of Africa, the pan of America, the malady of Scherlieno in the Tyrol, &c.

Proportion of Crime.—From the records of the Spanish courts of justice, in 1826, as compared with the amount of the population, it appears that there is one criminal in 885 persons; in France it has been estimated there is one in 1,172, and in England one in 1,226. If any confidence is to be placed in these results, and we are disposed to regard them as an approximation to the truth, what reflections do they not suggest on the state of these countries respectively!

Effects of a Thunder Storm at Sea.—The following is the substance of a communication made to the Academy of Sciences, in Paris, by Captain Scoresby, relative to the effect of a thunder storm on the "New York," a vessel employed in the passage between London and New York, which is usually performed in 25 days. The first time the vessel, which had no lightning conductor, was struck, all the partitions were knocked down, but no one was injured. The following day the captain, apprehensive of another storm, had caused a conductor to be placed on the main-mast; the electrical discharge was made on this conductor, which was entirely melted, and fell in drops into the sea. Nearly all the passengers saw a depression take place in the sea, round the place where the electrical current entered the ocean. The upper part of the conductor was four feet long, and five inches and a half in diameter, and the rest of it was three-tenths of an inch in diameter, dimensions evidently too small. An excellent chronometer, of which the daily rate never exceeded one-tenth of a second, was so affected that it gained 34 minutes in the passage. The cause of this became evident when, upon examination in London, it was found that all the parts of the instrument had become highly magnetised, so that its general movement depended evidently on the position given to it. The second thunderstroke, like the first, killed no one, but operated a remarkable cure. An old and very stout passenger had been so affected with paralysis in his legs for more than three years, as to be almost deprived of

their use, and since the time of his embarkation he had not stood on his feet. But after the discharge which took place near the bed whereon the invalid was lying, he got up, walked on the deck, and continued for a long time as if he had not been at all ill. At first he was deprived of his senses, but they soon returned, and the cure was permanent. Other cures of a similar nature have often been recorded, of which the moral impression effected by the fright may be regarded as in case as the proximate cause. On board the New York all the knives and iron forks became magnetic; but what happened to the needles of the compasses was most remarkable—they were all in the same room, but the effects produced on them were very different. Of some the magnetic action was increased, of others diminished; some again had it destroyed, while of others the poles were reversed.

French Voyage of Discovery.—A letter has been received from the naturalists on board the Astrolabe, Captain Durville, sent by the French government on a voyage of discovery round the world, dated Tonga-Tabou (Friendly Islands) May 1827, from which it appears that the vessel was carried by the currents during a calm upon a reef, and though it ultimately escaped destruction, the damage it sustained has been serious, occasioning fears as to the result of the expedition.

Astronomy.— In the month of February 1825, M. Struve undertook, with the large telescope made for him at Munich, a general view of the heavens, visible at Dorpat — having especially in view the double stars. After two years indefatigable labour he has discovered, that of more than 120,000 stars, 3,060 belonged to the first four classes of double stars—whereas the catalogue which he had drawn up in 1820 contained only 500 of this kind. So remarkable an increase in one of the most important branches of the science has induced the University of Dorpat to publish a new catalogue of double stars. This is accompanied by a correct and well engraved chart of the heavens, and by a report, with some preliminary and general remarks on the nature of the fixed stars, and the motions of those celestial bodies, the immobility of which was at no very remote period taken for granted by all astronomers.—*For. Quart. Rev.* No. 3.

The Plague.—When the plague broke out at Malta in 1813, calomel was exhibited internally, and strong mercurial frictions were had recourse to, with perhaps dubious success, after the patient was affected with this formidable malady. Very recently, an English physican at Cephalonia, has subjected to a very strong mercurial treatment, internally and externally, some persons who have been exposed to the contagion of the plague, and it has been found that all those who had undergone salivation, when the disease developed itself, escaped with only sufficient symptoms to indicate the nature of their attack; while those on whom the mercury had not produced, to the full extent, its powerful effects, sank under the infection.

Vindication of Herodotus.— "As the crocodile," says Herodotus, "feeds in the Nile, the interior of its mouth always swarms with *bdella* (usually translated *leeches*). All birds, with one exception, avoid the crocodile, and this one, the *trochilos*, flies to it with eagerness, and renders it a great service; for whenever the crocodile comes to repose on the shore, and then opens its jaws, the trochilos penetrates into its mouth, and clears it of the *bdella*. The crocodile is grateful, and does not injure the small bird which renders it so good an office." On this passage the ingenuity of critics has been variously exercised; it has been treated as a fable, and has met with zealous but ill informed apologists. An eminent French naturalist, M. Geoffroy-Saint-Hilaire, discovered during his residence in Egypt, that the account of Herodotus was incorrect only in a few of its details, and his notice on the subject, which was received with much attention by the Academy of Sciences, will not be devoid of interest, we presume, to our readers. A small bird, already described by Hasselquist, as *charadrius Ægyptiacus*, and answering nearly to the small ring-plover of the French, is always flitting about on the shores of the Nile, and seeks insects, which are its principal food, even in the jaws of the crocodile. With its very slender beak, this bird can take only diminutive insects, spawn of fish, and those small particles of animal matter which the motion of the water casts upon the bank. If the *trochilus* be really the *small plover*, the animals denoted by Herodotus, are not leeches, which, besides, are not found in the stream of the Nile, but a very small insect of the class which is found in moist and warm places in Europe, called gnats, and musquitos in America. These insects swarm on the banks of the Nile, and when the crocodile comes to bask on the sand, he is attacked by myriads of them. His mouth is not so well closed but that they can enter it, which they do in such great numbers, that the interior surface of his palate, naturally of a bright yellow, appears covered with a blackish brown crust. All these sucking insects insert their trunks into the orifices of the glands, which abound in the mouth of the crocodile: it is then the small plover, which pursues them everywhere, coming to his assistance, rids him of these annoying assailants, and that without any danger to himself, the crocodile being careful, before closing his mouth, to make some motion, which apprises the bird to fly away. At St. Domingo, a crocodile exists very like the Egyptian one—is at-

tacked by the same sort of enemies, and its tongue, like that of the crocodile of the Nile, being immoveable, it has no means of getting rid of them but by the assistance of a small bird, which renders a similar assistance to that mentioned above. These facts explain the passage of Herodotus, and show that the *bdella* was not a leech, but a flying insect, similar to our gnat. It appears, indeed, that at the time of Herotus, *bdella* signified that which sucks, and that its signification was afterwards restricted to denote a leech—and it can be inferred that the historian was unacquainted only with the nature of the animal that tormented the crocodile: had it been otherwise, he would have named them κονοπες, as he does in cap. 95, when speaking of their number and annoyance—it seems probable, therefore, that his account was the result not of his own observation, but of the information he had received from the priests of Memphis. The above anecdote, related by the father of history, does not stand alone—Aristotle, Pliny, Elian, Philo, and many writers during the first years of the Christian æra, have spoken of the circumstance with more or less attention to particulars—the moderns alone have questioned its truth. Of the nature of the understanding between this small bird and the crocodile, or how it was effected, it would be impossible to offer a conjecture; but it exists at the present day a wonderful instance of the economy of nature.

WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN PREPARATION.

In a few days will be published, the First Part of the Bibliographer's Manual; being an Account of Rare, Curious, and Useful Books, published in, or relating to, Great Britain and Ireland, from the Invention of Printing; with Bibliographical and Critical Notices, Collations of the rarer Articles, and the prices at which they have sold in the present century. By William Thomas Lowndes.

The Holy Bible; comprising the Authorised English Version, with the Marginal Readings; the various Renderings of the most approved Translators; Critical and Explanatory Notes; and Devotional Reflections. Also, Specimens and Refutations of the most specious of the Roman Catholic, Unitarian, and Antinomian Annotations; and comparative Views of every important Scriptural and erroneous Doctrine. To be completed in 3 vols. 8vo.

A Comparative View of the Social Life of England and France, from the Restoration of Charles the Second to the French Revolution. By the Editor of Madame du Deffand's Letters.

A History of the Council of Trent, compiled from the most authentic sources. This work will contain numerous facts and statements illustrative of the Roman Catholic System, and the Ecclesiastical History of the period (A.D. 1545—1563), derived from scarce and valuable books.

Italy under Napoleon; being a History of that Country during the Consulship and Imperial Government of Buonaparte. By the Author of the Life of Joanna, Queen of Naples.

An Abridgement and Translation of Viger, Bos, Hoogeveen, and Herman, for the Use of Schools. By the Rev. J. Seager, Author of "The Critical Observations on Classical Authors." The four works will form about 220 pages each, and may be purchased separately, or together in 1 vol. 8vo.

The Medea of Euripides, on the plan of the Hecuba. By the Rev. J. R. Major.

Tales for My Young Friends. Translated from the French of M. Bouilly.

A Translation of Moliere's Bourgeois Gentilhomme. By the Translator of M. Jouy's "Sylla."

Mr. Noble proposes to print immediately his Dramatic Poem, entitled "Spartacus, the Gladiator."

The Second Volume of the Works of Arminius. Translated from the Latin, with illustrative Notes. By James Nichols. In 8vo.

An Introduction to the Literary History of the Bible. By James Townley, D.D., Author of "Illustrations of Biblical Literature," &c. In 1 vol. 12mo.

The History of Ireland, Civil, Military, and Ecclesiastical. With the Lives of the Stuarts. From authentic Documents in the Native Irish Language, and from rare State Papers. Translated and compiled by Lieut.-Col. Keene. In 3 thick vols. 8vo.

Every Boy's Book: designed as a Present for Youth, and forming a complete Encyclopædia of all their Amusements, Games, Sports, Pastimes, and Recreations.

A Historical Account of the Representation of the Commons in Parliament, from the Earliest Times to the present.

The History of every County, City, University, Borough, and Port, in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, returning Members to Parliament, in regard to the Representation.

The Law of Elections to the Commons House of Parliament.

*** The three preceding subjects will be treated of separately, and form each a distinct work. The three together, with the Tables now published, will comprise the

intended circle of works on the Representation.

Reports of Trials upon Election Petitions in the present Parliament; with a Table of all the Reported Cases heretofore printed.

A Table of the Years of the Reigns of the Kings of England, concurrently with the Years in common use: 1066—1828: for ascertaining the Dates of Charters, Acts of Parliament, and other Muniments.

The Rev. George Stanley Faber has a new work in the press, entitled, The Calendar of Prophecy. In 3 vols. 8vo.

A Third Edition, improved and enlarged, of Dr. Paris's Treatise on Diet. 8vo.

A Third Edition of Dr. Arnott's Natural Philosophy. 8vo.

A Second Volume of Dr. Arnott's Work is in a state of forwardness.

Tales of the Wars of Our Time. By the Author of the Recollections of the Peninsula, &c.

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Thomas Erskine, Earl of Kellie, Viscount Fenton, Baron Dirleton, Premier Viscount of Scotland, and a Baronet of Nova Scotia; one of the sixteen Peers for North Britain in the Imperial Parliament, and Lord Lieutenant of the County of Fife, was born in the year 1745.—The immediate ancestor of this branch of the noble family of Erskine was Sir Alexander Erskine, of Gogar, third son of John, twelfth Lord Erskine, and fifth Earl of Mar, by Lady Margaret Campbell, daughter of Archibald, second Earl of Argyll. Sir Alexander was governor to the young King James the Sixth of Scotland, and First of England. His eldest surviving son, Sir Thomas Erskine, was born in the same year with King James, was educated with him from his childhood, was constantly about his majesty's person; and he had the good fortune to be one of the instruments in the rescue of the king from the treasonable attempt of the Earl of Gowrie, whose brother, Alexander Ruthven, he slew with his own hand. In the year 1666, he was created Baron Dirleton and Viscount Fentoun; being the first person raised to the dignity of viscount in Scotland. He was created, in 1619, Earl of Kellie; and was K.G. and a Privy Councillor in England and Scotland. Charles, eighth Earl of Kellie, died unmarried in 1799, and was succeeded by his uncle, whose death we are about to record.—His lordship married, in 1771, Anne, daughter of Captain Adam Gordon, of Ardock. On the 9th of July, 1808, he obtained His Majesty's royal permission to accept and wear the royal order of Vassa, conferred on him by Gustavus Adolphus, fourth King of Sweden. He died on the 6th of February; and, having left no issue, was succeeded by his brother, the Right Hon. Methuen Kellie Erskine, of Airbrie.

LORD RADNOR.

Early in February, died, in his 78th year, the Right Hon. Jacob Pleydell Bouverie, Earl of Radnor, Viscount Folkstone, Baron of Longford, and Baron Pleydell Bouverie, of Coleshill, Berkshire, Bart., Recorder of Sarum, and High Steward of Wallingford, M.A., F.R., and A.S. His lordship was the descendant of Lawrence De Bouveries, of Sainghin, near Lisle, in Flanders, who fled to England on account of his religion, and settled at Canterbury, in the year 1568. His son Edward was father of Sir Edward De Bouveries, an ancient Turkey merchant, knighted by James II. His eldest son, William, was created a baronet in 1714, by Queen Anne. His nephew, Sir Jacob Bouverie, the third baronet, was created a peer in 1747, by the titles of Baron of Longford, and Viscount Folkstone His eldest son, William, was raised to the dignity of Earl of Radnor in 1765. His lordship's first wife was daughter and heir to Sir Mark Stuart Pleydell, Bart, who left his estate to his grandson, Jacob, the late earl, with remainder to the issue male of William, first Earl Radnor, and of Jacob, first Lord Folkstone, his father; directing each person, enjoying the same, to use the name of Pleydell Bouverie. His lordship died in 1776, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Jacob, the late earl, to whom this brief notice refers. His lordship married, in 1777, Anne, daughter and co-heir of Anthony Duncombe, Lord Feversham. By this marriage, his lordship had, besides other children, a son and successor, William, Viscount Folkstone. The latter nobleman, long distinguished in the ranks of opposition, was one of the representatives of the borough of New Sarum. He married, in the year 1800, the Lady Catherine Pelham Clinton, only child of Henry, Earl of Lincoln, eldest son of the second Duke of Newcastle.

LADY CAROLINE LAMB.

With one of the best and most benevolent of hearts, Lady Caroline Lamb, who has lately passed to her final audit, was, perhaps, one of the unhappiest of women; a woman, at all times, if we mistake not, more sinned against than sinning. Her *liaison* with Lord Byron excited much notice and much scandal in the fashionable world; but, from the best of sources, we have reason to believe that her aberrations were only the aberrations of the imagination—in other words, that the attachment on the part of Lady Caroline to Lord Byron was not of a criminal nature.

Lady Caroline Ponsonby, the only daughter of the Right Hon. Frederick Ponsonby, Earl of Besborough, by the Lady Henrietta Frances Spencer, daughter of John, the first earl of that name, was born on the 13th of November, 1785. Her education was under the immediate eye of her grandmother, the accomplished Countess Dowager Spencer. Slight and delicate in form, beautiful in the expression of her countenance, her dark hair and eyes contrasted with the fairness of her complexion, it was natural that she should have many admirers. Of these, the favoured one was the Hon. William Lamb, eldest son of Viscount Melbourne, to whom she was united on the 3d of June, 1805, before she had attained the age of twenty. Of three children, the issue of this marriage, George Augustus Frederick, so named in honour of his present Majesty, his sponsor at the font, is the only one now living.

Mr. Lamb was a man of taste and talent; Lady Caroline's literary pursuits were con-

genial with those of her husband; and, with him, she was accustomed to read and study the classics. She was mistress of several of the living as well as of the dead languages; as a reader she was greatly admired; and her style of reciting the noblest Greek odes was of the most graceful and impressive character. Yet, with all this, not the slightest pedantry was apparent in Lady Caroline Lamb. Her powers of conversation were lively and brilliant; and her compositions, in verse as well as in prose, were evidently the emanations of an elegant and benevolent mind. Some of her poems, however, which are as yet in manuscript, are superior to any that have hitherto appeared in print. Lady Caroline was an amateur and a patroness of the fine arts. Some of her pencil sketches, executed even in childhood, are strongly indicative of genius.

Living in the gay world, and possessing a fervid and eccentric imagination, she appears to have been fascinated by the poetical and intellectual powers of Lord Byron; between whom and her ladyship there was an intimacy of nearly three years' duration. The rupture of that intimacy produced a depression of spirits in Lady Caroline, amounting, at times, almost to insanity. According to Captain Medwin—and we know it from better authority than his—Lord Byron most cruelly and culpably trifled with her feelings.

For several years Lady Caroline led a life of comparative seclusion, not uninterrupted, however, by many a painful recollection of his lordship. It happened, very remarkably, that, while riding with her husband, she met, just by the park gates, the hearse which was conveying the remains of Lord Byron to Newstead-abbey. The shock was dreadful. She was carried home in a state of insensibility; a long and severe illness ensued; and that, during her sufferings, there were, at times, wanderings of intellect, is, we believe, beyond a doubt. A change came over her habits; and, about three years ago, a separation took place between her and Mr. Lamb. It should be known, however, that her husband continued to visit her, to correspond with her, to treat her with the utmost kindness; and that, when her last hour approached, he travelled from Dublin to London, to be present at the sad and closing scene.

It was after her difference with Lord Byron that Lady Caroline wrote her novel of *Glenarvon;* the chief character in which was generally understood, at the time, to have been intended as a portrait of his lordship. Some of the scenes of this novel were too highly coloured; yet it successfully exposed many of the vices of the fashionable world, and conveyed important lessons to the young and ardent of both sexes.

Lady Caroline's next production, said to have been suggested by Ugo Foscolo, was *Graham Hamilton.* "Write a book," said Foscolo, "which will offend nobody: women cannot afford to shock." This book was written with great care, and its sentiments are those of the utmost purity. Her next, and, as it is said, her favourite work, was the highly imaginative romance of *Ada Reis.* That, too, in point of morality, is altogether unobjectionable.

The impassioned workings of Lady Caroline's spirit seem to have been too powerful for her slight and fragile frame. She had long been in a state of declining health. Three or four months before her departure she underwent the operation of tapping for a dropsical affection. Temporary relief only was experienced. On her death bed, her mind was perfectly tranquil and lucid. Without pain, and without a struggle, she expired, as a Christian would wish to expire, on the evening of Friday, the 25th of January.

It was in Pall-Mall that her ladyship died. Her remains were removed thence for interment to the cemetery belonging to Lord Melbourne's family, at Hatfield. The Hon. William Lamb, her husband, and Mr. William Ponsonby, attended the funeral as chief mourners.

LORD DOUGLAS.

Archibald Douglas, Baron Douglas, of Douglas Castle, in the county of Lanark, Lord Lieutenant and hereditary Sheriff of the county of Forfar, was born on the 10th of July 1748. His lordship's father was Sir John Stewart, Bart., of Grandtully, who married Jane Douglas, only sister and heiress of Archibald, Duke of Douglas; on the decease of whom, in 1751, the dukedom became extinct; but the marquisate of Douglas devolved upon the heir male, the Duke of Hamilton. Archibald, a twin, but eldest son, by this marriage, was born at Paris. On the death of his uncle, the Duke of Douglas, he succeeded to his estates, and assumed the name and arms of Douglas; and, on the 8th of July 1790, he was created Baron Douglas, of Douglas Castle. Previously to his elevation to the peerage, he married, first, in 1771, Lucy Graham, sister to the present duke, and only daughter of William, fifth Marquess and second Duke of Montrose. By that lady, who died in 1779, he had a family of three sons, and one daughter, married to Lord Montague, second son of Henry, the third Duke of Buccleugh. Lord Douglas married, secondly, in 1785, Frances Scott, sister to Henry, third Duke of Buccleugh, by whom he had three sons and three daughters.

His lordship died at Bothwell Castle, Lanarkshire, on the 26th of December, and was succeeded in his title and estates by his eldest son, by his first marriage, Archibald, now Lord Douglas.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

The weather has been generally favourable for the operations of husbandry, and for forwarding the growth of all the earth's productions, until the 21st of this month; when the wind, quitting that westerly course in which it had continued so long, changed to the north-east, bringing with it a severe storm of hail, thunder, and lightning, followed by a keen and chilling air, which has continued to the present day, with the appearance of a favourable turn—the wind, this afternoon, veering to the south side of the east, or nearly due south. These few inclement days must have checked the fruit-blossoms, which were previously in a state of the utmost luxuriance, and retarded, temporarily, the progress of all vegetation. But, in our fickle climate particularly, it is a result always to be expected; and, when the chilling intervals do not continue any great length, our crops, even the most susceptible fruits, withstand the shock. Absorption of the superabundant moisture of the autumn and early part of the winter has gone on gradually. Field labour is every where in a sufficiently forward state; the crops have all the most prosperous appearance; and never before was there such an exuberance of all the earth's products, and of animal property, both in England and in Scotland, as in the present season. These stocks, immense as they are, might yet be greatly increased; and a lamentable consideration it is that so great a part of our labouring population should come short of their due share of this overflowing abundance. The season, in fact, is as forward as we have sometimes found it in the middle of April.

The wheats are reported universally good, with the drawback of a disease termed the *gout* in some of the western counties, the symptom of which is an enlarged and bulbous appearance in the plant, the bulb, on being opened, containing a maggot: it is a disease of mild winters, from the prevalence of too much warmth and moisture. In Scotland, a considerable breadth of wheat was sown towards the end of last month; and the autumnal wheat in the north, has an appearance equally promising as in the south; auguring better fortune with that golden crop to the Lothians and the Carse of Gowrey, than they enjoyed in the last season. It appears to have been ascertained at last, by the indefatigable Mr. Jacobs, that the last crop of wheat was inferior, in quantity and quality, especially in the latter, to the previous crop of 1826. The ordinary samples, however, have with time acquired a much better hand, and grind tolerably. The clovers and seeds, generally, are remarkably fine and luxuriant, both in the north and south. The markets in Scotland are plentifully supplied, and good prices obtained for live stock, with a rising market for wheat. Their labourers are fully employed, and in a far better state than our's.

On dry and good lands, never has there been a better, easier, or more auspicious season for farming than the late and present. The lands have worked well throughout, with few and inconsequential impediments; the crops have succeeded in an equal degree; the earth has been constantly covered with food for animals; vast quantities of the mangel-wurtzel root have been stored by provident feeders; and live stock, of all descriptions, has been generally healthy, and in a thriving state. The low and wet lands could seldom be fallowed in the autumn; and being left whole, and no frost occurring sufficient to pulverize and improve them, they break up in a moist and cloddy state. On these, in course, the seeding process must be deferred, until they are dry enough to be pulverized by the usual operations; the weather, however, remaining favourable, these even will not be out of time. The superior lands are busily preparing for the next turnip crop—their beans and oats making a show upon the land, and their barley nearly all in, much of it above ground. The grass is so forward, that good land which has been left will carry sheep-stock well early in April. The wheat, excepting upon the driest soils, has been too soft, and the land too tender, to admit feeding off with sheep, according to a usual, but perhaps not beneficial custom—especially on drilled lands. At any rate, the practice is dangerous when the wheat is too forward. The sellers of clover-seed do not meet with any amends in the price, for their late short and bad crop; but the buyers, more fortunate, obtain, at a moderate rate, supplies to any extent from France. The milelot trefoil, proposed for culture, two years since, by Mr. Laurence, and particularly to succeed clover, on those lands supposed to be tired of clover, will be tried this season, in various parts of the country. The seed is sold by Messrs. Gibbs of Halfmoon-street, and the beginning of April is its proper seed season. It is not difficult of soil, and few plants succeed better on poor light lands.

French or "double sainfoin," producing two crops in the year, has been, of late, re-introduced. Messrs. Gibbs imported some of the seed from France, about seven years since, which was experimented by a few of their customers without success; and the same result occurred to a writer in a late Farmers' Journal. It is supposed by some that mangel-wurtzel, so little difficult about soil, will in time nearly supersede the use of common turnips, in which there will be this peculiar advantage—the German root must be *stored*, a most advantageous practice, in which our farmers have been generally too averse and negligent. The culture of the foreign root, sufficiently extended and preserved, will be a complete insurance of winter and spring provision for live stock, thereby putting an end finally to the old disgrace of British husbandry, spring starvation of animals. It has done

much already. The present season hss superabounded with food of all kinds for stock, and much difficulty has been experienced in ridding the lands intended for barley-sowing, of turnips, which were flowering, and the roots rotting. Potatoes are in such vast abundance, as to be very difficult of sale at the lowest price; and, contrary to our former apprehension as to their probable quality, a sufficiency has been fonnd throughout, pretty equal to those of the most favourable years. Hay is in great plenty, and cheap in proportion. Some late experiments have been made of the old proposal of saltpetre, as a manure for wheat. It has had the former success, of equalling animal manure for a *single* crop, at more than double the expense. Purchasing manures may, in general, be deemed a double error in farming.

The fall of lambs is generally successful, and where they have chanced to be weak, there is good hope, in the abundance of food enabling the ewes to give plenty of milk. Of wool nothing new has offered, nor can there be any considerable amendment in the price, until the vast speculated stock of foreign wool shall have been worked up. In-calves and milch cows fetch a good price, and pigs have continued at an excess of price so long, that it is surely time for some relaxation, so speedily as that breed may be raised. But many farmers have an aversion to pig-breeding, indeed to breeding generally. It is somewhat of an anomaly, that swine should be at an exorbitant, and bacon at a moderate price; but Ireland furnishes us with an immensely larger quantity of bacon than of living pigs. Mutton has been very scarce and dear, the sheep dying light, and, the South Downs excepted, of inferior quality; veal also very dear; in fact, all kinds of live stock at considerably remunerating prices to the breeder and feeder. Corn, also, cannot be deemed at a low price, its abundance considered; but the general immense difference between the superior and inferior kinds of wheat is remarkable. Good horses are said to be in a progress of more and more scarce; and a German Baron has been publishing throughout the Continent, the degeneration of the English horse, with an earnest dissuasive from their import to the Continent.

Smithfield.—Beef, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 10d.—Mutton, 4s. to 5s. 8d.—Veal, 5s. to 6s. 2d.—Pork, 4s. 8d. to 6s. 6d.—Grass Lamb, 6s. to 6s. 6d.—Raw fat, 2s. 8d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 40s. to 70s.—Barley, 28s. to 36s.—Oats, 19s. to 30s.—Bread, 9d. the fine 4 lb. loaf.—Hay, 70s. to 100s.—Clover ditto, 80s. to 120s.—Straw 32s. to 43s.—Oat Straw, 30s. to 34s.

Coals in the Pool, 28s. 6d. to 36s. per chaldron.

Middlesex, March 24, 1828.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Sugar.—The demand for strong and good Sugar has continued general and extensive during the week; the average daily sales are 800 hogsheads. The prices of good and fine Muscovadoes are about 2s. per cwt. higher: the inferior are 1s. higher. The general demand for refined goods has affected the stocks very materially. Very few goods are on sale, and a general advance of 1s. must be stated.

Coffee.—The public sales brought forward this week have not been extensive. The British Plantation descriptions have gone off steadily, at full prices—the few parcels of Foreign rather higher.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—The Rum market is firm, and the holders generally not inclined to press sales; the purchases this week are about 300 puncheons. Leewards at 4s., and over-proof at 2s. 3d. per gallon. In Brandy or Hollands there is little alteration.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—The Tallow market continues subject to great fluctuations—the price this week has been generally declining. Hemp and Flax are heavy.

Indigo.—East-India Indigo is rather heavy.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 27.—Rotterdam, 12. 3.—Antwerp, 12. 3.—Altona, 13. 11.—Hamburg, 13. 11.—Paris, 25. 65.—Bordeaux, 25. 65.—Vienna, 10. 4.—Frankfort on the Maine, 150½.—Petersburgh, 10 (Rble).——Madrid, 36.—Cadiz, 6.—Bilboa, 36.—Barcelona, 35.—Seville, 35.—Malaga, 35.—Gibraltar, 46.—Leghorn, 48.—Genoa, 25.—Venice, 46.—Naples, 39.—Palermo, 117.—Lisbon, 46.—Oporto, 46.—Bahia, 46.—Dublin, 17½.—Cork, 17½.

Bullion per Oz.—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—In Bars, £3. 17s. 6d.—New Doubloons, £3. 15s.—New Dollars, 0s. 0d.—Silver in Bars, standard, £0. 0s. 0d.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of Wolfe, Brothers, 23, *Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Birmingham Canal, 297*l.*—Coventry, 1,150*l.*—Ellesmere and Chester, 112*l.*—Grand Junction, 308*l.*—Kennet and Avon, 29¼*l.*—Leeds and Liverpool, 393*l.*—Oxford, 680*l.*—Regent's, 25*l.*—Trent and Mersey (¼ sh.), 825*l.*—Warwick and Birmingham, 265*l.*—London Docks (Stock), 88*l.*—West

India (Stock), 212*l.*—East London WATER WORKS, 124*l.*—Grand Junction, 62*l.*—West Middlesex, 67*l.*—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, ¼ *dis.*—Globe, 150*l.*—Guardian, 20½*l.*—Hope Life, 5*l.*—Imperial Fire, 96*l.*—GAS-LIGHT Westminster Chartered Company, 53*l.*—City, 0*l.*—British, 13 *dis.*—Leeds, 195*l.*

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced between the 22d of February to the 21st of March 1828; extracted from the London Gazette.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

E. Wright, Manchester, silk merchant
Breton. E. B. Gloucester-street, wine-merchant
Allsop, G. Nottingham, blacking-manufacturer
Charlton, A. Walthamstow, cattle dealer
Hart, W. Nottingham, lace-machine-maker
Fearne, J. Angel-court, Throgmorton-street, stock broker
Pooley, J. sen., and Pooley, J. jun., Hulme, Lancashire, cotton-spinners

BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month, 113.]

Solicitors' Names are in Brackets.

Armstrong, A. Penrith, Cumberland, grocer. [Helders, Clement's-inn; Jameson, Penrith
Atkinson, J. Dalton, York, woollen-cloth-manufacturer. [Jaques and Co., Colman-street; Battye and Co., Huddersfield
Brumfit, W. Leeds, victualler. [Woodhouse, Temple; Stott, Leeds
Bell, R. Wakefield, York, woolstapler. [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Cuttle, Wakefield
Bell, J. Carleton, Cumberland, cattle-dealer. [Addison, Gray's-inn; Wannop, Carlisle
Bedford, W. Bristol, brewer. [Vizard and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Wastmagh, Bristol
Baxter, C. Ipswich, linen-draper. [Taylor, John-street, Bedford-row; Pearson and Co., Ipswich
Bacon, J. Stratford-upon-Avon, stationer. [Meyrick and Cox, Red-lion-square; Smyth, Warwick
Browne, J. jun., Norwich, iron-founder. [Spence and Desborough, Size-lane
Bennett, J. Melksham, Wilts, corn-factor. [Bourdillon, Bread-street; Bevan and Brittan, Bristol
Brown, G. and G. G. Brown, and E. Jackson, Carbrook, Stayley-bridge, Cheshire, calico-printers. [Makinson and Co., Temple; Atkinson, Manchester
Butt, E. Ledbury, grocer. [Bicknell and Co., Lincoln's-inn
Bishop, G. C. Fordwick, soap-boiler. [Fitch, Union-street, Southwark
Bradwell, T. Loughborough, cordwainer. [Dax and Son, Gray's-inn
Brindley, H. Colman-street, saddler. [Mills, Hatton-garden
Brown, W. jun., Bath, chinaman. [Jenkins and Abbott, New-inn
Cattley, R. J. George-street, Mansion-house, coal-merchant. [Luttley and Son, Dyer's-hall
Carter, C. J. Dean-street, Oxford-street, builder. [Willis and Co., Tokenhouse-yard
Cooper, E. Little Russel-street, Covent-garden, haberdasher. [Smith, Carthusian-street
Christie, D. Liverpool, merchant. [Blackstock and Bunce, Temple; Bardswell and Son, Liverpool
Crawford, H. Whitehaven, painter. [Helder, Clement's-inn; Armistead, Whitehaven
Cowper, H. East-India chambers, Leadenhall-street, commission-agent. [Makinson and Sanders, Temple
Crafts, G. Wycombe-marsh, Bucks, paper-maker. [Pritchard, Bridge-street, Blackfriars
Carpenter, S. sen., Greenwich, shoe-manufacturer. [Clarke, Bishopsgate churchyard
Coupland, C. junior, Leeds, spirit-merchant. [Fuller and Co., Carlton-chambers, Regent-street
Cook, J. and Kauntze, R. Chertsey, Surrey, plumbers. [Hardwick and Guest, Lawrence-lane
Clarridge, R. Coventry, victualler. [Wragg, Bedford-place, Southwark-bridge-road
Corrall, C. P. Rochester, carver and gilder. [Harris, Bruton-street
Castell, J. West-square, Surrey, coal-merchant. [Shrymsher, Warwick-court, Holborn
Cooke, W. Micklehurst, Cheshire, and Manchester, calico-printer. [Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn; Lewtas, Manchester
Dibden, J. Bayham-street, Camden town, victualler. [Downes, Furnival's-inn
Denman, W. Bangor, shopkeeper. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row
Ellerd, W. Luton, Bedfordshire, plumber. [Taylor, Featherstone-buildings; Williamson, Luton
Earl, T. Worcester, victualler. [Elgie, Old Jewry; Elgie, Worcester
Fobbing, T. R. Essex, victualler. [Milne and Parry, Temple
Fearn, J. Angel-court, Throgmorton-street. [Bridger, Finsbury-circus
Foster, J. Knaresborough, timber-merchant. [Wiglesworth and Co., Gray's-inn
Filby, N. Heston, builder. [Evans and Harper, Kennington cross
Godward, T. Castle-street, Southwark, plasterer. [Brooking and Surr, Lombard-street
Garner, J. Newgate-street, butcher. [Price, Falcon-square
Genden, A. C. F. Somerset-street, Portman-square, bookseller. [King, Bedford-place, Russel-square
Gell, T. York, merchant. [Bell and Brodrick, Bow-churchyard; Brook and Bulmer, York
Greatbatch, W. jun., Maybank, Stafford, T. Greatbatch, and J. Greatbach, Oxford, earthenware-dealers. [King, Temple-chambers
Gill, J. New-street, Covent-garden, clothier. [Parker, Furnival's inn
Holland, W. Rotherhithe, linen-draper. [Farrar, Godliman-street, Doctors-commons
Hall, M. W. Liverpool, haberdasher. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Mawdsley, Liverpool
Harrison, J. Liverpool, flour-dealer. [Blackstock and Bunce, Temple; Brabner, Liverpool
Heward, W. N. Bridlington, York, timber-merchant. [Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Scotchburn, Great Driffield
Hope, R. Liverpool, joiner. [Chester, Staple-inn; Morecroft, Liverpool
Handley, J. and W. Burslem, Stafford, china-manufacturers. [Chester, Staple-inn
Howgate, W. T. Knaresborough, druggist. [Dawson and Co., New Boswell-court; Howell and Son, Knaresborough
Harling, J. Lancaster, money-scrivener. [Holme and Co., New-inn; Thompson and Co., Lancaster.
Hassal, J. Bristol, starch-manufacturer. [White, Lincoln's-inn; Short, Bristol
Horseman, T. Bristol, hackney-coach proprietor. [White, Lincoln's-inn; Hartley, Bristol
Hills, W. S. Darby-street, Rosemary-lane, brewer. [Nethersoles and Barron, Essex-street
Hussey, T. Great Guildford-street, Surrey, hat-manufacturer. [Parker, Furnival's inn
Howard, J. Dunstable linen-draper. [Hardwick and Guest, Lawrence-lane
Hambly, W. junior, Tavistock, draper. [Alliston, Freeman's-court, Cornhill; Woolcombe and Jago, Plymouth
Hunt, R. Rochdale, money-scrivener. [Blakelock and Co., Serjeant's-inn; Dewhurst and Co., Preston

Holland, J. Lincoln, victualler. [Taylor, Clement's-inn
Hobbs, J. Gloucester, corn-dealer. [Watson and Co., Falcon-square
Jackaman, S. Ipswich, money-scrivener. [Bromley, Gray's-inn
James, C. High-street, Bloomsbury, linen-draper. [Smith, Walbrook
Johnson, W. jun. Thirsk, York, grocer. [Milne and Parry, Temple; Swarbeck, Thirsk
Keppel, T. Nassau-street, Marylebone, tailor. [Young, Poland-street
Lightfoot, J. J. Liverpool, merchant. [Keightley, Temple; Keightley, Liverpool
Lawton, S. Delph, York, innkeeper. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple; Lawton, Delph
Lunn, J. and J. Walton, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, ship-brokers. [Williamson, Gray's-inn
Lemare, J. and Prestage, J. T. Wood-street, silk manufacturers. [Birch and Garth, Great Winchester-street
Lovegrove, R. and Cubbidge, W., Longwick-mill, Bucks, papermakers. [Smith, Golden-square; Smith, Maidenhead
Mayo, E. Craven-buildings, Drury-lane, woollen-draper. [Reynolds, Carmarthen-street, Fitzroy-square
Manson, G. Birmingham, draper. [Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields
Marriott, W. Broad-street, stockbroker. [Sutcliffe and Birch, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars
M'Cammon, J. Liverpool, merchant. [Chester, Staple-inn; Davenport, Liverpool
Myers, D. Cutler-street, Houndsditch, merchant. [Turner, Basing-lane
Montgomery, J. V. Dover-place, Old Kent-road, tailor. [Arnott, Temple
M'Laughlan, M. W. Manchester, publican. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Warner, Manchester
Moreland, R. Borwick, Lancaster, maltster. [Wheeler, Gray's-inn
Odell, W. Catherine-street, Westminster, boarding-house-keeper. [Howard, Bouverie-street, Fleet-street
Osborne, R. Bristol, anchorsmith. [Poole and Co., Gray's-inn; Gough, Bristol
Palmer, H. Kent and Essex-yard, Whitechapel, coachmaker. [Hill, Wood-street, Cheapside
Parker, W. H. jun. and J. Parker, Hereford, booksellers. [Robinson, Walbrook
Putland, E. Peckham, coal-merchant. [Smyth, Red-lion-square
Pearce, W. Leather-lane, cheesemonger. [Smyth, Red-lion square
Puddock, T. Chirk Bank, Salop, timber-merchant. [Wheeler, Gray's-inn-place; Holden, Liverpool
Pimblett, T. Goulburn, Lancashire, corn-dealer. [Chester, Staple-inn; Gandy, Liverpool
Parker, R. Shrewsbury, boot-maker. [Philpot and Stone, Southampton-st.; Kough, Shrewsbury
Reade, G. Manchester, innkeeper. [Walmsley and Co., Chancery-lane
Rear, T. J. Sloane-street, chemist. [Umney, Chancery-lane
Riley, J. Austry, Warwick, grocer. [Dax and Son, Gray's-inn-square
Roche, J. Fore-street, grocer. [Gatty and Co., Angel-court, Throgmorton-street
Radnege, J. Bathwick, dairyman. [Kemp, Lincoln's-inn-fields
Shaw, W. Liverpool, builder. [Chester, Staple-inn; Finlow, Liverpool
Sykes, C. T. Charlotte-street, Rathbone-place, music-seller. [Cross, Surrey-street, Strand
Stonehouse, J. Bishopwearmouth, mercer. [Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn; Raisbeck and Co., Stockton
Soulby, M. Swinefleet, York, draper. [Capes, Gray's-inn
Stretton, C. and Banfield, W. Great St. Helen's, wine-merchants. [Sanders, Ampton-street, Gray's-inn-road
Shipley, F. Boston, glover. [Clowes and Co., Temple; Jarvis, King's-Lynn
Shipley, C. Linby, Notts, lace-manufacturer. [Taylor, Featherstone-buildings; Payne and Daft, Nottingham
Smart, S. Devizes, grocer. [Jayes, Chancery-lane; Bayley, Devizes
Stenson, G. Amlwich, Isle of Anglesey, draper. [Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Walker, Manchester
Slater, C. Leeds, factor. [Sadgrove, Nicholas-lane, Lombard-street
Terry, D. Spread Eagle-court, Threadneedle-street, tailor. [Fitch, Union-street, Southwark
Terry, T. Malton, York, innkeeper. [Wigleworth and Ridsdale, Gray's-inn; Wood, York
Vickers, J. A. Leeds, patten-maker. [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Raynar, Leeds
Walton, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant. [Williamson, Gray's-inn; Ingledew, Newcastle-upon-Tyne
Wragg, J. and J. Chesterfield, Derby, flax-dressers. [Vickery, New Boswell-court; Gillett, Chesterfield
Williams, E. H. Bangor, linen-draper. [Jones, Temple; Jones, Liverpool
Williams, H. Wunfach, Carnarvon, miller. [Jones, Temple; Jones, Liverpool
Wigzell, E. Lime-street, agent. [Devey, Dorset-street, Fleet-street
Wilson, W. S. Cannon-street-road, master-mariner. [Warne and Son, Leadenhall-street
Wintle, H. S. Mark-lane, merchant. [Alliston and Co., Freeman's-court, Cornhill
Williamson, J. Leicester, victualler. [Holme and Co., New-inn; Meredith and Co., Leicester.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. C. J. F. Clinton, to the Rectory of Cromwell, Nottingham.—Rev. J. M. Colson, to the Chaplaincy of Dorchester Barracks.—Hon. and Rev. N. Grenville, to the Vicarage of Butleigh-cum-Baltonsborough.—Rev. M. Taylor, to the Rectory of Winnall, Winchester.—Rev. J. Torriano, to the Vicarage of Stanstead, Mountfichet, Essex.—Rev. W. Wilson, to the Rectory of Arthingworth, Northampton.—Rev. W. D. Harrison, to be Minor Canon of Winchester.—Rev. W. Churchill, junior, to the Rectory of Winterborne Stickland, Dorset.—Rev. L. Tremonger, to Wamborough Vicarage, Wilts.—Rev. M. Butterfield, to be a Minor Canon of St. George's, Windsor.—Hon. and Rev. R. Ponsonby, to be Bishop of Killaloe.—Rev. M. Dawson, to be Dean of St. Patrick's.—Rev. T. Wood, to the Vicarage of Leysdown.—Rev. J. Peel, to the Vicarage of Stone, Worcester.—Rev. T. Tyrwhitt, to the Stall of Gillingham Minor, Salisbury.—Rev. J. R. Winstanley, to one of the Bampton Vicarages, Oxon.—Rev. J. Robson, to the District Church of St. George, at Tildesley.—Rev. G. Gillespie, to the Parish of Cumbertees, Dumfries.—Rev. J. Warren, to the Rectory of Graveley, Cambridge.—Rev. G. Sivewright, to the Vicarage of Blakesley, Northampton.—Rev. J. M. Prower, to the Vicarage of Purton, Wilts.—Rev. P. Wynter, to be President of St. John's, Oxford.—Rev. A. Montgomery, to be Prebend of Ruscombe-Southbury, Salisbury.—Rev. J. Bockett, to be Chaplain to the Bishop of Rochester.—Rev. W. C. Risley, to be Chaplain to Lord Carteret.—Rev. J. Tweed, to the Rectory of Capel, with Little Wenham,

Norfolk.—Rev. Dr. Hollingsworth, to the Archdeaconry of Huntingdon.—Rev. C. Townley, to the Vicarage of Little Abington, Cambridge.—Rev. J. Rowe, to the Rectory of Bow, Devon.—Rev. A. B. Lechmere, to the Vicarage of Welland, Worcester.—Rev. H. Faulkner, to the Perpetual Curacy of Norton-juxta, Kempsey.—Rev. Dr. T. Shephard, to the Rectories of Inkpen, Berks, and Cruxeaston, Hants.—Rev. J. Bush, to the Vicarage of Butleigh-cum-Baltonsborough, Somerset.—Rev. J. H. Newman, to the Vicarage of St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford.—Rev. J. P. Roberts, to the Perpetual Curacy of Hampton, Worcester.—Rev. H. D. Ryder, to the Vicarage of High Offley, Stafford.—Rev. G. G. Egremont, to the Living of Barrow-upon-Humber.—Rev. H. T. Coulson, to the Rectories of Ruan-Major and Landewednack, Cornwall.—Rev. J. Hale, to the Rectory of Baslingthorpe, Lincoln.—Rev. T. H. Ripley, to the Rectory of Tockenham, Wilts.—Dr. Murray, Bishop of Rochester, to be Dean of Worcester.—Rev. H. Phillpotts, to be Dean of Chester.—Rev. H. Spry, to be Prebendary of Canterbury.—Rev. W. Canning, to be Prebendary of St. George, Windsor-castle.—Rev. J. E. Rathbone, to the Chapelry of Rumford, Essex.—Rev. F. Severne, to the Rectory of Kyre, Worcester.

POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS.

Henry William, Marquess of Anglesea, to be Lieutenant-General and General-Governor of Ireland.—The Earls of Warwick and Roden, to be Bedchamber Lords.—Lord Hill, Sir C. Robinson, and T. F. Lewis, esq., to be Privy Councillors.—Vice-Admiral Sir G. Cockburn, Sir G. Clerk, bart., Earl of Brecknock, and Rear-Admiral Sir E. W. C. R. Owen, to be Members of the Council of H.R.H. the Lord High Admiral.—Sir Herbert Taylor, to be Surveyor General of the Ordnance.—Sir W. J. Hope, to be Treasurer of Greenwich Hospital.

INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON, ETC.

CHRONOLOGY.

February 22.—Don Miguel arrived from England at Lisbon.

28.—The New Brunswick Theatre (formerly the Royalty) situate in Wells-street, Well-close-square, fell to the ground; in a single instant the awful crash took place; the roof, galleries, boxes, scenes, stage properties, and 12 helpless human beings, were all commingled in the "prodigious ruin."

29.—The Sessions terminated at the Old Bailey, when 23 prisoners received sentence of death; 115 were transported, among them were 20 females; more than 100 were ordered for imprisonment for various periods; the calendar at these sessions enumerated 418 culprits!!!

March 1.—The Society of Ancient Britons celebrated the anniversary of the Welch Charity School, at a splendid dinner at Freemasons'-hall, H. R. H. the Duke of Clarence in the chair. The amount of the subscriptions received was £1,105. 8s. 4d., to which were added two legacies, and the produce of the Cambrian ball, making a total of £2,130!!!

3.—The long room at the Custom-house reopened for public business, it having been shut three years in consequence of the foundation giving way.

5.—The Recorder of London made his Report of 43 convicts convicted at the December and January sessions at the Old Bailey, when 5 were ordered to be executed March 12, one of whom was only 17 years of age; one of those respited was only 15!

12.—Five culprits executed at the Old Bailey.

— The Lord Mayor, attended by the Bridge House Committee, &c., visited the New London Bridge, for the purpose of laying the foundation stone of the last arch.

13.—News arrived that Russia had published a declaration of war against the Porte.

19.—The Recorder made his Report of 23 prisoners condemned to death at the Old Bailey Sessions for February, when three were ordered for execution.

26.—Two culprits executed at the Old Bailey.

MARRIAGES.

Lieut. B. Cuppage (Royal Horse Artillery) to Emily Anne, second daughter of Lieut.-Gen. Sir John Macleod.—At Mary-le-bone, G. E. Welby, esq., son of Sir W. E. Welby, bart., to Frances, daughter of Sir M. Cholmeley, bart.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, Lieut.-Col. Oakes, to Miss S. C. Fletcher: J. Kirkland, esq., to Louisa, fourth daughter of C. Bishop, esq., his late Majesty's procurator-general.

DEATHS.

In Regent's-park, 67, Major-general Ogg, groom of the bedchamber to the Duke of Sussex.—In Long-acre, Mr. T. Jones, denominated by his countrymen "Bard Cloff;" he was treasurer to the Royal Cambrian Institution.—In St. Martin's Church-yard, 88, C. A. Delpini; he had been a celebrated clown in the pantomimes at both the principal theatres.—By the fall of the Brunswick Theatre, Mr. John Evans, author of "The Chronological Outline of the History of Bristol," and other literary productions.—77, J. Ewer, esq., Bedford-square.—At Blackheath, 81, Mary, relict of General Davies.—In Maddox-street, Magdalene, wife of Captain Sir C. Malcolm.—At Chiswick, 86, Jane, Countess of Macartney.—In Spring-gardens, 77, C. Bicknell, esq.—At Hampton-court, Charlotte, daughter of Lord Bloomfield.—At Balham, G. Wolff, esq., Danish consul general.—In Wimpole-street, 78, H. U. Reay, esq.—76, W. Lowndes, esq., first commissioner of taxes.—

At Fulham, Lieut-General Sir Alan Cameron.—In Oxendon-street, W. Wilkins, esq., M.P., Radnor.—70, John Hodson, esq., M.P. for Wigan during five parliaments.—In Chancery-lane, Jack Randall, denominated the "Nonpareil of the Fancy," having never lost a battle.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At the Palace, Hanover, Sir W. Davison, to the Baroness Rosalie.—At Florence, at Lord Burghersh's, the English minister, the Marquis Donato Guadagni, to Louisa, daughter of Lieut.-Col. F. G. G. Lee.—At the English Ambassador's, Paris, J. J. Williams, esq., to Miss Jessica Brown.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Paris, Rev. E. Foster, chaplain to the British Embassy.—At Rome, Major-Gen. Lord Frederick Bentinck, brother to the Duke of Portland.—At Jamaica, Hon. W. Hill, one of His Majesty's Council.—At New South Wales, D'Arcy Wentworth, esq., premier magistrate.—At Paris, 72, Mme. la Comtesse de Ségur; she was granddaughter of the Chancellor d'Aguesseau.—At Warsaw, 72, General Fanshawe, of the Russian army.—Drowned at sea, Mr. Conway, the actor. At Albany, United States, His Exc. De Witt Clinton, governor of the State of New York.—At Florence, Jane Isabella, Countess of Lanesborough.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES;
WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

At the Newcastle and Northumberland Assizes, 4 were recorded for death, 4 transported, and 15 sentenced for imprisonment.

A Durham, 4 were sentenced to death, 7 transported, and a few imprisoned.

By the annual report of the committee of the Literary, Scientific, and Mechanical Institution, read at Newcastle, March 3, it appears, "that with a subscription from the members of little more than 2½d. per week, aided by a few benefactions, they have been enabled last year to add 550 volumes to the library, among which are many new, scarce, and valuable works." The classes for French, drawing, chemistry, mathematics, &c., continue in great operation. There are in this society 65 clerks and agents; 24 surgeons, chemists, and druggists; 17 teachers; 7 architects and builders; 50 carpenters, &c.; 18 masons; 20 painters; 29 engineers, millwrights, &c.; 26 drapers; besides of bricklayers, shoemakers, tailors, and various other trades and professions, more than 200.

A beautiful orrery has been presented to the Durham Mechanics' Institute by Mr. Johnson; the institution is in a very prosperous condition, and has lately received a considerable accession of members.

About two o'clock on Saturday morning there was an explosion in Jarrow Colliery. Eight of the poor pitmen were soon taken out of the mine, dreadfully burnt; six of them lifeless, and the other two in a shocking condition, one of whom expired in the course of Saturday. What renders this calamity greater is, that some of the sufferers have left large families.

Mr. Rewcastle, of Newcastle, has invented a plan for substituting the use of water instead of ballast, in ships and other vessels.

The Chamber of Commerce at Newcastle has received a letter from the Treasury, stating, that their request for the repeal of the duty on receipts could not be complied with.

The sea is making great inroads upon Sunderland Town Moor. Within the last week or two it has undermined the outer wall of the battery so as to cause its fall.

The office of inspector general in the customs department, at Newcastle, is abolished.

The small-pox and hooping-cough have lately been unusually fatal in Sunderland and the Wearmouths. In Sunderland only, upwards of 60 children have fallen victims to the latter complaints since the year began.

The Chamber of Commerce at Newcastle has memorialized the Bank of England against the establishment of a branch bank in that town.

On the 10th of March, a division of the 83d regiment, commanded by Major Summerfield, marched from Sunderland for Hull. A large party of sailors, keelmen, and pilots, and inhabitants of the place, insisted upon carrying the worthy major out of the town in a chair handsomely decorated with ribbons, flowers, &c., and an immense concourse of inhabitants assembled, and took leave of the men with every mark of respect.

Married.] At Durham, Mr. J. Spence to Miss E. Best; Mr. R. Brown to Miss Eden.—At Gosforth, Lieut.-Col. Sir Henry Brown to Miss Brandling.—At Newcastle, A. Franks, esq, to Miss Watson.—At Bishopwearmouth, Mr. Rogers to Miss Lewster.—At Sunderland, Mr. Murray to Miss Woodfield.—At Tynemouth, Mr. Shotton to Miss Bell.

Died.] At Durham, Mrs. Dinning; Mr. Adjutant Hadwike; 80, Mr. E. Richardson.—At Prestwick-lodge, Mrs. Wright.—At Whitworth, Mr. J. Allworth.—At Bishopwearmouth, Miss Smart; 87, Margaret Gowland.—At Darlington, W. Thompson; 91, Mrs. Addison.—At Newcastle, Lieut. C. L. Wilkison, of the 12th foot.—At the Ouseburn, near Newcastle, Mr. J. Reynoldson.—At Wallsend, 102, Ann Usher.

YORKSHIRE.

A dreadful murder was committed on the 10th of February at Bancroft, near Finningley. As Mr. John Dyon, a respectable farmer, was returning home from Doncaster market, he was shot whilst in the act of opening a gate leading into one of his fields, through which he must pass to his home. There were two persons concerned, as the marks of two guns were distinctly seen in the snow. We regret to add, that William Dyon, a respectable farmer, and John Dyon, his son, the brother and nephew of the murdered man, were, on the 13th of March, committed to York Castle, on suspicion of committing this horrible offence.

There is now living at Bishopton, near Ripon, an old soldier, named Francis Wilkinson, in the 104th year of his age.

The York Minster organ has been greatly enlarged, and a number of new stops added; it is now probably the most complete in the kingdom.

The ship Diana lately arrived at Hull from New York in 25 days, being one of the quickest passages ever known.

Considerable alterations are projecting in Scarborough against the approaching season. The gardens on the cliff are to be laid into one, to form an elegant promenade; and a museum for subjects in natural history is erecting.

At Spurn Point, on the 28th February, as a young boy, son to Mr. Richardson, master of the life-boat, was firing at a mark, his sister, about 14 or 15 years of age, was unfortunately shot by him in the head, and died before medical assistance could be obtained.

The first stone of a new church was laid at Gollar, near Huddersfield, by the Rev. J. C. Franks, vicar of the latter town, on the 13th of March.

As some men were cutting down a tree at King Cross, near Halifax, on the 11th of March, it fell upon a man who was passing on horseback, and killed both the horse and the rider.

Twenty-four pairs of hand-polished steel scissors, weighing altogether only one grain, have just been manfactured by Mr. Peter Hatherton, Spring-street, Sheffield. Who would believe, unless they saw them, that 11,520 pairs of hand-polished scissors could be manufactured, completely perfect, the weight of which would be only one ounce?

On the 20th of March, as the workmen were digging the cellars for some new houses about to be erected in Davy-gate, York, they found, about 8 feet below the surface of the earth, three skeletons, which had evidently been thrown in promiscuously without coffins, as they laid in such a way that they could not possibly have been inclosed in a shell of any kind. It is impossible to conjecture how long they had lain there, but certainly long before the memory of man.

Married.] At Hull, J. Brooks, esq., to Miss S. Middleton.—At York, H. Cobb, esq., to Miss Wolsterholme.—At Middleton, G. Hompson, esq., to Miss Taylor.—At Snaith, M. Gibson to Miss Dunn.—At Malton, F. Bitton, M.D., to Miss Temple.—At Howden, Mr. G. Atkinson to Miss James.—At Scarborough, W. Jeffeison, esq., to Miss Johnson.—At Bradford, J. Greenwood, esq., to Miss Tetty.—R. Hudson, esq., to Miss Stanhope.

Died.] At Bedale, Miss Williamson.—At Masham, R. Edon, esq.—At Holmfirth, C. Stephenson, esq.—At Selby, Miss Dobson.—At Wakefield, R. Drake, esq.—At Hull, Mrs. Byron.—At Drypool, 88, Mr. Lee.—At Farnham, Mrs. Mason.—At York, Lady Crawford Pollock; and, a few days after, Mrs. Musket, her ladyship's mother.—At Demming-house, Mr. Prescod.—At Scarborough, J. Oldfield, esq., M.D.—At Chapel Allerton, Mrs. Nicholson.—At Burton-lodge, near Leeds, Mrs. Busk.

SALOP AND STAFFORD.

Died.] At Oaken, 82, the Hon. Frances Dowager Lady Wrottesley. Her ladyship was the daughter of William first Viscount Courtenay; she was born March 10, 1746, and married June 7, 1770, to the late Sir J. Wrottesley, bart., by whom she was left a widow, on the 22d of April 1787, with seven children, the present Sir J. Wrottesley, bart., M.P. for the county of Stafford, being the eldest.—At Armitage-park, T. Lister, esq.; his son, T. H. Lister, esq., is the author of "Granby" and "Herbert Lacy;" the latter dedicated to his father.

LINCOLN AND NOTTINGHAM.

The ladies' productions at the Fancy Bazaar, at Stamford, have produced, during the course of three days' sale, more than £1,600!! The funds are destined for the benefit of the Stamford and Rutland Infirmary.

It is our painful duty to announce that on the 6th instant seven more sheep were maimed and slaughtered in the East Marsh Field, which added to the former number, make 119 sheep and one heifer. And on Sunday evening last, between seven and eight o'clock, at Cleathorp, about two miles hence, seven beasts (five of which are dead) were maimed and hamstrung, and a valuable mare slaughtered in the stables and crew-yard adjoining the house of Mr. J. Osbourn. The deed was perpetrated during the time the family were at the methodist chapel. The strictest investigation is now going on to find out the monster who committed these atrocities.—*Stamford Mercury.*

The demand for weavers continues unabated at Bolton. The extraordinary quantity of looms now employed with silk and cotton, has created a scarcity of muslin weavers, and this scarcity will increase unless our manufacturers pay something like corresponding wages. We have been informed that, in the neighbourhood of Leigh alone, 1,000 hands have been transferred from muslin to silk and cotton fabrics.—*Bolton Chronicle.*

Died.] At Lenton-priory, 73, W. Stretton, esq.—At Newark, 73, Mr. R. Hutchinson.

LANCASHIRE.

The Chairman of the Committee of the Liverpool Mechanics' and Apprentices' Library, read at their last meeting their 4th annual report, in which it is said:—"It is with no common degree of satisfaction that we state the fact, that there is a constant demand in the library for elementary works of science and art; that those relating to the trades and occupations of the readers have been in particular request; and, next to these, the numerous voyages and travels. Works purely imaginative are, in comparison, seldom inquired for, though they may be said to form, at the present day, the chief mental aliment of the higher classes of society. In such works as have been named by the readers themselves as desirable of acquisition, the committee have, with pleasure, observed that they have always been unobjectionable in moral principles, and generally conducive to the real interest of the applicants, and their only regret has been, that their funds have not, in every instance, enabled them to comply with the wishes of the readers."—There are about 900 readers at this library, and the number is daily increasing.

A melancholy accident occurred at Manchester, on the occasion of launching the Emma, at the New Quay Company's Yard, which was upset, and 38 persons were drowned.

The recent demand for exportation has, we believe, more than realized the hopes of the Manchester folks; but the home trade has hitherto been much more limited than was expected. The latter circumstance is occasioned by the distress of the agricultural districts, the low wages of labour, and the general scarcity of money. The demand for yarns is increasing, both for home manufacture and for exportation; and the wages of the operatives are higher than they have been for some years. Respecting our foreign trade, a

treaty of commerce has recently been entered into between Bavaria and Wirtemberg. The consequence is, the lines of custom-houses are closed; the two countries have a free interchange of their own productions, and jointly collect duties on *foreign* ones. Thus the duties on British manufactured goods, which have hitherto in Wirtemberg been moderate, are now brought up to a level with those of Bavaria; that is, more than *trebled!* So much for *reciprocity!!*

WARWICK AND NORTHAMPTON.

18 prisoners were recorded for death at Northampton; 6 were transported, and 18 were sentenced to imprisonment.—J. Goodman was left for execution, for having unlawfully entered into a plantation armed with a gun, with *intent* illegally to kill game!!!—*Northampton Mercury.*

At the last annual meeting of the Banbury Savings' Bank, the gentlemen assembled expressed their entire approbation of the report of the committee, which shewed that this admirable institution did in reality assist the very persons for whose use and benefit Savings' Banks were established. About £50,000 had been deposited by labourers, servants, mechanics, small tradesmen, benefit societies, children, and others.

Died.] At Warwick, 90, J. Tew, esq.—At Wroxall Abbey, C. R. Wren, esq.—At Birmingham, Rev. J. Darwall.

WORCESTER AND HEREFORD.

At the assizes at Worcester, 11 culprits were recorded for death; 4 transported, and 6 imprisoned.

The Worcestershire Medical Society has forwarded a petition to the Secretary of State, for presentation to the House of Lords, in which the society represents, in strong terms, the disadvantages under which the profession labours, in consequence of the difficulty of procuring human subjects for dissection, and hinting that "they manage these things better in France," thus obliging young men to pursue their studies there.

SOMERSET AND DEVON.

At Taunton there are above one hundred and seventy prisoners for trial; and at Exeter, one hundred and ten!!! where, at the latter place, Mr. Justice Gaselee, in his charge to the Grand Jury, observed, that it gave him pain to say that the calendar contained not only a greater number of prisoners than he remembered since he had had the honour of filling the situation he then did, *but exceeded that of any previous period during the time he had, as counsel, travelled this circuit.* He lamented extremely this excess of crime, and trusted that the inquiries now generally set on foot, to discover the cause of so much depravity, would be successful. He could not but observe, that the numbers in the calendar had more than doubled since the judges first met to determine on their respective circuits; nor could he refrain from pressing on their attention the obvious advantages that would arise from holding a session for the purpose of delivering the gaol of all prisoners for *minor* offences, just before the assizes. Many, certainly, had been committed since the Epiphany sessions; but there were fifteen or sixteen cases the dates of which were previous to that period, and there were not wanting in the calendar, instances of commitments as long since as August or September last [*six* months in gaol BEFORE trial!!!] on which he would say, that, if even found guilty, he should feel it a duty to observe to them, that their punishments had been *already* disproportioned to their offences, and, so admonishing, should discharge them; and of the others, in the event of conviction, he should proportion their further punishment to that which they had already undergone!!!

At Wivcliscombe, the inhabitants (without brief or aid from Government) are building a new church, at an estimate of at least £6000; and have erected an Independent chapel, at an expense of £2000. They have also completed a new line of road leading to Southmolton, which cost £20,000.

By a document published recently by the managers of the Exeter Savings' Bank, since their annual report, it appears, that the sum of £112,857. 16s. 11d. belongs to 6,645 children, no part of which can be withdrawn but by their own consent, nor until they are of sufficient age to give such consent!!!

At a recent meeting of the subscribers to the Bath Penitentiary, after the report of last year's proceedings was read, it was announced, that a legacy of about £12,000 had been bequeathed by the late Mr. Williams of Bath, to be equally divided between the General and the United Hospitals, and the Penitentiary, at Bath, and the Bristol Infirmary.

The improved line of road through the village of Yarcombe was opened for the mail-coach to pass over it, on March 11. Some obstacles which presented themselves, when the road was originally made in 1815, have been overcome, and an easy sweep and a moderate ascent substituted for an acute angle and steep pull.

Died.] At Plymouth, 72, Mrs. Calmady, relict of the late Admiral Calmady; 95, Mrs. May.—At Kingweston, Somerset, 26, the Rev. J. Scott, M.A. of Wadham College, Oxford, eldest son of J. Scott, esq., Winfrith, Dorset.

DORSET AND WILTS.

At the assizes held at Salisbury, 22 were recorded for death, and at Dorset assizes 7—besides a few transported and imprisoned.

March 11, the teachers of the Church Sunday Schools, Poole, held their annual tea-party in the school-room; having previously invited the teachers of the Sunday Schools of other denominations, with their friends, to join them. About 250 sat down. The party did not separate until they had been addressed by several of the reverend divines present, on the important and sacred nature of the task in which they were engaged, and the gratifying union which that evening presented of so many different sects of religion!!!

HERTS.

At the assizes for Herts, 10 prisoners received sentence of death; 2 were transported; and a few imprisoned; one of them for six months, for having been found out at night armed with guns, with *intent* to kill game!

Died.] At Hartsborne Manor-place, 62, Vice-Admiral Sir T. B. Thompson, Bart., Treasurer of Greenwich Hospital, and formerly Comptroller of the Navy.

OXFORD AND BERKS.

At the Oxford Lent Assizes, 7 culprits received sentence of death; 9 were transported, and 10

imprisoned. At Berks Assizes, 17 received sentence of death; 4 transported; 10 imprisoned.—3 of the condemned were *poachers!*

March 2, St. Mary's Church, Oxford, was re-opened for divine service. Its interior has been rendered chaste and appropriate, and the monuments, which so disfigured its beautiful columns, have been removed. The organ has been re-cased, the galleries entirely rebuilt, and the windows have been filled with ground glass.

Died.] At Witney, 77, Mr. Ashfield, for more than 40 years postmaster of that place.

BUCKS AND BEDFORD.

At the assizes at Aylesbury, 4 prisoners received sentence of death; 1 transported; and several imprisoned, among which there was one only 15 years old!

R. Saunders was indicted for a burglary in the house of the Rev. T. Jones, at Radnage, and stealing 24 sovereigns, a gold and silver watch, valuable jewellery and trinkets, &c. The prisoner forced his way, with three others, all masked, through the bed-room window of the prosecutor, who was 77 years of age, and effected the robbery. Susannah Payne, a maid-servant, who slept in the adjoining room to her master and mistress, heard the thieves, bolted her door, dropped from the window, went to the coachman's house, about 200 yards, and gave the alarm. The coachman and gardener immediately proceeded to the lawn, intercepted the prisoner, and, after a desperate conflict, secured him. After Susannah Payne had given her evidence, Mr. Baron Garrow addressed her as follows:—"I cannot permit you to leave that place without saying to you, in presence of this large assemblage, that your conduct was most praiseworthy, and the means, in all probability, of saving the lives of your master and mistress. You are a host against a gang of housebreakers, and have set a good example to the rest of your sex."—We trust that the magistrates for the county will reward this spirited female, for the sake of example, by some mark of their approbation from the county purse, which will have a more powerful effect than the well-merited praise of the learned judge!!

At Bedford Assizes, 9 were recorded for death; 7 were transported, and 15 imprisoned for various periods. Of those condemned to death, one is 16, another 17 years of age only!

HANTS AND SUSSEX.

About three o'clock of the morning of March 4, a tremendous fall of the cliff took place just beyond the East Well, about a quarter of a mile to the eastward of Hastings, consisting of many thousand tons of earth: the shock was distinctly felt in several parts of the town. To those houses which are situated on the declivity of the hill it had the effect of an earthquake, as every thing in them was set in motion. No property is destroyed, if we except a small truck containing some tools used for cutting stone. It was lucky it occurred at the time of low water, as otherwise the blockade-man must have been buried in the mass.

A meeting of the householders and proprietors of Portsea has been held, to take into consideration the propriety of petitioning Government against the contemplated inclosure of the Common Hard, as affecting the property, health, and convenience, as well as the prosperity, of the inhabitants; when a petition to His Royal Highness the Lord High Admiral was resolved on.

The expenditure, for the last half year, of Brighton, viz. from June 30, to Dec. 31, 1827, amounted to no less a sum than £9,000!—The duties on coals, for the same period, produced £1,852. 13s. 11d., and the market tolls £1,032. 19s. 8d.

Married.] H. R. Mitford, esq., of Exbury, to Lady Georgiana Ashburnham, daughter of Earl Ashburnham.

Died.] At Hastings, 100, Mrs. Anson; Charlotte Philadelphia, daughter of Sir W. Rowley, M.P., Suffolk.

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK.

On the report of the present state of the Great Hospital being read to the common council of Norwich, it appeared, that in 1763, there were 86 poor people and 4 nurses supported by that charity, and the revenue was £1,670. The annual income now amounted to £5,740, and 150 persons enjoy the benefits; it was therefore resolved to add 24 more poor folk to the advantages of this excellent establishment of the piety of Edward VI., and a committee formed to inquire what further additions could be made. These resolutions were received with cheers from all parts of the room; affording a hint of the necessity for others to look particularly to their *local* charities!

Upwards of £200 has been collected by the sale of fancy articles at the Assembly-rooms at Lynn, chiefly manufactured by the ladies of that place, for the benefit of the Visiting Society and the Dispensary.

In the parish of Hemingstone, a farm which was let, forty years ago, at £40 per annum, is now let for £120.—The yearly tithes, which were at the former period £4, are now £15. 15s., and the small tithes in proportion. The price of labour was the same then as now!!!

CAMBRIDGE AND ESSEX.

The Plumian Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge has published a statement to the members of the Senate, relative to the present state of the Observatory, which, it appears, is better adapted to its purposes than any similar building in Europe. But he states, that the income attached to the care of it is too small to induce any one to bestow his full attention to it!!! Surely this will be remedied, for those who "observe all night and calculate all day," ought to be liberally rewarded, and the kingdom itself no longer degraded by such miserable parsimony, in the cause of the noblest of sciences!

Sentence of death was recorded against one prisoner only at Huntingdon, and a very few transported and imprisoned.

At the Cambridge Assizes, 7 were condemned to death; 3 transported, and 8 imprisoned.

The sale of ornamental work, conducted by the ladies at the Bazaar at Wisbeach, for the Female Friendly Society, produced £150.

The assizes for Essex closed—according to a term commonly used—a maiden assize. Not a life, out of 67 guilty persons, has been sacrificed to the offended laws of the country. The calendar

had swollen, before the Grand Jury were discharged, to 92 persons.

Died.] At Royston, 79, H. Wortham, esq., formerly Chairman of the County Sessions, and Colonel of the Militia.—At Hinxton-house, 83, C. Raikes, esq.; he was the last surviving brother of the respected founder of Sunday Schools.—At Billericay, 83, Rev. Dr. J. Jenner.

CORNWALL.

The following is a statement of the pilchard fishery in the year 1827.—Number of seans employed, 186; drift boats, 368; men employed on board drift-boats, 1,599; men employed at sea on seans, 2,672; persons on shore, to whom the fishery affords direct employment, 6,350; total number of persons employed in the fishery, 10,521; cost of seans, boats, &c., £209,840; cost of drift-boats and nets, £61,400; cost of cellars and other establishments on shore, for carrying on the fishery, £169,975; total capital invested directly in the pilchard fishery, £441,215.

The breakwater at Bude has been nearly all destroyed by the tremendous sea on Sunday, March 2.

A curious fish has been lately taken and exhibited at Bude: its head, which is of an oval shape, has the eyes placed quite on the top; it has three rows of teeth, and underneath its belly project two fins, resembling hands, webbed; there are also on each side two places similar to pockets, with flaps over, which will contain several quarts of water.

WALES.

The banking-house of Messrs. Walter and Co., at Swansea, was entered by means of false keys, and cash and bills to a very great amount were stolen therefrom, on Sunday evening, Feb. 17, while the owners were attending divine service.

Died.] At Lanvihangel Crucorney, 101! Mr. J. Roberts.

SCOTLAND.

A tenant in the neighbourhood of Perth, under Sir David Moncrieffe, having his farm infested with rabbits, which annually destroyed his crop to a great extent, had made repeated complaints on the subject to his landlord, without effect. The tenant, at last, seeing no other remedy, employed a person to snare and destroy the rabbits; and happening accidentally to kill a hare in one of his gins, the Game Association sued him and his employer for penalties for "hunting and hawking." In this the Game Association were defeated; but they succeeded in getting him fined in the statutory penalty for having game in his possession. A complaint was also made, in the name of the proprietor, to the Court of Session, and, on the pretence that the tenant was *hounding* and destroying the game upon his farm, an interdict against him was obtained from the Lord Ordinary. The tenant denied that he had ever hunted or destroyed game upon his farm; but admitted that, in order to protect his property, he had employed a person to destroy the rabbits, which were *ferœ naturæ*, wild beasts, that any person had a right to kill. The plea that rabbits are game was then resorted to; but the Court unanimously found otherwise, continued the interdict only in so far as regarded the killing of game, and decreed the landlord to pay the tenant's expenses. Thus, tenants who have their crops injured by rabbits are entitled, at their own hands, to rid themselves of such vermin, without consulting their landlord.—*Perth Courier.*

In a circular lately issued by Principal Baird, at the desire of the Committee of the General Assembly for increasing the means of education in Scotland, particularly the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, it is stated, that there are above 128,000 persons of all ages in the north who can neither read nor write Gaelic or English; that of young persons from the age of five to 15 years, there are 25,000 in the same deplorable condition—and though the Committee of the General Assembly have instituted 51 schools, above 100 more have been urgently applied for. Here is a wide field for benevolent exertions.

The Greenock Bank was entered by means of false keys, on Sunday morning, and plundered to the amount of £30,000!

Died.] At Tynninghame, 75, Charles Earl of Haddington.

IRELAND.

The anniversary of St. Patrick was celebrated at Dublin Castle in the most magnificent style.

The natives of Wales resident in Dublin sent a deputation to the Castle, with an address to the Marquis of Anglesea, on his arrival there. His Excellency received them very graciously, and marked his affection for his native country by an especial compliment to the deputation—that of receiving them without any appearance of state, or attendance of his household, and reading in person this reply to their address:—"Unavailing as my efforts may possibly prove in fulfilling your anticipations of happier and more prosperous days to this generous people, my most strenuous exertions and unremitting endeavours shall be directed to its accomplishment."

There are now in Clonmel gaol, waiting to be tried at the ensuing spring assizes, upwards of three hundred prisoners, of whom more than fifty are for the dreadful crime of murder. The Solicitor-general is togo this circuit, specially, to prosecute the murderers of the Maras; for which crime there are nearly twenty individuals in custody, on the evidence of an accomplice, admitted as a witness for the Crown.

It is reported that several nocturnal meetings have been lately held in the county of Kildare, principally consisting of the peasantry. Some of them have been stated to us to be attended by thousands. On one or two occasions they dispersed quietly on being exhorted to that effect.

Estates annexed to some of the Irish bishopricks—in Irish acres:—Derry, 94,836; Armagh, 63,470: Kilmore, 51,350; Tuam, 49,281; Clogher, 32,317; Elphin, 31,017; Dublin, 28,781; Cork, 22,755; Meath, 18,374; Ossory, 13,891: Cashel, 12,800. Total, 418,872.—This account is taken from the returns made by order of the House of Commons, and it includes only eleven bishopricks, out of the number of twenty-two, in Ireland. If these Irish acres were converted into English statutable measure, they would be something more than 600,000—for an Irish one makes 1 acre, 2 roods, 19 perches.

Married.] Viscount Dungarvan, son of the Earl of Cork, to Lady Catherine St. Lawrence, sister to the Earl of Howth.—W. J. M'Guire, esq., to Lady Mary Annesley, daughter of the Earl of Annesley.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS,

From the 26th of February to the 25th of March, 1826.

Feb.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Red.	N4 Pr. C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exch. Bills.	Consols for Acc.,
26	206¼ 7	83⅞ 4⅛	83⅛ ⅜	91⅝ ¾	91⅜ ⅞	100⅛ ¼	19⅛ 9-16	245	86 87p	55 57p	83 ⅜
27	206½	84⅛ ⅜	83⅜ ⅝	91½ ⅞	91⅜ ½	100⅜ ⅜	19½ ⅝	244	85 86p	55 56p	83⅜ ⅜
28	206¼ 7	84⅛ ⅜	83⅜ ⅝	92¼	91⅜ 2½	100⅜ ⅜	19⅛ ⅝	244½ 5	—	55 57p	83¾ 4
29	206¾	83¾ 4	82⅞ 3⅛	91⅝ ¾	91½ ¾	100⅛	19 7-16 ⅝	243½	—	53 57p	83⅜
Mar.											
1	—	84⅜	83½ ⅝	—	92½	100½ ⅜	19½ ⅝	—	86 87p	56 58p	83¼ ¾
2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
3	207	83⅞ 4⅛	83⅛ ⅜	—	91⅜ 2	100⅛ ¼	—	—	87 88p	57 58p	83½ ⅛
4	206¼ 7	83⅞ 4⅛	83½ ⅝	92½ ¾	91⅜ 2½	100¼	—	—	—	57 59p	83½ ⅜
5	—	—	83⅜ ⅝	92½	—	100⅛ ¼	—	—	88 89p	58 60p	83¾ 84⅛
6	—	—	83½ 4½	93¼	—	100⅜ ¾	—	—	89 90p	58 60p	83⅜ 84½
7	—	—	81½	—	—	100⅜ ⅞	—	—	90 91p	59 61p	84⅛ ½
8	—	—	83⅜ 4⅛	—	—	100½ ¾	—	—	90p	59 60p	83¾ 84⅛
9	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
10	—	—	83⅛ ⅝	—	—	100¼ ½	—	—	90p	58 60p	83⅛ ¾
11	—	—	83½ ¾	—	—	100⅜ ⅝	—	—	89 90p	58 60p	83½ ¾
12	—	—	83½	—	—	100⅜ ½	—	—	90p	58 60p	83½ ½
13	—	—	82⅞ ⅝	—	—	99⅞ 100	—	—	87 89p	56 59p	82⅝
14	—	—	82⅞ ⅝	—	—	99⅞ 100⅛	—	—	86 88p	57 59p	82½ ⅞
15	—	—	83⅛ ¼	—	—	99⅞ 100¼	—	—	89p	58 59p	82¾ 83¼
16	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
17	—	—	83⅛ ⅜	—	—	100⅛ ¼	—	—	88 89p	58 59p	83⅛ ⅜
18	—	—	82⅞ ⅝	—	—	100¼	—	—	87 89p	56 59p	82⅝ 83
19	—	—	82⅝ 3	—	—	100⅜ ⅜	—	—	—	57 58p	82⅝ 83
20	—	—	82⅝ 3⅛	—	—	100⅜ ⅜	—	—	—	57 58p	82⅝ 83⅛
21	—	—	82⅜ 3	—	—	100⅜ ¼	—	—	88 89p	56 57p	82¾ 83
22	—	—	82⅜ 3	—	—	100⅜ ¼	—	—	—	56 57p	82⅞ 83⅛
23	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
24	—	—	82⅞ 3¼	—	—	100¼	—	—	89 90p	56 57p	82⅞ 83¼
25	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

E. Eyton, *Stock Broker, 2, Cornhill and Lombard Street.*

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

From February 20th, to March 19th, 1828.

By William Harris and Co. 50, High Holborn.

February.	Rain Guage.	Moon.	Therm. 9 A.M.	Therm. Max.	Therm. Min.	Barometer. 9 A.M.	Barometer. 10 P.M.	De Luc's Hygro. 9 A.M.	De Luc's Hygro. 10 P.M.	Winds. 9 A.M.	Winds. 10 P.M.	Atmospheric Variations. 9 A.M.	2 P.M.	10 P.M.
20			43	49	40	29 09	29 06	99	98	SE	S	Clo.	Fine	Rain
21			42	45	39	28 94	28 93	99	98	SE	ESE	—	—	Clo.
22		☽	43	47	41	28 90	29 01	98	98	SE	ESE	—	Rain	—
23			41	42	39	29 20	29 42	98	98	NE	N	Rain	Fair	—
24			42	50	39	29 68	29 71	97	96	WSW	WSW	Fair	Fine	Fair
25	16		44	52	48	29 74	29 73	96	98	WSW	WSW	—	Rain	—
26			50	57	50	29 74	29 77	98	98	WSW	WSW	—	Fair	—
27			52	53	49	29 99	30 09	94	98	SW	S	Clo.	Clo.	—
28			50	55	40	30 20	30 21	97	96	NE	NE	—	Fair	Clo.
29			42	47	41	30 12	29 93	98	98	NW	ENE	Fair	—	—
Mar.														
1		○	46	48	45	30 03	29 94	94	97	N	N	—	—	Fair
2			45	50	38	29 94	29 97	96	98	ENE	NE	—	—	—
3			42	48	42	29 88	29 76	95	92	WNW	N	Clo.	—	Clo.
4			43	50	40	29 84	29 63	92	93	NW	N	Fair	—	—
5			42	45	30	29 63	29 65	90	84	NNE	N	Clo.	Sleet	Fine
6			35	40	31	29 65	29 92	76	90	N	N	Fair	Fair	Clo.
7			33	38	33	30 11	30 03	90	98	NW	W	—	—	Sl. Rain
8			46	55	47	30 00	30 12	98	96	NW	W	—	—	Clo.
9		☾	48	57	45	30 13	30 10	94	90	W	W	—	Fine	Fine
10			53	58	44	30 10	30 11	90	92	WNW	NW	—	—	—
11			52	55	46	30 11	30 12	92	92	W	WSW	—	—	Fair
12			48	55	48	29 95	29 95	94	98	WSW	WNW	Clo.	—	Clo.
13			52	60	52	30 01	30 04	93	96	W	WNW	Fine	—	—
14			54	59	46	30 14	30 15	88	86	W	WNW	—	—	—
15		◔	50	62	49	30 26	30 25	86	80	N	NW	Clo.	—	—
16			53	62	52	30 22	30 16	92	90	W	WNW	—	Fair	Sleet
17			57	64	48	30 04	30 04	92	94	W	NW	—	—	Fair
18			51	56	48	33 06	29 55	94	96	NW	WNW	—	—	Sleet
19			49	52	42	29 35	29 47	98	94	W	WNW	—	Clo.	Fine

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

New Series.

VOL. V.] MAY, 1828. [No. 29.

REPORT OF THE SOCIETY FOR SUPERSEDING THE NECESSITY OF CLIMBING-BOYS IN SWEEPING CHIMNIES.

WE have placed the title of this little tract at the head of the present article, not for the purpose of giving our readers any specific account of its contents, but to introduce a few remarks upon the practice against which it is directed. The pamphlet itself—(which is published at a price almost nominal, the service of their cause, and not emolument, being the object of those who produce it)—is interesting, and contains many facts well worth the consideration of those who think humanity a duty, or find pleasure in its exercise. But, as may fairly be expected under such circumstances, it reasons only on one side of the question. We shall endeavour, and we think without any chance of endangering its ultimate success, to take a short review of both.

Of the exceeding misery of the unhappy little creatures on whose behalf the very respectable society already named is interesting itself, we take it there can be no doubt: and we merely abstain from going into evidence of the fact, in order to avoid any possible suspicion that we are making out a *case*. If the truth of this charge were even questioned, there is testimony enough before us, ten times over, to put an end to all objection. The evidence before the two Committees (in 1818) of the Houses of Lords and Commons—although we fully agree that the proposal for abolishing the *power* of using climbing-boys for the purpose of sweeping chimnies was properly and justifiably negatived at that time by Parliament—is crowded with statements, at which it is impossible to look without feeling the most painful compassion for the helpless little objects who are concerned in them. It appears—and the facts are even uncontradicted—from the evidence before the Lords' Committee, that the children employed in this miserable trade are commonly *bought* by the master-sweepers—that is, a sum of money is given by the master to those persons whose poverty or heartlessness will induce them to part with their children for such a purpose—always at the youngest possible age, and, in most cases, as early as six or seven years old. The task of climbing chimnies is taught them with great suffering, and often by the most scandalous and disgusting severities; and, when learned, it affects three out of four with lasting deformity or disease. As two-thirds of the "sweep-masters" as they are called, are of the very lowest order of the community, it generally happens that their children are treated with great brutality, and as little else than temporary engines of gain: ill fed,

worse lodged, scarcely clothed at all, and beaten as may suit the drunken whim or merciless disposition of the journeymen who control them. In addition to these miseries, their trade, when learned, is always exercised subject to great danger. They are exposed to the hazard of sticking in flues which are too small; of being suffocated in others by the rapid fall of soot from above, where circumstances prevent it from being carried away with sufficient rapidity from below; of being burned in chimnies which they ascend while on fire, or where fire that existed prior to their ascension has not been long enough put out; and from all these perils —sufficiently afflicting in themselves—their danger is increased five times over by the fact that the poor child exposed cannot exercise its own slight judgment as to the degree of danger—the blows and vengeance of the employer, in case of failure, being a source of apprehension beyond any probably that the state of circumstances can supply. We take it, however, really to be unnecessary to press these facts. If it were required—as we have already said—we have enough proof in support of them to fill our whole publication three times over. But we believe that no person of common observation can fail to perceive, by the evidence of his own senses from day to day, that the sweep-children are in a condition incomparably more degraded than that of any other working class in society: that they are obviously poorer, and exposed to more of suffering, than even the common beggar-children that run about our streets: plying all the while, with an industry that at least merits something like competence and protection in return, a most laborious and painful, as well as perilous vocation!

Now we attach very little value to the arguments of a certain class of speculators who have opposed the interference with this trade as a measure of superfluous philanthropy. "The trade of climbing chimnies," we are told, is one of "a certain danger:" but "so is the trade of climbing ladders—the trade of a bricklayer."—"It is a noisome calling:" and "so is the business of a scavenger."—"An unwholesome one:" but "so is the work of a plumber."—"Children are employed in it:" but "so they are in the work of a cotton-mill." This is mere sophistry. Various trades and occupations, no doubt, possess each, individually, some one of the unfavourable circumstances belonging to the trade of a chimney-sweep: but there is no other calling—that we are aware of—which possesses them all put together. There is no other case in which children—almost infants—are engaged in a most dangerous, laborious, cruel, and ill-paid occupation; separated wholly from their natural protectors; obviously—to all who have their eyes—constantly enduring great physical privation and suffering; and subjected to the control, and left wholly at the mercy, of the very lowest and most ignorant, as well as very often the most depraved members of the community. Therefore, we feel not the remotest doubt as to the expediency, in the abstract, of putting an end to this abused and wretched trade; and the only point is, whether that can be done without danger to the general interests and security of society.

The question then becomes this—Can the practice of employing children to ascend chimnies be legally prohibited or dispensed with, without occasioning so much of inconvenience, as it would be unreasonable to call upon the public to submit to? And here it is, we think, that the course adopted hitherto by the friends of the climbing-children may be improved upon.

The proposition to Parliament, in the year 1818, was to abolish the

practice of sweeping chimnies by children—to prohibit it altogether, rendering the act penal at law. This proposal went too far. It was unquestionably impossible to pass a bill to such effect: but it was not necessary, in consequence of the rejection of that bill, that the law should have remained where it is.

There are many cases, not adverted to by the Committee of the friendly Society in the publication before us, in which the services of boys for the purposes of climbing chimnies are almost indispensable: at least, many in which to forbid the resort to such a measure would be to create a greater evil than that which would be removed. In the process of building every chimney, for instance, an obstruction which must be removed by hand, called a "core," is formed. That is to say, in the process of raising the structure, at every bend or angle an accumulation takes place of mortar, which hardens as the work is proceeding, and, choking, in a great measure, the draught of the flue, would of course prevent the smoke from passing. These "cores" could only be got rid of by the very costly and troublesome expedient of opening the chimney (after it was built) at every point where a bend occurred, unless they were removed, as they are at present, by the aid of a climbing-boy.

For a second example.—Most persons will be aware, that the chimnies of the better class of houses are subjected to a process called "pargetting:" in less technical words, the brick funnel is rendered more completely fire-proof, by coating it with a lining of strong mortar, in the manner of a ceiling. It occasionally happens, that, from decay or damp, or various other accidental causes, this "pargetting" composition becomes loose and partially broken: in which case, the smoke penetrates through the interstices into other flues, and even apartments, and the whole building may be exposed to considerable danger. There are no means by which the existence of this evil can be *ascertained*, but by the employment of a climbing-boy: and the only other mode of even repairing it, would be by the very costly process of opening the chimney. To take this latter course every time that an accident might be suspected, would hardly be possible; and very considerable danger might result from the neglect of some precaution.

In another case—after fire has taken place in a chimney.—The thought of sending any human creature—especially a child—up a chimney in a state of ignition—or even before there was clear proof that the fire was extinguished, and time had elapsed to allow the flue to cool—would be in the highest degree scandalous, and ought to be punishable: but, after the fire has ceased, it is impossible to deny that there is a necessity the chimney should be examined. It constantly happens, especially in the older houses, that beams of wood are let, for support, into the chimnies. In cases of fire, the ends of these timbers become ignited; they go on smouldering long after the fire in the chimney has ceased; and frequently, in the end, communicate it to the floors of the building. To ascertain the condition of a chimney, under such circumstances, there are no means but by the employment of a climbing-boy. And, in addition to these circumstances, and some others which might be named, there are, in many of the older houses, some chimnies so extremely crooked, that no machine which ever has been constructed, or of which any hopes are entertained by the most sanguine advocates of the mechanical system, can sweep them.

These facts, therefore, form, and most fairly, an answer to any proposition for *prohibiting, by law*, the employment of climbing-boys. It is

evident that either such a law must be evaded, or very serious inconveniences, and often very fatal dangers, would result from its enforcement. But none of the circumstances supply an answer to any measure *short of the prohibition* of the practice: they form no bar to the proposal for getting rid of it in the most extended possible degree; or of amending, by regulation, the condition of the comparatively small number of children who must continue to be employed in it.

Now, we have little doubt that, by competent regulation, the employment of climbing boys might be diminished to at most one-tenth of its existing amount. The cases in which their work is absolutely required are very few, indeed. The process of "coring" chimnies is a work performed only once—at the time when the chimney is originally built. The necessity for examination after the accident of fire, or for possible want of repairs, occurs but seldom. And the number of chimnies which must of necessity be cleansed by boys, bears no nameable proportion to that of those in which a well constructed machine most fully and completely answers all the purpose. The Committee state, in their pamphlet before us, that by a new machine, invented and used under their patronage, in the last year, "out of 836 chimnies attempted, there were only thirteen in which the operation did not entirely succeed." Now, taking the actual or partial failures to have been *treble* this amount, it would still appear that *nineteen* chimnies out of *twenty* have been perfectly well cleansed by the machine. And, moreover, it should be recollected that, where chimnies cannot be swept by machinery, the fact arises *entirely* from the peculiarity of their formation: a formation, which, if the employment of boys were expensive or inconvenient, would as certainly be avoided by future architects, as many other circumstances of annoyance remaining in old houses are uniformly got rid of now in those more recently and conveniently built. As far as necessity goes, therefore, there seems reason to believe that at least three-fourths of the present quantity of work now performed by climbing-boys might be got rid of at once: and that, within fifty years, by a very easy and inexpensive attention to building arrangements, their employment might be almost entirely restricted to cases of accident or repair.

Unfortunately, however, as it appears to us, the very praiseworthy and zealous advocates of the improved system, having failed to carry their *whole* object by legislative interference, rather hastily abandoned the chance—we should almost say the moral certainty—of carrying by far the greater portion of it. This is wrong, both with reference to principle and to experience. It scarcely ever happens that any system of evil can be got rid of at a single blow. Human arrangements depend so much—indeed are constructed so much—one upon another, that we can scarcely touch any long constituted system, without collaterally affecting and shaking half-a-dozen more. It is painful and very provoking to have to do good by degrees; but it is by degrees that it must be done in nine cases of every kind in ten; and especially in matters of legislation. On the other hand, there is a mistake in believing, that, without legislation, we can ever upon any subject do much. Private exertion or recommendation effects very little in moving men out of the ordinary course of their interest, or of that which they fancy to be their interest: and such engines are still less efficient where they have to contend with old habits and prejudices. The people, in the mass, have been *used* to have their chimnies swept by children; and that which they have been accustomed to—although it were for no reason

but because they have been accustomed to it—they prefer. No man, again, finds—or at least he finds it with difficulty—any habit in which he has long indulged, and in which all the people about him indulge, cruel. A hundred practices, which it would be impossible now to introduce, being long existent, will be tolerated; not because they are defensible, but because men's minds are inured, and, in the manner, born to them.

The case of the unhappy climbing-boys then, we are afraid, is one peculiarly surrounded with all these difficulties. The lower classes—and, to do them justice, the middle ones—all ignorant and half-informed people—hate every innovation that gives them trouble, or that they fancy may by possibility give trouble. Housemaids are naturally jealous of the danger of a little extra labour; and mistresses, of the chance of any extra dirt. The "master-sweeps" can see no reason—why should they?—for learning a new mode of performing their work, when the old one answers all *their* purpose extremely well. A chimney-sweeper as instinctively dislikes the disuse of his climbing boys, as a barber hates people who wear their own hair; or a lawyer, people who talk of "reform in the practice of pleading." And, in point of fact, the "master chimney-sweeps," very easily assisted by the prejudices of the persons who employ them, do, beyond doubt, covertly oppose the use of machinery by all the means in their power. They wilfully perform the work ill, in a great variety of instances. But they go farther than this; for—that which is a most material "figure to be observed," as Bobadil expresses it, in the management of every doubtful question—they *charge twice as much* to those who choose to use the machine, as is paid by those who consent to use the boy!

Now a double amount of payment, and a double amount of dirt to clear away afterwards, are fearful odds for the strongest case of charity that ever was made out to contend against. And the principle is fully approved in the existing instance: the new system is making no way; and, unless we back our benevolence with an Act of Parliament, we doubt if it is likely to make any progress worth considering: it certainly makes very little at present. It is in vain, we are afraid, that the Committee are using their private efforts, with so strong a force opposed to them. They establish—they have tried this experiment vigorously—a few traders, at long intervals of distance, who sweep chimnies with *the machine only*, and do the work at the ordinary price. This will not do—it never can do, and never did. Two or three individuals cannot, in any trade, monopolize the business of a whole metropolis, or even make any sensible impression upon it. "Customers," as they are familiarly called, will employ those agents who are "at hand." All people like to "deal" in "the next street." A resident in Marylebone will not employ a chimney-sweeper, or any other trader, who lives at Mile End. Again—those dealers who "sweep *only* with the machine," are inconvenient for the purposes of the public. It may so happen that a householder who sweeps ten chimnies with a machine, has *one* for which a boy is necessary; then, if he deals with the trader who uses the machine *only*, that boy has to be sought elsewhere: and then the proprietor of that boy is careless, or insolent, or discontented. And people feel that it is better—and, they think, "more fair"—to give the whole work to one individual. All these are, no doubt, petty details; but they are the details which, where people are left to themselves, very constantly decide the success of, or failure of, very important measures: and they have had that effect in the present case. In despite of the

earnest efforts of the Society, the trade remains in the hands of the old chimney-sweep masters; and these continue—and will continue, unless their customers are excited by a touch of legislation—to manage the affair in their own way.

There does appear, however, to us, to be a course, perfectly obvious on slight consideration, and wholly unobjectionable in its nature, which would do that—with the help of a little enactment—for the Climbing-Boys' Society, which their personal exertions have little prospect of attaining.

As the practice stands, we have already stated, that the master chimney-sweepers *charge more* (twice the sum) for doing their work with the machine than is charged when they employ the boy. This fact alone is enough to stop the progress of the machine-system. Five persons out of six—as the public is composed—will have their work done in the cheapest way; and the sixth is very apt, after a time, to discover that he alone can effect nothing, and that his humanity only serves to place him rather in a worse situation than his neighbours. While it costs say a shilling to sweep a chimney with the machinery, and only sixpence to have it swept by a child, small as the total amount is—no man of business ought to doubt this for a moment—the former never will make its way. But if we could *reverse* this state of the account, and make the machine-cost only half as much as the work of the boy, or, that which would have the same effect, raise the cost of the boy to two or three times that of the machine, we should do more than would be done by a whole library of philanthropic tracts, to bring the machine-system into general adoption.

Our proposal, then—for our object is to get this discussion into as small a compass as possible—our proposition—from which we intreat our readers not to start too hastily—is TO IMPOSE A TAX UPON THE EMPLOYMENT OF CLIMBING-BOYS; which, by raising the price of their labour above that of the machines, would gradually lead persons to use the latter, in all cases where the application of the former was not absolutely necessary.

We repeat our request, that our readers will not start from this project hastily: there is no iota of novelty in the principle of it: the same arrangement is in other matters in operation every day under our eyes—as we pledge ourselves to shew. The short detail of our scheme would be this—We would oblige every master chimney-sweeper to purchase a licence; and, if he kept children for the purpose of cleansing chimnies, to enter, and pay an annual duty upon, each child kept for that purpose. Say, in order to make the application certain, that he should be compelled to pay a specified duty for every servant kept by him, to be employed in his trade, under sixteen years of age.

There can be no objection—after a single moment's consideration—taken to this proposal in point of principle. It would be mere ignorance to speak of it as "petty legislation:" this is the only objection which can ever be set up against it; and an instant's reflection will shew that complaint to be wholly void of force. There can be no more pettiness in compelling a chimney-sweeper to take out a licence, than in compelling a "hawker or pedlar" to do so. No more interference with trade, in making him pay a duty upon every one of his boys, than in making a stable-keeper, who keeps beasts for hire, pay a duty upon every one of his horses. As the law already stands, almost every trade (however seemingly mean) is watched, which either the public

security or the interest of the revenue requires should be subject to such inspection. A Jew cannot cry quills, or a carman sell sand, about the country, without a regular licence. We have inspectors appointed to watch the premises of horse-slaughterers; rights secured to search the houses, at all times, of dealers in second-hand cordage or metals. Every title is assumed, and every precaution taken, where any thing like pecuniary interest is concerned; and there seems to be no reason why a very slight descent into particulars should be urged as an objection to a course which concerns the interests of humanity.

The cost of the licence to be required in this case would be merely nominal: ten or fifteen shillings a year would be sufficient. The duty paid for each climbing-boy kept would be much larger; and ought certainly not to be less than five pounds a year—perhaps from five to ten: the object being, in fact, as will be recollected, to *prohibit*—to make the tax as *unproductive* as possible. This duty, however, it is to be remembered, can form no tax upon the master chimney-sweeper: he will transfer it, with an additional charge, and that, in proportion, a considerably additional one, to his customer. Upon the individual, or "consumer"—if the latter term can properly be made use of in such a case—the tax will no doubt fall: but, even here, it will operate so lightly as but just to turn the balance in every possible case in favour of the cheaper method. If we suppose that the duty raised the price of sweeping a chimney by a climbing-boy (as we would desire it should do) to *treble* the present amount, the whole result would be, that, where a child now cleanses a chimney for the cost of sixpence, the householder would have to pay eighteen-pence. This imposition would be quite sufficient to induce the man who had twelve chimnies in his house, to sweep eleven of them by machinery, if that course were practicable; and yet it would not be so heavy as to make the employment of the boy (for the twelfth) a burthen to be complained of. And it should be observed, that it is only where chimnies require to be *swept* by manual labour, that the duty—although paid—would be felt by the public. All the work of *repairing*, or *examining* chimnies—that work in which the labour of children, though required but seldom, cannot, when wanted, be dispensed with—all this is now treated as an "extraordinary job," and paid for at a high rate. The master-sweep gets a fee of a crown, for instance, or more frequently half-a-guinea, for his "job," in clearing or repairing a chimney, or examining one that has been on fire: and whether the child that performed the duty paid sixpence of tax more or less, that "extra fee"—always paid where the real necessity exists—would not be increased.

A law like this would operate, in two or three ways, beneficially. As all persons, where machinery could be used, would then be disposed to use it, the number of climbing-boys employed would at once be most materially and rapidly diminished. The mere higher price paid for the service of such children as remained, would have some tendency to improve their condition—for there are few instances, where any employment is largely paid, in which the labourer does not receive a small portion of the peculiar advantage. And, moreover, from the very fact of the chimney-sweep being a "licensed" trader, there would be a more ready and certain means of *surveillance* over his conduct, and a better security consequently for the good treatment of the children whom he employed than we have at present.

And for any objection to such a course on the score of "petty

legislation"—for this is the point upon which we look for opposition, however worthless it is—surely such a difficulty ought only to be raised by persons totally ignorant of the laws relative to our Excise and Customs, or by those who are prepared to say that it is matter of pecuniary interest alone that can be worthy the attention of the legislature. Because, for "petty legislation," there is scarcely a detail, however minute, in trade with which, where revenue has been concerned, we have not interfered, as matter of common usage. A man cannot let a horse without a licence. If he lets a post-chaise, he pays a tax, not by the day, but by the very *mile* that it travels. At this very hour, if a man powders his footman's hair, he pays a tax. If he employs a gardener more than so many days in the year, or keeps a mastiff to scare thieves from his premises, he is subject to a duty.* Watermen, porters, drovers, hackney-coachmen, all are taxed, and their callings regulated as public convenience seems to require. We make a law for the accommodation of the scavengers: a resident in London has not a right to the contents of the dusthole of his own house; nor can any but one licensed individual take or receive it, without being subject to a penalty. We have a law—open to a good deal of possible abuse (although a very sound and excellent law)—which protects cattle from ill-usage in our streets. And surely it is too much, with all this before us, to talk of "petty legislation," when a simple act is proposed for the benefit of an unhappy class of little beings, whose misery is the observation of every body, but who, nevertheless, unless by some legislative provision, will be materially protected or assisted by nobody.

The only objection which would deserve to be listened to, in a discussion upon this question, would be that which should shew some serious inconvenience, or probable danger, arising to the public out of the course suggested. We profess ourselves unable, at present, from our own plan, to perceive either the chance of danger or inconvenience. No prohibition of the right to use the climbing-boy is intended: all that the legislature does is to tax a commodity of which it desires to limit the use, in favour of one of which it desires the use should be increased: the most heavy consequence which can result to the community would be, that some few persons in possession of old-fashioned houses might have to pay an additional tax of five shillings a year; a consideration too slight to be allowed to interfere with any measure of general propriety.

On the other hand, we find it impossible to doubt that a law of this character *would* advance the use of machinery certainly and extensively. The common principles which determine the conduct of men would apply upon this, as well as upon other subjects. People in general would be anxious to have their work done—so that it was done competently and effectively—in the cheapest way. The master chimney-sweepers, too, as soon as they had to pay a duty (which should always be levied in advance) upon the employ of children, would at once become anxious at least to keep no more than they were sure of finding work for. By degrees they would find the machine—which could lie idle without loss—the more convenient engine for their business; and the employment of climbing-boys would only be resorted to in cases where such service might be really indispensable.

As we adhere to the intention expressed in the beginning of our article, of stripping this little discussion of every circumstance that might confuse or encumber it, we have very little now to add. We can have

* If a chimney-sweeper keeps a *dog*, he is clearly obliged to pay a duty upon him.

no hesitation to admit, that where the safety, or—we fear we must say—the general convenience of society, demand the exposure of any of its members to noisome and dangerous duties, the necessary sacrifice must be made. We could not have refused, a few months since, to empty the great sewer at Paris—though this was done at very considerable peril to the workmen—when the health of the city was found to depend upon its being cleansed; nor can we refuse to run some risk in pulling down a house which is already in danger of falling, where a greater danger would result to the community from permitting it to remain. But while we are bound, even at the hazard of individuals, to undertake a great variety of duties which are both noisome and perilous—on the other hand, it is no less our imperative duty to diminish the risk of all such works as far as possible; and to dispense with human agency in every one of them in which mechanical means can be with equal advantage employed.

There is only one circumstance worthy of consideration farther. The trade of sweeping chimnies, by climbing-children, is one, it should never be forgotten, *of itself alone*. There is no other calling in which children of a helpless age are exposed to so much cruelty of treatment, or subjected—our own eyes are daily witnesses of the fact—to so much hard labour and privation. The public hears much, from day to day, on the abominations of slave-ownership, and of the sufferings of the unhappy negroes in our colonies:—will any man, who knows the condition of those colonies, venture to assert that there is even any comparison between the treatment and condition of the slave children in the West Indies, and that of the miserable little beings who are employed in climbing chimnies, in the most philanthropic as well as wealthy country in the world? In fact, it is not likely that there should be any parity between the cases; for all "law" is (practically) equally silent and inoperative in both; while the interests of the masters are, by a singular coincidence, in one and the other, diametrically opposite. The slave-owner, whose slave is his property, and who must maintain him under all circumstances, has a decided interest in managing the child, so as to render it as strong and as vigorous as possible: while the chimney-sweeper, on the other hand, for the immediate purposes of his trade, is *interested* in keeping the children apprenticed to him as slight and diminutive as possible; their utility to him ceasing altogether as soon as they arrive at a certain stage of growth; and his liability to maintain them expiring whenever it suits his convenience that it should do so.

We cannot agree, that, because this question touches the interests of only a small, and exceedingly friendless, portion of the community, therefore it ought to be neglected: or that, because it is found impossible wholly and suddenly to get rid of an objectionable practice, that therefore it is not worth while (if we can) to get rid of nineteen-twentieths of it. We should suggest the convenience of trying such a bill as we propose, in the first instance as applied to the metropolis only, or to a limit not exceeding the country ten miles round it. Should the plan be found, upon experiment, to succeed, there will then be no difficulty in extending its operation over the kingdom generally. We may add that the Committee of the Society possesses within its own numbers the most abundant and valuable facilities for introducing such a bill to both Houses of Parliament; and we think it scarcely possible, if such a measure were brought forward determinately, to doubt of its being carried.

A NIGHT AT COVIGLIAJO.

Who that has seen it can forget the rich landscape which stretches to the horizon from every point of the southern road to Bologna?—the slow ascents that imperceptibly lift the traveller far above the common haunts of men, whose distant towns and plantations, cares and interests, seem scarcely belonging to him;—the rich clusters of firs, cypresses, and beech-trees, spread over the bosom of the Apennines;—and then the occasional vallies and dells, like dimples on the face of the mountains, explored by no foot, echoing no voice, a meet abode for heavenly lovers, though decorated with nothing but the spontaneous beauty of earth! The succession of these scenes, for the space of forty miles from Florence, is almost too rapid and various for quiet pleasure. Two grand points of view might be selected, as displaying, at one glance, the choicest characteristics of this long and uninterrupted picture: that from the little inn, called Il Ghirletto; and the more famous one from the heights around Le Maschere.

"Ardi! ardi!" shouted the merry vetturino, as he reached the latter halting-place; and his voice was sharper, and his whip cracked more fiercely, as he looked at the long shadows that fell on the brow of the opposite hill. "Ardi! petit garçon!" was his encouragement to the leader of his team, purposely expressed in a foreign tongue, as indicative of past travels, with fifty *Milords*, who had retained Papia Machivelli, even as far as Calais or St. Petersburg. "It will be late to-night before we reach Pictramala, or even Covigliajo, unless these bullocks know their duty better than I know them. What a plague! Gentlemen! you wouldn't loiter, surely, when we are just losing the sun, and the road gets heavier at every step; you'll have a poor resting-place to-night, I reckon, if you keep me here much longer, brushing off the flies, and losing the little patience my wife has left me!" And so saying, he took a long draught of his pipe; and the *marinari*, who had awakened his spleen, resuming their places behind him, the lumbering machine was once more put in motion.

The party, as usual, was of a compound sort. The outside passengers were seamen, apparently of the middle rank, between sailors and officers, who had met at Leghorn, and, having the same journey to perform, had thus embarked in the same vehicle, bound for Venice. Within were packed an English lady and gentleman, a German lawyer of Cologne, and a pseudo-gentleman of Bologna, affecting to have been on a tour for mere amusement. The conversation had ceased between the occupants of the interior: one was drowsy, another hungry, the Bolognese sulky at the slow progress, and the lady had fears of travelling after dark. But a rapid fire of discourse was still kept up by the more vivacious neighbours of Papia, whose good jokes, stale songs, and *ex-officio* importance worked wonders with them. Nor was this their only source of amusement. Two of the seamen—unshorn, tempestuous dogs, old shipmates, and sworn good fellows—were generally full of wicked mirth at the expense of their nautical companion, who, from being unlike themselves, was, by reason of the world's law, a creature fairly ridiculous. Yet, perhaps, his appearance, though strange, was calculated to excite feelings of a different cast. His age might be five-

and-twenty. He wore a mustachoe, without whiskers, and, by a residence of twelve years principally amongst Turks, had acquired the fiery expression of eye peculiar to that nation. But in the lower part of his face, and in the tone of his voice, there was a gentleness which might seem like humility; and the return which he made to the jests of his companions was rather in a spirit of simplicity than folly. He was born on the sea-side, in that extreme part of the Austrian territory where the original Italian character is almost lost by intercourse with the neighbouring Dalmatians; and this, in some sort, accounted for the bastard dialect in which he spoke. But a long absence from his native place—the Bocche di Catarrho—had almost worn away the memory of his mother-tongue; and when he talked, at length, whether descanting on the beauties of his still remembered home, or on the marvels of St. Sophia, and perils past at sea, a frequent pause occurred in the narration, or a coined phrase shewed the lack of those which he had learned in his youth. How fondly and earnestly he dwelt upon the charms of that almost uncivilized land, which, after so long a separation, he was about to revisit! What were the palaces of Venice, the churches of Pisa, or the rural beauty of the Apennines, which his companions so much bepraised? He remembered more stately buildings, and greener fields; for, where his memory had failed him, there the collected fancies of twelve long years thronged to supply its place. But in the midst of these enthusiastic stories, the poor fellow's eye would suddenly lose its brightness, and some thought, which he did not disclose, changed the accent of his voice to one of sorrow. I know not why, but, as I gazed on this simple stranger, it seemed to me that he was one set out of the species to which I myself belonged, and that his mind was filled with musings, and his story marked by incidents, not common to mankind.

It was now past the setting of the sun; the bullocks had well done their duty; but we were still far from Pietra Mala. The vetturino's pipe, after many replenishings, was laid aside. His songs had died into an echo; and not one of the travellers had spirit for jeer or jest.

"Cospetto di Baccho! we must stop at that brutal Covigliajo, or the beasts will be knocked up, and we shall be worse than benighted. Now, if we had left Florence at daylight, this would not have been so; and there might have been good accommodations for all. As it is—Male detto! you little devil, if you stumble so by the side of these precipices, we shall lose our supper. But never mind—

"'Pantalone bianca
Colla' bottoniera!'"

And, in the stanzas of that interminable ditty, he soon lost his vexation.

At length the caravan turned under an archway, and drew up by a side-door of a low, lone house, where appeared one or two lights; and it was discovered that we had come to the termination of our day's journey. This was Covigliajo, a hamlet infamous for its lack of comfort, set on a high Apennine, and exposed to blasts from all quarters. After a long consultation between the driver and host—in which each was accosted at first as "caro amico," but, when obstacles thickened, as "brutta bestia," or "figliolo del diavolo"—it was made known that the house was preoccupied by three parties; one of which had returned from the next

post-house, having been there disappointed of any accommodation. This was encouraging! Every one of the travellers burst into a torrent of exclamations. High German, French, and different shades of Italian blended in one mass of noisy chagrin. The landlord and Papia were alternately the objects of abuse; the one for having so small a house—the other for driving over so hilly a road. But reproaches were vain; and when, in a spirit of conciliation, mine host proposed a trial of what could be done, the jarring but exhausted spirits were subdued into a temper of comparative moderation. So the trial was made. Passing through the sala, they observed sundry little *coteries* engaged in the discussion of their evening meal:—one or two bucks from the Tuscan capital (for even Italy has her Bond-street)—jolly priests—thin Frenchmen, with red ribbons—and serving-men, with caps on their heads. This was an evil augury; but the winds had gathered on the mountain-tops; and the creaking of panes, through which nothing of the dark scene without could be discerned, warned them not to desert their uncertain cheer for a more uncertain welcome elsewhere. There were two apartments that might be cleared for the use of the new guests: one lately erected, and damp, having a door without a fastening, and, what was worse, a bed without a mosquito-net, was dedicated by common gallantry to the Englishwoman: the other underwent tripartition; one half was arranged as a supper-room, and two dormitories were established in the residue. With these, the Englishman and the Bolognese pseudo-gentleman were furnished; the German was content with a chair by the fire; and the three seamen had no objection to a share in the stable-loft—to so low an ambition had necessity turned their desires!

Shall I describe the progress of their anomalous supper? The procession of strange dishes—soup and rice, bouilli, pigeons, roast liver, vegetables, cheese, and fruit! Can I forget the Englishman's amaze, when interrogated whether he ate *magro* or *grasso;* and, by happy chance, pleaded to the latter? And the insatiate man of manners, who had been to Florence for refinement, how he did exhibit his nobility of soul, by the theft of a hot pigeon, which, in a due envelop of dirty paper, he pocketed for his next matin-meal! All this passed by, the lady retired; but the close of the evening was not quite at hand. The German threw in a taste of Justinian's law—the Bolognese disputed the flavour of the Parmesan—but the *vin du pays,* which prompted so many rude jokes from two of the *marinari,* remained untouched by the third, whose reserve was too marked to be long without comment. He sate with a fixed eye, and an expression of deep thought, often broken by a subdued sigh, or other less avowed testimony of inward affliction. His countenance lost the almost childish character which it wore when he engaged in trifling discourse; and he seemed like one experienced in misfortune, even though unlearned in the usual cunning of years. By degrees, the attention of the whole party was turned to him; and one had the curiosity to ask whether any recent sorrow was in his mind, that he denied himself the food and the festivity of their common repast? He replied, in a low voice, that "he had been in some things an unhappy man; but that the time for remedy was past; and, as he could not but be a burden to men assembled for a social purpose, he would bid them good morrow, and retire." This was instantly opposed, even by the rough sons of Neptune, now softened by the quiet and unobtrusive

demeanour of their companion: and, to a general request that he would communicate the cause of these reflections, the poor fellow answered by the following narrative:—

"I was but just turned of twelve years, gentlemen, when some Levantine sailors of a brig lying in the bay seduced me from my mother's side, and my beloved Catarrho. Like other boys, I was fond of the sea; and when these men, in their handsome Eastern dresses, talked of distant places, and their free mode of life, I was easily persuaded to be their companion. But I exchanged a happy home for a course of miserable wandering. We sailed immediately afterwards; and nothing have I seen of the blue Adriatic to this blessed hour—the good saints know whether I am yet to behold it. I found myself on board a merchant vessel, trading to Smyrna and the Islands, and spent two years in this way, with little more variety than occurs in the life of every seafaring man. But why detail these distant occurrences? It is enough to say, that, from this vessel, I was transferred to another—and so on; sometimes for the better, and sometimes for the worse; till at last, by the intervention of the Virgin, I got promoted to the rank of master; and having, in that capacity, scraped together a little capital, I became a part-owner of a stout felucca, trading from Constantinople to Odessa and Alexandria. By diligence and happy speculations, I amassed sufficient property to be considered a man well to do in the world; and, in the leisure intervals between my voyages, or when the command was entrusted to any of my partners, I found in Constantinople a welcome in very good society. I was cordially received by many Christian families, between whom, in a heretic country, the bond of union is naturally very strong. Among these was a matron, with one daughter.——Blessed Jesus! what a wretch am I!—Teresa! if you can now feel as you were wont in those happy days, pity me, and take from my heart the load of consciousness that I was the cause of all your woe! Could I but know that you pardon the deed, my own sorrows would not now be remembered!"——

[He paused for a short time, and then, in a calmer strain, thus proceeded:—]

"Signors, you have before you a man both guilty and most unhappy. Let your sympathy for his sorrow overcome your abhorrence of his errors. I have never yet recounted those past events; and now, while for the first time I collect them together in my recollection, the display of so many sad mischances is almost too much for me. I hope for your indulgence.

"When I first knew Teresa, she was a fresh creature, grown up into womanly beauty, by the side of a fond mother, and cautiously kept from the gaze of men, who had not sufficient claim for her kindness. She was the most innocent and simple-hearted girl that ever mixed the purity of heaven with the infirmities of a human nature. Her birth-place was somewhere amid the Euganean hills, not far from Padua; and as we used to talk of a common country, in a common language, it seemed to us that we were cousins, or ought to be so considered; for the world without was strange, and, as she had been told, heartless, as well as strange. It needed little to advance myself in her favour. I scarcely knew what I was doing when I talked so warmly, and listened so earnestly to her

girlish tales. It would have been cruel to have encouraged in her a regard for a wanderer of no condition, or to sue her in marriage; for her father was a substantial merchant, and her mother would rather have died than lose her from her presence. But then she was so young, and beautiful, and full of rosy attraction to a friendless man like myself; and I could not be away from her in my commercial engagements—but there was a phantom before me that distracted my mind, and almost drew me away from my better fortune. So the matter went on, until the return of her father from an inland journey; when, either persuaded by some poisonous friend, or himself distrustful of me, almost the first words he uttered were to forbid any farther intercourse with his daughter. In vain did I remonstrate: the old man was inexorable; and a few useless tears and affectionate sighs seemed all that was now left me of my beautiful Teresa. I left the house, heart-broken and despairing. But a stronger energy was soon given to me; and my only aim was how to take, by treachery, what had been denied to my honest claims. I cannot dwell on the hidden interviews that resulted from this determination: they were then too sweet not to disguise from us their sin and folly; but I look on them now as the source of all my most bitter calamities, and abhor and curse myself that I could thus beguile away the treasure of her father's house, to plunge her in more evil than I certainly know of."

[At this point of the narration, the Bolognese gentleman began violently to disturb the crumbs of cheese that speckled his plate, and a nervous twitter of the fingers gave evidence of some emotion which he would fain have concealed by the low inclination of his head. The two fellow-seamen folded their arms upon the table, and threw all their intellect into their fixed and unmeaning eyes. Indeed, there was no one who resisted the curiosity excited by the manner, perhaps, as much as by the details, of the narrator. He proceeded:—]

"Well, sirs, we projected and accomplished our plot. I sold my interest in the felucca, converted into money my merchandize and other property, and engaged a passage for myself and Teresa in a small vessel bound to Leghorn. Our purpose was, in the first place, to escape from Constantinople; and, in the second, to make known our story to my mother, in case she might be induced to adopt my betrothed love as a daughter, and give her a home during my future voyages and enterprises. It was a long, circuitous route, which we were compelled to adopt; but the unfrequency of better opportunities determined us not to delay. How well I remember each little incident of that bright evening when she stole from her father's house, and, full of fears, which made her dearer to me, entered the boat that took her for ever from his protection! We set sail at daybreak, and our voyage was prosperous for some time. Some deviations from a direct route were caused by the different engagements of the trader; and I cannot remember how long it was before we were off Sapienza—the scene of my heavy disaster, and the occasion of my ruin! We were a little to the north-west of it, and in sight of Modon, when a vessel, bearing a contrary course, hove in sight. She passed us, and hoisted Greek colours: we displayed the Tuscan flag; and it was with no little surprise that we observed her course suddenly change, and a gun fired to bring us to. We were unarmed; and the whole of our misfortune flashed upon us without the possibility of doubt.

Then were to be seen the pale countenances of the timid, and the anxious bearing of all. The supercargo, like a lost man, paced up and down the deck, in the midst of terrified women and despairing men. We were in the hands of a pirate! Shortly after, the captain came on board. Our papers were demanded; and these, when brought, proving to be in a foreign language, the barbarian affected to consider them spurious. However, he had the moderation to wait until the arrival of his clerk, who, upon examination, made the same statement, and threw them, without hesitation, into the sea. In the absence of any proof that we were a neutral vessel, and laden only with neutral property, there was no pretext wanting for the assumption that our cargo was seizable; and, accordingly, measures were taken for transferring all the moveable goods to the piratical vessel. This was not all. My loved Teresa, clinging to my arm, with more than usual beauty of expression, struck the fierce fancy of the marauding captain. He inquired if she were a slave—the monster!—the inhuman villain! He offered to ransom her; but he should have known that a world would have been poor compensation for her loss. My hand was on a cutlass; and, as some wretched menial, at his command, was on the point of forcing her from my hold, I struck the dastard down, and defied them to do that wicked act. My menacing attitude amused the murderous troop—a laugh of insult passed amongst them, and in a moment I was surrounded. I struck right and left, calling on my comrades, imploring their succour—with the energy of despair, yielding not one inch. But a blow from behind cleft open my head. I fell, writhing, on the deck, and lay in my own gore, vanquished and insensible.

"It seemed like a long and fantastic dream that followed; how long, I know not; but, when I awoke from it, there were indistinct memorials of the reality, mixed up with a thousand shadows and flitting phantoms, that tortured me like demons of vengeance. One sate by my bed with cordials; and, as I spoke, he gently hushed me, and adjusted my pillow. Again I asked, and intreated, if he valued my poor soul, that he would tell me whether a good or evil chance had befallen Teresa. He answered not a word; nor was it for some days that the extent of my suffering was revealed to me. Then I learnt how truly I was miserable!—then was the seal set to all those surmises which had coursed along my brain like fire, and for so many days afflicted me with the pangs of hell! They had carried off my love, and left me, a maniac, to pursue my desolate way in ignorance.

"It was some time before I could be moved; and, when I was carried on deck, even the fair scene around me failed to dispel the misery that hung on my spirit. We were running swiftly along the shore of Sicily; the low coast was clearly distinguishable, with its plantations, and little towns—Terra Nuova, Marsala, Mazzara, &c.; and the hills of the interior, overtopped by Ætna, formed their grand background. Before us were the small islands, of which Favignana, the chief, frowns upon the smiling sea with its eternal load of infamy; and the huge dungeon-house cannot shut from its miserable tenants the view of that sunny land which they have forfeited. We passed Maritimo, and three days sufficed to carry us into the channel of Piombino. On the fourth morning we reached Monte Christi, and were going at the rate of ten knots an hour, with a sirocco, under royals, and studding-sails on both

sides. The wind increased towards the middle of the day, and we seemed almost to fly along the iron shores of Elba, where the channel converges nearly to a point, and is speckled by the little rocks that render its navigation so hazardous. About three o'clock, the breeze, that had stiffened almost to a gale, suddenly fell off; the spars creaked above; the motion was less steady and uniform; and, at last, the sails, scarcely filled, flapped at times uneasily against the masts, and gave a sure omen of some approaching change. The lighthouse of Leghorn could at this time be clearly discerned through the ship-telescope; and, had the wind held for two hours longer, we should have safely reached our destination. It was willed otherwise. Presently, we could observe a dark cloud a-head, hanging over the hills in the direction of Genoa. It enlarged and darkened on all sides, but still preserving that compact form which characterizes a sudden-thunder-storm. The old mariners speculated: some said it would go east; others, with better foresight, held that it would keep along the line of coast, and scarcely reach us. It approached slowly and fearfully. On the dark face of the cloud continual streaks of lightning fell; and the thunder followed them at shorter intervals, each time, till the full black tempest was almost over us. The whole shore seemed moody and in gloom: the wind had completely died away; and the ship lay tossed to and fro by the heavy swell that survived it, without any advance that might have steadied her. I stood watching the conflict of the elements in a state of suspense, but not of apprehension. The robbers, who had cheated me of my love, made me a retribution, as they supposed, by leaving me in the possession of my wealth; but I thought of nothing on earth but the treasure I had lost, and what else might become of me seemed to matter little. A breeze came with the squall from the north-west. The thunder and lightning spent their fury about four miles from the vessel; and we were left to encounter a contrary wind, with the disadvantage of a double and opposite swell, caused by the conflict of the late with the present breeze. But, as is always the case in the Mediterranean, the former was soon subdued. A heavy rolling surge beat against the tottering sides of our ship, strengthened by the whole *reach* of the gulf. We stood in to shore, in the hope of a land breeze; but this manœuvre proved our ruin. In less than half an hour, the strength of the breeze seemed to have exhausted itself; and we were left, inert and unmanageable, at the mercy of a terrific swell that now had veered round from north-west to about west-south-west. We were close upon a lee-shore; the shock of each succeeding sea that struck against the vessel was of itself almost enough to beat her in; the rudder was useless and powerless in the hands of the helmsman, and without a fresh breeze, we must assuredly drift on shore. At each gangway stood some, whistling towards the desired quarter, as might be, according to nautical superstition. Some sauntered about the deck, or tried to conceal their uneasiness by a shew of occupation. The master became nervously impatient, and, unable to endure longer the tantalizing state above deck, at last retreated below. Close to us, we could see the white foam dashing over a breaker, from which we could not steer ourselves. The lights of Leghorn were now visible; but there we lay, without power to advance or retrograde of our own efforts, and drifting at the rate of two knots an hour. Sudddenly, there was an unintelligible deep crash, as if under the keel; and, in an instant, the lofty masts were

levelled almost to the surface of the water. On her beam-ends the ship lay writhing, and battered by the waves. Some were precipitated overboard; others clung to the rigging; and others—I know not whether more happy or more wretched in their fate—leapt into the ocean, and swam towards land. Of this number, I was one. Those who escaped the yawning death around them were hospitably received and cherished by their countrymen. Their charity has given me the means of finding my way to Trieste, whence I mean to work my passage to Catarrho. But I care not if I die on the road; for I am left a beggar in every thing that makes life worth having; and, with little hope for the future, it is not likely I should much lament whatever may be my present lot.

"Gentlemen, you have now heard my sorrowful story. I thank you for the kind attention with which you have listened to it, and for the sympathy which I can recognize in your looks. I have done."

He turned his face away from the company; and his voice, which had several times faultered in the progress of his narration, now burst forth in audible sobs. A long silence followed the termination of the tale. None seemed willing to disturb the sanctity of his sorrow;—till at last one of the rough seamen, as though struck by some sudden notion, asked, in a hurried tone, whether the vessel which was plundered bore the name of "La Providenza?"

"It did," replied the other.

"Laden with corn and figs?"

"Yes, and a few silks."

"Its captain Nicolo Benvenuti?"

"True."

"Then, *grazie a Dio,* your Teresa is safe! We are just from Malta, where a pirate had been lately brought in by the English ship of war, the Medina. The plunder was given in charge thereto the government authorities, till reclaimed by the owners: and it had been but a short time enjoyed, for it was retaken on the very night after the robbery; and, without doubt, the girl is at this moment in honest keeping, and you may have her when you will."

This speech was delivered with the rapidity of lightning—the honest fellow's countenance sparkled all over with delight; but the shock was too much for the person he was addressing. He fell back in something like a hysterical fit, from which he recovered but slowly, and with only a half-belief of his unexpected happiness.

The accommodations of the paltry inn at Covigliajo were no longer considered despicable.

SUPPLY OF "SUBJECTS" FOR DISSECTION TO THE STUDENTS OF ANATOMY.

THIS is a controversy into the very discussion of which we enter with some unwillingness; but the vital interest which all classes of the community have in its determination must overcome all fanciful or ceremonious scruples. We are not friendly to the principle of doing every thing, wilfully, by "legislative enactment," and could have wished that, even at the expense of some hard winking on the part of the law, legislation on the subject might have been avoided. As some conclusive arrangement, however, seems to be imperatively demanded; in the few observations which we have to offer, we guard ourselves against every imputation of being disposed to trifle with or hold lightly, even the harmless prejudices, far less the honourable niceties and decencies of human life. Our object (whatever may be our success,) is simply to prove the expediency of placing upon some received and regulated footing, a practice which already has existence, certainly without recognition, but at the same time subject to no restriction or regulation at all.

It is hardly necessary that we should enter here into any account of the practice of former ages as connected with the study of anatomy. Very little seems to be known with even tolerable certainty upon the subject. The ancients, as far as our information goes, had not the advantage of any dissection of the human body; and Galen, it appears, dissected *asses*, as approaching the nearest, in some circumstances of conformation, to it. In the earlier times of English history, from the habits and superstitions of the age, there can be little doubt that, if any inquiries into human anatomy were made, they would be conducted with the strictest attention to secrecy: probably, however, none such occurred, for the state of medical science, in Europe at least, at that period was at a very low ebb. As the practice of ancient times, upon this question, as upon many others, seems to us to be of very questionable authority, for that which should be done at the present day, so neither does it strike us as highly important that we should inquire far into the view which modern foreign nations entertain upon the same subject. The whole question at issue is a question of feeling, which neither is, nor ought to be, decided in any country, by the quotation of examples from another. There are circumstances enough of taste and domestic arrangement existing in France and Germany, to which it is difficult to object in the abstract, and yet which we should be disposed to suffer some inconvenience rather than imitate in England. Upon this point of the question, therefore, we shall confine ourselves simply to the statement of one well-known fact—that, in France, the supply of the anatomical schools with bodies for dissection, is treated by the whole nation as a circumstance of the first importance, and, formally, provided for by law.

It is not, however, upon the declared opinion of any foreign state, however high its rank and authority in knowledge and civilization, that we found ourselves in supporting the appeal of the medical profession to the government of this country. Our reliance is upon our ability to shew that the common good *demands*—and *must receive*—a partial waver of those feelings, or prejudices, to which time has accustomed us; and, still farther, that those violations of conventional opinion

and decorum, the apprehension of which forms the chief argument of those who oppose innovation, would be fewer by far, and less painful in their character, under an acknowledged and legalized system of supply than they are under at the present. We may farther take leave to express our opinion—an opinion to which a very little examination too, we think, will bring our readers—that no improvement can be looked for of the system connected with this matter unless it be by a direct and uncompromising change. All the schemes of half measures which have been suggested; indeed every proposal short of a plain and avowed allotment of a specific provision for the object required, will exhibit their powerlessness and insufficiency upon a very short inquiry indeed.

One scheme—to particularize a few of these last—and one which has been rather favourably listened to, has been to bring dissection (if we may use such a form of speech without the imputation of levity) into fashion; and medical men, as the most immediately interested in the operation, have been called on to set an example, by giving up their own bodies to the profession at their death. This scheme will never be successful. Medical men, as a body, are no more free from weakness on their death beds, or likely to be deaf to the persuasions and entreaties of still weaker relatives, than other people. A second objection, however, is still more fatal. The bodies of *male* subjects alone will not answer the object required; and though many a man might be disposed, from a feeling of public spirit, to give up his own person in aid of the pursuits of science, scarcely any man would consent to abandon that of his wife, his daughter, or any other female relative.

The importation of subjects from foreign countries has been a second expedient—and it has been seriously urged—for supplying the necessities of the schools at home. This plan proceeds apparently on the principle of an order in debts and duties—that it is more allowable to devour our neighbours than our friends; but it is no more feasible, in practice, than the one we have been just discussing. In Paris, medical subjects are obtained at a very cheap rate—we believe at from about fifteen to twenty franks each. But the obstacles to their transport to this country are so obvious as well as insurmountable, that it would be waste of time even to name them. For one barrier—on this side the water only—to subject such importations to a custom-house examination would be perfectly impossible. Without the remotest desire to be hypercritically delicate, there is an offence even in the idea of such an arrangement which could not be tolerated. And, on the other hand, unless we throw all trade entirely open between the two countries, it would be still more impossible to open such a door to smuggling, as would be furnished by the permission to import bulky articles of any kind unless subject to every strictness of inspection. Not to dwell upon the fact—although it might pass for something in the argument—that it is perfectly certain that the French themselves would refuse their consent to any such traffic.

We then come to a variety of suggestions, which may be dismissed nearly *en masse*, for increasing the legal supply of the article in question, without outraging, as it is called, public feeling upon the subject. The abandoning all criminals executed—no matter for what crimes—to dissection, instead of confining the penalty, as at present, to cases of murder. The grant, for the same purpose, of the bodies of suicides. And—this last, we believe, was Mr. Peel's proposition—

the giving up of the bodies of those criminals "who died in prison under sentence." All these sources of supply, if their power were multiplied ten times over, would be greatly insufficient. The amount of criminals dying in prison, under sentence, is so small, as to be scarcely worth naming. Verdicts of "suicide," as the *penalties* of the law stand already, are not returned in one case of self-destruction out of fifty. And, under the practice supposed, they would never be returned at all. And the total amount of executions in England and Wales—supposing the bodies of all executed criminals to be given*—does not average eighty in the course of the year, while the annual consumption of subjects in the schools of anatomy of London alone, would be ill provided for with an annual supply of 2,000. Lord Calthorpe's project (if we recollect right) of authorizing surgeons to contract with parties for their bodies after death, would be equally unavailable in practice. It would lead to constant squabbles with relations and personal representatives: and the claim would be of a nature which it would be too painful to call in the assistance even of the more immediate authorities to enforce.

Setting aside these suggestions, therefore, which we think evidently unsuited to the purpose in view, there is a course, and one proposed by the medical professors themselves, by which, at no expense to the feelings of individuals in the moral interests of society, all that is desired may be accomplished: and of the necessity of some alteration of the existing system, we believe it impossible for persons who will only consent to think upon the question long to entertain a doubt. Of the value of the science of medicine to the human race—perhaps especially of that branch of it which constitutes the department of surgery—there can scarcely be supposed a question. There may be—and, while in the full possession of health and strength, we should be inclined to say there are—some operations of excessive and desperate nicety, by

* The clear policy, one would think, and certainly that which must eventually prevail, would be to leave off sentencing offenders to dissection, as a punishment, altogether. Their total number—were all given up—is too small to furnish any material portion of the required supply: and there is this objection to *adding* to it—there is something cruel and unjust in the thought, under any circumstances, of adjudging the body of an innocent man to the same treatment, no matter what that may be, to which we especially devote that of a villain whose crimes have merited the extremest sentence of the law. The opinion of Lord Tenterden, "that dissection should be confined to murderers, because the fear of such a visitation is likely to deter men from committing murder," strikes us certainly as very odd! No race of people have a more superstitious horror of dissection than the lower Irish; but that feeling does not prevent the murders in Ireland, as compared with those of England, from being in the proportion of fifteen or twenty to one. In England, the only reflection, we should say, that could occur to any murderer—*in posse* (that ever read a newspaper) upon the subject of dissection, would be—that if he was detected, he would undergo a particular course of treatment in expiation of his offence, which hundreds of his countrymen already underwent annually, without having committed any offence at all. The people of this country, no doubt, dislike being dissected: but if dissection (after death) were the only punishment inflicted by the law for crime, it would require six more chief justices, in addition to Lord Tenterden, within seven years, to get through the calendars at the Old Bailey. About the suicide proposition, too, there is a cruelty, which certainly those who advocate it must fail to have observed. The liability here must stand distinctly as a penalty—as a punishment imposed for a particular description of offence, by the law. And upon whom is it that this sentence is to be inflicted? Not upon the senseless body, for that can feel or suffer nothing, but upon a surviving family, already bowed to the ground by the very heaviest species of domestic affliction! We trust, for the honour of humanity, that, if such a law were passed, we should never have a verdict of "Suicide" found again.

which the interests of art are more benefitted than those of the parties, whose lives, in case they prove successful, they are enabled, for a few months or years of misery, to prolong. But even these are the reasonings of the safe and healthy. Few persons are of the same opinion when the hour of trial comes: and, besides, it is not upon a few extreme instances that the value of a science, by which life in the main is not only materially prolonged, but an enormous mass of human suffering saved and alleviated, ought to be tried. Then, if the skill of the surgeon be, as all agree it is, of this high value—this immeasurable importance—to society, it is to be recollected that an accurate—an intimate—a familiar knowledge of ANATOMY, is the great basis—the only one—upon which that skill and knowledge can be erected. No study, no talent, no labour can supply to a surgeon the place of an exact and ready knowledge of anatomy. What man can take even the most ordinary machine to pieces—clean or repair it—of which he has not examined the construction? Who is there, not acquainted with their structure and division, that can set right a fault in a chronometer, a piano-forte, or a steam engine? No explanations, no verbal instructions, no illustration by plans or drawings, can give us, competently and effectually, this description of knowledge. We must see and study the fabric divided and in parts—we must examine its composition, its combination, its order and arrangement, before we can take it to pieces without mischief, or, being in pieces, again put it together. But if this be true, in its most extended sense, of those machines which are the invention of human power or genius, in how much stronger a degree does it apply to the human frame, compared with which the most intricate of mortal combinations are simple even to pitiableness? It would seem idiocy almost to suppose that the power of dealing at all with such a miraculous engine, can be obtained by any other course than that of operation and experience; repeated until the hand works of itself, almost without direction from the judgment; and we believe the most determined opponent of dissection cannot hesitate to admit that there are only two possible courses by which this skill and knowledge can be attained—by experiment upon the dead—or *by practice upon the living.**

Then if we are to choose between these two courses—and we think we may defy human ingenuity to point out a third—it would seem almost impossible for reasonable people to hesitate. And, so far from throwing any obstacle in the way of the most full and ready access to the first, we ought rather to use every precaution, that students should have no inducement to resort to—that which under every arrangement must always be the most tempting, because the easiest and the most profitable course—the second. When we recollect how very slight and uncertain is the check which even a well informed man can apply to the skill or competence of his medical attendant. That we deal with such an individual almost invariably upon a question of which we ourselves are totally ignorant—so ignorant, that we feel the futility of at all questioning the advantage of that which he recommends, and admit, that our best hope is in resigning ourselves implicitly to his guidance. When

* It seems waste of time to press a point which (to all people who will open their eyes) must be perfectly self evident; but we should desire to ask those persons who think a discussion of this subject unnecessary—how a medical student is to cut off his *first* leg? No bigotry, we apprehend, would be so wild as to say that his first attempt at amputation should be upon a living subject? And, if he is denied access to the dead one, he is left in the situation of never being to perform a first operation at all.

we reflect, that the most uninformed town tradesman, or country squire, arrived at estate by the death of some distant relative, and embarked in chancery suits upon trials and titles twenty interests deep, helpless and hopeless as all his perceptions assure him he is, is not more entirely in the hands of his attorney, than a well informed gentleman, with three ribs broken, or a collar bone put out, by the overturning of his carriage, is at the mercy of his country surgeon or physician:—when we recollect all this, surely it does seem indubitable under such circumstances, that, being compelled, without redress or alternative, to trust a particular class of men upon such vital points, common sense should lead us to assist those men (rather than oppose them) in the acquisition of every knowledge which can qualify or aid them to execute those trials skilfully and duly!

Unfortunately, the existing feeling upon the question before us—maintained by a sort of pleasing reliance which we are apt to have upon the infallibility of our own arrangements, without reference to the utter impossibility of executing them—goes directly to the contrary effect. It is our pleasure to insist upon men's possessing knowledge, without ever having had the means of acquiring it: and we accept, with all the good humour in the world, the assurance—as, in truth, in common justice we ought to do, for it is all that can be offered to us—that our demand has been complied with: not considering that we have no means of ascertaining that that assurance is true; and totally regardless of the consequences which hang over us, in case, by any accident, it should turn out that it is not. The whole arrangement of the supply of subjects to the schools of anatomy, as it at present exists, is full of danger (as it is of disgust and offence) to the community. The trade of procuring bodies for this service is one of considerable hazard. From the punishment which attaches to it in case of detection, and the necessity of certain connexions and circumstances of local knowledge (not readily acquired) to pursue it with success, the number of agents engaged in the calling is always very small; and, by a curious illustration of the effect, in every market, of a "demand" exceeding the "supply," the price of "subjects," for some years past has reached a height which forms a most serious and dangerous tax upon medical education. Owing to the competition among the surgeons, while supplies have been scanty, and the combination of the Resurrection Men, who hold the trade in their own hands, and have no alarm as to the "law" being resorted to in any case against them, the price of subjects, has increased, in the course of the last fifteen years, from four or five, or at most six guineas each, to fifteen, eighteen, twenty! And not long since, even as much as five and twenty guineas was given—and on those terms they are still obtained with difficulty. Our object here is to assert a principle rather than enter into details: but efforts have been made several times, by the medical people to get rid of this extortion, without success. On one occasion (a few years since) the experiment of bringing a new party in was tried, supported by strong patronage, to oppose the existing dealers. The experience and local knowledge, however, of the latter were too strong to be overcome; and after a contest, in which the fact of their pursuing an illegal traffic, exposed the surgeons to the most serious and distressing annoyance—the affair ended in the providing party obtaining rather better terms than they had before.

Then one of the first effects likely to be consequent upon this needless

and enormous tax upon the study of anatomy—is it not likely to be a disposition on the part of those who are engaged in that study, to neglect the most important branch of it—dissection?—or at least to engage in it no farther than is absolutely required by the forms of their profession? The student in medicine is seldom rich. The direct reverse, on the contrary, is generally the fact: the young men educated for that profession are, five in six of them, hard put to it to make their way in the ordinary course, far less able to bear any imposition, or call for large or unlooked for expenditure. Does it not almost inevitably follow then, that a man who has to pay twenty guineas for a subject (which might perfectly well be supplied to him for twenty shillings) will often be induced—how often will he not be compelled—to content himself with making one experiment, where it would be infinitely for the advantage of the public that he should make two? Such a man starts in "practice"—(a green painted door, and a brass knocker upon it, make a "surgeon" of him)—after an examination, which assures very little in the way of ability. The lives of those who happen to trust him are equally, hazarded, whether he avoids undertaking measures which ought to be taken, because he knows he is incompetent to perform them, or in the pressure of emergency, and the impossibility of even decently escaping, from the trial attempts to execute them, and fails. If fortune favours him, he goes to work in ignorance—and succeeds. Or he may even fail, and yet an obvious result covers his blunder. If he makes a slip that is detected, but capable of being bolstered, the disposition of the profession—perhaps from fellow feeling, or from a sense of collateral interest—is generally if possible to bring him off. And, perhaps, in the end, he really becomes an excellent surgeon; having erred at first, not from want of talent or understanding, but from want of the necessary knowledge; and having, with the help of time, and some abatement of the population, acquired that information in the course of his practice, which he ought to have possessed before he entered into it.

Then the course by which the members of the medical profession propose to get rid of this dangerous temptation to neglect and ignorance, and to secure a competent supply of subjects, for anatomical study is a simple one: and one which persons—however strong their aversion may be to interference with the question—are at least bound to consider before they reject it. Nothing is more certain—this fact ought never to be lost sight of—than that there must be a sacrifice somewhere. If the law, as it stands, were regarded, the sacrifice would be a dreadful one: it would be that of the lives of individuals out of number, almost in every class of society. Under the existing practice of breaking and negativing the law, there is still a sacrifice, and a heavy one. A trade of direct and unequivocal theft is organized under the patronage of a large and respectable body of persons, and indirectly, we might almost say openly, countenanced by the legislature. Bodies are procured for the use of the surgeons, though at large cost and in insufficient number; under circumstances highly offensive to public decorum, and painful to the feelings of individuals. And, even subject to all these drawbacks, the system is unequal to the objects for which it is designed.

To remedy these various evils then—it is suggested by the medical profession, that the country should give up, for the purposes of anatomical inquiry, the bodies—of whom?—Not "of those persons who die in poor houses or hospitals"—this is a demand which, unless under

the most peremptory circumstances, we should be disposed to resist;—but "the bodies of those individuals who, after death in hospitals or poor houses, shall be *unclaimed*, either by friends or relatives, and who consequently remain a charge upon the public for burial.

We request our readers to look coolly and steadily at the real effect of this proposition. It levies no tax upon those members of the community whose necessities compel them to resort to the parish for relief, or to avail themselves, in sickness, of the shelter and medical treatment of hospitals. These institutions are no less establishments of policy than of benevolence, and we fully agree that there ought to be no check thrown in the way of their operation. But the plan proposed casts no liability (necessarily) upon those persons who accept the assistance of public charity. The individuals who die in such receptacles—as elsewhere—are free to be delivered to their friends, if they have such, who will discharge the expense of their interment. The whole amount of what is proposed is simply this—that those bodies for which, after death, in public establishments, there is *no claimant*, instead of being made an additional charge to the funds of the hospital or of the parish for interment, shall—if necessity requires it—be converted to a purpose which can in no way damnify the parties, and which may be called one of paramount necessity, rather than of public utility! We feel how difficult it is, up to a certain point, to get rid of these opinions which have dwelt long by us, although perhaps originally adopted less from the result of inquiry than in compliance with custom; but we certainly perceive no force in the objection, that a law like that proposed would be one of general benefit, at the cost of the poor and the defenceless. At the utmost, it is but saying to the wholly destitute—that which is proclaimed in very few countries of the world—"The public is content to maintain you, and afford you the best possible ministers and medical treatment as long as you live—but, with life, its assistance ceases." The patient recovers, and he quits the hospital. He dies, and his relatives remove him from it. Nothing in either of these cases is demanded—no liability has been incurred—by any assistance rendered to the living man. All that is said is, that—where a great national object is concerned in the coming to such a resolution—the public, which finds a body dead and unclaimed, refuses to incur the charge of its interment.

A second objection, almost weaker than the first, that has been set up against this arrangement is—"That the body treated in the way proposed is denied the benefit of Christian burial." We think it impossible well to imagine an argument more weak and futile, as well as more invidious, than this. How many hundred thousand Englishmen, during the late war, found—and fairly, because the common good demanded it—*their* graves, without the ceremony of Christian burial—how often without any burial at all? And these men, not persons dependent upon, or owing any debt after death, heaven knows, to the public; but men of every rank—from the private soldier to the general officer—who merited the best recollections, and the warmest gratitude of their country.

The real fact for consideration on this subject, as *on every other*, is, not what we could desire, but that which the general advantage demands: and it is only necessary to be able to divest ourselves of those prejudices which habit has given strength to, and perhaps in weak minds rendered almost sacred, to perceive that the course here recommended is as well calculated to serve the interests of public feeling and decorum, as to

advance the interests of science. Indeed that—looking to what is done under the existing practice—the decencies of society are no less concerned than its security in supporting it. The real objection to dissection is—however the necessary subjects for it may be procured, whether by the means of theft or otherwise—that the feelings of surviving relatives are sometimes violated and afflicted by it. No man of even ordinary intellect shrinks from the thought of being anatomised himself—the senseless mass can suffer nothing—but two-thirds of the people feel great horror at the thought of any slight being shewn to the remains of their relatives. It is the knowledge here of the fact, therefore, that makes the evil: it can be nothing else. And it is the knowledge coming at a particular time too—immediately, or briefly, after a domestic loss: no man would be much distressed at finding that his great-grandfather, who died thirty years before he was born, had been anatomised; although he might be very much shocked at hearing that the same accident had recently occurred in the case of a father, or a brother. Then it is clear that the present system, by which bodies are procured for anatomical examination, is calculated to produce all this mischief in a very excessive and needless degree. A church yard is found to have been broken into. Some graves are found to have been emptied, and others disturbed. A whole parish is flung into alarm and confusion: inquiries of a very unpleasant description take place: and a certain number of persons are placed in the painful condition of ascertaining that their relatives—recently deceased—have been removed; they search—threaten—apply to the law—and end in finding that there is no possibility of recovering them. Now here a real, and a needless wrong is committed, and often a wrong attended by circumstances more painful and displeasing than those which we have described. And that whole wrong is absolutely got rid of by the proposal which we are now attempting to support; for the only injury is to the feelings of the surviving relatives; and the first provision of the new project is, that "no bodies can be made applicable, except in cases where no friends or relatives appear who are anxious to prevent such a disposition."

Upon every consideration, therefore, connected with the interests of public decorum, we are quite sure that the plan proposed would be incomparably better than the practice at present in existence. Far less of that scandal which arises out of even speaking upon or discussing particular subjects would be created by it. It would be easy to appoint such regulations as should give the right to every member of the College of Surgeons, to obtain, in due course, his chance of such subjects as the new law should place at public disposal. A certain sum should be paid for every body furnished, in order to ensure the correct disposal of such supply; and this sum ought not, as it strikes us, to be less than from two to three pounds, that the facility of obtaining materials might never lead to any needless wastefulness or abuse. All the circumstances connected with the transport or removal of such remains would then be conducted with carefulness and decency—surely they should rather be so under legal regulation, than under the guidance of the ruffians who now control them? In twelve months—the system once only discussed and regulated—the whole matter would go on in perfect silence: and we should be spared all those disgusting accounts of "graves broken open," of "corpses found in sacks and hampers," others "seized in carts upon the public roads—in hackney-coaches," &c. &c.; with

various other modifications of the horrible, which at present appear almost every week in the newspapers, to the great delight of the readers, accounts of boxing-matches and executions, and the considerable disparagement of public decency and humanity.

If a change, however, like this is desirable, upon one point we may venture to speak with perfect confidence—it is a change which can only be accomplished by legislation. We entirely agree in principle with those who would avoid legislation upon the question—because they would avoid publicity: but we differ from them a little as to fact—the publicity of the question—that very publicity which some highly respectable parties so strongly deprecate—is already a source of general complaint. And it is an evil very likely to increase, if some distinct measures be not taken on the subject. Almost every assize or session now furnishes some case connected with the existing system. Whatever the law itself may be desirous to do, it is clear that the inferior agents of the law can be clad with no authority—and they can exercise no choice but a corrupt one—to allow such offences to elude their notice. The resistance of the people at large, too, to the system of violating graves, is increasing. New precautions are taken: watches are set, and securities invented: and the very first effect of every measure which really tends to give fresh security, must be fresh discovery and fresh publicity. At this moment a parliamentary committee is sitting to devise means (if possible) of checking the mass of crime that exists in the country: if any advantage in the way of police regulation results from the labours of that committee, one necessary effect of it must be to check (in common with other offences) the extent, already inadequate, in which subjects are procured? A decided objection also applies itself, in our opinion, to any thing like a tacit admission of the project before us—a sort of question which has been asked—"as the surgeons of hospitals have the unclaimed bodies which remain, and those establishments already in their power, why might they not make use of them without any direct enactment to that effect?" One immediate objection to this plan, and a very strong one, is, that it would give a monopoly of subjects—very mischievously and unfairly—to the particular surgeons connected with such establishments: but a second, and still stronger, is, that it would constantly expose those persons to the threats or informations of the inferior agents employed about them: out of all which a vast deal of discussion and publicity would be from time to time arising, which one plain discussion, followed by a simple enactment, authorising the practice, might avoid.

For the rest—for this article must come to a conclusion, and it is already extended considerably beyond its intended limits—the course now proposed appears to be the only one by which very serious evils can be prevented. That the supply of subjects for the purposes of dissection is insufficient, as it exists at present, stands beyond a doubt. It is a supply obtained in the very worst way; and subject to more than one casualty, which we shall not pause here to discuss, which would speedily put a stop to it altogether;* but, as it exists, besides being

* A case occurred about three months since (it was noticed at the time, we believe, in our Magazine), in which a person in London paid a sum of money to recover the body of his wife, which had been taken from some church-yard by a "resurrection man," and of which he accidentally discovered the possessor. It should be understood that the body was not in the hands of any surgeon: in such a case it would (according to the universal understanding of the profession) have been given up instantly; but it was

inconvenient, and needlessly offensive to feeling, it is too expensive, and too scanty, for the important purposes of medical information. Now those persons who are disposed to look at the plan proposed as levelled unfairly at the interests or feelings of the lower orders, will do well to recollect that the consequences of any want of medical information are sure to fall, and to fall almost exclusively, upon the poor. We cannot alter the natural, and immutable course, in civilized society, of human affairs. There will always be—under any conceivable extent of restriction—a given quantity of medical skill and information, acquired by expensive study, the result of actual practice; but that skill and information will not—nor cannot, where its amount is limited—fall to the lot of the lower orders. The best medical aid will be devoted—as the best of every talent and every commodity is—to the use of those who can afford to pay the highest price for it; and the care of the poorer classes must fall to those who have then practical skill and experience still to acquire, and whom, until they have acquired it (no matter in what manner or at what expense), the higher orders will refuse to employ. The policy then, surely, in this case, more than in any other, from the importance of the interest at stake, favourable to the poorer people, is to make the talent or commodity which they want, as *cheap* and as attainable as possible. Of every thing—no matter what it is—which is scarce, the share of the lower orders must always be small. If linen shirts could only be produced at five guineas a-piece, labouring artizans would be compelled to go without them: and, if the means of acquiring high medical skill be rendered expensive or difficult of attainment, those persons in society who are to choose last, will have the benefit of that skill only in a mean and inferior degree.

With such persons—if any such exist—as think a result like this, preferable to the prosecution of anatomical study at the expense of the dead subject, or imagine that by any other course than actual operation upon the human frame, alive or dead, anatomical skill can be obtained—with such persons it would be waste of time to enter into discussion. The conundrum of reliance upon such knowledge as can be obtained by drawings or mechanical preparations, is absurd. Such devices can afford but a scanty and insufficient information, even where abundant time may be allowed for deliberation, and where we can repair an error, if one has been committed. The duty of the surgeon gives him the benefit of none of these easements or advantages. He has an act to perform, which he must execute—and execute, skilfully—on the instant, or ruin his own reputation, and destroy the patient who entrusts him. He is called upon at a time when the delay of a moment—the mere

ascertained, before any dissection took place, to be in the hands of a particular thief, who had stolen it. The sum demanded in this instance happened to be small; if we recollect right, not more than seven or eight pounds; but it is evident that such a system, once established, might be made the vehicle of extortion in the most outrageous degree. There are many cases in which, under such circumstances, persons would pay five hundred pounds without hesitation. If this practice were to be attempted frequently—and there can be little doubt that, where money is to be got by it, it will some day or other be attempted—the necessary result would be such a course of penalties on the part of the legislature, as would amount to a prohibition upon the stealing of subjects pretty nearly altogether. We give this case upon the authority of a newspaper; but there is no reason that we are aware of, for doubting its veracity; and one fact is certain—the thing is capable of being done. It is as easy to get up a scheme of composition for the recovery of a dead body, as of a banker's parcel.

pause for reflection—probably would render his aid of no avail. Whether he operates unskilfully, or forbears to operate at all (at the certain loss of his character and future livelihood) from a sense of incompetency, the result to the sufferer is equally fatal. We call upon any man who witnessed the nature of the duties entrusted to the youngest surgeons—to mere hospital assistants—during the last war, to say whether an act of greater public atrocity (or insanity) can be conceived, than any attempt to limit the means of acquiring knowledge to the students in physic or anatomy?

That a question should ever have arisen as to the fitness of supplying persons who are to be so deeply entrusted with the best sources of information, will probably be counted by future generations as one of the strange spots of darkness amid a horizon of light, surprising in the present times; but that the same question should continue to exist for three years—if those who are pleased to entertain it were fooled to the top of their bent, we have no hesitation in pronouncing impossible. The only toleration of the prohibitory law as to enquiry for an hour, rests upon the fact that that law is openly and grossly violated. If the means of anatomical study (however now cramped) were only really restricted for twelve months, as the law declares they shall be, the whole country would be seen coming forward, from the peer to the peasant, with one voice, and insisting upon the grant of facilities—no matter at whose expense—a hundred times greater than those which are now demanded. In conclusion, we may just take leave to observe, that it is difficult to understand any great outcry as to the practice of dissection of the dead subject, when the incomparably more dreadful resort (although exercised on the brute creation) is silently acquiesced in of the dissection of the living. We take no objection to the bad; we cannot afford to do it: we must trust to the consciences of professors for adopting it only for purposes of unquestionable utility. But we should have little respect for the feelings of that man, who would not freely give up his own body—or even that of his relative—to the anatomist, after death, if by that course the experiment upon one single dog (alive) could be prevented.

20th April, 1828.

SINGULAR RELIGIOUS CEREMONY IN FRANCE.

The French have at last fairly confessed their sense of inferiority to us, by that most unequivocal of all evidences—the open habit of imitation. The Anglo-mania is in fact universal among them. English manners, opinions, and modes of feeling are gaining ground in all departments of French society; and even that strong hold of the prejudices and predilections of a Catholic people—their established modes of inculcating and enforcing their religious principles and precepts—is *(mirabile dictu!)* giving way before the example of certain *English* modes of arriving at the same ends. Briefly, in addition to all the other *isms* of the day in France—all of them (but one) borrowed from the English—such as ultraism, liberalism, royalism, ministerialism, journalism, absolutism, and the rest—they have lately been cultivating that (with us) most flourishing and effective of them all—*evangelism;* and with this sole difference from that which is at present so prevalent among us in certain classes of society; namely, that in England evangelism is, generally speaking, opposed to the interests of the established mode of worship; whereas, in France, it is brought in aid of those interests, and patronized and protected by the constituted authorities accordingly. Of course, the matter is managed very differently in the two countries; since, in both cases, it is in the hands of persons who well know the genius and habits of the people they seek to influence, and are well skilled and little scrupulous in adapting their means to their ends. But there are as striking similarities in either case as there are striking differences. In writing the description which we are about to present to our readers, we are aware of the somewhat dangerous ground on which we tread. But as our wishes and intentions are not to contravene the opinions, still less to offend the feelings, of any class of persons whatever, we shall rely confidently on those intentions in keeping us from so doing. Moreover, we shall, to the same end, strictly confine ourselves to a bare and literal relation of that which we have just seen and heard, leaving commentaries and conclusions to those whom they may concern:—especially as the scene which we have to describe is of a nature at once so curious and novel, that nothing we could add in the way of reflection would be likely to increase its interest in the eyes of English readers.

Before proceeding to describe the religious ceremony we have just witnessed, it is necessary to premise, in reference to what has been said above, that there at present exists in this kingdom, not a sect, but a society of *religieux*, calling themselves missionaries, who go about at fixed periods to all the great towns and cities, preaching those particular doctrines and precepts of the Catholic faith, on which it is the present policy of the priesthood to lay the greatest stress; and, at every one of the places where the pecuniary proceeds of their mission will enable them to do so, planting (as they phrase it) a cross, in commemoration of their visit. These missionaries furnish (with one point excepted) the true *pendant* to our Methodists—differing from the rest of their holy brethren precisely as the above-named sect differs from the members of the church of England as by law established. They evince the same fiery and uncontrollable zeal—the same humble and humbling opinions

as to the nature of man, and the same fearful ones as to that of his Maker—the same pious horror of all that is known by the name of pleasure, and the same holy love for and yearning after the things that are "not of this world"—finally, the same straightforward, fearless, and familiar (not to say insolent and vulgar) mode of enforcing their opinions, and exciting the feelings that they would wish to result from them. In short, they have (whether by a holy instinct or a judicious imitation, I cannot pretend to say) hit upon the exact secret so successfully practised by their fellow-labourers in England, of rousing the fears and exalting the hopes of their auditors; and, accordingly, even the walls of the Rotunda in Blackfriars'-road never echoed with more fearful anathemas and fruitful promises than have lately astonished the hitherto peaceful aisles of all the parish churches in this town, *twice every day* for the last six weeks; and all of which have been listened to, day after day, during all that time, by crowds such as the above-named Rotunda never boasted even in the days of its early glory. Further let us add, that the outward and visible effects of all this have been such as might well excite the pious envy of the patriarch of Hatton Garden himself. Balls have ceased in the town as utterly as if the Pope had issued a bull against them;—a *soirée* is looked upon as an open sin against the religion of the state;—the fair, which commenced a few days ago, is almost deserted;—and it is a literal and an unprecedented fact, that in a French town of five-and-twenty thousand inhabitants, you might have walked for hours together, during the whole three days of the Carnival, without seeing a single *mask!* Assuredly, Sterne was quite right in insisting that, if the French have a fault, they are a thought too *serious!*

In order to place the reader under the most favourable circumstances for witnessing (in imagination) the singular ceremony which occupied all eyes and thoughts in the town of ———, in France, on the first Monday of the Carnival, we would ask him, first, to fancy himself near the great closed doors of a gothic cathedral, out of which the procession issues to take its course through the principal streets of the city. But, before the procession appears, let him look down the fine spacious street at the upper extremity of which he is standing, and observe the (so called) *decorations* of the houses:—for, on the occasion of every religious procession of any very particular nature, in a Catholic town, the inhabitants of every house in the streets through which it passes are compelled (if not absolutely by *law*, at least by the law of public opinion) to put forth some outward and visible sign of the reverence they pay to the ceremony of the day. On *this* occasion, you would suppose that all the rags and rolls of brown holland in the department had been put in requisition—so profusely are they fluttering and festooned about from every window, and on the intermediate spaces of every wall. When we say "rags and rolls of brown holland," we would be understood literally—these forming the staple of the exhibition. Where these are deficient, their place is supplied by sheets, fragments of fringed bed or window draperies, pocket-handkerchiefs fastened on sticks to represent flags, and here and there wreaths of artificial flowers, that would seem to have served the purposes of May-day in England till they were no longer deemed worthy of that honour. At the distance also of about every two or three hundred yards, you will observe triumphal arches stretching across the street, beneath the symbolical shade of every one of which the cross is destined to halt in its progress—it being of immense size and

weight, and its bearers consequently requiring to rest from their burthen every five or ten minutes. These arches are more or less curious and *recherchés* in their ornaments and devices, according to the zeal and devotion of the party who happens to be favoured, by the relative position of his house, with the honour of erecting them. On the apex of each there is a cross, and on each the words "*Vive la Croix!*" are inscribed in one or more places.

One thing more should be looked upon previous to the commencement of the procession—namely, the grand object of its attraction, the cross itself. This is placed in the open air, in the centre of the cathedral close, where we have supposed the spectator to be standing to witness the procession. The cross itself is temporary, and merely for the use of the day. The figure which is lying on it is of colossal size, and extremely well executed—so well, indeed, that it is difficult to look upon it without feelings which must not be referred to in this place. The cross and its burthen rests in an inclined position, upon a sort of cradle or frame-work, consisting of a vast number of pieces, very like the frame-work of a ship about to be launched. There is a sort of imaginary temple formed round the whole, by the erection of four lofty detached pillars, one at each corner of a square space, each wrapped up in white calico, and wreathed round, spirally, with bundles of coloured paper, to represent flowers.

It should seem, from all this, that it is a mistake to suppose the French people have no imagination. On the contrary, it is obvious that they can imagine any one thing into any other, at the pleasure of those who cater for their religious appetites. To them, these four fragile pillars form a religious temple, at least as sacred and as impressive as the noble pile of gothic architecture, in the presence of which they have sprung up since the last night, and will disappear before the next.

Let us now turn at once to the procession. At a certain signal from within, the great doors of the cathedral yawn open slowly, and there issues forth a somewhat discordant din of voices, chaunting a canticle. The next moment, this is followed by the head of the procession itself, which consists of all the little children belonging to the various parish schools of the place. Lest our imaginary spectator should look for anything like uniformity of appearance in this throng of perhaps a thousand boys, and as many girls, he must be told that the French philanthropists think they do quite enough in ornamenting the *minds* of their little *protégés;* the beautifying of their *bodies* is left to the discretion of those whom it more nearly concerns. The consequence is, that a charity-school here presents an appearance as motley, and almost as meagre, as Falstaff's ragged regiment did. There is, however, a sort of approach to uniformity given to the appearance of these little vagabonds, by each holding in its hand a flag, made out of half a sheet of dirty writing paper, pasted upon a twig of willow, with a bit of darker coloured paper cut into a cross, and pasted upon the middle of it. They also wear each a little gilt crucifix round their neck, tied by a bit of red or blue ribbon. As they leave the door of the cathedral, they form themselves into two double files; and each file takes an opposite side of the street, leaving the middle vacant. In this middle space walks at intervals a priest, or some other official person, to direct, and keep in due order and decorum, the movements of the little rabble. Immediately after the parish schools, come a company of two hundred "*virgins,* clothed in white raiment," and wearing on their unbonnetted heads white lace veils. Each of these also bears a flag, similar in size and form to those carried by the little

children, but formed of sky-blue satin paper, or silk, with a cross of white ribbon sewn upon the middle, and the words "*Vive la Croix!*" worked or written along the upper portion. These young persons are the daughters of the most respectable inhabitants of the town; and they are, for the most part, of that *un*certain age, between childhood and womanhood, which, it must be confessed, is a very interesting period in the life of a *French* female in particular: so that it would be difficult, indeed, to meet with a spectator on whom *this* part of the procession would not be, more or less, effective; and the more so, on account of its entire novelty. In fact, it is the novelty of this whole ceremony which has procured for it the *éclat* that has universally attended it—the novelty, added to the extraordinary *personal* interest that is excited towards it, by nearly all the respectable inhabitants of the various towns where it has taken place being invited to take an active part in it, either in their own persons, or in those of their children or relatives. Think of the *battemens de cœur* that must grow out of, and for ever be connected with, a ceremony in which five hundred young French girls, and perhaps four times as many youths, take a public part! Of a truth, these French missionaries understand their *métier* even better, if possible, than our own;—or, at any rate, their religious and national habits give a scope to them which ours do not. But we are forgetting our self-prescribed limits, and keeping the procession standing still into the bargain. Not that, by this latter means, we shall impair the *vraisemblance* of our description; for it is proper to mention that the nature of the arrangements, and particularly the necessity for frequent restings with the cross, cause repeated general haltings of the whole body of the procession. But this produced no awkwardness or halting in the general effect; because one or other of the divisions of the processions are continually chaunting the canticles appointed for the occasion.

Taking our imaginary spectator back to the point from which we had for a moment removed him, he will observe that each of the virgins in white whom he has just been looking upon (all Protestant as he is) with so lively an interest, bears a book in her hand, on which her eyes are for the most part modestly cast down, and only lifted up briefly, at brief intervals, to judge of the effect that her pious hymns and piquant looks are producing upon the by-standers. This second division of the procession also, like the first, divides itself into two double files on gaining the open street, and leaves the centre space free for the directors, and for other individuals who walk singly at intervals, bearing the banners of various saints. These painted banners are the only objects which contribute to call to mind the ordinary religious processions of a Catholic country. The body of young girls in white is followed by as many matrons *in black*, each bearing a flag in one hand, and a hymn-book in the other, and chaunting, at intervals, as the others cease. Or rather let us confess, that the due arrangement, as to the periods of each division ceasing and renewing their chaunts respectively, appears to have been in a great degree neglected; and the consequence is, that two divisions, close to each other, are singing at the same moment, but in different tunes and keys—to the no small detriment of musical harmony! After the troop of matrons in black, comes a second division of white ones, each veiled, and bearing a little flag and a book, like the former. It must not be forgotten to observe, that, in both these *white* divisions, about half the number of the youthful aspirants composing them have thought it becoming (in *one* sense of the word at least) to interpolate into their attire

certain *coloured* items—such as fichus, ribbons, cinctures, &c.—which, however they may add to the attractions of the individuals respectively, interfere not a little with what was, no doubt, intended to be the purity and uniformity of the general effect. The reverend directors of the ceremony were grievously mistaken as to the female character, if they were much disappointed in this particular. They might confidently reckon upon persuading their youthful followers to dress their *souls* according to the ideas of their spiritual guides; but they were scarcely so unreasonable as to expect any very implicit obedience as to the attire of their *bodies*. Following the second white division, comes a company of nuns, about thirty in number, belonging to one of the religious houses of the place. Their attire is of black stuff, and their *coiffure*, a huge cap of starched white calico, with enormous wings hanging stiffly half way down their arms. Next comes a body of men, consisting of the members of some particular class of the mechanics, artizans, or others, of the town or immediate suburbs; for you are to understand that it is expected, on these occasions, and almost announced, that whoever is, in the remotest degree, interested in preserving the countenance and good opinion of the public authorities of the place, including the clergy, &c. will do well to attend and assist at this ceremony—not only in his own person, but in that of every man, woman, and child over whom he may exercise any control or influence: and those who neglect the hints spread abroad on these occasions may reckon upon being *marked* persons for the future. But the French are not the persons to neglect what is expected of them under circumstances of this nature—especially as they have had good reason to know that, during the last four or five years, the most indispensable as well as the most effective evidence of eligibility for any public place, office, or employment whatsoever, has been a due performance of the outward forms and offices of the national religion.

It is unnecessary to dwell in detail on the next portion of the procession, farther than to say that it consists of different bodies of the male inhabitants of the place, divided into companies, according to their respective callings, &c.—each individual bearing a little paper flag, with a cross above and upon it, and ornamented with ribbons, &c., according to the taste of the fabricator. Perhaps these various companies include not much less than half the grown up male inhabitants of the place: for all business is put a stop to for the day; and all the shops, *ateliers*, &c. are closed and deserted. Among the various companies may be distinguished the pupils and professors of the Royal College, the *employés* of all the various public establishments, the advocates of the courts, the officers of the regiment stationed in the place, &c. &c.

We have now reached the most curious part of the ceremony. The procession halts—all eyes are turned towards the crucifix, which has hitherto been lying, unapproached, in the centre of the cathedral close—and a young priest, whose duty it is to direct this portion of the procession, makes signs to a body of about a hundred and twenty young men, who approach the cradle on which the cross is lying, and each takes his place at that particular point of the framework beneath which he is to walk as a bearer of the whole fabric. After a brief pause, and a glance at his superiors to see if all is ready, the young priest now places himself in front of the little army which he has been appointed to command, and exclaims to them in a voice of thunder, "*Attention!*" In an instant, each individual of the body has stooped down, and placed his shoulder beneath that point of the framework to which his strength is to be

addressed; and all is again silent. Another pause, and the pious commanding officer issues his second order, "*Portez Croix!*" At this word, the fabric vibrates for a moment with the force that has been applied to all parts of it, and is the next moment still again. Again the priest gives the word, "*Elevez Croix!*" In an instant the whole rises as if endued with life, and the figure appears in the air above the heads of the surrounding multitude. In a moment more, the last order is given—"*Marchez! pas ordinaire!*"—and the huge fabric moves onward, and takes its place in the procession, amid the roll and rattle of drums, the blare of trumpets, the clash of cymbals, and the whole brilliant harmony of a full military band! A body of the missionaries themselves precede the crucifix, and it is followed by other priests and dignitaries, in the centre of whom, preceded by the golden crosier, walks Monseigneur the bishop of the diocese—before whom nearly all the spectators who line the street kneel down upon the bare wet stones as he passes, while he *blesses* them by elevating the two first fingers of his right hand, and moving his mitred head from side to side. The procession is closed by a portion of the authorities of the town, and by companies of other persons: and thus it proceeds at a slow pace through all the principal streets—standing still at intervals, while the cross-bearers rest beneath the various triumphal arches that have been erected for that purpose, and at every one of which the music ceases, while, at a certain signal from a priest, the whole people cry, with one voice, "*Vive la Croix!—Vive la Croix!!—Vive la Croix!!!*"

Thus far of the procession. But we have still much to see and hear; and, for this purpose, we must take our station in an open, oblong space, called *La Petite Place*, at one extremity of which is a public fountain. Here a reunion of the whole procession will take place, with the view of listening to a discourse pronounced by the chief resident priest, and seeing the whole proceeding confirmed and blessed by the bishop. For this purpose, a kind of altar and rostrum have been erected at the upper end of the place, the draperies and ornamental hangings of which (consisting of innumerable half-dirty white bed and window curtains) cover nearly the whole side of the square. Here, then, after having traversed the principal streets of the town, the different companies, &c., of which the procession consists gradually arrive in the order in which they set out, and are arranged in preconcerted groups by the officiating priests; the cross being placed in the centre of the whole, so as to be visible from every part of the square. All being ready, and the rostrum (consisting of an old easy chair) being removed to the foot of the cross, the principal mounts it, and, resting one hand on the sacred symbols, pronounces a discourse, the subject matter of which is, a brief glance at the history of the cross, and the effects it has produced on man and society. There is nothing remarkable about this discourse, but its close: *that*, however, is of a nature which, whatever might be its effects on its actual hearers, we shall scarcely be able to refer to without the risk of overstepping that decorum which the character of our national habits and feelings has thrown round the subject in question. But as that which we have to report includes by far the most characteristic portion of the day's exhibition, we must not leave it untold. Decency, however, no less than truth, requires that we should leave the words that we have to relate untranslated. In fact, to turn them into the parallel phrases of our own language would be more than our pens dare perform. Thus, then, the reverend orator concluded his brief discourse—the words in French being reported lite-

rally, the rest in substance merely:—"And now, my brethren, having seen what the cross has done for us, shall we refuse, in our turn, to do something for the cross? Is there one among this great assembly who will not join his voice with mine in the cry I am about to utter?" Then pausing for a moment, he suddenly spreads forth his arms upon the air, and screams out, with all the strength (or rather all the feebleness) of his aged voice, "VIVE LA CROIX!" Immediately, the cry is repeated in thunder by the whole assembled multitude, and the very walls of the houses seem to tremble and echo with it. This having been repeated *three times* at the same signal, the orator continues:—"Need I proclaim another cry, that must be at this moment in your hearts and upon your tongues?" Then, with the same signalizing gestures as before, he cries, "VIVE JESUS CHRIST!" *This*, like the last, is repeated three times; and then, at the instigation of the officiating priest, and for reasons similar to those urged in the other cases, it is followed by several more, each repeated with similar vehemence and unanimity—namely, "*Vive la Foi!*"—"*Vive le Roi!*"—"*Vive le Monseigneur!*" (the bishop)—and, "*Vivent les Missionaires!*"

Vivats, addressed to, and repeated by, a great popular assembly in the open air, are, *with us*, attended by associations of such a nature that we have scarcely dared even to *write* some of the above (and *one* in particular) for the perusal of our readers; still less, therefore, do we dare trust ourselves to make any observations upon the manner in which they were employed on the occasion in question, and the motives and objects of so employing them. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves to a brief glance at the conclusion of this most strange, and strangely conducted, ceremony. As soon as the giving forth, and repetition of these watch words was finished, the priest descended from the chair, and the bishop himself took his place there, and addressed a few words to the people; and then the crucifix was elevated as before, to the same words of command, and borne off (preceded by military music!) to the spot where it was to be finally placed:—the great non-official body of the procession being previously dismissed at a given signal, as a regiment of soldiers are after a field-day. There was something so literally shocking to Protestant associations in the conclusion of this ceremony, that we shall merely add a few words, so as not to leave our general description incomplete. In short, the spectacle differed little, in mere external effect, from the actual historical proceeding of which it presented a type! The figure of the Saviour was so well executed, that it bore that horrid resemblance to actual life which so painfully distinguishes waxwork from sculpture, and which, in fact, sculpture itself would bear, if it were painted to imitate life. This, added to the hauling of the naked figure up to the cross by ropes and pullies*—the fixing and literally nailing it in its place there—and the look and attire of the workmen employed in this mechanical part of the operation;—all this produced an effect on the spectator not either easy or fit to be described, but which cannot well be forgotten by any one of them; an effect, too, which we cannot conceive to have been other than opposite to that which was looked for by the reverend contrivers of the ceremony;—unless, indeed, they can prove an exception, in their particular case, to that truest and most comprehensive of all moral maxims, which inculcates that "EXTREMES MEET!"

* The cross, destined to bear the figure permanently, had been previously fixed in its place, at a great height from the ground, against the north side of the cathedral.

UPS AND DOWNS OF LONDON.

"The man that lays himself lowly in the mire,
Can never fear a fall; he to whom pleasure
Has ever been a stranger, feels not pain:
If you would taste of misery, go, be happy—
'Tis that which sharpens up your appetite;
And joy's the stock that bears the keenest woe,
If shame or folly shall graft woe upon it."

When Lima was in the hands of the Spaniards, and used by the court of Madrid as a sort of stall for the fattening of any beast of burden to that court, for which enough of provender could not be found in the mother country, the description given of it by the intelligent emir of the natives was, "the heaven of women, the purgatory of men, and the hell of jackasses." What London may be to women, or to jackasses, since the *ci-devant* member for Galway took them (the jackasses only), under the mantle of his love, it might not be very easy to say; but to men it may be any, or, in succession, all, of the three reported states of Peru.

When one is in prosperity, has plenty to do and to spend, it is difficult to conceive that the cup of pleasure could be more full and sweet than it is in London. The endless succession of novelty, changing and brightening at every step, keeps the mind and the senses in a state of constant and sharpened activity, and saves one from the lassitude and negative pain of that semi-death to which one is doomed in the country. Well might *Dame Quickly*, a lady who knew the world—or, if she did not, Shakspear did for her, and that was perhaps better—well might she predict the end of the joyous and enjoying Falstaff, when "a' babbled o' green fields;" for, truly, as compared with London, they offer no enjoyment for man; and the only rational thing that he has to do with a green field is to eat the mutton that is fattened upon it. Groves, and glades, and lakes, and waterfalls, and mountains, and rocks, and abbeys (when they are in ruins), with a glimpse of the sea between two headlands, having skiffs in the zephyr, or gallant ships in the tempest, are all very pretty things to be said, or sung, or more especially painted; that is, if the saying, or the song, or the picture will repay you for the labour and privation of getting at it; but really they have no companionship, no pleasure, no life in them, to him who has tasted the glorious chalice of metropolitan enjoyment. There is no companionship for man in woods, wilds, or waters. They smile not to your smile; they answer not to your inquiry; and, if you tell them the tale of your joy or your woe, they do not sympathize, but mock, or repeat your words, in the same cold tone of indifference or derision as the dull echo of a charnel-house. What should an active and rational man care for them? Wood! why the very first idea that it suggests is that of a gallows. Water!—bah! Give me the sparkler and the bee's-wing. No liquids for me but those that "ascend me into the brain," that "lap me in Elysium," till all the brilliancy of a London dining-room, and all the beaming visages around me, be tripled and quadrupled. Empty me every rill and runnel, and let them mingle in champaign; then the sound of their gurgling would be celestial. Pump me the brine out of the sea; then let its yeasty ridges roll port and claret; and a—fig for shipwreck. The music of

the groves! Psha! owls and hurdy-gurdies! Stephens, and Caradori, and Paton, and Vestris—these are the nightingales for me! Much meets the ear, and more—aye, far more is meant. And then the glorious roll of the orchestra, to call you to life again, after you have died in rapture at the songs!—

> "Cum tuba depresso graviter sub murmure mugit,
> Et reboant raucum, retrocita *cornua* bombum."

Who that could engage these things would care a single straw for the gabble of jays, or the chatter of chaffinches, or even the cold streams, with all the hissing and hideousness of their swans and geese?—

> "Vallibus et cygni gelidis orti ex Heliconis
> Cum liquidum tollunt lugubri voce querelam."

"Lugubrious and querulous," indeed! I had rather hear the death-bell—"gong! gong!"—from morning till night, and from night till morning. Then for the loves of the landward solitudes—those sweetnesses of the soul which run so glibly from the tongue, and fall so enchantingly on the ear of those who know nothing about the reality of them—why, what are they? In as far as they concern the "*apteræ bipedes*," as the learned would call them—the two-footed things without wings—and truly they are without wings, either of feathers or of fancy—they are Hob bargaining for a clean shirt, and Dolly for—the title of an honest woman. Who that has a soul in him would care three straws, or the half of one straw, for the billet-doux which the bee carries from the male ash to the female; the leers and loving looks of a couple of jacks, or gudgeons, or red mullets; or the sighs and soft sayings of a brace of tender eels in the ooze of a stagnant puddle? Put a hook in the jaws of the rascals; never mind how the thing with which you bait that hook may wriggle—it is but a worm, a grub, or a minnow, and has no business to feel pain. Put a hook in the jaws of the rascals; drag them out; bring them to London; send them to school at Bleadon's, or to the professor in the *proper* London University in St. James's Street, till they be fit for appearing in genteel company; and then they may be worth the courting—but not till then.

As for the country generally, or any where, why, what is it? An honest Scotchman describes it all when he describes his own—"unco' gude to cumm oot o'." It is nothing but the *fruges* which the town is *consumere natus*. A beast is but a beast any where, and so is a vegetable but a vegetable. But the clod—the *apterous biped*—is merely an adjective to vegetables and beasts—or rather he is a copulative conjunction, connecting, in one instance, the potatoes and turnips of this year with those of the next; and, in another instance, making

> "Former beeves shake hoofs with latter,
> And those that were before, come after."

He puts not a drop into the bowl of pleasure; and if the rolls and butter and rump-steaks, and 'sparagus, would continue to come to town all the same, *excidunto* the clod, and there is so much the more added to the productive clay of the land.

The loneliness, the life, the love, and all the fine things of the country, exist only in the poet's eye, or the painter's brush: when they are in the former, truly it is

> ——"in a fine frenzy rolling:"

and when the latter gives it you as a study "*from* nature," at Somerset House, or in Suffolk-street, he says truth—it is *from* nature—far from it—and therefore it pleases. You admire the ultramarine, and the amber, and the bistre, and the king's yellow; and you do so, because you (fancy you) see the country, and (in fact) do not smell it. Even the sight, without the odour, could not delight you, if there were nothing in the show-room but what had been produced by the brush. Calcott, or Collins, or Constable (it is curious that the names of so many country copyists should commence with *C)* might beat Capability himself. Ward might leave Phalaris twenty generations behind, in the matter of brazen bulls; but, if it were not for the living pictures—the something more than mere eye-servants that move there—rats and mice might hold undivided sway—at least for me. When Major Heels (or what is it you call him?) galloped eighteen hundred miles across the country, *Los Pampas*, under the southern *cross*, and burst out into heroics at the sight of the sun setting over the Cordillera of the Andes, that was a fine answer which he got from the Cornish miner. "What can be more delightful than that?" said the Major, leaning forward on the pommel of his saddle, and gaping wide at the great lump of cold rock.—"Them things as wears aprons," replied the miner; and the Major galloped on, without another word. Take "them things as wears aprons" away from the exhibition, and even Lawrence himself might go to St. James's Park, and play at ducks-and-drakes with his palette upon the newly-twisted Serpentine.

The eye that always welcomes you with a gleam of intellectual light, the lips which ever wear a smile, the hand that is ever ready with its equivalent—these, these—so long as you can give the *quid pro quo*—are the genuine sources of pleasure. And where are these to be found in such perfection, uniformity, or abundance as in London? Who ever heard of a man being balked of his wish there, so long as he could put money in his purse? Who that has health and a heavy wallet need trouble himself about private friendships and obligations there? The world is around you—Europe, Africa, America, Asia, in all their people, and in all their productions; and when you have journeyed from Brixton to Hampstead, and from Bow to Brentford, you have seen as much, and enjoyed ten times more, than if you had circum-tramped and circum-navigated the globe, and crossed the line of your cincture upon fifty meridians. Peep into the hells or the Stock Exchange, and there you have

"Th' Anthropophagi, that each other eat."

Look in at the Mansion House or Guildhall, and there you will find plenty of the

"Men, whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders."

Go into the courts of law, and you will find plenty of

"Antres vast."

Get your estate fairly into Chancery, and you will soon find it

"A desart idle."

Read the news of the day, and your hair will stand on end at the tale

"Of moving accidents, by flood and field."

Try the strength of the penal code, and "tip the Charley to a hush," and you may make

"Hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach."

Run in debt to your tailor, and you have every chance

"Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery."

Join the "rulers" of the land; and, after a little more than

"The moon and half, that Nature makes a hare in,"

you may make sure

"Of your redemption thence;"—

and, if you do all these things, and do them well, you may have no small cause to boast of

"The 'portance of your travel's history."

And, then, though enjoyment were twenty Desdemonas, and you should come out as black as fifty Othellos, the deuce is in it if you do not win her; and if you smother her with the bolster for the wheedling of any Iago, either of care or compunction, why you are ten times more of a ninny than the huffy Moor, and ought at once to drown yourself, like a rat or a puppy.

Be but in a condition to command, and a mood to enjoy, and the services of a whole million of people are at your beck and welcome. Ransack your memory, rack your invention, for an object with which to be gratified, and it is only

"Cupito ut habes—et habes."

Yes I say, course over every land; sail over every sea; be frozen with Parry, roasted with Clapperton, or, more dreadful than all, "eaten by fleas at Stony Stratford;" be a traveller who has more glory than name;—go up in balloons—down in diving-bells; fly over the Alps, or tunnel it under the Atlantic;—why, what do you get by that? Pain—sheer, unmingled pain—without an atom of pleasure; and if you are a wise man, and your pulse, as that of every man really wise should do, beats to the tune of "*Carpe diem*," you had better take the counsel which that sage Ulysses, Sheridan, gave to his son, when he was to descend the coal-pit just for the sake of saying that he had been there —"*Say* that you have been there, Tom; but *stay here*, and enjoy yourself."

You have the choice of a million of human beings for your company, and ten thousand millions of things for your possession; and so there can be no satiation or ennui, though you should live to the age of Methusaleh, and be every day as fickle as the wind. No matter for your rank, your talents, your education, or your habits. Be you saint or sinner, sage or sot—hold you this opinion, that opinion, or no opinion at all—your place and your counterpart are both in London; and the beauty of all is, that, grant but the one postulate—give the one thing "needful"—and nobody will dare, or even try, to elbow you out of your place. Name but the name of that which you would call government; the world is at your feet, and all its inhabitants are your slaves. It is impossible, however, to mention all the elements of this enjoyment, or to name the states and forms in which it is found. If you would throw the whole of human happiness and enjoyment, the encyclopædia of

human bliss, into the alembic, and draw from it a quintessence which could be named by a single word, that word would be—LONDON.

"The next world," said the good Catholic at the confessional, "would be very delightful if it were all heaven;" and so would London, if you could always make sure of enjoying it: but as the dish which is being carried to the rich man's dinner does not appease the hunger of the poor man, who stands shivering in the street, while his own bowels are eating him up; and as the fountain, which pours forth its living stream so copiously and so constantly, tends not in one jot to cool the burning lip of the captive who eyes it through the gratings of his cell, at the farther end of the court: so neither do all the enjoyments of London tend to remove the pang from the bosom of him to whom they are inaccessible. No: these are the very circumstances which deepen the anguish, or rather which make it anguish at all. There is no real measure of pleasure and pain, except in those cases which involve a physical change in the body. The agony of the mind is produced by differences; and he who is "like all the rest" does not, on account of what it may be in which he is like them, complain. The Indian in his cabin of leaves, or the Esquimaux in his house of ice, does not envy the inmates of the mansions in Grosvenor-square, or St. James's—their splendid apartments, their gaudy furniture, and their soft couches: neither does he long for turtle and venison, punch royal, and iced pines; but is well contented if his labour, in breaking the thick ice of the arctic main, is rewarded by that choicest dainty of his land—a seal steak, fried in train-oil. In like manner, the Venus of Southern Africa never dreams of brilliants, while she decks herself in her zone of guts; the "dog-ribbed" Minerva heeds not a rush all your purple, and crimson, and tassels of silk and fine gold, when she puts on her baldrick, adorned with the teeth of those fallen heroes of the hostile tribe which she numbers as the triumphs of her lance or tomahawk; and the blushing bride of the land mentioned by the traveller, cares not a jot for a special licence, a bishop to put on the ring, or even a jointure; nor does she feel her sense of decorum in the least affected, or the black of her glossy cheek blanched even the tithe of a shade, though, as the traveller avers (and he must know best), the sacred unction in the ceremony—that which is to oil and sweeten the hinges of the holy state—be none other than τὸ οὖρον ἱερέως.

In itself, the human mind is the most contented and accommodating thing that can be; and barring absolute pain and disease, there is never any thing the matter with us, if we be "neighbour-like," and "not worse than we have been." Nay, even though we be not altogether like our neighbours, we feel no pain, if inferiority has always been our condition; neither are we broken down by change, if that change come sufficiently slow. But you can never have elevations without depressions; and, wherever there are the means of climbing, there is the chance of falling. Hence there are in London more reverses, and they come more rapidly, than in any other place. The man who had turtle and champaign last year, may contrive this year to subsist, without much grumbling, upon bread and water; but if the transition be made in a day, or in the portion of time between one meal and another, it will be agony to him. The man who was clothed in splendour may bear a covering of rags; but he will do so only if he comes to them by degrees: and he who enjoyed the luxury and the amusements of society cannot at once

shut himself up in a cold and comfortless apartment, without one to soothe or speak to him, without a feeling of very painful privation and destitution. It is this rapidity of transition which forms the *amari aliquid*, which may at any time, and which does at many times, bubble up in the very centre of the fountain of London bliss, and turns the whole *erewhile* scene of wealth, and enjoyment, and glee, and gladness around into something more tormentingly desolate than the *steppe* of Issem, or the sands of Nubia.

That very isolation which forms the charm of London life to the fortunate, is the barb in the javelin of woe which makes it to hang, tugging and lacerating at the heart, with all its iron woe. When every moment fills its cup, we can concentrate our whole powers and feelings upon it. Experience calls not to us from the past; and suspicion does not growl from behind the undrawn curtain of the future. We are like the bee upon the parterre: we sip the honey of one flower; and then, heedless any more of that, we hum away to another. Our enjoyments are all detached and perfect in themselves; and they never pall, because they are not bound to us in a chain of succession which we cannot break. Every man whom we meet upon an equality—and of that the power of paying is the only measure—is our friend for the time, and whenever we tire of him we turn to another. He feels this no desertion; for, whenever it suits his purpose, he does the same by us: and thus we are happy with the million, without the trouble or the thought of caring a single straw for one of its members.

When, however, the reverse comes—and there are more points from which it can come than in any other place—we drop down to the very hell of mental suffering; while the million out of which we have dropt rolls with its wonted motion over us, as heedless of us or our fate as the Thames is of a pebble in the ooze of its bed.

When one is alone in a desert, even though one should be suffering the greatest privation, the case is not utterly desperate to the mind: there is still hope—hope that you shall escape, return again to the haunts and the society of men, and turn even your present sufferings into a source of pleasure, by making them excite the sympathy or command the admiration of those to whom you recount your adventures. If you are destitute among a few men, it is because they do not mind what you can do; or, if you be oppressed or swindled by the one villain of the hamlet, you find some consolation in thinking that you would have been better if there had been another man to advise you. If, in short, pain or sorrow of any kind come through one part of the world, you always derive a species of consolation from thinking that the balm is worth the other part. This diminishes the pressure of our misery, in the first instance, and wins us from it in the end. If that part of the world which we have not tried, and in which we therefore hope there is relief for us, will not come to us, we form the resolution of going in quest of it. This is of itself a new occupation; and if the mind be occupied with any thing, of which it has not drained all the experience, it cannot be wholly and utterly miserable. Hope was the only good in the fatal box of Pandora, in which there were so many ills; but he who finds it will, be the ills ever so many, feel that it is more than a match for them all. It was not in the peril and hardship of his many battles that the Macedonian conqueror felt mercy; it was not when those lands which, in the madness of his ambition, he had meted out for conquest, were yet separated from him

by long tracks of difficult country, and guarded by armed men, who might render the object of his ambition not difficult merely, but altogether impossible, that he felt a twinge of despair, and set himself down to fret and weep: it was when the conquest, the only thing about it in which he took pleasure, was complete. The fable may be false, as applicable to the individual; but the moral is true of human nature. The wise king of Israel did not take up his Ecclesiastes in the course of his labour, or because he had been ignorant of pleasure: it was because he had known and tasted that he felt sorrow; it was the *omnia vanitas* that poisoned the contemplation.

Just so with a dropt man in London. All is around him, and all is vanity; and, therefore, to him hope is *clear gone*. He is in the very centre of the world of man's creation—that world in which it may, without impiety, be said that man is mightier than his Maker—inasmuch as he and his works hide and eclipse every thing else. The very *acmè* of human possession and enjoyment, is every where around him; the excess of pleasure and luxury is about him on every side; all seem to have enough and to spare; but they do not spare it—nay, they do not even spare so much time or pause so long in the career of enjoyment, as to let the *abandonné* tell them that he is destitute or miserable. Under such circumstances, it requires no guilt within, no anguish of a criminal nature, or even any thing of which the man can reproach himself on the score of simple folly, to give him all the torment of the damned. He does not need to have been cheated on the Stock Exchange, or plundered in any of the other hells; neither is it at all requisite that he should have followed any of those courses of waste and profligacy which bring their own punishment, with much sorrow to the party concerned, but with a feeling of retributive justice, rather than of regret, to every body else. His conduct may have been the most regular and virtuous, and his schemes—even the one that proved fatal to him—laid with all the prudence that human nature could muster; and yet the utter desolation and misery may be such as, elsewhere, could not be found.

Indeed, this is a case in which innocence and virtue do not bring their ordinary consolations; but rather heap upon their unfortunate possessor suffering, from which the guilty and the unthinking are exempted. When suffering comes upon a man, and he is left under its pressure without notice and without hope, what avails it that the fault is not his? In a merely temporal point of view, the pleasure of the *mens conscia recti* is not an ultimate pleasure; it is only so when there is a hope that it will lead to something better; and when there is no such hope, the mind—and a pure mind is always more easily and more deeply affected than a guilty one—is left to dwell more exclusively, and therefore more painfully, upon its own misery. In the depth of desolation and desertion—such as that which a man, friendless, pennyless, and without prospect or hope feels in London—the feeling of the state itself is more agonizing than that of the way in which it was brought about, be that what it may. Let remorse be ever so bitter, there is always a possibility of hope about it; or, if there be not the hope of amendment, there is the hardening of desperation, which, for the time that it lasts, takes off a good deal of the agony.

Accordingly, we find that those who break down under the burden of life are not those who are deep in crime, but those who are deep in misery—not those who have wronged the world, but those who have

dropt out of it: and who, had they been in any place where the inhabitants were so few that they, all unfortunate as they were, could have made a known and countable portion of society, would have acted in a very different manner.

The fate of those unfortunate persons—and, from the acute feelings which they evince, they are far from being the least valuable part of society—claims an attention that has never been bestowed, and which it would be very difficult to bestow upon it. The steps of mental agony, through which they must pass ere they come to that desperate resolution, which, alone, and without any one to say that there is heroism in it, declares that "death is better than life," would form a most singular chapter in the history of human nature. To get at the history of them, however, is the difficulty. They are in a region which the wing of the imagination cannot reach; they partake of the awful obscurity of that land to which the sufferer escapes with the secret of them in his bosom, and whence he can neither return nor send a messenger. When an act of this kind is done at the moment that it is resolved on, in a paroxysm of passion, there may be less of mental anguish in it than in many states out of which the mind can recover. But, in very many of those cases that are brought before the public—after it is impossible to derive from them any information by which one would be enabled to diminish their number—there is a calmness of mind—a gradual progress and repining—which shew that the alternative has been one of thought, and deliberation, and choice;—confessed an evil, but a lighter evil than that which was avoided. From this, one is able to see that there is a philosophy in the progress of that of which the end is madness; and that, without any immediate impulse of the more violent passions, there may be a still, silent, and secret bitterness of life, compared with which, death shall, to the calm contemplation of the party, seem a blessing.

Any one who chooses to look at the accounts—bungling, unskilfully, and unphilosophically as they are drawn up—of coroners' inquests, will find that of those suicides which do not appear to have been preceded by derangement, or caused by the momentary impulse of ungovernable passion, the number is a much greater fraction of the whole in London than in smaller societies; and this goes far to prove that they are produced by that unseen and grinding woe, which overtakes those who are dropt out of their places in the London crowd, and which has nothing in it to rouse the passions to that extent at which they become, as it were, an opiate to the pain of self-destruction.

It is perhaps well that we are not able to look into this dismal working of human nature; and yet, could it be seen and told, the tale might have some influence in restraining folly, and teaching caution. We heed it not, however; but hurry on from occupation to occupation, and from pleasure to pleasure; and when the news of the catastrophe comes, we merely read it in a gossiping way, as part of the history of yesterday, and forget it ere the morning. If we thought of it a little, we might not be the worse—the case may be our own.

Imagine a human being—it may be of the warmest heart, and the most fine and kindly feelings—who has lived, as thousands in London live, *in* society, but not *of* it; who has regularly met his men of business or profession, professionally; his acquaintance at his places of entertainment; who has found the day occupied, life flowing sweetly, and had no need, and therefore no desire, to form any connexion upon which

he could lean in case of accident. Imagine this,—and then that, by one fatal step, of the fatality of which he could have no knowledge (and there are many such, any one of which would be sufficient); and think what must be his feelings, if he shall, one would almost say *unfortunately*, have strength of mind to bear the first shock. If he goes abroad, he instinctively shuns those with whom he talked business, or laughed amusement; the activity and apparent success and happiness of other people only serve as contrasts to deepen his misery, or as arrows to pierce him to the heart; and the one burning thought that he once was as them, but is not now, and never shall be again, consumes him. Then, though he attempt to escape by foregoing the haunts of men, and seeking the quiet of nature—such as it is in the purlieus of a great city—the anguish is with him still. To him there is no beauty in the landscape, and no balmyness in the gale. The memorials of human happiness are scattered every where; but, to him, happiness is a fountain that is dry —a torch, which is extinguished. He may long for one little moment,

> ——"for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
> Some boundless continuity of shade;"

but the longing is momentary, and leads to despair. He wanders to his apartment—most likely in the house of some person with whom he has never exchanged a word, save in bargaining for terms and making payments, and to whom the least hint at the change of his condition would change vulgarity into cruelty, and neglect into insult. Therefore, he has no alternative but the cold silence of his chamber, which is now to him the world—in its wane, and near its close. He counts over and over the fragments of his store—scanty enough, it may be; and he numbers the days and the hours that he can subsist,—*bundling* also any straws of hope that may still remain, and which cease to be hope the moment that he surveys them. Then he lays down an aching head upon a sleepless pillow, where, during the long and lonely night, though there be no slumber to refresh, he is "scared with dreams, and terrified with visions."

Even when a man has nothing in his circumstances to give him pain, it is not a very pleasant thing to be compelled to think for a whole night in the dark and alone; but where there is mental and hopeless loneliness in the case, it is dreadful. The mind starts from thought to thought, and, at every change, the gloom deepens. Then comes the fearful thought—a thought which, under such circumstances, even religion is too weak to resist:—annihilation as to this world is felt—absolute annihilation glides before the fancy! Its form is hideous; and the darkness, which hides every thing else, only makes it the more apparent. The curtain of the future will not rise—the stern, the stubborn image "turns the man into nothing;" and the oblivion of destruction is felt. This it is which charms him on to his fate; and, when once it takes hold on the mind, it will not quit till it brings about that fearful accomplishment which the fortunate and the happy think impossible; but to which the wounded in spirit have recourse, as a last and an only deliverance. And, truly, when one thinks of it, not as the wonder of a century or an age, but as a monthly and weekly occurrence, there is in it a mournful set-off against all the pleasures of a mighty city!

MODERN ITALIAN COMEDY: THE PLAYS OF GHERARDO DA ROSSI.

The man whose travel is by necessity confined to books, should read the comedy of those countries which he would wish to visit, almost in preference to any class of their literary productions. With all allowance for that spirit of caricature which forms a fair proportion of dramatic licence—for the deference of writers to critical rules or political apprehensions—and for those odd conventional arrangements which every where, more or less, distinguish the "life" of the theatre from the life of reality—such, for example, as that, in England, which puts every man of forty years old upon the stage into a garb which, for forty years past, no man any where but upon the stage has seen;—still it is hardly possible to read the comic drama of any country, differing considerably in civil and social condition from our own, without finding—apart from the merit of the composition, a considerable charm in the insight which we obtain as to the tastes and morals, as well as into the habits and domestic institutions of its inhabitants. This is a description of entertainment, however, which can only be derived from *reading:* we never can get it, even in a slight degree, from our dramatic exhibitions or performances at home. When we translate, for the theatre, (in England) we go uniformly for our matter to France; because the thoughts and associations of the French people are those which run the most in unison with our own. From the drama of Germany, we take nothing but a few horrors—which tell alike in all countries; from Spain, nothing but the names and dresses; and from Italy—except in the department of music—nothing at all. And all this wisely and expediently; because a drama, the force of which should lay in the exhibition of foreign opinions or manners, whatever interest it might have in the closet, could have none at all—it would not be comprehended—on the stage. At the same time, as the species of information to be gained from such works does possess both interest and value, we shall feel no apology necessary for laying occasionally sketches from the drama of Europe generally before our readers: and we shall begin with the works named at the head of the present article—the comedies of Gherardo da Rossi.

The four volumes of plays, published by Da Rossi, at different times, between the years 1789 and 1798, contain sixteen dramatic pieces (of which fifteen are comedies) of rather unequal merit. The author, who died a few months since at Rome, at the advanced age of seventy-three, announces, in his first volume, that, if the work should be received favourably, other volumes will follow: and the success, though not equal to his hopes, was sufficient to produce that result; for the "other volumes" appeared in due course, as undertaken. Of the dramatic worth of these performances—the relative value of which, as we have already observed, is unequal—it would be difficult for any but an Italian fairly to judge. Comedy is a thing in its nature, if not ephemeral, at least so local, that no translation (and the reading in the original language by a foreigner, though the best species of translation, still *is* a translation) can afford any very adequate idea of it. We constantly see works of great interest and value in our own language—(an Irish novel of Miss Edgeworth's, or Lady Morgan's, for instance)—of which the whole excellence would be lost in any version attempted in a foreign language. And

the very small number of German or Italian works of fancy which ever become popular in England, would of itself be sufficient to leave little doubt that a translation is attended with equal loss and difficulty into our own. The reception of Da Rossi's plays upon the Italian stage, taken upon the whole, was favourable. One or two he speaks of as having failed; and, with the feeling sworn to dramatists in all countries, it invariably appears that it was the *actors*, or the *audience* (sometimes both) that were to blame. The titles of the plays are—In the first volume—*Il Secondo Giorno del Matrimonio* (a Day after the Wedding). *Il Cortigiano Honesto, ovvero i Cambiamenti di un Giorno* (The Honest Courtier, or the Changes of a Day). *Il Calzolajo Inglese a Roma* (The English Shoemaker at Rome). And—*La Famiglia dell' Uomo indolente* (The Family of the indolent Man).—The second volume contains—*Le Sorelle Rivali* (The Rival Sisters). *L' Astratto Geloso*—this is a combination not easy to render (The jealous and absent Man). *Il Maestro di Cappella* (The Chapel Master). And—*La Commedia in Villegiatura* (Private Theatricals).—The third consists of—*Il Podesta di Bicenzo* (The Magistrate of Bicenzo)—this is a melo-dramatic play. *La Prima Sera dell Opera* (The First Night of the Opera)—again a comedy. *La Consequenze di una imprudente Risoluzione* (The Effects of an imprudent Resolution). And—*Il Presuntuozo* (The Insolent Man).—The fourth has three comedies, and an interlude in a single act—*Le Lagrime della Vedova* (Widow's Tears). *L' Officio della Posta* (The Post-Office). *Il Soverchiatore* (The Despot). And *La Bottega dell' Caffe nel Festino* (The Refreshment-Room at the Ball).—These are almost all good English titles: affording a second example of the aptness of different men, in thinking on the same subject or for the same purpose, to think in the same way.

The drama, out of all this list, most approaching to that which would be actable put into an English shape, is the second in order in the last volume—*Le Lagrime della Vedova*. Sismondi, in his "Littérature du Midi," notices the comedy, as one of great credit to the dramatic tact of the author; and a tale founded upon the incidents of it, with some additions, and a good deal of alteration of character, appeared, about two years since, in a periodical publication, called the *Parthenon*, under the title of "A Soldier's Fortune." The plot of the play, as it stands in the Italian, turns upon the regret exhibited or feigned by a young widow, the "Baroness Aurelia," for the death of a husband, who was old and unpleasing, and to whom she had been married against her inclination. Notwithstanding these unpromising circumstances, the Baroness exhibits the most poignant distress at the death of her lord; and retires (with a large fortune) to the château of a relative, "the Marquis Anselmo," where she erects, among other works of piety, a shrine to the memory of her husband, in the centre of a walk of cypresses; and waters the rose-trees that surround it, at intervals, with her tears. While matters are in this condition (by a *tour* not ill arranged on the part of the dramatist), a former lover of the lady, "Captain Erminio," having killed the major of his regiment in a duel, and fled for fear of being hanged for the exploit, comes to the château with his confidential servant (both in the disguise of peasants): and they obtain employment as gardeners, knowing nothing of the nobleman into whose family they have come, nor of the Baroness's residence there, nor of the farther fact that the "Baron's" death has left her ladyship at liberty. In the course

of the same morning, it happens, rather unluckily, that a fainting fit, introduced (before the whole family), by the young widow, in the garden, is converted, by the appearance of one of the new servants (the disguised Captain) with cold water, into something very like a swoon in earnest: and a scene ensues of prodigious confusion, threatening every moment to discredit the Baroness's conjugal piety, and expose the disguise of the new domestics; which ends with the lady's recovery from her real alarm or illness, and her precipitate retreat into the château.

Matters are thus left, at the end of the first act, in a very pleasant dramatic perplexity. The "Captain" is delighted to find his mistress a widow, and free; but surprised beyond measure to find her in a strange house. And grieving for her husband too!—and doubts how he had best explain his own appearance before her at such a time, and in such a garb. The "Baroness," on her part, not knowing the true reason of her lover's disguise, concludes that it is assumed entirely on her account, and that the knowledge of her widowhood and residence has brought him to the château. On deliberation, however, and when the real state of the affair becomes known, the lady's regard for her reputation overcomes all other considerations. She resolves firmly to listen to no suitor—not even to hear of such a person—in the first year of her widowhood. The lover becomes frantic, but to no purpose: she presses upon him a sum of money to aid his departure in safety; but insists that he shall instantly quit the castle, and orders her own travelling carriage to make a visit elsewhere until he shall be gone.—And thus ends the second act.

A lucky event, however, in the third, saves at once the scruples of the Baroness, and the hopes of the Captain Erminio. As the parties are bidding each other a last adieu in a distant part of the pleasure-grounds, the sound of drums and fifes is heard; and "Trivella," the hero's servant, rushes in to say that a party of military is entering the castle-gates, to examine the neighbourhood, and search for deserters! The ruin of the fugitives now seems certain; as it ought properly to do, in a play, always just before they are going to be made happy for life. The Commandant of the party is already making his rounds, inspecting the passports and papers of persons of all ranks, and strictly examining all strangers who are unprovided with them. Escape is impossible; for the only passage across the frontier is by a ferry, the avenue to which is guarded—and the want of a passport to cross has been the cause why the Captain sought shelter in the château where he stands. In this dilemma —a moment lost being certain death—the Baroness's waiting-maid (who of course is in love with the Captain's valet) recollects that "the robes of state" of the late "Baron" (he was a judge) are in a cabinet at hand, and the passport with which the family was travelling, at the time of his death, in a pocket-book by them. The lady, afflicting as the resource is, rather than see her lover perish, consents that he shall be assisted with this disguise. But, after a first step, there is no safety. Scarcely is the Captain attired as a judge, than the visiting Major appears. He examines the passport delivered, and finds that the *name of the Baroness* appears in it, with those of all the suite. The questions then necessary to be put, officially, leave the lady no choice but to answer the question—whether she is the wife of the party (the *soi-disant* judge) who holds the passport) or to destroy the whole plot, and deliver the Captain up to death. Of course, she must answer it in the affirmative: and the result is—fate has been against the lady's widowhood—the lovers fly together.

This is the story of the widow of Ephesus; but it is pleasantly and elegantly told; and a variety is given to the main interest by the secondary or subservient characters introduced. The chief of these are—"the Marquis Anselmo," a nobleman who dabbles in science: "Signor Orazio," a mountebank projector: and "the Marchioness Clarissa," the wife of the Marquis Anselmo, and cousin by marriage to the Baroness; who, having the experience of an old husband herself, doubts the reality—that is, the probability—of her lady relative's grief. The plot, moreover, is neatly worked out. Many of the situations are striking; the action bustling; and the dialogue generally sprightly, and sometimes humorous. In the end—to make all matters fortunate—it appears that the officer who commands the foraging party—not he who makes the examination, but his leader—is the very colonel whom Signor Erminio fled for killing, and who was wounded only, and has recovered; and thus nothing is wanting to the general felicity. On the whole, the construction and development of the drama—as viewed with reference to the purposes of any theatre—has considerable merit: but as a species of version of it has already appeared in print, we refer the curious to that source, in preference to giving extracts.

The *Secondo Giorno del Matrimonio;* the *Sorelle Rivali;* and the *Famiglia dell' Uomo indolente,* are curious, rather from the picture they exhibit of Italian taste and feeling, than from any striking dramatic or poetic merit that can be commended in them. The title of the second piece—"The Rival Sisters"—explains its interest: but the "rivalry" is of a very odd description. One of the sisters, who is already married, is in love with the gentleman who wishes to marry the other. The "Family of the indolent Man" exhibits another character of a woman not stigmatized as a great deal worse than many ladies of her acquaintance, rivalling her own daughter in an amour; pawning the property out of her husband's house; caballing with servants to borrow money, &c. &c. But the "Day after the Wedding," which turns upon a different kind of matrimonial interest from our English drama of the same name, will afford the best example of the freedom with which Signor da Rossi is accustomed to treat his countrywomen.

The story is that of a silly college student, who has married privately without the consent of his guardians or relations. The name of this gallant (who is a youth of fortune) is Giacinto; and the play opens with a visit from one of his former tutors, "Signor Ernesto," who, being informed of his marriage, calls on the day after it has taken place. The scene lies in the house of the bride's sister, where the wedding has been celebrated; and, after a conversation with the servant who admits him, by which Signor Ernesto's doubts as to the policy of his pupil's alliance are considerably strengthened, the latter in person makes his appearance, coming directly from his wife's chamber. He seems to be considerably an ass; but expresses great pleasure at the visit of his *quondam* preceptor.

Giacinto. Ha, Signor Ernesto! Well returned. I rejoice to see you.—*(Embracing.)*

Ernesto. Many thanks: but it is I rather who ought to give you joy, since I find you married in my absence?

Gia. One moment, with your leave *(to the Servant, who waits).* Oh, Trivella! I want you—I must send you to ——.

Triv. (carelessly). I can't go any where now. I have my business to do. *(Aside, and exit.)* I must be going away to the Count, or it will be late, and I shan't find him at home.

Gia. (looking after Trivella). He must be out of temper this morning, I think: for, in general, he is respectful enough. But, Signor Ernesto! Pray come hither to me. Tell the truth now—were you not surprised to hear that I was married? I managed my affairs well, I think. You, none of you, knew any thing about it. You did not even suspect me. I was cunning enough, you see, my good friend, to deceive *you*.

Ern. I hope it will be me that you have deceived—and not yourself. But I certainly was surprised to find the matter concluded so suddenly. Was there time to adjust every thing? Were the settlements and pecuniary affairs all arranged as they should be?

Giac. Oh, all! You can't imagine what liberal people I had to deal with. There was no occasion even to put pen to paper. Every thing the Countess [*his wife's sister*] desired, I consented to; and every thing that I desired, she was ready to admit at once.

Ern. Humph! If it has been properly taken care of, your wife's father left her a tolerable fortune. I think it was as much as six thousand ducats. Has the Countess settled with you at all about that?

Gia. Why—in the haste of our marriage—we were all in a hurry—that account was not exactly made out. But I understand it is all quite right: the Countess Beatrice has the money in her possession. But these are trifles! You can't imagine what a fortunate fellow I am! The most adorable wife! —the most beautiful, and yet the most gentle! There was a certain Count—a subaltern officer—who thought he had some pretensions: but the moment *I* appeared——. But—you—I dare say you don't mean it; but—you don't seem to enter into my good fortune entirely.

Ern. Oh—entirely! Pardon me: the case is quite clear. I am only anxious to know when you are to get away into the country.

Giac. Why—I can't say that exactly. I suppose in about a month, or so.

Ern. Listen to me. I would counsel you to get away, if possible, immediately. Because, depend upon this—it will be a sacrifice to your wife whenever she goes. And she will bear that sacrifice better in the first week of your marriage than if you leave it till afterwards.

Giac. Ah, my dear friend! But you have no idea how kind and docile my Eugenia is! She is condescension itself. But come—come along—I must introduce you. Nay, I insist on it—*(Drawing him towards the bottom of the stage).*

As he is dragging Ernesto off, the Countess Beatrice enters from another chamber, meeting them:—

C. Beat. Heyday! Why, what is all this? Where are you both going, gentlemen?

Giac. I am going to introduce my friend here to my wife—*(Still pressing Ernesto).*

C. Beat. Introduce? Why, are you mad? Your wife is at her toilet. In short—Introduce? She is engaged. I wonder you should think of such a thing!

Ern. (coolly). Signora Beatrice no doubt is right. And I beg to be understood that the proposition by no means originated with me. Good morning, Giacinto.—*(Exit.)*

C. Beat. Giacinto! you must not think of introducing people to your wife in this way—without consulting me. And such a visitor, too!—a lawyer! If it had been a gallant, indeed, we might have said something. But a lawyer! —But come—what do you do, staying in one place here for ever, like a cabbage? Why don't you go out? Come, go—go out. We shall have visitors here presently; and you must not be at home.

Giac. But my wife is not going out this morning; and I stay at home to keep her company.

C. Beat. Pooh, pooh! Nonsense! She will have company enough without you. Come! Why, you would not begin to be troublesome only on the second day of your marriage, would you? Go out: go out!

Giac. But I don't know where to go; I have got no acquaintance.

C. Beat. Oh, walk about the city.

Giac. But I don't know the way.

C. Beat. Oh, well—go into the gardens, then. Go somewhere.

Giac. But I have got such a cold!

C. Beat. Oh—hot or cold, you can't stay at home here under every body's feet. So go out at once, before you put me out of patience.

Giac. Well, well—I will. But don't be angry, sister-in-law. You don't seem to be so good-humoured, I think, as you used to be.—*(Exit.)*

The excellent Countess Beatrice has spent her sister's fortune, and palmed her upon Giacinto without a penny. She is still dissatisfied, however, that her sister has not a title as well as a husband; and favours the unlawful pretensions of the "certain Count," who was postponed when the wealthy plebeian made his appearance. This lady's own personal husband now appears in the play; and seems to fare as ill as the *nouveau marié* is likely to do. The "Count Ottavio" is here the *Jerry Sneak* of the English drama; but our English aristocratic habits would not permit us to lay fatuity so high.

C. Ott. (entering). Wife!

C. Beat. Wife! You can say "Countess," can't you—if you try, Signor Asino?

C. Ott. Many pardons. But—I came to ask, would it be convenient to give me my little pocket-money to-day? Because, to say the truth, I want to buy a little stock of snuff.

C. Beat. Snuff, indeed! I have nothing to do, but to find money for your vices.

C. Ott. My vices! But snuff is a necessary thing, wife. And, besides——

C. Beat. Oh—besides! I'll give you the money when it is convenient. That is not now.

C. Ott. Ha!—well! Never mind—never mind. I would not have asked if all my troubles did not come on me at once. I lost twelve *carlini** to your good friend, my lord the Marquis, last week, at primero; and I paid him when I lost. This week, he lost twenty *carlini* to me; and I can't get him to pay at all.

C. Beat. Oh, most abominable man, cease to annoy me!

C. Ott. Ha! That's just what the Marquis said, when I asked him for my twenty *carlini*.

C. Beat. What! *(with anger).* And had you really then the presumption to ask his lordship the Marquis for money? Then that is the reason—I was surprised at it—that he has not been here this day or two; he is offended at your impertinence.—Come, Sir! Go this moment.—Go, and beg his pardon.—Go!

C. Ott. But——

C. Beat. No "buts." Go this instant.

C. Ott. But—I have not had my chocolate yet this morning.

C. Beat. Chocolate! You shan't have a drop. Indeed, there is none for you. Now Giacinto is married, he must have it, sometimes of a morning, at least for a few days. You shall have it afterwards, week about.

The scarcity of the chocolate here seems ridiculous enough: but the same state of domestic economy occurs constantly through all the plays.

* A small silver coin of Italy.

People of rank, committing great extravagances, are seen destitute of the mere necessaries of life. The "Marquis," however, here saves Count Ottavio the trouble of seeking him. He enters.

Marq. Ha! Madame la Comtesse, good morning. Suffer me to hope I have the happiness to find you well!

C. Beat. Ah, Monsieur le Marquis! Believe me, I was uneasy on your account beyond measure. My awkward husband, I heard, had given you cause of offence. He had the rudeness to ask you for some trifle won at play! Go, directly, and beg his lordship's pardon, Sir *(to Count Ottavio)*—you uncivil person, do.

C. Ott. (in confusion.) Really I—I——. A thousand pardons. I——

Marq. Pardon, Madam! What injury is there that your bright eyes could not induce me to forget? Any thing—every thing—shall be forgiven to the good Count Ottavio. Come, my friend, embrace me *(embracing the Count by force)*—and let us be friends.

C. Beat. How amiable he is—and kind!

C. Ott. But—shall I have the twenty *carlini?*

Marq. Pshaw! No more about it—say no more. We are friends.

C. Beat. Why, you ungrateful creature! don't you hear—his lordship is so good as to pardon you? Return thanks, and go away.

C. Ott. (muttering). Many thanks! *(Going)*—Many thanks! *(Aside.)*—No pocket-money! no twenty *carlini!* My poor nose—that must still keep fasting!—*(Exit.)*

By a glimmering of honesty on the part of his wife, and the sturdy interference of the lawyer Ernesto, Signor Giacinto is preserved from the fate which in such a family would naturally seem to await him. But the undisguised viciousness of all the persons of the drama is peculiar. In our English comedy, vice is represented as the exception to the common rule. Here, all the parties of the play, except "Ernesto," are either fools, swindlers, or strumpets: the young wife, Lady Eugenia, being just a single point above the rest in moral feeling. And the coarseness of the details seems curious to the English reader. The Countess Beatrice, keeping her husband without pence to buy snuff, openly turning her new brother-in-law out of the house, to introduce gallants to his wife;—the perfect patience, too, of the husband, Count Ottavio,; and the incident of the wanting the chocolate, because there is only enough for Giacinto, are all highly characteristic. The whole of the gallants of the piece, too, are gamesters, and cheat at play, as a matter of course, whenever opportunity offers. In the *Sorelle Rivali*, the general license goes much farther. A brother, who travels with his married sister, complains to a friend, of the troublesome nature of his task.—"In every city that they come to," he says, "the first day she arrives—almost before she gets out of her carriage—she (his sister, and a married woman) finds a fresh lover." The female character in the *Famiglia dell' Uomo Indolente*—the Lady Giacinta—is still more gross. Neither of these three comedies have much poetic merit. The *dramatis personæ* in all consist chiefly of depraved women, and coarse, intriguing men. The *Sorelle Rivali* has one character, a hypochondriac old man, "Il Conte Asdrubale," worked out with some cleverness: though the jests are of a description which will not bear translating. And an imperious lady, his wife, who affects travelled airs, and does every thing "in the style of France, or England," is not without some force. The valet and waiting woman, are characters in every one of the comedies, from the beginning of the series to the end.

The *Maestro di Cappella*, the *Astratto Geloso*, the *Presuntuoro*, and the *Commedia in Villegiatura*, are dramas of little originality as to plot or construction, and not sufficiently relieved by wit in the dialogue, to interest the English reader. The chief fault is the scantiness and want of variety of the action. One marked character is nearly all that each play has to live upon; and a regular round of make-weight people—bully soldiers, waiters, valets, and chambermaids, with ladies prized for any fancies rather than their honesty—little more than repetitions of each other—fill up the rest of the piece. "The Chapel Master," is a play rather of serious interest. The hero "Riccardo," is a gentleman reduced in fortune, applying himself to music for a livelihood. He produces an opera, which is unsuccessful; but is recompensed by receiving the hand of a woman of large estate. There is whim in the character of the musical amateur, who is deaf. And the fifth-rate opera singer, who is dissatisfied with his song, and insists on having a better given to him, is sometimes comical. But the play was unfortunate; and this is one of the failures, for which the author, in a preface, blames the actors. The chief character in the *Commedia in Villegiatura* is a ridiculous poet, who has written one ode, and fancies all the world is reading it. But we shall pass this comedy, as well as the *Astratto Geloso*, and the *Podesta di Bicenzo* (a melo-dramatic piece, of respectable talent, but which does not possess any points of striking originality), to come to the *Calzolajo Inglese a Roma*—the third play in the first volume, and one of the liveliest as well as the earliest of our author's productions.

The *Calzolajo Inglese a Roma*, (English shoemaker at Rome), borders sometimes a little upon farce; but the situations are bold and humorous, and the action always lively and full of variety. The general spirit and dialogue furnishes a curious example of what the Italian idea of English manners and character—derived from their experience of English visitors—was forty years ago: and as a nation, though the Englishman, of course, is the butt of the piece, we have no cause to complain of injustice perpetrated against us. The principal personage, the "Shoemaker," is freely and very ludicrously drawn; but all in a temper of candid, and even good-natured ridicule; and, amid all the blunders and extravagances that he is made to commit, perfectly fair play is shewn to the strong points of the national reputation.

The play opens with a scene in an anti-room of a *locanda*, or lodging-house in Rome, where "Panchon," the master of the house, (the hour being morning) waits the rising of an Englishman, who has arrived on the night before. In a few moments "Trivella" appears, who has been sent as a *valet de place*, to the stranger, by an agent, "Signor Rosbif," to whom the latter has letters of credit and introduction. The new comer, by way of jest, we suppose, upon the anti-euphoniousness, in Italian opinion, of English names, is called "Signor Pscttth"—how to assist our readers to any thing like a pronunciation of the title, we don't know, and shall be glad to hear the result of any orthoëpist's efforts, who may attempt it: but the man himself is a rich London shoemaker, who has been in love with a *figurante* at the Anglo-Italian opera; and, in consequence of a quarrel which divided their affections, has gone to Rome at the end of the season to forget her. "Signor Rosbif," who has been recommended to this gentleman as a guide and counsellor, in all matters for necessary knowledge to a stranger, is an Englishman, domiciled in Italy; and the introduction

proceeds from "Mr. Flutt," a Bond-street tailor, a friend and co-labourer in the vineyard of commerce with "Signor Pscttth," who has been fleeced on the same ground before. The Signor arrives to pay his respects, while his pupil, that is to be, is still dressing; and, after the first greetings are over, the objects of both parties go on to be explained.

Pscttth. Sit down, and I'll let you into the whole affair. I'm very glad to see you—'pon my word I am—very much indebted to my friend Flutt for the introduction. Why, then, you must know—I suppose he has told you?—that I am a shoemaker in London. But I have plenty of money; and the reason of my travelling is this:—A good many months ago, you must understand, I fell in love, in London, with an opera-dancer—Signora Sandrina Ruspanti—I don't know whether you know her here?

Ros. No—we do not.

Pscttth. Ah! well, no matter. No: I know you don't know any thing about dancers here. The truth is, she is very handsome—but a sad slut. She put an end to all my habits of economy—made me spend a great deal more money than I could afford! And so I made up my mind to leave her, and took this journey to get her out of my head. I am not sure that I shall do it: for she is very handsome! However—we must try. And so, while I am at Rome, I mean to see every thing—though I don't care a farthing about seeing any thing. I wish to go into all the best company in the city—though I don t care for any company at all. However, one must do as other people do. And so I mean to go to Court—and every where else—all amusements and all societies; as my friends did when they came to Rome—just, you know, not to be worse off than one's neighbours.

Ros. Signor, I understand you exactly; and we shall introduce you at once. But one thing is necessary—you must take the title of Milord.

Pscttth. A lord, must I? Well—but—I don't like to lie. And where is the use of my being a lord? If I have as much money as a lord, and spend it like a lord, what matters about the name?

Ros. Really, without it, you cannot well get into good company. All your friends have done it. Mr. Flutt, who recommended you to me—he did it.

Pscttth. Did he? What—Flutt? Oh, I'll do it too then. *(Rises.)*—I beg your pardon—excuse me a moment. Just let me lock my chamber-door.—*(Goes to a door, and locks it.)*

Ros. Use no ceremony, pray. But why is that necessary?

Pscttth. Because I want my English servant not to go out without my seeing him. I want to catch him sober before he goes out, to tell him to remember that I am a Lord. He is an excellent servant, but always drunk.

Ros. Oh, certainly—very good! Then, the affair of the title being agreed on, I will carry you at once to a lady's house, who can introduce you to the highest circles.

Pscttth. Very well. But is the lady to be paid any thing that introduces me?

Ros. I'll explain to you. Such a lady is not paid with money. But, in the houses of the nobility here, there are almost always some rarities—some statues, or relics of antiquity. If you buy one of these, and pay liberally for it—that is the way in which you will compliment the lady for the trouble she takes.

Pscttth. Well! but that is just the same thing to me as if I paid directly.

Ros. But it is the custom.—Mr. Flutt did it. And, moreover, he fell in love with the lady into the bargain who introduced him.

Pscttth. Ah! I am afraid I can't do that: I think too much of my Sandrina! Ah—the slut—how handsome she is! I wish she were not quite such a baggage!

Ros. You will have to get a carriage, too; and a *valet de place;* and you must have a *cicerone,* to shew you the curiosities and antiquities of the place. I shall have the pleasure to wait on you in that last capacity myself.

Pscttth. Oh, certainly. And do you serve for payment, or without payment?

Ross. Signor, I should blush to think of being paid.

Pscttth. Well, that is very liberal.

Ross. All I receive is two sequins a day, as a compliment for my attention.

Pscttth. Oh! you take a compliment too, instead of payment? Well!—But how much of our English money is two sequins?

Ros. About a guinea.

Pscttth. A guinea a day! Why, that's as much as I pay six of my best workmen. And did Flutt pay you a guinea a day?

Ros. Without doubt.

Pscttth. Oh, well—then I will do the same.—And did Flutt have a carriage?

Ros. Certainly.

Pscttth. Then I will have one, too.—And had Flutt a *valet de place?*

Ros. Surely.

Pscttth. Then I will have one, too. And so—now that is settled—how can we occupy ourselves this morning? Because I begin to get tired of Rome rather already.

Ros. We will go to the lady's house—after you are dressed—where I shall introduce you.

Pscttth. Good! Is she young?

Ros. Young and handsome. She is the same that introduced Mr. Flutt.

Pscttth. Good! I'll get shaved and dressed directly.

Ros. Shall I send you a barber?

Pscttth. No—my servant shaves me.

Ros. But, if he is drunk?

Pscttth. The wine goes into his head, if he is; it never touches his hand.—Adieu for the present; and look to every thing. Do all now as you did it for Flutt. I wish to do exactly in all things the same as Flutt.—*(Exit.)*

After the Englishman has disappeared, Rosbif calls in the lodging-housekeeper and Trivella, and agrees with both as to the share he is to receive of their profits. He then tells them that the stranger is called "Lord Pscttth:" and, after various efforts to pronounce the name [the joke is the compounding it entirely of consonants], they both write it on cards, to practice the utterance at their leisure.

We then come to the *entrée* of Mr. Pscttth into the great world; and the Italian family, who are to manage his introduction, are of course to plunder him (or share the plunder, rather, with Mr. Rosbif) for their pains: but the manner in which all this affair is accomplished exhibits some odd traits of national character. The principal gain is to be made by the sale of antiquities to the stranger. But smaller game is not neglected; and, among other hits, the "Count" who patronizes, finding that a carriage will be hired, proposes privately to furnish his own, and say abroad that he has *lent* it to the English noble. A long argument passes between his lordship and Robsif, as to the division of the money made by this arrangement; and some amusing scenes arise out of an under-plot played by Trivella, the *valet de place,* who desires to have a little more of the pillage than belongs to him, and privately conducts his new master to a low house of entertainment, where he purchases some rubbish at a high price, and is far more entertained than with his genteel acquaintances. The best thing, however, in the piece is the conception of the Englishman's character; the firmness and sturdy tone of which is never let down, even in the most ridiculous positions. The scene of his first visit to the "Count Ernesto's" house (the place where he is to be introduced) is spiritedly treated. He meets an Italian officer, who is

jealous of the Countess's favours, and tries to quarrel with him, but finds little likely to be gained from the encounter. And at once declares falling in love with the lady—although "Flutt" did it—as he thinks her "genteel," but not "handsome." The whole of this scene is very good and characteristic; but that of the second visit strikes us as rather the better; and, as our limits are somewhat bounded, we shall select it for our extract.

[*The scenes represents a Saloon in the Count Ernesto's house. Colombina (the Countess's chambermaid) meeting Psctth and Rosbif, whom Volpino (the valet) precedes, introducing them.*]

Vol. This way, gentlemen: this way, if you please.

Ros. Good day, *bella giovine!* Your lady, the Countess—is she to be seen?

Col. She is dressing.

Psctth. (looking attentively at Colombina). Your servant, my pretty lass! *(Aside to Rosbif)*—A good face that girl has, eh?—good fresh complexion?

Col. I am your Excellency's very humble servant.

Ros. (after looking round the room). Oh! that must be the picture! *(To Psctth)*—Milord! Milord!—See! Do you take notice? That is it—that is the Correggio!

Psctth. (not attending, but keeping to Colombina). Do you live in this house, my darling?

Col. I am her ladyship's chambermaid, at your Excellency's commands.

Psctth. Upon my word, if it was at my command, you should be the ladyship yourself.

Ros. (touching him). Signor! Signor! Look!—pray do look! Look at that exquisite picture! That is the Correggio!

Psctth. Humph!—Yes: it is good. But—it did not hang there when I was here this morning.

Ros. (aside to him). It is a work that the Count Ernesto does not always keep in sight. But when strangers are here, the Italians are vain, and like to shew the rarities they possess. That is the reason you see it now.

Psctth. (not attending). She is a fine girl—that chambermaid!

Ros. Depend on it, that is an acquisition that you ought to make.

Psctth. Egad! I'll make it with all my heart! But how shall we manage the getting to London?

Ros. Oh, nothing is easier! You will pay a slight exportation duty—not much.

Psctth. Exportation!—what? Do they charge a duty here in Rome on the exportation of women?

Ros. Women! How, women? I speak of the picture—the Correggio!—A masterpiece!

Psctth. Oh! the picture? I was meaning the girl. *(Still leaving him)*—What is your name, my pretty dear, eh?

Col. Colombina, at your honour's service.

Psctth. Colombina?—a pretty name!* *(To Rosbif)*—She has got a handsome foot, too, if her shoes were not badly made!—I'll send you some shoes, my dear, from London.

Col. Very kind of your Excellency.

Ros. But, Signor! listen to me. *(Aside to him)*—The picture that was the companion to this Correggio, Signor Flutt bought, and gave four hundred sequins for it. He wanted this too: but he could not get it: it is so much more valuable.

Psctth. Well! I'll take it. But they ought to get the hole in it mended.

* A rather untranslateable pun occurs here. Psctth says—"It is the same as Pigeonina."

Ros. Bless me, no! That hole is one of the greatest beauties. It was made by a cavalier, who fell in love with that female figure in the picture; and, in despair that it was only a painting, stabbed the canvas.

Psctth. Pshaw! He was an ass! When we fall in love with women, they should be real ones—not paintings.—*(Turns again to Colombina.)* How can it be that you are only a chambermaid, my love?

Col. The misfortunes of my family, may it please your Excellency.

Enter the Countess Eugenia.

Eug. A thousand pardons, my Lord! I am afraid I have made you wait.

Psctth. Not at all. Your ladyship is entitled to command our attention as you please. You have a handsome chambermaid here!

Eug. Humph!—Colombina! leave the room.

Col. (aside). How envious she is!—Your Excellency's servant. *(Curtsies, and exit.)*

Psctth. A brave girl! And she has a very pretty foot, too! It is a pity her shoes are ill made.

Ros. Signora Comtessa! you must be prevailed on to do my Lord here a great favour. He is dying in love with your Correggio. You must absolutely persuade my lord the Count to give it up to him.

Eug. Ah! that will be difficult! It is an old picture—painted for one of my lord's ancestors. He won't part with it.

Psctth. (aside to Rosbif). Never mind. If they won't sell it, so much the better, you know.

Ros. (aside). But—pardon me—it is the fellow to that which Signor Flutt bought; and, indeed, very superior. Besides—as I told you—buying it will be considered an attention to the family.

Psctth. Well—but if they won't have the attention, you know—what can we do?

Ros. Press her—press her.

Psctth. No. Pressing and paying too, I think, is rather too much.

Ros. Madam, my Lord here is afraid to importune you:—but you would do him the greatest favour in the world, if you could prevail on the Count to part with this picture.

Eug. Certainly: if you desire it, I'll try. But there is no chance of his selling it: he has refused, I know, already, several times, four hundred sequins. If his lordship, here, however, will honour us by accepting it as a gift, perhaps——

Psctth. No: excuse me: I can't take any thing as a gift.

Ros. Well, well—but this is a difference that we can accommodate. My Lord here shall take the picture as a gift. And his lordship the Count shall do us the pleasure to accept four hundred sequins—not as a payment—but—to buy sugar-plums for the children.

Psctth. But stop!—*(Aside, to Rosbif.)* Stop, I say—are you mad? Four hundred sequins! Two hundred guineas'-worth of sugar-plums! The poor babes will be poisoned. Give them something less.

Eug. Well, well! I do not promise: but I will try what can be done.

Psctth. Humph! Really, if your ladyship does not succeed, it is of no great consequence.

Eug. Nay, Milord, when I have said I will try, you may conclude the thing—I believe—as done.

Psctth. But, really—I would not wish to put the Count to any inconvenience.

Eug. Oh! no matter—no matter. Rely upon me. There are times, you know, when we wives may obtain almost what we will.

Psctth. (aside). Humph! If you were my wife, you would obtain very little, I can tell you.

Ros. Well, then, this matter is settled. And now we may take our ride.—*(Exeunt.)*

An underplot is proceeding all this while, founded upon an intrigue between the Lady Eugenia and the bullying officer, whom we have before mentioned, and whose jealousy leads eventually to the detection of the Englishman's real rank. The best scenes of the play are those which arrange the frauds which are to be put upon the supposed foreign nobleman. During the whole of the scene just extracted, Count Ernesto is listening in an anti-room; and the subsequent quarrel about the division of the four hundred sequins, for which the picture is sold, has considerable merit. The lady says, that it is she who attracts the strangers, and insists upon having two hundred of the sequins out of the four. The Count protests that Rosbif is to have two hundred for his share, and reminds his wife that she may make money enough by taking in the guest at play. They are to carry him to play at a "bank," where a per centage is allowed to "bringers" upon all money won. And, to make the most of the opportunity, the lady is to play in partnership with Signor Pscttth, who will then, in gallantry, be compelled to pay all upon every stake that loses, while she will share whenever they happen to be successful. For the ruin, however, of this, and a variety of other equally ingenious projects, it is decreed that Trivella, the *valet de place*, whom Rosbif has compelled to refund the money that he had privately cheated the Englishman of on his own account, in revenge, blows up the whole affair. The new lord ascertains that he is being fooled and plundered on all sides, and likely to return to England, if not a little wiser, at least considerably poorer than he left it. About the same time he receives a letter from his Sandrena, offering to accept an allowance of a hundred guineas a month; and calculating that his expenses on his visit to Rome will exceed five hundred, he finds that it will be a sparing of money, as well as an improvement in the manner of spending it, to close with the proposal. This resolution, of course, leads rapidly to the termination of the play. A concert is given by the "Marchesa Livia," to which Lord Pscttth, at the recommendation of the Countess Eugenia, is invited; and he comes, with his friends and his cicerone, Rosbif; a pretty general expectation being excited of considerable plunder. On his entry, however, from some cause or other, his lordship appears sullen rather, and *distrait*. He looks grimly; mutters occasionally to himself; and on being asked by some one "why he talks to himself?" answers, that it is "because he wishes to speak to a gentleman." In a moment after, a servant enters and whispers a message. It is, that his horses, for England, are ready at the door! He then rises, and addresses the company, who are expressing their surprize at so short a stay:—

"— Gentlemen, hear me! I came to Rome to travel, because I thought that that which had pleased my countrymen would please me. In this I was mistaken. Another cause why I left London was, because I hoped to forget a lady whom I desired to part from. In this I have also been mistaken. Since I have been in Rome, I have had to utter falsehoods about my rank: to admire a lady [the Countess, who is present] who is elegant; but whom I don't like so well as those whom I have left behind. I have had to observe a thousand things which did not interest me; and afterwards to praise, and, what was worse, to buy, things which pleased me less. Not to speak of being plundered by a Cicerone here—who is an honest man, I dare say, but who has the vice of robbing those who trust him. Now you have heard me, therefore, blame me for going back to London, if you can.—And—good night!"

The Englishman then disappears; and the whole party, disappointed, fall out among themselves. The "Cavaliere Florido," (the quarrelsome gentleman) proclaims that Pscttth is a shoemaker; and the Marchesa Livia is furious at the introduction of such a person to her house. The Count Ernesto and his lady lay all the blame upon Rosbif, whom, they say, deceived them, and ought to be tossed in a blanket. And Rosbif then, being assailed on all sides, turns round and tells his persecutors plainly, that the fraud, if it is one, is only one which they ought to expect. That real English lords are not such ninnies as to come to Rome to buy cameos or relics; or to pay thousands of pounds for pictures and statues, not worth a shilling, in order to get into "high society." There are many scenes in this play, and a considerable portion of the plot, which might be adopted, either to the French or the English stage, and become very pleasing and effective.

The *Prima Sera del Opera,* and the *Officio della Posta,* are both plays deriving their chief interest, as far as the English reader is concerned, from the spicmens of Italian manners, which they present. The latter, which was presented subsequent to the *Calzolajo Inglese,* contains the character (by name) of "Signor Flutt," who is so constantly referred to, and probably had acquired a certain reputation, in that piece. Flutt, however, was better when he was heard of than when seen. In the latter play, he is merely a Dutch merchant; shrewd and plodding; but devoid of that whimsicality which distinguishes his admirer and prototype. The "First Night of the Opera," turns chiefly upon the efforts of two Italian cavaliers (a title which, as it is applied in these comedies, generally, might not very improperly be translated "swindlers") to procure a box for their mistresses on the first night of a new opera; both being destitute of any means of paying for it. The scene in which this desired accommodation is coaxed out of a young booby citizen; with the subsequent scene at the supper, which he pays for, where he is cut by all the people whom he is feasting; both these scenes are graphically and spiritedly imagined. A scene, however, in another play—the last of the published series—a drama, in one act, called *La Bottega del Caffé nel Festino,* strikes us as affording a more novel picture of some Italian peculiarities: and as we can only find room for one extract farther, we shall conclude with a translation from it.

The action passes in a coffee-room—or saloon of refreshments—attached to and communicating with a theatre, in which a masquerade is going on. Seats are arranged in different parts of the apartment, the sides of which are divided into boxes, and the whole gaily lighted; and there is a "bar" in the back ground, from which a waiter serves refreshments, as the company pass in and out. The first speaking character who enters, in the dress of a female, and masked, is "Giacinto," a silly lad, who is disposed to marry a girl of bad character, named "Rosina;" and the cavalier who enters, escorting the supposed lady, is "Volpino," Giacinto's valet, who has brought his patron to the masquerade in disguise, that he may be convinced of Madam Rosina's infidelities.

Gia. (as they enter). Well! but don't you see they are not here? And I knew—I told you—they would not be. You think ill of every body; you don't know the sort of girl Rosina is.

Vol. And you, Signor, don't know the sort of good lady, Mamma Susanna, her worthy mother, is.

Gia. Why is it that you always tell me "I don't know?" I am not an infant. I believe. Do you know that I am twenty years of age, and that I have finished my course of studies?

Vol. That is true. But there are things in the world which are not to be found in Cicero. The world is a library of itself. And for women—every one of them is a distinct book. You have scarcely read the frontispiece of one volume; and you already fancy yourself a doctor. You are far from that yet.

Gia. I'll not stay—I ought not to stay. Here I am, diverting myself at the masquerade; while my poor Rosina is at home, alone, thinking of me. I am shocked at the thought of such infidelity!

Vol. If this were all true, I see no infidelity.

Gia. It is an infidelity—an infidelity to a "*perfetto amore.*"*

Vol. There is no such thing as "*perfetto amore*"—except that which they sell in the coffee-houses. But still we are too early for our purpose. Sit down for a moment, while I speak to the people in the bar.

Giacinto takes a seat in one of the boxes; and Volpino calls aside Pistacchio (the waiter), who tells him that Rosina is not come to the masquerade, but that doubtless she will be there. He then promises, for a small bribe, to give Volpino notice as soon as she arrives. Volpino returns to his master. And then—Enter "the Marchesa Clarissa," leaning on the arm of her husband, "the Marquis Livio:" both masked —Pistacchio attending to them.

Pistach. This way, ladies: this way, gentlemen: this way, if you please. Is there any thing I can do to serve you?—*(Goes to serve various masks who enter.)*

M. Livio. Now, then, my dear, here we are in the coffee-room; and you must find somebody here to be a companion to you, or stay by yourself.

M. Cla. Why, surely, at all events, you would not leave me alone!

M. Liv. Why not? Better alone than with a husband, my dear! You have told me so a hundred times. I did not mind accompanying you as far as here; but, really—I came to the masquerade to divert myself. If I had wanted to be with my wife, I could have staid at home.

M. Cla. And is it possible you would be so uncivil?

M. Liv. And your *cavalier servente*, Count Spasimo, why is he so uncivil, as not to come and wait upon you?

M. Cla. Poor man! You know he has a dreadful head-ache, and could not leave home.

M. Liv. Oh! then, you ought to have sympathized—and staid at home, too!

The excellent Marquis here intimates, that, if the Count is ill, she ought to have brought some other lover; and a short dialogue ensues, in which he insists upon being left to himself; which, as we are compelled to condense the text a little (on account of its extent as well as occasional prolixity) we shall omit. The dispute is eventually settled by the entry of another character, "Signor Gerlino,"—a short-sighted, silly, impertinent, sponging, middle-aged gentleman of pleasure, who runs about, chattering to the different masks, poking his head into their faces, and endeavouring to discover his acquaintance. The Marquis desires this gentleman to take charge of his wife for the evening: but the last refuses, on the score that he has only "half a ticket:" he and a friend have taken one between them: and he must go away at midnight, to let the other come in. With some difficulty, he undertakes to attend to the

* This point is not translateable. The liqueur called "*parfait amour*" in France, and "*perfetto amore*" in Italy, has not acquired any corresponding name in English.

lady as long as he may stay; and the Marquis is thus liberated. The Marchioness consents in some ill-humour, proposing only to endure Signor Gerlino till she can find some companion more agreeable. They then retire up the stage.

M. Liv. (coming forward). This is a most unlucky night for me! What the deuce did I consent to come with my wife at all for! This Signor Gerlino will be planting her upon me again in a little time. I'm not in safety.

Enter Mamma Susanna [this is the Fat Woman of the play]. *She is an old lady, dressed in flaunting apparel, but shabby and very dirty; a rusty domino, or masquerade-cloak, soiled mask and gloves, and old dowdy hat or bonnet.*

Sus. Phew!—how hot the room is!—*(Fans herself, as she comes on, with a large fan.)* Sultry hot, indeed!—*(Sits down and calls)*—*Bottega!**

Pistac. Here, your ladyship.

Sus. Did Count Spasimo leave orders, that if I wanted refreshment I should have it?

Pis. No orders, Mamma Susanna.

Sus. What! has he not been here with my daughter? Why, then that jade is dancing the second country dance, and never thinks of me, who am dying with thirst! But, hark ye, young man! You know me? You can bring me some lemonade, and the Count will pay for it when he comes.

Pis. So! *(Aside.)*—I must run and earn my six paoli.† Rosina is coming.—*(Looks round for Volpino.)*—Mamma Susanna, I am very sorry; but my master has ordered me not to serve any thing to-night without the money.

Sus. Nothing without money! What a scandal! But the Count shall know it, when he comes with Rosina.

M. Liv. (to Pistacchio—observing Susanna). Who is that horrid woman, my friend?

Pis. It is "Mamma Susanna," my Lord, at your Excellency's commands. She wants lemonade now, and the Count Spasimo to pay for it, when he comes with her daughter.

M. Liv. (aside). The Count Spasimo! Why, this is excellent! My wife believes him at home, with the head-ache. If they should meet, what a scene we shall have! But I shall make use of this opportunity to figure a little with Signora Rosina myself. The deuce is in these girls: it is not one time in ten that we married men have a chance to come near them. However, I see my way now. And so—till the daughter appears—here goes to divert ourselves with the mother!—A good night to you, good lady!—*(Addressing Susanna.)*

Sus. A very good night to you, Signor Maschera!‡

M. Liv. What have you done with Rosina this evening?

Sus. Rosina! I don't understand you, Sir. I don't know any Rosina.

M. Liv. Oh, you don't know Rosina—don't you? Well, but what if *I* know, good Mamma Susanna, who you are? And that you have come here to the masquerade with your daughter? And what if I know that she is here with Count Spasimo, too, and not with Giacinto? Oh! you are playing a pretty game with that poor lad. But I shall tell him of it.

Sus. Oh, Lord! But, for charity's sake, now don't! But who are you, Signor, that know us thus, and all our affairs?

M. Liv. Oh, no matter who I am. I am going to Giacinto now, and I shall tell him——

Sus. But, Signor!—pray! For charity's sake!—for my sake, Signor!

M. Liv. Humph! It is rather late in the day to do any thing for your sake, Mamma Susanna. I might do something for your daughter's. But, come!

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* "*Bottega*" is the Italian phrase for calling in a coffee-house. It is equal to the French "*garçon*," or the English "*waiter*."

† This is the bribe promised him by Volpino, for telling when Rosina comes.

‡ The cant address of one mask to another.

Let us see if we can make a bargain. Let me dance a country dance with your daughter, and I promise to be silent.

Sus. But, Signor, that cannot be. Because I am a woman of honour; and my daughter has come here to dance with the Count Spasimo.

M. Liv. Well! but if I get his consent—what do you say then?

Sus. Ah, well—in that case—any thing you please! But—will you do me the favour, in the mean time, to order me a jelly?

M. Liv. Oh, with all my heart, Mamma! And I like that style of expression—"Order" me!—instead of saying, "Treat" me. It divides the blow, instead of laying it on all at once.—*Bottega!* a jelly for this good lady.

Sus. And, boy—d'ye hear?—biscuits and patties with it.

Pistac. Directly, Madam.

Sus. And, d'ye hear!—some cakes of gingerbread, bring; and six wafer cakes.

M. Liv. Ha! ha! the whole stock of the shop, if you like, Mamma. But you will burst.

Sus. (taking the jelly, &c. from the waiter). Oh, burst! But how, Signor, can you say that! Would it not grieve you, if I were to burst?

M. Liv. Why—really—not much, Mamma. Because good ladies like you were scarce at one time: but they are plenty now.

Enter the Count Spasimo, richly dressed, but closely covered up, and masked.—Rosina with him, elegantly attired, and without a mask.

Count S. (laughing to Rosina). Ha! ha! Poor Mamma Susanna!—how anxiously she will be expecting us all this while!

Ros. Oh, no matter: we had better have danced another dance. But *(sees Susanna)* there is our mother, and eating jellies. *(Aside)*—Who can that mask be that has given them to her? *(Shews herself, coming forward)*—Much good may it do you, mother!

Sus. (pocketting the wafers). Ah, Miss! is it you? A pretty time have I waited! I might have died of thirst before you would have recollected me, when you were dancing!

Ros. Well! And we come to balls to dance, mother!

Count S. Rosina!—*(Aside.)*—Take care not to call me by my name.

M. Liv. (still masked, but mixing in the conversation). At your age, Signora, true. But, at poor Mamma's time of life, you know, we want something more substantial. *(Aside to Susanna)*—Tell your daughter she is to dance with me; while I deal with the Count.—*(Accosts the Count in dumb shew, and takes him aside.)*

Ros. Mother, who is that mask?

Sus. He is a gentleman, I think—I don't know who. But he wants to dance a dance with you.

Ros. Indeed, but he won't.

Sus. But, I tell you, he must. In the first place, I think he is a man of rank: there is no knowing what may be got by him. And, besides, he knows Giacinto; and says, if you don't dance with him, he'll tell of our being here with the Count to-night.

Ros. Oh, heavens! he must not do that. Giacinto is a booby: but, I think, he may marry me.

M. Liv. (coming forward with the Count, to whom he has been talking). It is of no use. I tell you, you are the Count Spasimo. Susanna has confessed it to me.

Count S. (aside). Curse her tongue!

M. Liv. Now, my wife is here. You know the consequence, if she sees you. If you don't let me dance with Rosina, I'll call her this moment.

Count S. (aside.) The devil he will! Well, Marquis! provided you keep my secret, I must give her to you. But for one dance only—and you'll bring her back?

M. Liv. I am discreet: that satisfies me. *(To Rosina)*—Fair lady! your

friend here is so good as to give you up to me as a partner for the next dance.

Count S. If it does not displease you, Rosina, I do beg you to favour this gentleman: he is a friend of mine. And——

Ros. Oh, I shall obey, certainly.—*(She goes off with the Marquis.)*

Sus. Heigho! Well, you see, Count, what confidence I have in you. That stranger is only a friend of your's, and I trust my daughter with him directly.

Count S. That stranger is the devil, and I wish he had you with all my heart. Why did you discover my name to him?

Sus. Me discover! He knew it all; and I could not convince him otherwise: he would not believe me.—But, dear Signor Count! cannot you order me some little refreshment? For when one loses a night's rest at a place like this, one wants something to sustain one.

Count S. Oh, sustain yourself as much as you will.—*Bottega!*

Pistac. Your Excellency!

Count S. Give this—lady—what she pleases, and I will pay for it. Shall I give you some money now?

Pistac. Impossible, my Lord: quite unnecessary. Since I have the honour to know your lordship.

Count S. The deuce! What, do you know me, too?—and through this mask?

Pistac. It is true, my Lord—the mask——But Mamma Susanna told me who your lordship was.

Count S. Confound her tongue!—Pistacchio! don't you name me to any one!

Pistac. On no account, my Lord.—*(The Count then sits down in a distant part of the room in ill-humour; and the Fête continues:—masks passing in and out.)*

Sus. The Count is in an ill-temper, because he is forced to give up my daughter. Well! that is his affair.—Pistacchio! *(calls.)* Pistacchio!

Pistac. Here am I, Signora Susanna.

Sus. And am I to call twenty times, before I am served?

Pistac. Do be so good, Signora, as to come and sit by the side of the bar. You give me so many journeys.

Sus. I don't choose to sit up there: the festival is not seen from there.

Pistac. But if you knew how conveniently you can sleep there!—and the hour is coming for you to have a nap. A mamma awake three hours after the masque has begun!—I never heard of such a thing! Come—come up to the other end.

Sus. No.

Pistac. Well, now, be good; or I won't give you paper to make pottles, and you shall have to carry home all the sweetmeats crushed and broken.—Come—come.

Sus. Well—as you will. Only carry me a jug of Cyprus wine up to that bench, and some more patties.

Pistac. Ha! there are no patties baked yet.

Sus. Pshaw! Not baked? Then bring me some macaroons.

Pistac. How many dozen?

Sus. Dozen! why you talk as if I was a glutton. Eight or ten dozen will be plenty. But be quick.

[*She sits down in the back of the box next to the bar, and, after eating and drinking enormously, falls asleep with the pastry in her hand.*]

Giacinto and Volpino come out of their box, and reconnoitre.

Vol. Well! are you convinced now?

Gia. I'll stab her to the heart!

Vol. Folly! Laugh at the adventure, and have done with her. There her mother sits, asleep! Do you see her?

Gia. And Rosina in this place, and alone!

Count S. (observing Giacinto). That is a fine figure of a woman—that mask! If I could get her, I should not mind that cursed Marquis having carried away Rosina.

Gia. Volpino! do you observe how that cavalier is watching us? Do you think he knows us?

Vol. It is because he does *not* know us: he takes you for a woman. It is the Count Spasimo, one of your mistress's lovers.

Count S. (still watching Giacinto). I wish that fellow were away—I'd speak to her.

Gia. Volpino! he looks as if he was going to talk to us.

Vol. Let him. I'll speak first. If we can get into conversation, we shall hear all Rosina's history.

During this part of the scene, Susanna wakes, from time to time, in her box; and calls for fresh wine and cakes—then goes to sleep eating. Volpino accosts Count Spasimo, by his name; and affects to know him. The Count enters into the frolic, and desires to be introduced to Giacinto, whom he takes to be a woman. Volpino then tells him that the lady is his niece.

Vol. Young lady! this gentleman does you the compliment to desire to be introduced to you.

Count S. I shall be the happiest man in the world in knowing so fair a form.

Gia. You jest, Sir. Besides, I could have but little hope against the lady—Rosina—from whom you just now parted. *(Aside)*—How he will speak of her!

Count S. Ah, Rosina! Why you could not think me capable seriously of throwing myself away upon her! Pardon me: young men visit such women for fashion's sake, or to divert themselves for an hour, but never for any thing farther. Indeed, Rosina is going to be married shortly, I believe—to a lad—a very good boy—a simpleton—one named, I think, Giacinto.

Gia. (aside). The devil damn him!

Vol. Indeed! And have you ever seen this Giacinto.

Count S. I think I have seen him in her house. But I'm not sure: because when these citizens come where we men of rank are, they of course are either sent away again—or go into the kitchen—or——

Gia. (aside). Volpino! I can't stand this.

Vol. (aside). Patience! *(Aloud)*—And this Giacinto, I suppose, is the mask that Rosina is now dancing with?

Count. S. No, poor boy: no. He is not at the masquerade at all. They made him believe Rosina was not coming. I was just coming in at her door, when I heard the lad go away, wishing her a very good night.—But will you take a turn in the dancing-room?

Gia. (aside to Volpino). Let us go—that I may meet this perfidious woman! Oh! if I was at home now, what sonnets could I write against infidelity!

[*The three go off.*

Sus. (calling in her sleep). More patties!

Pistac. (looking out). Why, her hands are full of them still!

Enter Signor Gerlino.

Ger. Praised to the heavens! I have at last found somebody to give the Marchioness Clarissa up to.—*Bottega!* (*A lad presents himself.*)—No, my good child—I don't want you: I want Pistacchio—if he is within.—Ah, Pistacchio!—Good night, good boy!—Do you know me?

Pistac. Oh! yes, my Lord: I have often observed your spectacles under the masks.

Ger. Aye, well—I want a half glass of lemonade. You don't make quarters of glasses now, do you?

Pistac. No, my Lord—nor yet halves: on masquerade nights, nothing but whole glasses. That is my master's order.

Ger. Oh, that is very fine, indeed! I am to overload my stomach to please your master. Who is there can drink a whole lemonade?

Pistac. My Lord, it is my master's order.

Ger. Deuce take it! But, Pistacchio! go round, and find some one else, can you, who only wants half a glass—and we can divide one?

Pistac. Signor, it is not possible for me to go round, asking who wants half a glass of lemonade.

Ger. Well, well—then we will settle it another way. I am going out of the hall directly, and a friend of mine is to come in. I can drink my half of the whole glass of lemonade now; and when he comes, you can give him the other half.

Pistac. It is not possible.

Ger. Why, what difference can it make, whether you sell the two halves, or a whole?

Pistac. My Lord, it is the orders of the house.

Ger. Well, I will not have a whole glass: I shall go without first.

Gerlino then quits the subject of lemonade, and asks a long string of questions from Pistacchio, as to the names and titles of several of the company. The latter at length breaks away by force, leaving him seated in one of the chairs. Then—enter the Marquis Livio, and Rosina, but upon ill terms: the latter now masked.

M. Liv. Well, well, let us find your companion, and I shall resign you to him directly. I scarcely expected to have found so little encouragement from you.

Ros. If I knew who you were, perhaps you might have found more.—But the Count Spasimo is not here!

M. Liv. (*looking round*). So it appears!

Ros. Then let us go and seek him.

M. Liv. No: pardon me. I have fulfilled my promise. I have brought you back *here;* and I shall now wish you good evening.

Ros. But you will not leave me alone!

M. Liv. By no means. See—(*pointing to Susanna*)—here is your mother.—(*He goes off.*)

Ros. (*alone*). Insolent man! The Count is not here.—I must call my mother.

Ger. (*observing*). The Marquis has left that lady alone.

Ros. I am ashamed to call her—she is asleep.

Ger. (*approaching*). Fair lady, do you look for any one?

Ros. Oh, Signor Gerlino, I thank you. Don't you know me? I recollect you very well. Will you have the goodness to wake that lady yonder? It is my mother. Tell her to come to me here.

Ger. Certainly. (*Going to Susanna*)—Signora! Signora!—She does not hear: I must shake her a little.—(*Shakes her.*)

Sus. (*still asleep*). More patties!

Ger. Get up, Signora! Your daughter—Rosina—wants you.

Sus. (*half asleeep*) If Rosina wants them, here are four.—(*Giving some macaroons to Gerlino.*) I can't spare any more.

Ger (*putting the patties into his pocket*). They come rather equivocally: but we must not refuse good things.—But, Signora! (*to Susanna*)—Get up! Your daughter wants you! Get up!

Sus. (*still asleep*). If my daughter wants any thing, let her ask the Count for it.

Ger. Ask who—who? (*Aside*)—Oh! now I shall know who it is that Rosina came here with.—Ask who?

Sus. Ask the Count Spasimo, who is with her.

Ger. Count Spasimo! Excellent! Why, the Marchioness Clarissa, whom I have been taking care of, believes him sick in bed. What a scene there will be! And my half-ticket is almost out! I shall not be able to stay to see it.

Our limits already exceeded, compels us to break off here; and a great part of the dialogue we have already been under the necessity of condensing. But the scene from this point runs on with the rapidity, and almost with the intricacy of a scene in pantomime, to the end of the interlude. Gerlino continues trying, in vain, to wake Susannah, who keeps replying to what he says, in her sleep, and constantly exclaiming—"More Patties," while the crowd of masks who pass by, stop to laugh; and Rosina exclaims—"The whole room is looking at her! I shall die with shame!" In a few moments, the Count Spasimo enters, with Giacinto, under his arm, whom he still takes to be a woman; and Rosina charges him with perfidy and ill manners for quitting her. Volpino, by joining in the conversation, contrives to speak of her attachment for Giacinto; whom she directly reviles, saying, that he is her dupe only, and that she detests him; and never meant any thing more than to marry him. On this, Giacinto loses patience, and discovers himself, overwhelming her with reproaches and surprising all the company, and most, the Count Spasimo; who finds that the supposed woman is a man. At the same moment, the Marchioness Clarissa comes in, and seeing the Count, flies upon him. He runs off: she follows; and the Marquis Livio hastens after them, to prevent his wife from exposing herself in public. In the mean while, Susannah wakes, half tipsy. The general affair gets buzzed round the room, and the ladies find themselves in some danger of being affronted. Being then in utter distress, and unable to find any other protection, they are compelled to beg Signor Gerlin to see them home; who assents. As they are going off (making already but a bad retreat) Mamma Susanna's pottles of sweetmeats and cakes break, and fall about the room. And the curtain drops upon this last unlucky accident, amid the laughter of the crowd, and cries of "More Patties!"

THE ADVENTURER'S STORY.

'Tis a melancholy thing for those who possess any romance of character, to find how little of the savage is now remaining to us. Men very generally wear skirts to their coats, and brigands, pirates, bandit chiefs, and others of the same interesting species, are growing very tame. 'Gad! it was a satisfaction to be pilfered in those days, when a tall horseman in black, struck with the appearance of your travelling carriage, insinuated a pale aristocratic hand, and declared as he was a gentleman, that your purse was all he desired. But this, after all, was but a silly mode of entertainment, compared with the horrible delights of an all but murder in Italy, or the Black Forest. Singular the sweetness of being torn from your family, thumped on the head by genuine desperadoes, gagged, blindfolded, handcuffed, or what not, and after a fortnight of bread and water, giving up half your patrimony as a ransom. Ye mountains of Abruzzi, and ye dear villains, who were wont to murder so beautifully, though I have never myself been slain, nor robbed of aught but two bad pocket handkerchiefs, somewhere near Covent Garden.—Oh! sabres, scymitars, caves, and all other bloody places!—Oh! money and lives lost.—Oh! daughters ravished!—Oh! eternal ruin!—What rapturous visions do these holy ideas excite!

Such have been the exclamations of some amongst the giddy rout, who rush from merry England for excitement abroad. I grieve for the

professor of these tenets, that police laws, like snuffers, have cleared away so many thieves;—it is distressing to think, that even Lord Cochrane should have taken arms against the pirates, and that so few adventures being to be had now-a-days, foreign land is no longer desirable, as a genteel means of procuring them. From my heart I believe, that sundry patches of our own metropolis are as hopeful a soil for such a produce as any between Dan and Beersheba. Looking over a map, you may see dark unenclosed parts, where men seem to grow up in a rugged and wild state, and odd things waddling about, perform unknown vocations in garb so compound, that men and women are indistinguishable, and dogs, cats, monkeys, and little Christians grow up together like kin creatures.

This is not much to the purpose.—I had a friend, who, with knapsack on back, launched himself from England, to forget, if possible, the vile common places of his native land. He was a man of singular temper—perhaps I should call him rather *too* heteroclite, but that his crotchets were generally harmless. Yet the being a continual exception to the common rule of humanity, made his companions rather more like so many dittos of each other than was agreeable,—for their little deviations and small eccentricities, seemed very ordinary by the side of his exceeding crookedness.

We left Falmouth together in a Mediterranean packet.—France was dull, and land-travelling insipid, unless the road happened to be unfrequented.—But a first voyage is a sad tamer of your wild spirits. And when poor Roberts appeared on deck after his noviciate of sickness, it was strange to hear him babble of his relations, and wonder how far it might be to Gibraltar.

"And," said he, "I should like to know how Napoleon looked in a gale of wind? Was he faint of heart think you, when these desperate lurches,—here's one,—take care Ned—take care!—I thought we had been down!—Eh? they call *that* a sea, don't they?—these hanged sailors are never satisfied but with a hurricane. But I was asking just now, whether Alexander,—no, whether Napoleon was likely to suffer much from this torture, which I can't help thinking."—

Here was a pause, during which all the features of his face seemed to undergo a change of position;—his lips quivered, but uttered nought.

"What can't you help thinking, Roberts?"

"Eh?—Think? was I thinking?—what can it matter,—to-morrow Ned, to-morrow we'll talk all about it;—better weather then,—I hope to-morrow"—

And so saying, he tottered down the ladder to his hospital berth below.

All this was forgotten on the morning of our arrival at Cadiz. I had just made my appearance on deck, when he came up to me rubbing his hands, with a real chuckle. "At last, Ned; at last.—Just look around you, my boy; did you ever see such a bay? Yonder's St. Mary's, and that's Chiclona, and this large white town on the shore is Cadiz itself, and those dark hills, are called—let's see—St. Mary's—Chiclana.—No hang it!—I've forgotten their name. But never mind; look at these ships—scarcely two of a nation, ye see. That odd little thing with the raking masts is a brig of war from Brazil. They are just saluting her. She's the first that ever was saluted. Then see a Sardinian cruizer, and the Barbary flag. Oh! but I haven't yet introduced you to my friend." And he pointed to the harbour pilot, who had just come on

board,—a dark ill-favoured dog, scowling beneath a flat round hat, ornamented with tags and tassels.

"There's a man for you;" cried my Cicerone, "he does not understand a word of English, I promise you. Isn't there rogue written on his countenance? I only wish I could converse with him a little." And with that he darted off to the Spaniard, and commenced a strange parley, wherein all his knowledge of Greek, Latin, and French was employed. This was only interrupted by the arrival of the shore-boat, in which we were soon conveyed to land. Roberts was in ecstacies. He thought the quay the masterpiece of human labour;—the gate-way—gods! a triumphal arch for Jupiter himself. Then the various people in their national costumes: the priest bowing to the salutations of the mob; the venders of fruit at their little stalls; the military in French uniforms! 'Twas almost too much for him. He was not to be moved from the Plaza San Antonio, and in the first church that we visited, we established an intelligence with a "girl at her devotions," that rendered him quite untractable.

We had agreed to assemble, after our rambles, at an English inn, kept by one Wall, a fellow countryman. There was provided a repast, seemingly all dainties, after our sea privations, and with true relish was it discussed. But one of our party failed in the agreement; Roberts had not arrived. The captain began to be nervous; where to seek him, or with what success, he could not guess, and in less than an hour he must set sail for Gibraltar. Well! the time passed on, and we were almost in despair, when in rushed our mislaid friend; breathless, and, according to Sternhold and Hopkins, "flying all abroad." He took a chair, put out his hand towards me, and addressed the packet master:"—

"Captain, I must leave you. Not for long, perhaps,—but leave you I must."

"What freak now, Roberts?" I asked.

"Ah! Ned, does that question come from you? Why, 'tis a freak in which I think you'll join me.—I am going to Gibraltar by land!"

"By land, Roberts?"

"Aye, my boy,—on a mule. I have engaged two, one for a guide;—a third can be hired in a minute, if you'll come,—will you?"

"By no means; and surely my good fellow"—

"Hush, now, no waste of breath—they are waiting for me. All I have to say is—once more and lastly,—can you refuse this glorious expedition over the hills in a new country, and so avoid that hanged tossing about at sea?"

"And how shall you like the easy motion of your mule, think you?"

"I care not."

"And the language—have you an interpreter?"

"Pooh! who wants one? Not I—I want nothing of the sort; but I did expect that you, Ned, would have liked my scheme; I thought you were just the man. But never mind; give me your hand, old fellow, we shall meet at Gib., and I'll tell you all about it."

He was off in a moment; but the hour for our meeting was not so soon as he then arranged it to be.

A long while after this occurrence, I was sitting in a coffee-room at Venice with an old friend; and, for aught I know, talking of this very person and these same events, when a tall man, with light coloured mustachoes, and a red Albanian cap, entered the apartment. He was giving directions to the waiter, in French; and when at length he sate down at

the common table with ourselves, it was not at first evident that his sunburnt visage was that of my eccentric crony, Roberts. Such, however, was the case. To recognise him was not easy, but his eyes had no sooner fallen on me, than he exclaimed with all his former heartiness, "What, my good friend, Ned, are you here? Well! the very last person! And you too, Harvey? This is a pleasure! I fancied I was come to a land of strangers, and I am greeted by two of the best fellows I ever knew." And so saying, he grasped us heartily by the hand, with a force that might almost have seemed unfriendly.

"I am not the same youth, you see, as when you left me."

"Pardon me," said I, "when you left us."

"Aye, aye, it was so; well, never mind that; I have since then seen strange things."

"And what became of you after you trotted away from Cadiz?"

"Why, why—I tell you what, Ned, about that we'll say nothing;—perhaps 'twas a foolish affair—but 'tis past; and now for other matters."

"But my dear Roberts—"

"No, Ned—I entreat you, as you love me, not a syllable about it."

And the matter has remained a mystery unto this day. Anon, we came to the subsequent adventures of the hero. The Chroniclers of that period may perhaps tell some of his valiant deeds; his perils by water and flood; his gay enterprises and happy achievements. But for me, poor tale-teller as I am, such a memorial is too weighty. He had been roving up and down the East, a complete knight-errant, and with much success, if to be injured, and beaten, and maltreated, in all moods, have in them aught that may seem satisfactory. How he descanted upon the Black Flag of the Archipelago, and the freebooters of the Morea! What marvellous 'scapes of annihilation had he undergone! My pulses beat more fiercely than is their wont, as I remind me of his long disasters amongst Jews and Heathens, 'Anthropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders.' These were recounted in suitably long discourse, and I began to consider him prolix, just at the point when Harvey had set him down as a gasconader. But still he proceeded in wordy toil, and not a bit seemed anxious to abate, when one of his hearers showed first symptoms of impatience.

"Roberts," said he; "I beg pardon for interrupting you; but was not your ardour subdued by these everlasting trials of it?"

"Not in the least, my boy, as you shall hear."

"Nay, but one other word first;—are you still willing to encounter these mishaps, as we should call them, even though you have had such a life of them?"

"Why, yes," replied the other, "if any present themselves."

"Humph!" drawled out Harvey, and sate patiently till the budget was exhausted, and we parted for the night.

On the following morning, as we were sitting together after breakfast, a small dirty piece of paper, folded up in a most careful fashion, was delivered to Roberts. The superscription, written in bold, strong characters, was French; and the contents were expressed in the same language, fortunately for Roberts, who as yet knew scarcely a word of Italian. He read it, twisted his moustache, re-read it, smiled, stared, and swallowed at a draught a boiling cup of coffee. Then, mute as the grave, he handed the despatch to me, which ran as follows:—"Sir—We have heard of you, no matter how, down the Adriatic. To-morrow night a deed is to be done, which requires such gallants as yourself. Our numbers are incomplete. If you will join us in this enterprise, a gondola

with three men will be at the stairs of St. Marco, at the hour of the Ritivata; embark in it, and try your valour.—SPALATRO."

I looked at him, and he at me. I did not counsel, for he was not the person to benefit from ghostly comfort, and perhaps in this instance I disappointed him.

"What do you purpose doing?"

"Go—go; I *must* go. They have smelt me out even here; that hanged affair at Smyrna made me so notorious. And what can it be, think you?—a pirate—smuggler, or mere land-slayer? I care not—go I must."

And go he did.

On the following night he marched to the place of rendezvous, with his moustache more than ordinarily cocked up at the corners, in the semblance of a curl. He had been all the morning studying a volume of "Familiar Conversations;" and to confirm his spirit, a heavy flask had been stored with cordials. It was a raw night, and not a star twinkled as he got into the gondola, manned by the unusual complement of three men. For a short time a solemn silence prevailed: but as the canal widened, and gradually merged into the open water, Roberts's anxiety could be no longer restrained.

"Is there any gentleman here named Spalatro?"

One of the three answered, in bad French, that "the Captain was not with them."

"Where shall we meet him?"

"I may not say."

"What undertaking has he on hand to-night—can you tell me that?"

"Not I," was the brief reply; and the uncourteous subaltern gazed back on the canal from the stern of the boat, where he had taken his position.

This sort of mystery, however, was just as it should be; and Roberts hummed the fag end of "Row, brothers, row." But the sons of Venice are minstrels by inheritance, and the cue being now given, his companions at their oars lacked no vehemence of lungs as each trolled forth a favourite ditty:—

"Ninetta Caretta
Se assai piu ben fatta,
Ma st' altra e piu matta
Scaldada da amor."

And the sweet warbler gave place to his fellows, who in shrill falsetto pipes squeaked forth the remnant:—

"El' omo xe' un tomo
Lo istizza lo impizza
Le Donne che stuzzega
La ponta del cuor."

This was all very amusing to poor Roberts, who not comprehending a syllable, of course deemed the burthen to be of wars and tumults; but when the Primo Senore, with replenished windpipe, chimed into the chorus,

"El' omo xe' un tomo," &c.

Mine hero considered this bellowing somewhat indiscreet, if not unbecoming, in men so circumstanced. But his little plans of reform fell to the ground, for no question could elicit a polysyllabic answer from Spalatro's representative; and surely if to be taciturn were to be seemly, he played his part to perfection.

They rowed onward, occasionally talking to each other in a low tone,

then bursting forth with some new canzonets, though seldom without a taste of "Ninette Caretta." All this while Spalatro's deputy, sate in moody abstraction, nothing dashed. He spoke not, he sang not, but singular suppressed sounds, like bubbles at the mouth of a fountain, were half distinguished by his new companion in arms, as playing upon his lips, and only imprisoned by force of pocket-handkerchief. It was very cold, and poor Roberts felt as though the enterprise lost somewhat for want of better society. He could not learn in what direction they were steering, nor at what distance was the desired spot, nor the nature of the affair; in short he was becoming melancholic. The lights of Venice, still reflected on the water, half seduced him from his love of romance, and a little ennui tempted him to dose. But the minister of Spalatro forbad the latter effort, by tapping the defective enthusiast on the skull, as though he wished to know who might be at home. And with this rebuke for his sluggishness, he mumbled some gibberish, as it seemed to the gondoliers, who thereupon struck up the following words:

"El gusto del boccolo
Ga Nina vezzosa
Ma quel della rosa
Ga Betta per me,
El naso sul boccolo."

"Hang the brocoli! When the devil shall we get to the end of this very long voyage?" here piteously exclaimed Roberts, tired of the song, tired of his occupation, tired of his thoughts.

"Eh! Sir?" replied the other, "our voyage, for the present, is terminated." And hereupon giving directions to the boatmen, the gondola was run along a little neck of land, so low on the water as to have previously escaped notice. He got out, presenting his hand to Roberts, who followed him without delay. They advanced a few steps, when the other, in a quick decided tone, thus addressed him:—"I must here leave you. Wait patiently till the arrival of the captain or my own return. Be vigilant." He turned away, and almost instantly the splash of oars was audible, and the voices of the gondoliers were soon assuring the desolate hero, that

"El naso sul boccolo
Nol gode mai tanto,
Me quando l' e spanto
El bon ghe senti."

"Fol-de-riddle-li-do," grumbled out my friend; when he found himself alone. Determined, however, not to be outdone by a brace of lubberly Venetians. "Strange place," thought he, "strange people—devilish strange place! Is it the continent, or an island?" How could he determine? It was dark as pitch,—nothing to guide or comfort him. The last notes of the merry boatmen died away in the distance, and he began to consider himself ill-treated. His first idea was to survey the territory. But the ground was so swampy and uneven as to offer a very insecure footing, and a rash step brought him down with a prodigious cadence. He was half soused in water, and after extrication his better judgment condemned the idea of geographising without a lantern. He tried astronomy: but the heavenly bodies were gone, like decent bodies, to their slumbers, and as he gazed around about for a stray *roué* of a luminary, his cheek was saluted by a heavy drop of rain, the precursor of a severe shower. Was there no shelter—no alternative? Must he stand there like a scare-crow, to be laughed at by the elements? A second migratory movement was as unsuccessful as the first. He grew

fidgetty and cross. "Hang this Spalatro!" cried he aloud; but the echo of his own voice was rather too loud and sudden to be comfortable. So he spoke no more openly.

"Hang this Spalatro!" thought he to himself, "he's a bad general, however he may answer as a captain. Who could think of enlisting an amateur like myself, and teaching his gratuitous services with such indifference? Why didn't I discover the arrangements of the night before I sate myself down as an audience to those two mad ballad-singers? —There they go, or something like them. I can see the lamps. Heavens! at what a distance! But stop—surely I see something glimmering not far off—Can it be a light on shore here?"—

And turning round, he attempted to approach the quarter whence a faint gleam seemed to sparkle; but he found that the land was intersected by currents of water, more or less deep and wide, and frequent was the immersion which his lower man encountered in this chase. Still he seemed to advance, and, in a sanguine spirit, nothing begrudged the toil and travel: when, lo! the beacon disappeared! He was again in utter darkness, numbed with cold, hopeless, and out of humour. He sate down upon a comparatively firm plot of ground, and with the courage of despair halloed towards the faithless luminary. There was no immediate answer; but as he sate ruminating on his forlorn condition, with no disposition to uplift his voice again, a sudden flash of intense light glared full on his face, with such force as to compel him for a moment to avert his head. But this also, like the more distant apparition, passed away. He had not recovered a steady strength of vision, before it was gone, and his nerves were no longer what they had been. Was it a wraith, a devil, or an earth-born monster? He feared each in succession, and as he heard an indistinct splashing of water at no great distance, his courage utterly forsook him, and he imagined that it was, like Cerberus, all the "three gentlemen at once." The cold and faint-heartedness which now quickly stole upon him, made each particular limb mercurial. He began to blaspheme; but oaths became him not in his dejection. He strove to whistle: but the chattering of his teeth, reminded him of Judas's bones, rattled about at Easter, in Catholic ceremonials. His voice waxed feeble; he knew not what manner of man he was; and, gazing wildly around him, he deemed himself an inhabitant of Chaos. Poor fellow!—he forgot his flask;—no wonder he had forgotten himself!

It seemed to him that an eternity had elapsed in this pleasant manner, when the sound of human voices caught his ear. He listened with all his senses, and could presently distinguish a mongrel noise with which he fancied himself familiar. It became more and more distinct, and at last he could for a certainty recognise the

"El naso sul boccolo."

"God bless the brocoli!" shouted the distressful man, straining every faculty to become the better conscious of the approaching ship of promise. And, certes, it did approach, and without long delay, was moored beside the projecting bit of land, whereon stood the newly animated Roberts, like Pygmalion's statue, "timidly expanding into life."

"Quick, quick, Sir, no loitering," cried the saturnine Lieutenant; "we must away, or your excellency will lose promotion."

"Where is Signor Spalatro?"

"Oh! he's far enough off; but we'll overtake him, if you will but move. Are you coming?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, I shall be well content to go anywhere,

but if I have a preference for one place beyond another, it certainly, at this moment, is for Venice."

"For Venice?" ejaculated the freebooter.

"For Venice," sneakingly faultered the martyr.

"Sir, 'tis impossible! You have done nothing as yet, and I shall miss my bounty, if I fail to bring my aid.—'Tis impossible!"

"But, good Monsieur, I am quite useless as a coadjutor in my present state, whatever your employment may be;" whined Roberts.

"Then stay where you are.—Antonio!" cried he, to one of the boatmen,—and in a few words of Italian, seemed to give directions for pushing off; when farther progress was stayed, by the supplicatory appeal of the miserable amateur.

"Good Sir, excellent Monsieur, as I live, you shall not repent it; I'll make intercession with Spalatro."

"It cannot be."

"I'll give you an equivalent for your loss."

"'Tis not enough."

"I'll give you more—aye, any thing you demand."

"Will you, though?" sleekly demanded the other; and a negociation was immediately opened. The deliberation which followed was not long protracted, when the terms were to be settled by one of the parties only, and accordingly the sum of fifty Talari was agreed upon as the price of his reconveyance, and the satisfied lieutenant was to call at mid-day on the following morning.

They returned in mute pomp, and Roberts shrunk to bed.

Early the next day, I invaded his room for the purpose of hearing the events of the important night, and was sitting with him, when Harvey and a friend were announced; they came in, and the unknown visitor was introduced as a Captain Montgomery. A little desultory conversation ensued, in which the captain took no part, till at last, during a pause—one indeed of many caused, by an unaccountable awkwardness in our friend Roberts—the stranger opened his mouth for the first time with these singular words:—

"I have taken the liberty of calling on you, for the fifty Talari, according to covenant."

"The devil!" shrieked Roberts. "*You?*"

"If you please, unless you prefer to merit a release by another trial of the Marshes of Lerida."

"You?—How do you happen to know?"

"Only as the lieutenant of my captain, here, Spalatro;" pointing to Harvey; "who wisely kept out of the way, and a plague on him for his prudence."

"Surely this is a mistake."

"Well, then, Mr. Roberts—shall I give you the whole cantata of Ninetta Caretta?" And he commenced the song.

"No—for goodness' sake" cried poor Roberts.

"Will you scamper with me over the marshes, in pursuit of our boy's decoy lamp?"

"In pity, my dear fellow!"

"Or shall the lad flash his dark lantern in your eyes again?" But Roberts had said his say;—he sate in turbulent reflection amidst roars of hearty laughter at the result of the freak; and before they had subsided, he made an utter renunciation of Knight-errantry, and declared his abhorrence of all thieves and vagabonds. He kept his word, and has been a rational fellow ever since.

OVAH.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

Proceedings of the Expedition to Explore the Northern Coast of Africa, from Tripoli to Derna, in the Years 1821–22, *by Captain Beechey and his Brother*; 1828. —This is no book for the dippers into tours, and the skimmers of circulating libraries. It is calculated solely to gratify the scholar —the contemplator of the olden times, to whom the whole northern coast of Africa is familiar, as successively peopled by Greeks, and Romans, and Vandals, and Moors, and who has long wished for authentic accounts of the actual state of the scene—to know what relics are left to accredit the records of history, to illustrate the career of the arts, and to aid him in interpreting, or, perhaps, in correcting the older geographers and historians.

The expedition was undertaken under the auspices and at the expense of the government, with what political view, or with what hope of national benefit, it may be difficult to guess; but the possession of accurate knowledge is at all times desirable, because none can know how soon, nor to what extent, it may be turned to account; and, at all events, there are numbers whose convenience deserves to be attended to, to whom the reports will prove highly acceptable, and the *cost* in the ocean of our numerous expenses is but a drop. Captain Smyth had surveyed a portion of the coast in 1817, and he and the consul at Tripoli, Colonel Warrington, had so far conciliated the good will of the Bashaw of Tripoli, that every facility was frankly offered for continuing the survey along the extensive line of coast within his dominions. On Captain Smyth's representations, an expedition by land was planned, to act simultaneously with him, and, by this double means, ascertain to a greater degree of accuracy the bearings of the coast. Captain Beechey was accordingly appointed for this purpose; and, what is alone important, in a literary point of view, his brother, Mr. Beechey, of the Royal Academy, was also appointed, to examine and report upon the antiquities of the coast.

The volume before us is the result of this examination—the survey extending from Tripoli to Derna, the extremes of the Bashaw's territories, he himself residing at Tripoli, and his eldest son—some years ago in active rebellion against him—at Derna.

Of scarcely any part of the habitable world have we had less information in modern times. In the beginning of the sixteenth century, Leo Africanus gave some general accounts of it, which seem, however, to have been hastily got up, and rarely bear the close scrutiny to which Mr. Beechey subjected them; and very shortly before the Beecheys set out, a book was published at Genoa, by a Dr. Della Cella, who had accompanied the Bashaw in his expedition against his rebellious son, giving a very lively sketch of what he saw, but which his opportunities scarcely permitted him to describe very accurately. Though undoubtedly Della Cella shews a little of the coxcomb, and is much too ready to cut the knot where he cannot untie it, Mr. Beechey is, we think, too severe—occasionally carping, and even almost determined to depreciate all he says. We do not mean to say Della Cella has not given a handle, by hazardous assertions, to justify some general suspicion—especially, when at Tucheira, he infers, from the multitude of inscriptions visible on the ruins, that the very annals of the city might be gathered from them—and which, on closer inspection, prove to be nothing but names rudely carved by idlers—but still an eagerness is shewn by the writer to detect and expose, and by implication, to make his own panegyric, which was quite superfluous, and somewhat unworthy of his sober character. Besides, his business was to state what he himself saw—he had nothing to do with Della Cella.

The personal narrative of the party, though given with great particularity, is of very little interest; it is marked by no variety—no perils, except once in a quicksand—no impediments worth speaking of. They travelled under the special and known protection of the Bashaw, and were conducted by the shekh of Syrt, and delivered over by him to the shekh of Barca. Some attempts to alarm and impose, on the part of the shekh and his Arabs, were baffled and defeated by the resolution of the party, who seem to have taken a pretty accurate measure of the character of their guides. The country was every where in a state of perfect tranquillity—occupied generally by Bedouin Arabs, who every where shewed a disposition to be hospitable to the utmost of their power. The population was every where thin—a few villages—with a few mud huts—particularly through the whole sweep of the gulf of the greater Syrtis; and even Bengazi, the seat of a Bey, not containing more than 2 or 3,000. One solitary palm-tree was seen through a range of 400 miles. The expedition started from Tripoly in November 1821, travelling without intermission till they reached Bengazi, when the rains compelled them to stop for a time, and, in the following July, when arrived at the extremity of the Bashaw's power, they received a communication from England, with orders to suspend their operations and return. Captain Smyth informed them he had completed the survey from Derna to Alexandria. The whole of these nine months was indefatigably occupied by the Beecheys in laying down the line of the

coast—examining the ruins—taking plans wherever they admitted it—and they have produced enough to shew they made the best use of their time and opportunities.

From Tripoli to Mesurata, it can scarcely be said that any one spot, with all the care and labour spent in research, has been identified with the position assigned in the accounts of the ancients—except Leptis Magna, now called Lebida, the place from which came the columns now lying in the court of the British Museum. From that point, which may be considered as the western entrance of the gulf, to Muktar, at the very bottom of it, nothing whatever can be ascertained; and, indeed, through this portion ruins are rare, and what there are, are probably of comparatively modern origin; but from the bottom of the gulf up to Bengazi, the eastern entrance of it, and onward to the east, along the coast of Cyrenaica and the ancient Pentapolis, to Derna, ruins are more numerous — more important — and more successfully ascertained; and of some, particularly Tucheira, Ptolemeta, and Cyrene, the authors were able to detect and exhibit something like plans of the original cities. But, generally, the hand of destruction has been actively at work—almost every thing is levelled with the ground—and if any thing is to be found, it must be dug for. The party, too, had the mortification of witnessing the destruction of more than one beautiful fragment of sculpture, by the wantonness of the children, and the spite of an Arab, who could not get the price he wanted.

Mr. Beechey has spared no labour, and nothing can exceed the fairness with which he has stated the discrepancies between Herodotus and the old geographers, and actual appearances. The discussions are some of them intolerably wearisome—for instance, the etymology of Tripoli, the ancient admeasurements of the Syrtis, the sources of the Cinyphus—the Hills of the Graces—the laser and laserpitium, to which he recurs we know not how many times; but one thing we are glad to learn—what the laserpitium, or silphium, as the Greeks call it, is like—it is, it seems, like celery, root and stem, particularly boiled or stewed. With respect to all these matters, and many more, what was necessary to be said, might with advantage have been brought within a smaller compass—but any thing, doubtless, is better than precipitation in criticism.

Mr. Beechey has very little leaning, we observe, towards wonders. Speaking of the sweeping and whelming sands of Africa, he says—

> We are not inclined to attribute quite so much to the overwhelming properties of sand, as many other travellers have done; and we do not think that the danger of being actually buried, will appear, on consideration, to be altogether so great to those who are crossing sandy deserts, as writers of high respectability have asserted. The sand which encounters a body in motion, would pass it, we should imagine, without accumulation; and the quantity which might even be heaped upon sleepers could scarcely be more than they might easily shake off in waking. We shudder at the dreadful accounts which have been recorded of whole caravans and whole armies destroyed by these formidable waves of the desert; and when our pity is strongly excited by such relations, we are seldom inclined to analyze them very deeply. But a little reflection would probably convince us that many of them are greatly exaggerated—some, because the writers believed what they related, and some because they wished their readers to believe what they might not be quite convinced of themselves.—In fact, we think it probable that they who have perished in deserts, from the time of the Psylla and Cambyses to the present, have died, as is usual, before they were buried, either from violence, or thirst, or exhaustion.

Again, speaking of the Greater Syrtis—

> The idea entertained by the ancients of its soil, is not confirmed by inspection. Cato is described, by Strabo, as having marched his army across the Syrtis through deep and burning sands; and Lucan has given so exaggerated an account of the same march, as to make his description almost wholly poetical. Sallust, also, in his account of the Philæni, describes the level and sandy plain, in which these monuments were erected, without either river or mountain by which they might be distinguished. But there is no sandy plain of this description in the bottom of the Syrtis; and although there is no river, there are certainly mountains, if hills of solid stone, of from 400 to 600 feet in height, may be entitled to that distinction.—Again, if it be true that Cato marched his army over the sand hills, it was certainly no very good proof of the patriot's generalship, for, with the exception of one place, where the passage is occasionally impeded by marshy ground, reaching close up to the foot of the sand hills on the beach, there could have been no occasion for crossing the sand at all, since the country to the southward of it is clear, &c.

The Man of Ton, a Satire; 1828.—This satire, if the term be not a misnomer, is at least equal to any production, professedly satirical, which has appeared of late. It is the tale of a young man of fortune—an only son—humoured and petted by a foolish mother—passing through Eton and Cambridge with all the honours of an idle man—plucked at Newmarket—fleeced at Epsom—pigeoned at Crockford's, and betrayed into post-obits by a *Fidus Achates* who had kindly undertaken to initiate him into the esoteric mysteries of the fashionable world. This profligate course breaks the old father's heart, and the post-obits, Melton, a mistress, and a dog-cook, break up the estate into atoms, and disperse it to the four winds of heaven. Absenteeism becomes imperative; and just as he is contemplating an immediate flirting, a lady, between whom and himself some intense flirtation had been for some time going on,

taking a tour in Kensington Gardens, half determined to quit a careless husband, encounters him, and they forthwith fly together. The injured husband, accompanied by the hero's treacherous friend, pursues them into Switzerland, and demands satisfaction. The parties meet—when, fired with indignation, the hero solicits a previous shot at the traitor—is permitted—hits him—kills him—and then offers to receive the husband's fire. This is somewhat generously declined—and the hero hastens to his mistress—to announce his own safety, and her husband's forgiveness. He finds her dead—by an over dose of laudanum—and he himself loses his senses for ever.

The versification of the piece is of a good school; it is easy, direct, and flowing; the conceptions occasionally shew vigour of thought, and the execution is not at all inferior. Here and there, too, are touches of pathos and sparks of imagination, that seem to indicate sources of wealth more valuable than any that actually appear.

Describing Achates—

He was, in truth, a man—much mixed of hue,
Fix'd to no creed, to no allegiance true;
Grasping he was—all enterprise for pelf,
And sworn at any rate to serve himself;
Yet rash, and wanting caution in the chace,
With more of speed than bottom in the race,
Half of his wisdom makes a better man,
And half his caution lays a safer plan.
In *early youth* a coxcomb and a dupe;
Mature, he finds, to conquer he must stoop;
And with a crafty disappointed mind,
He vow'd eternal warfare with mankind.
Strange, bootless passion! can such monsters be,
To trample on the youthful destiny?
To lure, like Comus, to th' enchanted cave,
The trusting victim that he means to save, &c.

Another tone—

'Tis sweet to glide upon lake Thun, and leave
The world behind, upon a summer's eve!
Solemn and green, unfathomably deep,
The glassy waters kiss the pine-clad steep.
The gathering goats about the chalet throng,
Lured by the call—obedient to the song.
Rude is the bark, and slender is her side;
But safe in innocence the shepherds glide.
'Tis sweet to skim along the silver shore,
And list the chant that marks the dashing oar—
To pass the crag—and watch the glittering spire, &c.

A third—

They met! they met! Nor hath more fatal been
The spark that bursts upon the magazine;
The world's ill usage stung *his* angry breast,
And a rash husband had o'erthrown *her* rest:
Each sought for sympathy, each found a friend,
And both their natures in one essence blend.
Words had been cold, and language all too poor;
But the big tear—the sigh—the look said more.
All things to come seem'd dress'd in gayest light,
And all behind impenetrable night—
And then a first and agonizing kiss,
Confirmed and ratified their hopes of bliss.
Oh, hear her not, fond youth! I warn too late!
Seal'd is your doom, and fix'd the course of fate.
She calls it not a sacrifice—with thee
Too blest Selina shares thy beggary.

Robson's Picturesque Views of English Cities; 1828.—This series of engravings embraces the whole of our twenty-six cities, and consists of thirty-two plates—Canterbury, York, Durham, London, Lincoln, and Norwich, being each represented by two views. In all of them the Cathedral is the conspicuous figure; and the first object of the painter, Mr. Robson, was of course rather the picturesqueness of the scene than the extent or the dignity of the city. Generally, the taste of the artist in the selection of his points of view, is decidedly good; and we question if, with two or three exceptions, more favourable ones could by possibility have been found. To this favourite object, however, as little as possible has been sacrificed to truth and accuracy; but, every body knows, distinctness of delineation is incompatible with the principles of landscape. In the distance, buildings must be seen in masses, and any attempt at detail would only misrepresent. Things must be taken, as they appear at the artist's point of view.

To give variety and effect, advantage has been taken of the changing incidents of sun-shine and cloud—of haze and gloom—of storms and rainbows—of the lights of morning, noon, and evening, and the silvery and contrasting tone of moonlight. This very happy conception has been felicitously executed; and the consequence is, that Westminster by moonlight, Chichester in a storm, Wells and York in gloom, and Lichfield, and Worcester, and London from Waterloo-bridge, in the glare of the noon sun, are among the most pleasing of the set. Though really specimens of the highest existing state of the art, the engravings are unequal—the inequality, however, is chiefly observable in two or three of the earlier ones. Canterbury has been singularly unhappy. The north view, as an engraving, is comparatively ill finished, and the east one is not among the best. In one, the west tower, a conspicuous object in the cathedral, is almost lost from the carelessness of the engraver, and the other gives a very inadequate conception of that magnificent building; and neither of them a favourable, or indeed any notion of the ancient city itself. More than one point within a mile of the city would have given a more complete, and even a more picturesque view than either of the present ones. Oxford again, notwithstanding the peeping forth of five or six towers and steeples, has much too insignificant a look; but the posi-

tion of the city scarcely furnishes a tolerable spot; and ample compensation is made by the beautiful representation of Durham, York, Worcester, and Hereford.

This very handsome set of engravings corresponds with Mr. Britton's Cathedral Antiquities, who is indeed the undertaker of the publication. He was struck by the beauty of the drawings, and ventured £2,000 on the engravings, in spite of the gloomy forebodings that nobody now-a-days patronizes "embellished works." We should hope these forebodings will not be realized; and indeed we have little doubt that the patronage of the town of Hull will not be the *only* place in the kingdom to excite Mr. Britton's "surprise and thanks."

Journal of a Residence and Tour in the Republic of Mexico, in the year 1826, *by Captain G. F. Lyon, R.N.;* 1828.—So little is really known in this country of the interior of Mexico, that we may be thankful for the little intelligence that Captain Lyon's limited opportunities permitted him to give. His visit was one of business—he travelled as the agent or commissioner of the Real del Monte and Bolanos Mining Companies—his time was not his own, and, of course, the survey of the country and its productions, or the character and condition of society, were matters of secondary importance—though with Captain Lyon's well known activity, such things were not likely to escape altogether his passing but shrewd observation.

The narrative is strictly a personal one, and consists merely or mainly of the incidents that occurred from day to day—many of which, concerning, as they do, eating, drinking, and sleeping, are very little calculated to awaken attention. These things must be had; and when an adventurer returns alive, we conclude he *has* had them to a certain extent, and for any deficiency an ordinary reader is likely to care very little. He landed in the district of Tampico, and lost no time in proceeding to Veta Grande, the ultimate point of his destination—making his way, partly in canoes, up the Punaco, but for the most part on mules, by San Juan, San Luis Potosi, to Zacatecas, in the neighbourhood of which were the company's mines, and where for two months he was fixed, superintending the operations of the workmen. From this point he returned by the way of Bolanos, where there were more mines to survey—through Guadalaxera—Mexico—Real del Monte—mines again—to Vera Cruz—his tour and residence occupying eight months.

This tour lay thus through the northern provinces—through regions occupied for the most part by Indians—with little or no accommodation for travellers, and the little there was of the most filthy description, and full of vermin of all sorts—the scene, except the high road from Vera Cruz to Mexico, almost one continued wilderness. Captain Lyon piques himself, evidently, on not being very nice—we remember some dainty proofs in his intercourse with the Esquimaux—and he offers it as an axiom to the traveller, that "whatever feeds or covers the people among whom he travels, will unquestionably nourish and shelter himself; and on this principle he will find no difficulties in earthen floors, mud huts, tordillas (something vastly inferior to oat-cake, we believe), or ropes of beef." This, of course, is said a little at random, and in Captain Lyon's hap-hazard style—making no allowance for difference of temperament, and forgetting that though new habits *may* be generated, there is a chance, if they are of the violent kind, of dying in the training. Up the river Punaco, the monotony of his tour was broken by the spectacle of numerous and formidable looking alligators, and the amusement of shooting and wounding them, and on land, by occasionally encountering rattle-snakes, and being surprized, in bivouacking on the plains, by showers and storms, coming down, not in drops, or in pitchforks, but in sheets and cataracts of fluid—with a narrow escape from drowning. By going also a little out of his line of march, he passed through Tampico, San Juan, and San Luis Potosi, and shared the festivities and hospitalities of those refined and superior creole towns. In the mornings, the ladies present themselves in an easy dishabille—without stays, simply in a chemise, tied round the waist with a string, and a cigar in their mouths; and at Tampico, at a ball of some splendour, the room was lined with a troop of these charmers, in full dress, but still stayless and gloveless, and a cigar between their ruby lips.

When settled for a time at the mines near Veta Grande, he had opportunities of riding about a few miles in different directions, and visited the college of our Lady of Guadaloupe—an institution founded expressly for the conversion of the Indians of Texas, California, and other northern tribes. About half the brothers are still constantly absent on these pious errands. They are represented as indefatigable, and enduring great hardships, especially in the remoter districts, where, however, communities of some thousands are under their *spiritual* guidance, and probably more. Of Christianity, however, according to Captain Lyon's report, little more than the name is taught—all is adapted and made to square with the old religion of the country—the habits, prejudices, and perhaps capacities of the natives. At home, the padres, who reside there by turns, undergo a life of perpetual mortification and little rest—constant prayers and meagre diet, with a daily self-flagellation of a full hour's continuance; but Captain Lyon was received by the superiors with great attention—passed an agreeable evening, partook of a good supper, and had a clean bed in a separate cell. Pro-

bably things are not so bad as the rules of the establishment indicate. They plainly partake of the hospitalities shewn to visitors. He found a library of 11,000 volumes, bound in parchment—chiefly, of course, devotional. He inquired in vain for old Mexican MS. and objects of antiquity; and his inquiries about these matters, indeed, wherever he went, produced very little fruits. Now and then he met with an idol, or a piece of one—still unmetamorphosed, unappropriated we mean, to the Catholic worship—which he zealously copied into his sketch book—which sketch book has, we believe, since been published.

Every where he represents the state of religion as most degrading—below the most degraded of Catholic countries. Foreigners are all supposed to be Jews, and universally invested *with tails;* and one proof to them is, that our stirrups being placed more forward on the saddles than is the custom of the country, is to allow of our stooping a little, so as to prevent any unpleasant friction from the saddle. Captain Lyon was himself introduced to some nuns, by a friend, as, of course, a Jew, and adorned with a tail, which, becoming the subject of conversation, one of the young ladies very shrewdly inquired if the tail did not drop off *upon conversion.*

While he was at the mines, two men fell down a shaft; one was killed on the spot, but the other lingered a day or two. Captain Lyon was present at the drawing up, in a net, of the one still alive, but he was not allowed to examine the wounds till a priest, who was in attendance, had confessed him—it being a law, that if a man be found even stabbed and bleeding in the street, no one must venture to attempt to staunch the blood, till the alcalde has seen him, and the padre taken his confession.

Of the political state of the country—the object of greatest interest relative to Mexico—Captain Lyon furnishes no information whatever—nor utters a word about the state of parties, or of the leading characters. To be sure, his stay both at Mexico and Guadalaxera—the chief seats of political activity—was too brief to give him much opportunity for acquiring information to be relied upon, and he has therefore done wisely in abstaining. All this will be amply supplied by Mr. Ward's forthcoming book. But Captain Lyon has some general observations on the people of Mexico, which may not be unacceptable, and the substance of which is this—

The Creoles, or descendants of Europeans, are the most eminent persons in New Spain—the first caste. These, with the exception of such as are engaged in active commerce, are an indolent, overbearing, haughty race—keeping the poor despised Indian in ignorance, and regarding him with profound contempt. With some few exceptions, Captain Lyon considers them as the least estimable people in the country; but he anticipates material and speedy improvements—especially from the influx of foreigners—the establishment of schools—and above all, the polishing of the ladies, which process he thinks is advancing rapidly—many of our countrymen, it seems, having married young ladies of the highest family, thus facilitating the introduction of European manners. Cigars are fast going out of fashion; and some ladies—we think Captain Lyon asserts—have already been seen with gloves, and something like an approach to a pair of stays.

The Rancheros, or Vaqueros, are a mixed race of Creole and Indian. These are, he says, the yeomen of the country—live on extensive cattle plains, or in cultivated but remote districts—content with their cabins of mud and sticks—lively, brave, good-tempered—profoundly ignorant, and indifferent about every thing but their immediate business. In the revolutionary wars, they have too frequently been changed from quiet husbandmen into barbarous and blood-thirsty soldiers—but time will remedy this—and they will retain their peaceful pursuits, with the *advantage* of more experience and acquaintance with other scenes.

The Arrieros, or Muleteers, are an offset from the Rancheros. This is a hardy race—rarely sleeping under a roof, whether traversing the burning low lands, or the cold and misty elevated regions of the great Cordillera, but lie down among their packages, screened from the rains by coarse sacking, while the mules are turned loose to graze. They are proverbially honest, and Captain Lyon's great favourites—he always found them civil, obliging, and cheerful. They are more acute, too, than any other class of Mexico, and have a liberality of feeling very rare, he says, in New Spain—all which he attributes—probably with good reason—to their intercourse with a greater variety of people.

The lowest, and last, are the Indians—the mild, enduring, and despised Indians—a people capable of receiving the best impressions—grave and serious—and when excited and guided by the priests, in the late revolutionary wars, shewed a degree of courage and devotedness rarely equalled. They reside chiefly in the remoter parts—cultivating the fruits of the earth, or, assembled in small villages, making cloth, and pottery, and rearing poultry for the markets. They are unmixed with Spanish blood, and few of them know any thing of the Spanish language. In the towns they are always seen in groups, nor does Captain Lyon remember ever to have seen a pure Indian walking with a white. They are of a deep dingy brown—ugly and ungraceful—docile, though ill taught—but look up with peculiar veneration to their priests, who, as has been before hinted, have so accommodated matters, that the ancient religion of Mexico

and the Christian very seldom clash. Their numbers are said to be diminishing; but Captain Lyon finds nothing to support the opinion. They are unmolested—are the gardeners of the country—supply the towns with vegetables and fruits, which require no severity of labour—live quietly and frugally—and, of course, unless some specific cause be stated, depopulation seems improbable.

Notwithstanding all that we have heard of emancipation in these states—and of the laws that have certainly been sanctioned by the legislature—there are still, it seems, slaves at Vera Cruz.

Dunwich, a Tale of the Splendid City, by James Bird; 1828.—To the readers of the current poetry of the day, Mr. Bird's is a familiar name, and whatever laurels his former efforts may have won him, he will lose none by the present. Amidst much that is common, and much of the sea and the sky, and the morn and the eve, and more that is laboured and strained, and even extravagant, there is also much to admire—some that will seize and absorb. The incidents are few and striking, and the language full of animation and warmth—flowing, eloquent, and sometimes even splendid.

The tale is of the reign of Henry III., and the scene the once splendid city of Dunwich, which, according to Stowe, "had in ancient time, brazen gates, 52 churches, chapels, religious houses, and hospitals—a king's palace, a bishop's seat, a mayor's mansion, and a mint"—all which magnificence has sunk before the encroachments of the sea, and nothing but a few moulder-ing relics are left, which still, however, "plead haughtily for glories gone."

Mowbray is leagued with the Earl of Leicester, and enamoured of Bertha, the daughter of a baron distinguished for his loyalty. In an interview with the lady, he is surprised by the father, and, out of consideration for the daughter, offers no resistance, but suffers himself to be thrown into a dungeon—from the dungeon he escapes, and Bertha, unconscious of the escape, steals herself to the dungeon, and while searching for the hero, finds the key, by an unlucky mistake, turned upon her, and herself thus left to perish by the most unromantic of deaths, starvation. The rebel forces soon beleaguer the town, and Mowbray, impatient to get a glimpse of his mistress, scales the city walls in the night, passes by the side of the dungeon tower, and overhears the dying groans and invocations of the imprisoned Bertha. She is of course quickly rescued, and delivered up to the wondering father, who had supposed her fled with the lover. To oblige the lady, Mowbray withdraws from the war, and is heard of no more, till one tremendous stormy night, when the sea rose, and rushed upon the town, and levelled the towers, in one of which was the hapless Bertha—while struggling with the whelming tide, Mowbray is seen advancing near, and he of course seizes her, buffets bravely the waves, and reaches the shore, and again delivers her up, apparently lifeless, to her despairing father—all ends happily.

The poet must himself justify our favourable opinon by a part of a song—

The Sun is at rest in his sapphire bower,
The star of the eve sets her watch in the sky,
Sweet odour steals forth from the jessamine flower,
And the nightingale sings from her harbour on high;
The zephyr sighs over the tremulous willow,
The breeze gaily sports with the crest of the billow;
Oh! I love the wide sea, and the dash of its foam,
'Tis the gem of the world—'tis the charm of my home.
From valley and hill the dark shadows are stealing,
As bright o'er the wave rolls the beautiful moon,
Her splendour, her power, and her glory revealing,
With millions of stars, studded bright, for her zone!
Soft, soft on the ear falls the flow of the river,
That stays in its long-winding pilgrimage never,
Till, kissed by the ocean, embraced in its foam,
The waves are its kindred—the sea is its home!

A line or two upon the ocean—

Beats there a heart which hath not felt its core
Ache with a wild delight, when first the roar
Of ocean's spirit met the startled ear?
Beats there a heart so torpid, and so drear,
That hath not felt the lightning of its blood
Flash vivid joy, when first the rolling flood
Met the charmed eye in all its restless strife,
At once the wonder, and the type of life!
Thou trackless, dark, and fathomless, and wide
Eternal world of waters!—ceaseless tide
Of power magnificent! unmeasured space,
Where storm and tempest claim their dwelling place!
Thy depths are limitless—thy billow's sound
Is nature's giant voice—thy gulph profound
Her shrine of mystery, wherein she keeps
Her hidden treasures—in thy caverned deeps
Is stored the wealth of nations, and thy waves
Have been—are now—and will be, dreary graves
For countless millions—&c.

Again—when the dungeon door is closed upon Bertha—

Oh! that dreadful moment, fraught with terror, gave
Fears, that fore-doom'd her to a timeless grave!
In dumb despair she trembling stood—the hue
Of death was on her cheek—cold clammy dew
Came o'er her brow—and every limb with fear
Shook, like the asp-leaf, frailest of the year;
Then rose the thought of dreary night—and day—
Long, lingering horror—anguish—lone decay—
Heart-burning thirst—the tongue of fire—the flame
Of wasting hunger—still the same—the same—

The hopeless longing for the soft pure air—
The bed of earth—the flesh-worm crawling there—
The choaking gasp—the short and fluttering breath—
The last sad hour of life—the first of death—
Another night!—and still no succour nigh,
No ray of hope—no solace—but to die! &c.

Salathiel, 3 vols. 1828.—Salathiel, is the 'Wandering Jew'—a mighty and mysterious personage, for the origin of whose singular story we might now search in vain, but which has been exhibited over and over again, built sometimes on wild reports, or the silliest blunders, and sometimes wholly on imagination; the substance of all which, however, is, that for some offence or other against the Saviour of the World, he was condemned—without that last refuge of the miserable—the hope of death, to wander for ages upon earth, till the being he had offended, and whose murderer he had been, returned to triumph and for judgment. On this legend Mr. Croly has seized—apparently with the intention of surveying some of the momentous events that have marked the regions of christendom, and influenced destinies of men. The story is entitled "of the past, the present, and the future;" and, therefore, when the mighty grasp of the writer has compassed the past, he will extend it to the present; and, with the mass of experience thus before him, investing him with a degree of prescience—if like causes produce like effects—he will speculate with some prospect of success on the future. The portion now presented to us is limited to the period which comes fairly within the wanderer's *natural* life, and embraces his family story, together with the stubborn resistance of the Jews to the omnipotence of the Romans, the capture of Jerusalem, and the destruction of the temple; and we know no one of the present day, now that Maturin is gone, so well able, from his professional studies, from his full acquaintance with the history and peculiarities of the Jews, the vigour of his understanding, the activity of his fancy, and the fertility and solemnity of his language, to give effect to a set of circumstances, which have in them so much of the extraordinary, and which so often touch upon the romantic.

The basis of the story is studiously wrapt in obscurity. Salathiel is represented as the priest, most conspicuous in urging on the maddening multitude to demand the crucifixion of Christ, by whom he was marked, and addressed in the words—*tarry thou till I come*—words, which shot conviction thrillingly into his bosom, that it was his destiny never to die, but to be subject to an endless succession of calamity, and be cut off from the common charities of domestic connection. The latter part of his conviction did not, however, immediately take place in all its severity. He has a wife, and two daughters, all most amiable, most lovely, most accomplished—besides a son, whom he loses in childhood, but afterwards, under circumstances sufficiently extraordinary, recovers. He is himself a man of distinction in Naphtali, and by succession the prince of his tribe. By temperament he is ardent, active, and ambitious; and, by circumstances, especially the desperation of his peculiar destiny, impatient of repose, and ever in imperative need of something to drown his torturing recollections. To the fatal crime he had committed, he was led, not from malignity of spirit, but by the vehemence of prejudices; and those prejudices were not a whit shaken by what might have been expected to follow, but which did not—a conviction of the divinity, or, at least, of the divine commission of the being he had been most instrumental in destroying. He continued a Jew, passionately devoted to the faith of his fathers, and resolutely bent on vindicating the independence of his country. By a fiery and irrepressible zeal was he impelled to encounter the Romans, to defeat their presumptuous hopes, and restore again the lost splendour of Israel.

At first, the deep consciousness of his crime, and the sense of its immeasurable punishment, overwhelm him; he abandons the priesthood, and quits Jerusalem with his family. In the tumults of the elements which followed upon the crucifixion, when the earth quaked, and the rocks were rent, he was struck to the ground, and with him his wife and child; and, in a state of insensibility, he was conveyed, no longer to the residence of the priests in the Hill country of Hebron, but to the north, where his family connexions lay, and where, eventually, on the return of the jubilee, his alienated property reverted to him. Here, in a state of inaction, and retirement, he continued for some years, when, at last, he resolved at the passover, to go again towards Jerusalem; but, on his arrival, he refuses to enter; and wandering along the brook Kedron, till he reaches the shores of the Dead Sea, he encounters an extraordinary person, who, after exhibiting, in the style of a conjurer, some feats of activity and strength, declares himself to be Antiochus Epiphanes—one of the evil spirits of the dead, who were permitted, from time to time, to revisit the 'glimpses of the moon,' and by whom Judea had been, for some years previously, unusually haunted. Playing the part of a second Satan, Antiochus snatches up Salathiel, and, with the speed of an eagle, carries him upwards to a point, from which he overlooks Jerusalem, and beholds the tower of Antonia, then in the power of the Romans, wrapt in flames. Left suddenly by Antiochus, he rushes, sword in hand, to take part in the bloody and the burning strife; he rallies, leads, and triumphs; the Romans are routed and expelled, and Jerusalem is cleared of every idolatrous foot; and Salathiel has the satisfaction of rescuing Eleazar, his own brother, the originator of the attack, and of checking, somewhat, the rage and superfluous cruelty of the Jews.

Conspicuous as he had been in the con-

flict, he was welcomed as a leader in the Jewish councils, and his compelling urgency to resist the Romans to the utterance, prevailed over the dastardly, or rather treacherous suggestions of other counsellors. Forces, it was resolved, should be raised on all sides, and he and Eleazer accordingly withdrew to the north, the seat of their influence, to assemble their friends and retainers. But, on his arrival, an event had occurred which turned him from his purpose; his wife and daughters had been forcibly carried off by robbers; and he roams for a time in sorrow and distraction over the hills of Lebanon, and at last, on the coasts of Cilicia, while gazing upon a wreck, he sees a struggling object, and, plunging into the waves, brings to the shore his own long-lost Miriam.

Time had now been lost, and the project of revolt was suspended; but returning to his home, new troubles quickly arose. Jabal, the son of Eleazar, proposes to marry his cousin, Salathiel's elder daughter; but she had given her affections to Constantius, a Greek, the captain of the vessel in which the family had been wrecked; and, though the most dutiful of children, she proves, of course, in such a case, restive. The father, of course, also, is obstinate—he is enraged at the presumption of an idolatrous Greek, and at the perverseness and degeneracy of a daughter of Abraham, and insists upon her marrying her cousin, according to the good old custom of Jewish families. There is but one alternative for the young lady—flight—and fly she does; and an active search is set on foot by the indignant father, in vain. In the eagerness of pursuit, he determines even to demand satisfaction of the Roman government, in whose service Constantius had been; but, in the meanwhile, he is betrayed, and charged by the governor, Florus, with an act of treason, and forthwith despatched to Rome to appear before Nero. To Rome he accordingly goes, and, while there, the universal conflagration of the eternal city takes place, and there he recognizes his runaway daughter, just as she is sinking in the flames, amid a pile of ruins, too late to save her. For this general destruction satisfaction must be taken, and the Christians were to be the victims. Among other criminals, Salathiel receives a pardon, on condition of giving information against the Christians, and by some chance or other he has the opportunity of giving the requisite information against a considerable party. At the execution of these unhappy people, in the amphitheatre, he is compelled to be present, and, to his amazement, discovers in the person of his first victim, Constantius, the husband of his daughter, both of whom had for some time been converts to Christianity. Exhausted, at length, by his terrible conflict with a raging lion, Constantius sinks to the earth; and while Salathiel, in an agony of remorse, is in the act of leaping into the arena, appears again, flinging herself upon the prostrate form of her husband. Shouts of admiration follow from the assembled multitude; and even Nero, in obedience to the popular feeling, is compelled to pardon them.

Returned, at length, again, to his home, accompanied by his daughter and her husband, Salathiel resumes the design of rescuing Judea. Constantius heads a party in the attack upon Masada, a fortress built by Herod, and then the principal magazine of arms belonging to the Romans. Salathiel follows; and in threading the defiles of the mountains, rouses a whole host of lions, and witnesses a most tremendous encounter between them and some squadrons of Roman cavalry. Ultimately the attack on Masada succeeds, and the whole country is instantly up in arms. Speedily was Salathiel at the head of 100,000 men, and forthwith he marches to raise the siege of Jerusalem; but, while exulting in the immediate prospect of entering the capital in triumph, and of being welcomed as the paramount chief of the nation, a voice, which he instantly recognizes, rings in his ears—'thou shalt never enter Jerusalem but in sorrow.' Still he advances, encounters the Romans, defeats them with dreadful slaughter, in sight of Jerusalem, and pursues the relics to the walls of Bethhoron, within which they had taken refuge. In the assault of this place he was beaten down, and losing his senses, awoke in a dungeon in Jerusalem—the effect of treachery.

In this dungeon he lies two years, when he is at length rescued by the exertions of ther epentant Jabal, who had been made the instrument of Salathiel's enemies—the Roman faction. Scarcely, and with the most imminent perils, escaped from the dungeon, he falls into the hands of pirates, and, in company with them, encounters a Roman fleet. In the engagement he falls, or is thrown overboard—scrambles up the sides of a trireme—gets singly on board of her—she takes fire—is driven onward before the wind—precipitated into a whirlpool, and is thrown up again; and again Salathiel miraculously gets to land. Hastening forwards now to Masada, his course is arrested by robbers of the desert; but again he escapes; and, after a succession of surprising adventures, and hair-breadth perils —too numerous for us to trace—he finally reaches Jerusalem in time to assist in repelling the last and scccessful efforts of the army of Titus. But in vain were all exertions to calm and conciliate the conflicting factions within, or to repel the overwhelming force from without. "Titus advanced from day to day—the city was captured, the temple on fire, the blaze melted the plates of the roof in a golden shower. It calcined the marble floor—it dissipated in vapour the inestimable gems that studded the walls. All who entered lay turned to ashes; but

on this sacred ark the flame had no power. It whirled and swept, in a red orb, round the untouched symbol of the throne of thrones. Still Salathiel lived; but he felt his strength giving way;—the heat withered his sinews—the flame extinguished his sight—he sank upon the threshold; rejoicing that death was inevitable—but once again he heard the words of terror—'TARRY TILL I COME.'

The work abounds with splendid passages, descriptive of peril and activity, and some of great moral beauty and pathos; but the general effect, it must be allowed, is little interesting; the incidents are uniformly of too exaggerated and marvellous a cast, and complicate too thickly; and the hero, all along, is under a stimulus, which common experience will not measure; and the author, in consequence, bold and powerful as he is, often labours under the impossibility of giving adequate expression to the vehemence and intensity of his conceptions.

Narrative of an Attempt to reach the North Pole, in 1827, *by Captain W. E. Parry;* 1828.—This voyage originated entirely in Captain Parry's representations. The intention was to take a ship to Spitzbergen, and from thence to cross to the Pole by means of machines, convertible into boats or carriages, according as ice, or land, or water might be met with. Captain Parry had been led into a conviction of the practicability of this scheme from the statements of Captain Lutwidge, the associate of Captain Phipps, in the expedition towards the North Pole, in 1773, who describes the ice to the north-eastward, to the distance of ten or twelve leagues, as one continued plain, smooth and unbroken, and bounded only by the horizon. Captain Phipps's chart also represents it, to the north of Seven Islands, as flat and unbroken; and, again, in the same parallel, but more to the west, the main body of the ice is described as lying in a line, nearly east and west, quite solid. Mr. Scoresby, again, more recently, a gentleman connected with the whale fishery, and well acquainted with the arctic regions, bears the same testimony. "I once saw," says he, "a field (which means a space of ice without apparent limits) so free from any fissure or hummock (a mass above the common level), that had it been free from snow, a coach might have been driven many leagues over it, in a direct line, without obstruction or danger." To the same purpose was the evidence of numerous whalers. The inference was perhaps hastily made, that similar plains of ice might extend to the Pole, or, at the worst, but little interrupted. But the hopes which Captain Parry had formed, and the plan proposed by him to the Admiralty, were principally founded on the suggestions of Captain Franklin, whose own experience, and that of Captains Buchan and Beechey, had led them to suppose it practicable.

The plan was sanctioned by the Admiralty; and two boats, at once light and capacious, were prepared, and in March 1827, Captain Parry started in the Hecla, with his two boats on board. At Hammerfest, on the coast of Lapland, according to his instructions, he called to take in some reindeer—directions had been forwarded to have them in readiness; but these not arriving, some days were lost in procuring them—an officer was obliged to be despatched for them to Alten, a distance of sixty miles. In the interval, snow shoes were obtained for the travelling party, and the men practised walking with them in deep snow, and of course enjoyed the fun. When the reindeer came, a day or two more was spent in learning to drive them; but this required no great skill—they were very docile, and their harness not very complicated. Nothing more was necessary than a collar of skin, and a single trace of the same material, passing between the legs, and attached to the sledge, with a rein like a halter round the neck. When the rein was thrown over on the off side of the animal, he set off at full trot, and stopt short the instant it was thrown back on the near side.

After embarking the deer, with a supply of moss for their food, Captain Parry steered out of Hammerfest for Spitzbergen on the 29th of April. In their passage several whalers were met, who augured ill of the expedition, from the state of the ice being more unfavourable than they had known it for many years. On the 14th of May they passed Magdalena Bay, and began to look for anchorage in Smerenberg harbour, which, unluckily, they found completely blocked up with ice. They had now, however, reached eighty degrees—the highest latitude it had been proposed to carry the ship, and the object was now to find a place to lay her up. The deer were in good order and thriving—they made excellent sailors, and did not seem to mind bad weather, always lying down when there was any sea. The men, too, were in high spirits—and nobody seems to have anticipated the coming difficulties. The search for anchorage was soon, however, checked; they got suddenly entangled in ice, and no little labour was spent in digging and loosening. The wind, too, freshened, and drove them more among the ice—every where broken, huddled, and piled, past all hope of extrication. It consisted mainly of loose pieces, fifteen or twenty yards square, with smaller ones interposed, thrown up, by the recent pressure from the driving wind, into ten thousand shapes, and presenting high and irregular masses at every step. The men compared the scene to a stone mason's yard, "which, indeed," says Captain Parry, "except in size, it very much resembled."

With the ship thus fixed, and no hope of getting her into harbour, Captain Parry be-

gan to think of starting for the Pole from this point. The boats were accordingly got out, and an experiment made; but such were the obstructions, that it was soon found a mile a day could not have been accomplished. They must now wait for more favourable circumstances; and, in the meanwhile, arrangements were made for changing the plan. The reindeer were given up, and one boat instead of two, for the provisions, was to be taken, and that to be drawn by the men; and a second attempt was on the point of being made, when the ice, which had been opening with the tide for several days, began to set them more rapidly to the eastward, and the water suddenly shoaled to a very few fathoms. With immense labour it was that the vessel was worked into deep water again, when she was once more closed in at the entrance of Weyde Bay. At length—after sometimes drifting with the ice, sometimes forcing through, at times getting for a mile or two into clear water, at others working through lanes and fissures—in the midst of toil and hopelessness, on the 18th of June, was seen from the crow's nest a low point of land, in what in an old Dutch chart is called Treuenberg Bay; and shelter for the ship was with some confidence anticipated. This was quickly found to be the case, and the next day she was placed out of all danger.

Not a moment was now lost, the boat was got out, and the travelling party started. After running nearly 100 miles they reached the packed ice; and on the 24th commenced their first journey, continuing, without remission, their laborious course, which it is impossible for us to pursue in detail, and of the nature or severity of which no general phrases can give any conception, till the 26th of July, when discovering, that, though toiling to the utmost of their strength, and that strength beginning to fail, they were actually losing more by the southward drifting than gaining by their northward efforts; the design was of necessity abandoned, after reaching 82¾ latitude. At the extreme point of their journey, the distance from the Hecla was only 172 miles—"To accomplish this," says Captain Parry, "we had traversed, by our reckoning, 292 miles, of which 100 were performed by water, previously to our entering upon the ice. As we travelled by far the greater part of our distance on the ice three, and not unfrequently five times over, we may safely multiply the length of the road by two and a half (this is probably a misprint for three and a half); so that our whole distance, on a very moderate calculation, amounted to 530 geographical, or 668 statute miles, being nearly sufficient to have reached the Pole in a direct line."

The difficulties in returning were of course still of the same nature, except that their labours were none of them in vain—the drifts working *for* instead of against them. On the 17th of August they reached the Hecla, and forthwith set sail for England—Captain Parry reaching the Admiralty on the 29th of September.

Whether this defeat will put a final stop to the farther pursuit of this geographical hobby, we know not—it is not improbable that at other points, on the Greenland side—or Baffin's Bay—the ice might afford a more favourable course—and Captain Parry may have interest enough to get another ship; but really so much is now known of the Arctic seas, that any further inquiry is fit only to gratify the curiosity of a child.

The Mahommedan System of Theology, &c., by the Rev. W. H. Neale; 1828.—For the appearance of this volume many a one may well be puzzled, till he is informed that the 1260 years of the Apocalypse, which, by the most orthodox impugners of the Catholic Faith, has long been assigned as the limit for papal corruptions, is also the very period assigned for the reign of Mahommedanism. "The holy city shall they tread under foot forty and two months"—is considered as applicable solely to Mahommedanism, and fixing the duration of it. A time, two times and a half—three times and a half—three years and a half—1260 days—1260 years—prophetically—that is, in the interpretation of prophecy—all mean the same thing; and if we fix upon the year 606 for the commencement of this eastern apostacy, its consummation—its annihilation—must take place in 1866, which may therefore fall within the lives of many of the present generation, and is, therefore, the author suggests, a fit subject for "prayer," and calculated to quicken and invigorate the efforts that have already been happily begun for the conversion of the east. "The times in which we live," says he, "are favourable to the undertaking. Various obstacles are withdrawn, and the nations of the eastern and western world are drawn into closer contact with each other. Advantage also has been taken, to a certain extent, of the opportunities thus cast in our way, as will appear on reference to the writings of different individuals (Henry Martyn and Dr. Buchanan) from which the most satisfactory conclusions may be deduced." But more may be done, and the strong probability—from the language of prophecy—that they will not be working in vain, must add confidence to the exertions of the feeblest.

The object of the author, then, is to put into the reader's hand a succinct and popular manual of Mahommedanism, as nothing of the kind has been done since Prideaux's, and *his* is inadequate to the present purpose. This, it must be allowed, Mr. Neale has done justly and clearly—with temper and decorum; and, moreover—what was surely not at all necessary—not even to his specific object—he has contrasted Christi-

anity with Mahommedanism, and taken pains to shew its vast superiority over its rival. The course he takes is to give a summary view of the life of Mahomet, which the reader will find in Gibbon, and the causes which led to his success; and the bare fact of success is shewn to be no proof of divine original. Christianity and Islamism are then compared—and the success of the former is proved to be miraculous, and that of the latter accounted for on the common principles of life, and being itself anticipated by prophecy, will ultimately be subservient to the establishment of truth. Some account is then given of the Koran, with some of its distinguishing tenets, and specimens of its style—its literary character is also discussed, and shewn, on the authority of Arabic writers, to be, after all, no such marvel, as it has injudiciously sometimes been allowed, and as Mahommed, who knew most about it, affirmed. The radical defects of Islamism are then pointed out—it fails in the essential characteristics of a revelation—it has no miracles—no prophecies—is opposed to former dispensations—and has neither any doctrine of redemption, nor any commutation for it—nor any originality. Our own scriptures are then vindicated from the aspersions cast upon them by Mahommedans—especially the charge of corruption; and misrepresentations—manifest ones—are specified, particularly in the History of Christ, as collected from the Koran itself. The incidental blessings conferred by Christianity—none of which accompany Mahommedanism—are then insisted on as presumptive proof of its divinity—such as the improved moral and political, as well as religious, condition of the countries, where Christianity has penetrated—the superior intelligence of Christian countries—the spirit of investigation which distinguishes them, manifestly encouraged by the scriptures—the wider diffusion of benevolence—the softening of national asperities, &c.—some of which, however, must be taken with considerable allowances.

The volume concludes with an interpretation and application of a portion of the Apocalypse to Mahommedanism, to which we have already alluded—

> When the light of truth shall penetrate these dark regions, all the efforts of Grand Seignors, Sultans, Bashaws, and Muftis, to extinguish it, will be unavailing. Though various causes may combine to impede its progress, yet its ultimate success is certain and irresistible.

And more to the same purpose, in terms which nobody will of course think of controverting.

The author takes credit to himself, and deserves it, in his life of Mahommed, for correcting the mis-statements, now universally exploded, of former writers—such as—that Mahommed was of obscure origin—the story of the tame pigeon, which whispered the commands of God in his ear—his being subject to epilepsy, and pretending that the attacks of the disorder were illapses of the spirit, and that his mortal part strained to the height—

> "In that celestial colloquy divine,
> Dazzled and spent, sunk down and sought repair"—

That he had difficulty in persuading his wife to embrace his religion—that he attacked the Meccans merely under pretence of their having broken the treaty—that he forcibly despoiled some orphans of their house to erect a mosque in Medina—that his coffin was suspended by magnets in the air at Mecca, &c.

Travels in Sicily and the Lipari Islands, in 1824, *by a Naval Officer;* 1828.—For any one who wishes for a brief sketch of the actual geographical condition of Sicily, along the coast of it, and of the ruins and records of the olden, splendid days of the island, this will prove a valuable book, and save abundance of labour. The survey was indeed a rapid one—not more than a month being spent on the tour: but then the author had only to look and move—the historical recollections with which the volume abounds, connected with the localities, were gathered before and after—they are elaborately got up, and carefully stated. The author's views, for the most part, are confined to the illustration of the places rather than the people of Sicily—it is the history and events of ages past, and not of the existing government or population of Sicily, with which he is concerned—he writes like a scholar, or an antiquary, or a man of books—such as these things were in days of yore, and not at all like a man engaged in active life, whose thoughts naturally turn more to the present than the past, more to the animate than the inanimate—intent upon the laws, and customs, and principles which influence the character and welfare of living beings, more than upon the ruined and forgotten splendour of by-gone days; though towards the close of the volume, the author has some remarks on the baleful effects of absenteeism on the part of the nobles of Sicily, which will very well illustrate those of Ireland, and shew that he has not quite forgotten his own times.

The author set out from Naples, in a steam-packet, for Palermo—steam-packets are every where now—and in his course passes Capri, which, having visited on some former occasion, he briefly describes, and is exceedingly severe, and even fierce, upon Tiberius; and at some distance contemplates Stromboli, and the flames of its eternal volcano, which still burns an unfailing beacon to the frequenters of the surrounding seas. Arrived at Palermo, he loses no time in looking about him—flying in all directions—trusting resolutely to his own eyes,

in defiance and in scorn of *cicerones*—and is earnest, and almost solemn, in recommending travellers to see *every thing* within their reach and ken, on the ground, chiefly, that no man knows what suggestions, what ideas, and combinations of ideas, the sight may start into existence, or how useful the most apparently useless may eventually prove; but, above all, that no rival traveller may win a malignant triumph in his assurances that you have overlooked the "most interesting, the most captivating and various."

Among the antiquities of Palermo, he enumerates the Kubba, now called Castel Reale, and converted into barracks, once the residence of a Moorish chief, but bearing few marks of its original character; and the Zera, another Moorish palace, which has suffered scarcely any change by the lapse of time, or the convulsions of society. The examination of these noble relics confirms the writer in the conclusion he had before formed, that the style of architecture called Gothic is strictly Saracenic—a fact which he endeavours to establish by historical deductions—and which will not by any means be new to the reader. This style, in truth, is a combination of certain peculiarities of every other—the round arch of the Romans—the three columns of the Greeks—the pointed arch, tracery, and open lattice work of the Chinese, Hindoos, and Persians—the spiral pillar and horse-shoe form of the Egyptians—all of which appear in the religious structures of the Saracens—were brought by them into the south of Europe—were adopted by their successors the Goths, and imitated in the north.

From Palermo, the author coasts the shore round the western promontory, the ancient Lilybæum, contemplating every thing in his way, new and old, till he reaches Terra Nova, from whence he strikes across the country to Syracuse, and again starts along the coast, stepping out of his line to look at Etna, till he comes to Messina, where he embarks again in a steam-packet, meaning to return to Palermo, and from thence again to Naples; but, luckily, finding an opportunity at Malazzo to steal a glance at the Lipari Islands, in obedience to his principle of seeing all, he seizes it, and lands on several of them, and, not unpleasantly, takes us over spots, of which as little is known as of many of the islands of the Pacific.

To give the reader a taste of his quality. At Carini, about fifteen miles from Palermo, and four from the sea, after describing the place, he speaks of the river as once flowing through Hyccara, about a mile before it reaches the sea. This unfortunate town was sacked by Nicias in the Peloponnesian war, and scarcely is one stone left upon another to identify the spot. "Such is the destiny of man," breaks out the author, "such is the evanescent existence of human works, when divine authority decrees their fall." We must stop a moment. Where is the propriety, we would ask, of this kind of language, which we are every where meeting with among writers, who evidently have no convictions regarding the subject involved in it? All, so far as we can conclude, is under the providence of the creator—the general stability of nature establishes the fact, whatever be the instruments with which it works. The fall of Hyccara is intelligible enough on the principles of human action, and the experience of life, which are the laws of God, and his appointments, and the contemplation of which may enable us sometimes to shun the causes that lead to ruin. But what is the doctrine inculcated by the expressions to which we allude? That experience is of no use to us—that events are occurring according to other laws, or no laws, and which being at least unknown, are not to be calculated upon before hand, nor understood after—when the fact is, that the more we learn, the more intelligible becomes what was before unintelligible. We are not by this remark taking things out of the hands of Providence, but placing them under it—not capriciously talking of Providence on one point, and forgetting it on another. This is not our notion of piety. Hyccara fell by an overwhelming force, and an ill-advised resistance—and her fall exhibits nothing out of the course of experience in that age. But the reader will think we are preaching—

> This place, Hyccara, observes the writer, was the birth place of the far-famed Lais, who, yet a child, together with the other prisoners of Nicias, was carried to Catana, where they were sold into slavery by public auction, and the lovely Sicil maid became the property of a Corinthian merchant, in after years the wonder and admiration of man, the envy of woman, and the theme of song.
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> At Trapani, the ancient Drepanum, the author remarks, the coral trade is carried on to a great extent, not only from the fisheries of its own coast, but those of Tunis, for the privilege of which they pay a trifling annual rent to the Bey. However, the competition they are about to experience from England, I imagine, will soon deprive them of those benefits, and at the same time of the means of livelihood to hundreds of poor wretches, who have been their whole lives engaged in the pursuit.

If the writer alludes to the coral companies, he need be under no alarm—they have followed, or will follow, the fate of the rest of the wild speculations of 'Change Alley.

Among the rocky islets to the south of Trapani, he visited the largest of the group, Columbara, called in ancient days the Isle of Doves, and which Captain Smyth, it seems, describes as the goal established by Æneas for the boat race, "which, I think," remarks our author, "a steady perusal of the fifth book of the Æneid will undeniably

confute, and clearly prove the rock now called Mal Consiglio, to be the one alluded to by the Mantuan bard, in the following beautiful passage"—which we need not quote, and to call which "beautiful" is all stuff—it is a plain prosaic statement of the object for which it was fixed on—to direct the boatman where to turn. But the speculation is absurd. Why suppose Virgil to have had any *one* rock in view? Are rocks so scarce within sight of shore?

At a short distance from Marsala is an immense extent of ancient quarries, from whence the Carthaginians and Romans took their stone for the building and fortifying of Lilybæum—the stone is curious, and merits the attention of the naturalist; it is an extremely porous marine concretion, enclosing in deep strata beds of fine scollop shells, many extremely perfect, and of a species not at present known to exist. We know not what the *naturalist* may say, but what will the geologist say?

At the convent at this Marsala, he visits the long range of catacombs, which furnishes, he adds, the usual exhibition of smoke-dried skeletons of deceased friars, under the convent, and which is kept as cleanly and wholesome as a place of this kind will admit, and affords rather a good specimen of that very singular custom, observed by the monastic fraternities of Sicily, of preserving the deceased partners of their solitude.

On the banks of the Belici he recalls the memorable victory of Timoleon over the Carthaginians, and is suddenly seized with such a fit of enthusiasm, that "he made a libation from the stream to the Corinthian victor, and offered up a prayer that another Timoleon might soon spring up, and again restore industry and happiness under the smiling influence of freedom"—which is really a rhapsody we did not look for, from the usual sober strain of the author. But at Agrakas, is another burst, at the splendour of the voluptuous landscape—the broken and ruined magnificence of antiquity is lost and forgotten in the enjoyment of the scene, made up of artless and uncivilized nature, aided by a genial climate, and the mellowed tints of a southern sky, and combining all that is beautiful both of land and sea, &c.

We have no space to accompany him further—but the volume is full of a certain sort of information, for which one has occasion now and then to refer. His account of the Lipari is by no means one of the least interesting or useful parts of the book —which really deserves a place among books of travels.

Illustrations of the Public Buildings of London, with Historical and Descriptive Accounts of each Edifice. Vol. II. By J. Britton and A. Pugin; 1828.—This, like its predecessor, is a very elegant volume; but, though completing the editors' design, it is very far indeed from completing the number of public or conspicuous buildings. It would be difficult to detect the principle of selection adopted by the very competent undertakers — some are old — most of them new—some no longer in existence, and others only in embryo — while several, in defiance of the title, are really private edifices. The chief value of collections of this kind consists very much in their completeness; they are essentially books of reference, and books of reference that refuse to furnish what we naturally expect to find, will soon be thrown aside. The editors themselves, in their preface, enumerate several omissions—among others, the Screen at Hyde Park Corner (by the way, the figures on the frieze just thrown open, are much too small to be any thing but petty) and the Arch on the opposite side of the road—the late Duke of York's House—Lord Grosvenor's Picture Gallery—Gandy's new Church in North Audley-street —the new Club Houses in St. James's-street —St. Paul's School—the new Post Office—British Museum—the London University—Trinity Church, Mary-le-bone—St. Catherine's Hospital in Regent's-park—Trinity Chapel, and the Unitarian Chapel in Stamford-street—Salter's Hall—the Mint, Excise, &c. &c.; and for not proceeding with these there can be but one cause—want of patronage. With the quantum of "fame" they have acquired, the editors are well content: but fame is not profit. The failure is to be regretted; but there is no forcing these things down people's throats. The fashion, however, prevails and spreads of covering drawing-room tables with prints and embellished works, and these must have variety and successions; and such is the imitative and aspiring spirit of the day, that the demand for shew and objects of display is sure to multiply—it will only be for the sellers to look after payment.

The engravings are merely outlines, with just shading enough to show projections; but the effect is very good, and quite adequate for common purposes. Among the more conspicuous objects are Carlton House, Somerset House, the Bank, India House, Law Courts, Nash's Gallery, new Hall of Christ's Hospital, Belgrave Square, the Bridges, and Drury Lane Rotunda. The descriptions, which are both historical and descriptive, are chiefly written by Messrs. Britton, Brayley, Moffat, and Leeds, in the usual style of topographic writing. The account of the *Colosseum* is by J. B. and T. H. and is as fine a specimen of puffery and balderdash as we have seen this twelvemonth. This Colosseum — our country friends must not confound the word with Coliseum—is the imposing building now erecting for the exhibition of Mr. Horner's Panorama of London and its Environs, as visible, when the smoke permits, from the top of St. Paul's, and will be thrown open,

it is said, in the course of the season. The proprietors are coupling the panoramic exhibition with some extraordinary out-of-door scenes, which we endeavoured to comprehend in the account given by J. B. and T. H., but failed, or our readers should have had the benefit of the attempt.

George Godfrey. 3 *vols.* 12*mo.*; 1828. —For some time it was an even chance with us whether we could get on—repulsed as we were by the air of levity, which seemed to mock at all realities—the quaint, abrupt, and uneasy phraseology, which obviously mistook the *outré* for the piquant—and the determination to be smart and humourous, even if it must be at the expense of all respect for common feelings and decorums, hallowed by custom. These things revolted us, but persevering—a duty our office imposes on us—we were soon amply repaid by the growing spirit of the narrative; and the introduction of scenes, new to the *novel* sphere, described with vivacity and *intelligence*, arrested our attention, and fixed it to the end. It will be called, we suppose, a satire, because it exhibits scenes and characters that have recently had their prototypes in the living world; and the personality, if such it is worth calling, is so completely undisguised, that every body will at once apply it.

George Godfrey's story begins with his childhood. The father dies early, and the mother is left in very indifferent circumstances, with one boy, whom she indulges to excess, and makes him, of course, capricious and self-willed. Though long inconsolable, the widow is at length comforted by a marriage with the family apothecary, who, finding her property proving at last nothing at all, treats her with neglect, and the boy with severity—but cures him of his humours. He accordingly gets a sort of rambling and irregular education, which fits him for neither one thing nor another; nor are any steps taken to qualify him for gaining his own livelihood. By dint of carrying medicines to the patients, he by degrees makes acquaintance, and eventually gets an offer of employment from an auctioneer, who overhears some loyal sentiments of his, which, corresponding exactly with his own stock-jobbing interests, excites his admiration, and prompts him to make the offer. But while on the point of entering upon his new office, he has the good luck to protect a young lady, separated from her duenna in a crowd, and in the service is roughly handled by a sprig of nobility and his friend—handed over to a constable, and brought up before the police. His lordship's story is of course listened to with all courtesy and deference by the chief of the bench; and George, in a torn coat, covered with mud, and none to back him, in spite of an eloquent defence—interrupted at every sentence—is ordered to find bail, which is on the spot offered by a gentleman, who afterwards proves to be the guardian of the young lady he had recently protected. He accompanies the gentleman home, is treated with a new suit, and a degree of intercourse follows, which leads to important results.

He now joins the auctioneer, and officiates as assistant clerk. The character of the auctioneer is shewn up at great length—and will probably be recognized by some, though we know nothing of him. An opportunity is thus given of exhibiting the tricks of the profession—the manœuvres for promoting sales—the prompting and placing mock bidders, &c. In the course of his duty, he attends the sale of some property belonging to a Mr. Haversham, who had been, some years before, tried for the supposed murder of his wife, but acquitted; and who, in disgust, secluded himself within his own walls, and amused his solitude by building a lofty tower—the former proprietor of Fonthill, in short, scarcely disguised, except that his eccentricities and seclusion are ascribed to other causes. Godfrey and his brother clerk resolve to get a glimpse of the "murderer in his den." They succeed in getting into the priory gardens—are seized—conducted to the house—receive a sharp lecture from the owner—and a magnificent supper—and are then dismissed.

Returning to town, Godfrey's employer finds him new occupation. The auctioneer, as has been hinted, was a jobber in the funds, and upon some occasion losing large sums by the neglect or the treachery of his broker, he resolves to employ Godfrey to watch the turns of the market, and by thus giving his broker timely notice of his wishes, to leave him without excuse. The Stock Exchange, and Capel-court, and all the blackguardism and rascality of these dens of trickery and infamy, are well shewn up. Godfrey does his master good service, and quickly discovers the possibility of doing business on his own account. He has neither money nor stock—but neither are indispensable. He makes time bargains, and successfully pockets the differences, till he realizes some thousands by the gradual accumulation of tens and twenties. The temptation is irresistible; he grows confident and adventurous, and loses faster than he gained, till he is left again without a shilling.

From the depths of despair he is pulled up again by a friend, who had experienced the same fluctuations of fortune, and was now as pennyless as himself; but he was of a more reckless cast, and troubled with none of the scruples, which, in spite of the corrupting atmosphere of the Alley, had been a check to Godfrey's career. After some resistance, he joins his friend in starting a joint-stock concern—a Gold, Wine, and Olive Company—to work the mines of Yetromsky and Kuzdioph, and cultivate the sides and summits of the *Peneus*. An

office is taken; a table and paper and pens provided, and a few chairs; M.P.'s assemble as directors, whose first act is to vote themselves each £200 a year, which is amended by a vote for two guineas each attendance, &c. The scheme answers to admiration—the shares mount to a high premium—and Godfrey, of course, sells his stock. Greece succeeding so well—he and another are despatched by some brother schemers to Greece, to *persuade* the new government to raise a loan, which gives full occasion for detailing the practices of the contractors, and especially of the patriotic holders of bonds—the poet Ardent, and Skinflint, the M.P., can be mistaken by nobody who reads newspapers.

In Greece, Godfrey meets with Mr. Haversham, the owner of the Priory, who is rambling over the country, accompanied by a Turkish boy, about whom there is a good deal of mystery, and whom he rescues from the barbarous fury of the Greeks, who are ready to butcher every Turk that falls into their hands. An intimacy follows between Godfrey and Mr. Haversham, which is assiduously cultivated on the part of Mr. H., who, though he recognized the auctioneer's clerk, made no sign of recognition. In the meanwhile Godfrey is *honestly* pressing the Greeks to furnish security for the proposed loan; and his employers growing impatient—Godfrey is too scrupulous for them—they despatch a more out and out agent to supersede him; and, on his return, the contributors to the expense of the mission demand restitution. Embarrassments follow, and he resolves, as a dernier resort, to enter the Columbian service; but on his way to the coast, passing the Priory, he proposes to call on Mr. Haversham, whom he had not seen since his return to England. On approaching the gate, he is taken for a poacher, and a charge of small shot being lodged in his neck, he is taken to the Priory, kindly entertained, and is some time in recovering. This accident puts a stop to the Columbian voyage, and Mr. H. invites him to reside with him as his secretary. Here for a time he is perfectly happy—going occasionally to town to call on Adela, the young lady whom he had formerly protected from insult in the streets, and to whom he had by degrees made himself very acceptable. After one of these visits, Mr. H., without explaining his motives, urges him to give up the connexion, and promises him, if he will do so, a permanent appointment of £500 a year—which, after repeated warnings, he finally and peremptorily rejects. In a few days he learns, accidentally, that a lady has been introduced, and the matter he perceives is studiously concealed from him. Circumstances awaken his suspicions that it is Adela herself;—it is she—and overhearing parts of a certain conversation, he suspects his friend of treachery, and flies in disgust from patron and nymph, and abandons the Priory.

In his eagerness to escape, he forgets his purse, and has in consequence some difficulty in settling travelling expenses, till at Brentford, the inn where he sleeps is broken into in the night, and robbed, and he rushing after the robbers, is himself arrested as one of them. Circumstances are made to tell strongly against him; he is tried, and condemned, and respited only on the very scaffold. His rescue is due entirely to the exertions of Mr. H., who accidentally discovering his miserable condition, leaves no stone unturned to save him. All is explained on the part of Mr. H.—Adela is his own daughter, and instead of himself making love to her, as Godfrey supposed he had overheard, he had actually been pleading for him. The Turkish boy, whom he had rescued from destruction, was Adela herself. The prison scenes are too fully and painfully detailed to give any pleasure; and the breakfast after the execution of some of Godfrey's fellow prisoners, though probably *true* almost to the letter, is most revolting.

Though reprieved, and Adela avowing her affection, the sentence is only commuted for Botany Bay for life. To Sidney accordingly the miserable man goes—is retained for the government gang—gets after a time released from labour, by paying ten shillings a week, and is entrapped by a pretended friend into a marriage with a most loathsome woman of the town. By the same precious friend—known in the colony, for his personal and moral qualities, by the name of Lean Iniquity—he is tempted to try and escape—to take first to the Bush in order to elude discovery, and then to the coast. Some scenes of considerable power follow with the wretches of the Bush and his companion, and after escaping extremest perils, he falls in with some soldiers, and at last learns that, by the confession of the real housebreakers of Brentford, he is at liberty to return to England. He does return, and proceeds to the Priory, determined, after a long struggle with himself, to conceal his marriage; but scarcely has he arrived, when, to his dismay, he encounters his wife. He now makes a virtue of necessity, and confesses his wretchedness to Mr. H. and Adela. Perplexities thicken. Mr. H. himself is in embarrassment, and apparently at the mercy of a merciless creditor, who insists upon Adela's marrying his son, a young gentleman just arrived from abroad. This son Godfrey discovers to be Lean Iniquity himself, and discloses his story. A final scene is now got up—present, Mr. H. and his daughter, and the creditor and his son, Mr. Lean Iniquity, and the clergyman, to perform the marriage ceremony—behind the curtain are placed by Mr. H. both Godfrey and his charming wife. Fresh discoveries now take place, and the *denouement* is complete—Lean Iniquity's

father proves to have been the cause of all poor Mr. H.'s former troubles, and guilty, moreover, of forgery—Godfrey's wife was already the wife of Lean Iniquity. The officers of justice are at the door to arrest the criminals—but on their consenting to give up all claims—none of which were just—and quit the country, they have a quarter of an hour's law—of which they make the best use. The field is thus left clear for Godfrey—who marries Adela—and becomes heir to Mr. H.'s vast possessions.

Mary Harland, a Tale of Humble Life; 1828.—This is an excellent little story, intended to read a moral lesson to young women of humble life, but entirely free from the asperities of religious fanaticism, and the cant of the "tea and tract" school. It is told with great truth and feeling. The steps that lead to wrong are distinctly traced, and its consequences as plainly and indisputably pointed out, without harshness or exaggeration. The story is simply that of an innocent and right-minded girl, virtuously brought up, quitting her parent's roof to better her condition by service in London—prompted chiefly by the representations of a companion of hers—a girl of a lighter and giddier cast, who was thought to have done wonders in this way. She goes first to a place of all work, and her friend soon persuades her she is very much *over*worked, and, indeed, we think so too—and soon finds her a situation in a family of distinction, where her work is easier, and, at all events, her liberty greater. Her intercourse with her friend becomes now more frequent—she goes with her to the theatre—and takes to gayer dressing, but still not precipitately—she firmly resists what appears to her improper—till, at last, after a short suspension of intercourse, her friend informs her she is married to a gentleman of fortune, who for the present chooses, for family reasons, to conceal his marriage, and begs her to come and live with her as a sort of companion. In her simplicity, she has no distrust of the truth of the story, and considering the offer as a grand lift in life, she readily accedes.

Here, unhappily, she is exposed to the arts of a profligate in high life, and, under the mask of honourable intentions, is eventually seduced by him. Before, however, he is tired of his victim, the poor girl discovers his villany, and instantly, and steadily renounces all further intercourse, and, abandoning all her raised and romantic hopes, in the bitterness of her feelings, but with the resolution of genuine virtue, she turns again to the labour of her hands. With a ruined character, to find a service was difficult enough. One at last, however, she does find, but so hard and grinding, that few who could help themselves would accept it—when, to complete her misery, she discovers herself to be with child. Her condition is discovered, and she is harshly dismissed. She returns to her family, gives birth to a boy, and, not to be a burden to her parents, she resolves to tramp the country, selling pincushions, till at last she comes to London, sinks deeper and deeper into distresses—accidentally encounters her seducer—is repulsed by him—looses her senses—goes to an hospital—her child is taken by the parish, and she herself, on her recovery, goes into some miserable service. The hapless child is stolen by a chimney sweeper, and, after suffering the most heart rending misery, is rescued by the employer, whom she had faithfully served, and placed again in her hands. In the fulness of her misery, she meets with her first mistress, to whom she tells her story, and is listened to, and, in time, recommended by her to a relation of her own—a slopseller, at Gravesend, a widower, with a family—to take care of his house and children. Here she acquits herself admirably—it is the first opportunity she has had since her fall, and she makes the best use of it. After an ordeal of some years, the mate of a merchantman, a gallant fellow, falls in love with her—she is still young and pretty, and, eventually, after all necessary explanations, marries her, and she lives the remainder of her days in comfort and respectability. By one act of credulity at sixteen or seventeen, brought about by the most insidious schemings of an accomplished scoundrel, she is plunged into a sea of sorrows, and sunk to the very depths of despair for five or six years, and as many more are passed in what may be termed her trial and atonements—through every hour of all that long and weary period does she bravely and resolutely aim at doing what is right—she is guilty of nothing but credulity, and she is visited with inflictions that no crimes of the deepest dye would seem to deserve. The thing is painful to contemplate; but the consequences are not untruly stated—and the delineation may work a timely warning.

If we found any fault, we should find it in the pains that are taken to enforce the necessity of obedience and submission in services of such sharp severity, that it would be surely rather a duty to fly from them. Had the poor girl suffered less hardships in her first place, she might not have been so easily induced to change it, and might thus have escaped the temptations before which she fell.

MONTHLY THEATRICAL REPORT.

The King's Theatre is now the wonder, the luminary to which all the other dramatic lights bow their waning heads. The managers of the opera have certainly contrived to form a force very unusual in this country, and, altogether, unrivalled in any other. Sontag, the worshipped of Germany, from the Hartz to the Tyrol; Pasta, the queen of Italian tragedy; Schutz, a very spirited and clever singer; and among the rest, Caradori, a great favourite of the public, until she began to give herself airs, and make the world discover that the meekness and moderation which first created an interest for her, were put on for effect, and thrown off for effect too. With such a company, a new tide of popularity might be predicted, and it has flowed, and continues to flow.

We have been always convinced that puffing is bad policy; but this is a puffing age; and never was actress puffed like Sontag. There was not a point of her character, person, powers, or features, from her *chevelure à la Hongroise*, down to her boots *à la Hulon*, on which the panegyric blast was not directed with reckless activity. She was pronounced to be the cause of duel upon duel in Berlin; to have secularized the feelings of the Abbot of St. Bartolomeo Borrico, in Vienna; to have been proposed for, in sacred matrimony, by an English Ambassador, who had jilted the Duchess of Berry, for her sake; and to have narrowly escaped the actual ceremony with a German prince, although the idolized and paramount over the bodies of half a million of souls, such as souls are in Germany.

The havoc that this Venus wrought in Paris was beyond description; and the number of *billets* written to her, sensibly increased the revenue of the *petite poste*. With these charms, for the undoing of those who had eyes to see, what fatality had she not for those who had also ears to hear? Her voice was pronounced to be the very supreme of sound; the fiddlers of Berlin could not keep pace with her rapidity, echo her strength of tone, or emulate her delicacy of articulation; the fiddlers of Vienna laid by their bows in despair, and suffered her to make her bravuras *solo*. All was astonishment and admiration.

Mademoiselle Sontag appeared a few nights since in London, and the miracle was reduced, at a moment, into human dimensions. For the Venus, and the Syren, comes forth a tolerably pretty, very good-humoured looking, honest countenanced young person; thoroughly German, in every movement and feature; with a very sweet, very distinct, and very flexible voice. Altogether a charming performer, and perfectly corresponding to the opinion attributed to the great Catalani: *Elle est la première dans son genre, mais son genre n'est pas le premier*. She is completely the *Rosina* of the "Barbiere di Seviglia," playful, pleasant, and coquettish; with, from time to time, a touching expression of voice and manner, that brings her piquancy to the heart; and, at all times, singular ease and command of voice.

Our theatrical directors seldom exhibit much *tact* in their dramatic contrivances; but we must give them credit for improvement in this point, in the "Barbiere." The first sight of *Rosina* is seen from a window, according to the original. A position palpably disadvantageous to the whole effect of the figure. On the present occasion, a better taste reserved the *grand début* for a better scene; and Sontag came forth, at once, to the front of the stage, with the letter in her hand, and in the beautiful cavatina, *Una voce poco fa*, which we have so often heard, and which scarcely can be heard without pleasure, poured forth her incantation. But sweet as the spell was, it was felt to be a falling off from the high-raised expectation of the audience, and a feeling of disappointment was certainly the general impression. But the fault was in the *tactique* of the singer, not in her deficiency of power. By an idle policy, common among performers, she reserved her display for a later effort, and indulged herself only in preluding. But the first song is like the first blow, a great way to victory; and the candidate for popular honours should feel it a maxim, that the first effort demands the whole power. If Sontag, instead of tenderly trying her ground, at her first attempt, had boldly taken possession of it, and developed her whole strength, she would have escaped the languor that let down the spirits of the audience during half the night, and would have been triumphant from her first *roulade* to the last.

Catalani, who knew the stage and the English taste thoroughly, almost always commenced with a bravura; developed the whole vigour of her matchless voice, before the audience had recovered from their admiration of the dignity of her entrance, and the majesty of her fine countenance and gesture; and made the whole night a career of easy victory.

Sontag's articulation and flexibility are, probably, now unequalled. She sings those violin variations of Rode, which are now become a sort of gymnastic feat among the bravura singers, with a perfect mastery of their execution. But the effort, however perfectly accomplished, is not to our taste. The finest influence of the human voice is, its speaking to the heart—its expression. All the gambolings and curvettings that were ever effected by the opera dancer, are not the hundredth part so graceful as the natural

movements of a fine woman. All the swings and jumps of a rope dancer, wonderful as we may deem his escapes with an unbroken neck, are not to be compared with the simple majesty of the tragedian. Rode's variations are a study for the violinist, but a burlesque, and a barbarism for the voice; and the style of singing which their popularity would introduce, must be totally detrimental to grace, delicacy, and feeling.

At Covent Garden, Kean has gone spiritedly through his usual characters, and has renewed his engagement. We do not expect a very fierce determination in actors to keep their vows of retiring from the stage, while popularity woos them to remain upon it. But Kean certainly held out his determination to retire too pompously, and too repeatedly, before the public eye, not to make his abandonment of it rather a perplexing affair to a man troubled with any sense of responsibility. His resolution to "leave the stage at the end of the present season," was promulgated in all shapes, at the head of every announcement of his appearance, for months together, and in a lugubrious length of type, that was enough to throw the passer by into sorrow half a league off. We are extremely glad that he has broken his resolution; and we hope that he may retain the power, and the will, to play *Othello* and *Shylock*, as long as we shall visit the dramatic walls. But we must protest against being made miserable without a cause; being frightened by his adroitness in raising a phantom, and lying down in our beds, at the end of the season, in the false horrors of never seeing *the* Kean again.

The Easter spectacle, from the pen of Mr. Pococke, a very practised and dexterous arranger of these matters, and from the hands and hammer of Mr. Farley, who has long reigned king of melo-drama, was a failure; such is the slipperiness of stage glories. The last year's spectacle of "Peter Wilkins, in which all the little ballet girls are turned into turtle doves, and old Mr. Chapman wore as many feathers as might have made the clothing of a whole flock of geese, has taken the place of the deceased melo-drama; and we hope will go on flying, and flourishing, to the end of the destined period. The "Race for a Dinner," a little adaptation from a French "Raising the Wind," now playing in the Lyceum, has been successful, through Wrench's activity, and dilapidated coat and breeches; and Vestris, the invincible, is announced to resume her triumphs in fresh pantaloons, and vivacity renewed, by a trip to the provincial theatres.

The characteristic diligence of Drury Lane has been busy during the month. Liston and Matthews have been brought back, and Mrs. Glossop has sung as brilliantly as ever. But there has been a defect which, neither the humour of the actors, nor the voice of the *prima donna*, can heal—a want of novelty. The season has produced nothing that deserves the name of original; no new comedy—no new opera—and no tragedy, but an unsuccessful, and undoubtedly uninteresting attempt by Lord Porchester, on the story of Pedro, the cruel. But if comedy is beyond the power of the present writers for the stage, and tragedy has died altogether, without hope of revival, until some man of undiscovered power, and some actress, capable of performing his conceptions, start up together; yet, where is opera? With such composers as Braham, Bishop, and a crowd of others, why the musical drama should be in its shroud, is beyond our comprehension; and we have no doubt that its revival would be a matter of easy success. In these remarks, we by no means implicate the manager. We like his activity, straightforwardness, and intelligence; and we like those not at all the worse for their being imported. Drury Lane was so long the sport and the victim of slovenliness, dishonesty, and disregard of all the decent habits of business between man and man, that we are glad to acknowledge the Transatlantic change, and congratulate the present manager on having retrieved the character of his theatre.

The "Savoyard and the Monkey," the Easter melo-drama, has amply succeeded. The monkey's representative, who does honour to the forest, unluckily felt the hazard of human ambition a few nights ago, and tumbled from the top of the scenes on his head. He is, however, recovered. A Passage of the Rhine in this piece, displays a succession of landscape, by Stanfield, perfectly admirable.

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 15.—The anniversary was held this day, and the officers and council for the ensuing year were elected. After which, an able and eloquent address was delivered by the president, Dr. Fitton, on the state of geology in this country. We have not sufficient space to allow of its insertion entire, and to offer an abridgment would be to injure its effect.—March 7. A paper was read, "On the geological relations and internal structure of the magnesian limestone, and the lower portions of the new red sand-stone series, in their range through Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, Yorkshire, and Durham," by Professor Sedgwick. This paper was the conclusion and a summary of three others, which had

been read in the years 1826 and 27, and which, establishing the high reputation of their learned author, have perhaps contributed to his advancement to the situation he at present occupies.

LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

March 4.—A communication was read from the Rev. L. Jenyns, "On the distinctive characters of two British species of plecotus, supposed to have been confounded under the name of long eared bat." A new bat, found adhering to the bark of a pollard willow, and which the author names *brevimanus*, is discriminated in this memoir from *acutus*, which, together with *barbastellus*, make up Geoffroy's sub-genus *plecotus* of the vespertilionidæ. The difference in absolute size, in the relative proportions of the parts, in the colour, and in the apparent habits, seem to require the making it a distinct species.—March 18. The death of Sir James Edward Smith, who had held the highly honourable situation of president of this society from its first establishment in 1788, having been communicated to the meeting, it was immediately adjourned.

VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Achromatic Telescopes.—During the latter part of the last century, the manufacture of achromatic telescopes, which our countryman Dollond had brought to such perfection, was confined exclusively to this country; and although a limited, it was a lucrative branch of our export trade, while it extended the scientific character of the nation. Fettered, however, by the operation of the excise laws, the English experimentalists have been unable to make the practical researches required for producing flint glass of the necessary purity, in sufficient quantities, or rather with a sufficient extent of surface, to surpass in size the instruments made fifty years ago; and, on the continent, these researches have been prosecuted with success, so that our trade and our reputation, in this branch of art, seem gone for ever. The magnificent instrument at Dorpat, made by Fraunhofer, is well known. Mr. Lerebours, of Paris, has now executed, from some of Guinand's glass, an achromatic telescope, with an aperture of twenty-four inches, and a focal length of twenty-five feet; and there are at present for sale, in the French capital, three object glasses, of six inches aperture, and six feet focal length—of seven inches aperture, and seven feet focal length—and 10·4 inches aperture, and seventeen feet focal length. As a set off against these, and the power of constructing similar instruments, the English must place the discovery of Mr. Barlow; we are happy to have it in our power to announce the success of this gentleman in the construction of telescopes with a correcting fluid medium; and from his well known zeal in the cause of science, we hope that he will not suffer the effect of his valuable labours to be neutralized by the proverbial cupidity of the English opticians.

Geography.—We mentioned in our last number, that, at the conclusion of this year, two celestial maps would make their appearance, far surpassing any which the rest of Europe can boast; indeed the idea of giving them a rotatory motion, in the plane of the equator, is one of singular utility. The same spirited individual, Mr. Arrowsmith, who has undertaken this work, will shortly publish a comparative atlas of ancient and modern geography, from original authorities, and on a new plan, for the use of Eton College. We may express our surprise, that, considering the necessity of geographical knowledge, (for necessary it must surely be considered,) so very few books on the subject, that can be regarded as any thing more than trash, are to be met with in England.—While, on the continent, the ablest professors do not think it beneath them to draw up elementary treatises, here scarcely any thing is to be met with but compilations, "got up by the trade."

Sand Vitrified by Lightning.—M. Arago, the French Astronomer Royal, presented, last month, to the Academy of Sciences, some tubes of vitrified sand, formed by lightning, and of extraordinary dimensions. Among the most singular effects of lightning must be ranked the formation of tubes of vitreous matter, which are found on the highest mountains; the mode of producing these tubes was for a long time totally unknown. Philosophers are now unanimous in ascribing them to the effect of lightning, which, when it falls upon a sandy soil, melts and vitrifies the sand to a greater or less depth; and this explanation cannot be doubted, since similar tubes have been observed to be formed instantaneously in places where the lightning has fallen. The vitreous tubes in question were collected in Germany, in some sandy territories, and one of them is more than nineteen feet long. How the discharge of an electric cloud could melt and vitrify so thick a mass of sand is wonderful, when the same effect could scarcely be produced in our most powerful furnaces.

Fate of La Perouse.—The East India Company's ship Research having been despatched to the islands in the neighbourhood of

Zealand, to investigate the truth of certain reports which had been made relative to the fate of the eminent French navigator La Perouse, has ascertained that his two vessels were wrecked the same night on a reef off the Manico Island, situated in lat. 11° 40′ S., and long. 167 E. One of the ships sank in deep water, after striking on a reef of rocks, and all on board perished; the other was thrown on the reef, and those of the crew who escaped, were able to save from the wreck materials enough to build a small vessel, at a place called Palore, and though some of them were killed by the natives, were enabled to finish their little vessel, in which they left the island, with the exception of two men, about five months after their shipwreck. One of these men died about three years since; the other left the island in a canoe, and his fate is unknown; most likely he perished, as no information could be obtained of him in the adjacent islands. The clearest proofs have been obtained that these vessels were French, from numerous articles stamped with the French national fleur-de-lis, and also with the arms of a French family of distinction.

Natural Phenomenon.—On the authority of private letters, it has been stated in one of the native East Indian papers, that, towards the end of last year, hailstones had fal'en in Khandeah, weighing half a seer (about a pound) each.

Metallic Caissons.—Every day some new application of cast iron is made to purposes of general utility, and now a patent has been obtained for metallic caissons, applicable to the construction of piers, harbours, embankments, break-waters, basins, locks, quays, docks, mill-dams, roads through morasses, foundations of light houses, aqueducts, and other works requiring great expedition or durability. The caisson is a hollow metallic box, open generally both at the bottom and top, the thickness of the sides proportioned to the strength and gravity required, and the mode of uniting being by dove-tail; the results of various calculations of the comparative expense of granite and cast iron caisson works, give from twenty to more than fifty per cent. in favour of the latter, and the advantage in the saving of time, which, in works on the coast, is obviously of the highest importance, it is estimated, will be at least four-fifths in favour of the latter.

Star Shot.—A jelly-like substance is sometimes met with in the fields, and known by the name of "star shot," which was formerly believed to be the remains of half-digested worms, &c., discharged from the over-loaded stomachs of the sea-gulls; and a whimsical illustration of this idea is given in the second volume of Bewick's British Birds, at the conclusion of his first article on "the gull." This gelatinous matter has attracted considerable notice among naturalists;—one German has recently maintained that it was the substance of "shooting stars"—another has considered it the produce, the excretion, of an animal—a third compares it with the manna of the Israelites which fell from heaven. Dr. R. Brooks has apparently set the question at rest; in the last number of Schweigger's Journal, he states "that it consists of the spawn of snails, as the limax rufus, agrestis, stagnalis, &c., which, although small in its natural state, and therefore remaining unobserved, assumes, in damp places, by absorbing water, the large bulk and white gelatinous appearance, necessarily attracting the attention of persons who find them in their way, and, finally, that its being found only in damp places, is owing to the very nature of this spawn."

Waterspout on the Lake of Geneva.—At fifty-two minutes after six, on the eleventh of last August, a portion of a dark cloud, suspended below the summit of the Savoy mountains, suddenly took a vertical direction, and being gilded with the deep orange tint of the setting sun, attracted universal attention, and enabled the spectators to trace all its movements. Its form was that of an inverted cone, the summit of which was about 200 feet from the surface of the lake, to which it precipitated itself in less than two minutes. This elongation of the cone took place by an oscillatory motion. This part of the spout appeared cylindrical, and its diameter was about ten or twelve feet. The moment it reached the lake, a great mass of the water was briskly agitated, as if it had been boiling, the foam rising to a height of more than fifty feet. This large column of water was inflected, like a ribband exposed to the wind. In eight minutes it reached the mouth of the Rhone, and, as long as it was above the river, the boiling continued, and the column was unbroken. When it quitted the river the boiling ceased, and the whole soon disappeared, the base of the cone continuing longest visible.

Anatomy.—A French medical gentleman, of the name of Lecomte, having found all previous theories on the difference of strength which usually exists in men, between the system on the right and on the left, has been induced to investigate the subject more closely; and the following hypothesis, which is proposed for one of the great physiological prizes, is the result of his labours. The difference between the right and the left system has its origin in the position of the fœtus in the uterus, during the last months of gestation; in an immense majority of cases, the position of the fœtus is such, that the left shoulder and arm, and all the left side, are pressed against the bones of the pelvis. From this pressure results a contraction of the vessels, a sort of atrophy of the whole left

system commencing. The weakness of this side, therefore, arises from this congenital disposition. To obtain the verification of his theory, M. Lecomte has compared the cases in which the fœtus has been in a position which he regards as proper to determine the weakness of the left system, with those in which it has been in a contrary position, and he has found a number which expresses positively the ratio of the "droitiers" to the "gauchers." To insure to children the free use of both their hands, Mr. L. does not think it sufficient to induce them, when at the age of two or three years, to employ both hands alike; but, to compensate the defective state in which the left system is at the moment of the birth, it will be necessary to oblige the babies to move that side only, condemning the right system to inaction. Involuntarily, the very reverse is usually done; the nurses, in fact, have a custom of carrying the children on the right arm, in which position the infant has the whole left side pressed against the bosom of the nurse, which only increases the unfortunate tendency it had at its birth.

Logarithmic Cards.—Our philosophical readers will doubtless remember that, a few years ago, a foreign mathematician, we believe a Pole, of the name of Wronski, visited this country; and it will hardly have escaped their recollection with what contempt certain proposals he made were rejected by the very eminent secretary to the board of longitude, who was no doubt able to understand them—although on this subject there is an unusually wide difference of opinion, confirmed in great measure by the captious pertinacity with which he has opposed some reasonings of Mr. Ivory, from an accidental error in their numerical expression, and by the bungling method pursued in some of his popular illustrations of the celestial mechanics of La Place; as it is supposed that no man would involve or mystify any question or process, of which he had in his own mind a due conception. Be that as it may, without presuming to decide on the merits of this gentleman, we may express our regret at the sneering, sarcastic, contemptuous tone, so decidedly unbecoming all philosophical discussion, and hostile to its spirit, which he frequently thinks proper to assume, and express our unfeigned sorrow that the example he has set, or the irritation he has occasioned, should have recalled into existence a spirit, of which, it was to be hoped, the last traces would be found in the controversy to which the writings of Newton gave rise. Mr. Herapath is quite out of the pale: to him we have always applied the vulgar adage of "rope enough"—the proper, decorous, and silent forbearance of the Royal Society supplied it, and he has now most effectually hung himself; but others, who should have been wiser, and are capable of better things, are continually "sparring," and the stream of philosophical inquiry, which should have glided on in tranquil majesty, is thus agitated by the encounters of the insects which float upon its surface. To return to Wronski; while other mathematicians, and our own highly-gifted countryman, Mr. Babbage, in particular, have been publishing Logarithmic Tables, of unimpeachable accuracy, but of considerable extent, Wronski has arranged the logarithmic canon on a single card, about the size of an octavo page—with this the logarithm to seven places of decimals may be obtained for any number—while from cards of much smaller dimensions, the logarithms to four or to six places of figures, enough for the common purposes of life, may be found. The utility to all practical men of such a compendious and portable table of logarithms is evident enough—the price of each card, according to the purpose for which it is designed, varies from about two shillings to four—the number of figures, consequently, cannot be very great; so that here a material source of error is cut off, an advantage, which all calculators must appreciate—but of the ingenuity and skill displayed in the arrangement of this canon by Wronski, we can find no better way of conveying an idea than by saying, that all other logarithmic works are, to this, what numerical operations, before logarithms were invented, are to the manner in which they are now performed.

Meteorology.—An interesting and able investigation into the supposed changes in the meteorological constitution of the different parts of the earth, during the historical period, has been made by M. Schow, Professor of Botany in the University of Copenhagen; and after an extensive examination of all that the ancients have left us, connected with their botany and agriculture, compared with our present experience on those subjects, the author thinks himself entitled to assume, that the climate of Greece and Italy, like that of Palestine and Egypt, has undergone no important change since ancient times. But if, on account of the later harvest, and the possible growth of the beech trees in the Roman plains, we might be led to the opinion, that formerly the climate had been a little colder than now, the difference will hardly come up to one or two degrees, and will not be greater than might be occasioned by the cultivation of the north of Europe.

Antediluvian Footmarks—We gave an account, in a former number, of tracks of footmarks of animals, which, from experiments on living subjects, Professor Buckland regards as tortoises, found impressed in many successive strata in a quarry of sandstone, in Corncockle Muir, Dumfriesshire; and that, as far down as the quarry had yet been worked, which is not less than forty-five feet perpendicularly from the top of the rock, similar impressions

have been found, and these equally distinct and well defined with such as are nearer the surface. Dr. Duncan, of Ruthwell, has been led to offer the following plausible conjecture as to the manner in which the sand composing the rock was originally accumulated. He conceives this successive accumulation might be the effect of the drifting occasioned by violent winds from the south-west. Supposing a sand-hill to be thus formed, a period of rainy weather following, the stormy season would soften and diffuse the particles of clay, which may easily be believed to have mingled with the sand-drift, and would not only prevent the sand from being again moved by the wind, but would form it into a substance of some tenacity resembling mortar, well fitted for preserving any impression which it might receive. If, during, or immediately after, the rainy season, animals were to traverse a hill thus formed, their tracks would be either altogether obliterated or partially filled up, of which latter state many traces are to be found in the quarry; but when the surface had begun to dry, the footmarks impressed on it would remain a considerable time quite distinct and well defined. Now, supposing the stormy monsoon again to commence, the neighbouring sands, which had not yet been fixed by any mixture of clay, and which happened, from their situation, to be easily dried by a few days of favourable weather, would be suddenly drifted on the hill in question, forming a layer, which may easily have covered over the half indurated surface without being incorporated with it, and without in any way injuring the form of the footsteps imprinted on it. Let the monsoon be now supposed to continue during the whole course of a dry summer, fresh layers of sand would be drifted, pure at first, but mingled again towards the close of the season with the clayey dust swept from an arid soil, which mixture would form the materials of what the quarrymen know, in its present state, by the name of 'clay face,' and would once more, when subjected to the operation of the returning period of rain, both fix the sand, and prepare it for the reception of permanent impressions of the tracks of wandering animals. Thus from year to year the same round would be continued, and the same appearance would take place, till, after the revolution of many ages, what was originally sand would be converted, by a common process of nature, into sandstone, and, being exposed, in common with the rest of our globe, to those mighty but mysterious convulsions, of which there are every where such incontrovertible proofs, would at last, by the submersion of the universal deluge, be buried under its present covering of soil.

WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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Cloquet's Descriptive Anatomy, translated from the last French Edition.

An English Translation of Monzoni's celebrated Romance, "The Betrothed Lovers," is printing at Milan. It will contain an interesting letter from Manzoni to the Translator.

The Rev. George Stanley Faber has nearly ready for publication, a new Work, entitled, the Sacred Calendar of Prophecy, in 3 vols. 8vo.

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The Rev. E. B. Pusey will shortly publish an Historical Inquiry into the Rationalist Character, lately predominant in the Theology of Germany.

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BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

THE MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH.

Lady Elizabeth Berkeley, afterwards Margravine of Anspach, was the youngest daughter of Augustus, fourth earl of Berkeley, K.T., by his countess, Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Drax, of Charborough, in the county of Dorset, Esq. She was born in December, 1750. Her father died when she was only five years old; and, never appearing to have been a favourite with her mother, she, with her next sister, Lady Georgiana, was placed under the care of a Swiss governess. Her education appears to have been judicious, her temper docile, her taste good. If we may take her own word for it, her love for truth was, through life, invincible. Possessed of all the accomplishments of the day, and having twice visited Paris, she was presented at court before the completion of her sixteenth year. She was honoured with the most distinguished attention by the king, queen, and

principal nobility. In the succeeding year (1767), she was married to the hon. Mr. Craven. At the birth of her second daughter, two years after her marriage, Lord Craven died, and her husband succeeded to his title and estate. When she had been married thirteen years, and had had seven children, she perceived an unhappy change in his lordship's conduct. In short, he had been weak enough to form a connection with a worthless and abandoned woman whom he met with at an inn. A separation shortly afterwards ensued, and Lady Elizabeth and her husband never met again. Lord Loughborough, at that time lord chancellor, advised her to prosecute Lord Craven, and considered that the law would allow her £4,000. or £5,000. a-year, and the society of her daughters. Shrinking from the idea of prosecuting her husband, she sent for Lord Thurlow, and, acting upon his advice, she left her daughters with Lord Craven, and withdrew to the Continent, taking with her her youngest son. Lord Craven's conduct seems to have been altogether base and contemptible.

At Paris, Lady Elizabeth was particularly noticed by the Queen of France and Madame Elizabeth; and was frequently visited by the Margrave of Anspach, who had known her from her infancy. Leaving France, she travelled through Italy, and visited Vienna, Warsaw, St. Petersburgh, Moscow, Constantinople, Athens, &c. Regarded as the adopted sister of the Margrave of Anspach, she was received with high honours by the Emperor of Germany, the King of Poland, the Empress of Russia, and all the principal nobility of the respective countries. After her tour, she came to England, for the purpose of seeing her children; and then returned to Paris, intending to take up her abode with the Margrave and Margravine of Anspach. At the Margave's court, she had full scope for the exercise of her dramatic and histrionic powers. She had a theatre constructed—formed a company from the young nobility—engaged an excellent machinist—employed the court orchestra—and managed, wrote, and acted herself, to her own heart's content—and that of the Margrave's also. She also instituted a little society for the encouragement of arts and sciences; and endeavoured, though unsuccessfully, to establish a school and asylum for children. Although she scrupulously refrained from the solicitation or acceptance of favours for her friends and countrymen, the influence which she notoriously possessed over the Margrave excited a dislike towards her amongst the people about the court. Mddle. Clairon, the celebrated French actress, in whose train of admirers the Margrave had some time been, also conceived a furious jealousy against her, but at length yielded the palm.

Twice, in the course of a five years' residence at Anspach, Lady Craven accompanied the Margrave into Italy. At Naples, she experienced much attention and friendship from the queen, with whom she passed most of her evenings *tête-à-tête*. Skilful as a horsewoman and as a huntress, she was also a great favourite with the king, whom she frequently accompanied in his field sports.

Subsequently to this, the Margrave, in consequence of the suspicions which had been raised against Lady Craven, resolved to cede his dominions to the King of Prussia. Lady C., by express invitation from the King of Prussia, as his majesty's adopted sister, accompanied the Margrave to Berlin, to pass the carnival there with the royal family. Previously to her departure, the Margravine took a singularly affectionate and impressive leave of her. She died before her return. At Berlin, Lady Craven was formally presented by the king to the royal family as his adopted sister, and a palace was allotted to her for her residence. The Duke of Brunswick Oels was her cavalier. A change was now on the point of taking place in her fortunes. She received news of the illness of Lord Craven, who, in six months afterwards, died; at Bareith, on her return from Berlin, intelligence reached her of the death of the Margravine; and, at Lisbon, six weeks after Lord Craven's decease, she became Margravine of Anspach herself. This gave great offence to her family in England; where, upon her arrival, she received a letter, signed by her three eldest daughters, informing her that, out of respect for their father, they could not wait upon her. By her eldest son, she was also totally neglected. Her majesty, the late Queen Charlotte, refused to receive her as Margravine of Anspach; and, as she could not be received at court as a princess of the German empire, she resolved not to appear at all.

Some time afterwards, the Margrave, at her request, purchased Brandenburgh House—a residence since occupied by the late Queen Caroline—near Hammersmith. Here, as at Anspach, she had a private theatre. Once, the writer of this sketch witnessed in that elegant retreat the performance of "The Provoked Wife;" in which the Margravine, the late Mrs. Abington, and several of the junior branches, male and female, of the Craven family, sustained parts. The play was followed by a pantomime, fabricated by the Margravine, from the nursery tale of "Puss in Boots." The expenses of the Brandenburgh House establishment, upon which there were thirty servants in livery, with grooms, and a set of sixty horses, were enormous. The dinners, concerts, theatricals, &c. were also found to cost money.

ADMIRAL SIR R. J. STRACHAN, BART.

Sir Richard John Strachan, a Nova Scotia bart., grand cross of the Bath, and admiral of the blue squadron of his majesty's fleet,

was, hereditarily, a tar of the old school. He was the son of Lieutenant Patrick Strachan, and nephew of Captain Sir John Strachan, both of the royal navy. On the demise of his uncle, the fifth baronet of his name, in 1777, he succeeded to the baronetage.

Richard Strachan, the subject of this sketch, was born in Devonshire—a county which has given birth to an extraordinary number of naval officers of the first eminence—on the 27th of October, 1760. He entered the service at a very early period; was made lieutenant in the Acteon of 44 guns; served as third lieutenant in the Hero, of 74 guns, one of Commodore Johnson's squadron, in the affair off Porto Praya; and served in the Magnanime, 64, and in the Superb, 74, the flag-ship of Sir Edward Hughes, who promoted him, in 1782, to the rank of commander in the Lizard sloop, at Bombay. He afterwards commanded the Naïade frigate, captured from the French. He obtained post-rank on the 26th of April, 1783.

After the close of the American war, Sir Richard Strachan was appointed captain of the Vestal frigate, appointed to convey the brother of the present Lord Cathcart on an embassy to China. In India, Sir Richard greatly distinguished himself. In 1791, while cruising off the coast of Malabar in the Phœnix frigate, he fell in with the Resolve, of 46 guns, convoying two country ships to Mangalore, supposed to be laden with stores for Tippoo Saib. The French captain resisted the right of search; an action ensued; and, after a considerable number had been killed and wounded on both sides, the Resolve struck, and was searched, but nothing was found on board of her to justify detention.

In 1792, Sir Richard was appointed to the Concorde of 42 guns, in which he joined the squadron on the French coast, under the orders of Sir J. B. Warren. When off Guernsey, on St. George's Day, 1793, he observed four French ships standing out to sea; one of which, l'Engageante, after a desperate resistance, struck. Between thirty and forty men were killed and wounded on board of the prize; only one killed and twelve wounded on board of the Concorde. Commanding the Melampus, of 42 guns, under Commodore Sir W. S. Smith, he destroyed and captured many of the enemy's vessels. When Sir Sidney Smith fell into the hands of the French, Sir Richard Strachan succeeded him in the command of the Diamond frigate, in which he continued to prove a most destructive annoyance to the enemy. In February, 1799, he was appointed to the Captain, of 74 guns. He assisted in the capture of a French squadron in the Mediterranean; served in the Quiberon Bay and Ferrol expeditions; and, afterwards, commanded a squadron off the western coast of France. Subsequently to the treaty of Amiens, Sir Richard commanded the Donegal, of 80 guns. On the renewal of the war, he was stationed off Cadiz, to watch the French ships in that port. In the winter of 1804, he captured the Amphitrite, Spanish frigate, of 44 guns, from Cadiz to Teneriffe and the Havannah, with despatches. His next ship was the Renown. In 1805, he was appointed one of the colonels of the Royal Marines. On the evening of the 2d of November, in that year, when off Ferrol, in the Cæsar, of 80 guns, with a detached squadron under his orders, he fell in with four French line-of-battle ships, which had escaped from the battle of Trafalgar. It was not, however, till daylight on the 4th, that he could get within gunshot of the enemy. At half-past three in the afternoon, the whole of them struck.

On the 9th of November, 1805, Sir Richard Strachan was promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral of the Blue Squadron; on the 29th of January, 1806, he was made K.B.; and, about the same time, he received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament. He then hoisted his flag on board the Cæsar, and proceeded to the French coast, in pursuit of a French squadron, under Admiral Villaumez. On the termination of this service, he was employed in the blockade of Rochefort, till the summer of 1809, when he was appointed to command the naval part of the expedition to the island of Walcheren. On the 3d of July, 1810, Sir Richard Strachan was presented with a sword, and the freedom of the city of London, which had been voted him for the capture of the French fleet in 1805; on the 31st of the same month, he was promoted to the rank of vice-admiral; and, on the 19th of July, 1821, he was farther promoted to the rank of admiral. For his many and distinguished services, Government allowed him a pension of £1,000. a-year.

In the year 1812, Sir Richard Strachan married a Miss Louisa Dillon; by whom, we believe, he has left some children. After a short, but severe illness, he died at his house in Bryanstone-square, on the 3d of February.

COUNT DE PUISAYE.

A full and complete biography of the Count de Puisaye would assume the air of a grand moral and political romance: it would embrace and exhibit a world of intrigue, a world of valour, a world of devoted suffering in the cause of royalty and the love of country. Unfortunately, all that we have room to offer is a very faint sketch—an index, as it were, to the whole.

This nobleman, descended from one of the most ancient families in France, was born at Mortagne, in the province of Perche, about the year 1754. Intended for the church, he was educated at the seminary of St. Sulpice, in Paris. At-

tracted, however, by the military profession, he, at the age of eighteen, entered as a lieutenant in the regiment of Conti; from which he afterwards removed, to be captain of dragoons in another. He next purchased into the Hundred Swiss, which formed a part of the king's household, obtained the brevet of colonel, and shortly afterwards the Cross of St. Louis.

In 1788, the Count de Puisaye married the only daughter of the Marquis de Mesnilles, a nobleman of great landed possessions in Normandy. In 1789, the nobility of Perche returned the Count as their Deputy to the States General. In the States, and in the Constituent Assembly, he invariably proved himself the friend of a well regulated liberty, desirous of supporting no less the rights of the people than the dignity of the throne.

In 1791, the Count de Puisaye was raised to the rank of major-general. At the close of the Session of the Assembly, he retired to his estate of Mesnilles, and was placed at the head of the National Guards of the district of Evreux. Aware of the designs of the Jacobins, he projected the raising of an army in Normandy to protect the king from the factions. This project, however, was frustrated by the events of the 10th of August; but a force was, nevertheless, raised by the Norman departments, in 1793, for self-defence, against the tyranny of the Convention. The chief command was given to General Wimpffen, the second to the Count de Puisaye. The struggle was brief and unsuccessful; and a price having been set on his head, the Count was compelled to seek an asylum in Brittany. There, his hair-breadth escapes were innumerable, and of the most romantic character. Although an utter stranger in the province, he, whilst a fugitive, conceived the daring plan of arraying all Brittany, and the circumjacent district, in arms against the Convention. By the summer of 1794, the royalist organization in this quarter was complete. Aware that foreign aid was essential, the Count left the command, with M. Cormatin and a council, and came over to London, where he resided for several months, and prevailed on the ministry to afford the requisite assistance. While he was thus engaged, Cormatin, in violation of his duty, and of his instructions, concluded a treaty with the Republicans. Over this new difficulty, however, the Count triumphed; and every thing was prepared by the Bretons to join the British and emigrant troops, as soon as they should appear on the coasts of France. The corrupt agents of Louis XVIII. again counteracted the measures of the Count de Puisaye, and succeeded in diverting the expedition to the coast of Vendée. The command of the emigrant regiments was given to the Count d Hervilly, a respectable but inefficient officer. Through the detail of events from this period till the close of 1797, it is impossible for us to follow the Count de Puisaye. At that time he visited England, in the hope of persuading a Bourbon Prince to put himself at the head of the friends of royalty. The attempt failed. At length, wearied and disgusted, he resigned his command, and settled, with several of his officers, in Canada, on a grant of land from the British Government. After a short residence in that colony, he returned to England, which he always regarded with affection, as his adopted country, and resided there till his death.

The Count de Puisaye was tall, well-formed, and graceful; his face was handsome, and was animated by that strong and varying expression which transcends mere beauty of feature; and his eyes beamed with intelligence and spirit. His intellectual powers were of a high order, and his acquirements, from study, were extensive. He was well read; brought his knowledge to bear, with facility and effect, upon any subject; reasoned with force and precision; and spoke with a fluent and polished eloquence, which he frequently enlivened with flashes of playful or pointed wit. In literary composition he was no less prompt and fertile. Added to all this, his character was frank, upright, and full of honourable feeling. He died at Blythe-house, near Hammersmith, on the 13th of December, after a long and painful illness.

MR. STEPHEN JONES.

Mr. Stephen Jones, a gentleman well known as the editor and compiler of various useful works, was the son of Mr. Giles Jones, secretary to the York Buildings Water Works. He was born in London, in 1763, educated at St. Paul's School, and placed under an eminent sculptor. Subsequently, however, he was apprenticed to a printer, in Fetter-lane; and, when out of his time, and at different periods of his life, even until nearly its close, he was engaged as reader, or corrector of the press, in the offices of Mr. Strahan, Mr. Wright, &c.

In 1794, Mr. Jones published an Abridgment of Mr. Burke's Reflections on the Revolution in France. On the death of Mr. Wright, in 1797, he relinquished, for a time, the employment of corrector of the press, and became editor of the Whitehall Evening Post. Afterwards, he was editor of the General Evening Post, which he conducted until within these few years, when it passed into the hands of new proprietors, and was united with the St. James's Chronicle. He was also concerned in the Freemason's Magazine. After the death of Mr. Isaac Reid, the annotator upon Shakspeare, he conducted the European Magazine, of which he had, for some time previously, been

assistant editor. Mr. Reid had been employed on a new edition of Baker's Biographia Dramatica. When he died, his papers were put into the hands of Mr. Jones, who, in 1812, published a new and much enlarged edition of the work, in four volumes 8vo. In consequence of its having been treated somewhat harshly by the Quarterly Review, Mr. Jones retorted, in a pamphlet entitled Hypercriticism Exposed, in a letter to the readers of the Quarterly Review.

Mr. Jones died on the 26th of December.

PROFESSOR WOODHOUSE.

Mr. Woodhouse, Plumian Professor of Mathematics in Cambridge University, was a Fellow of Caius College, and one of the Members of the Royal Society. In 1795, he gained one of Smith's mathematical prizes, was Senior Wrangler, and proceeded to his Bachelor of Arts' degree. In 1820, he was elected Eucasian Professor of Mathematics; and, on the death of Professor Vince, he succeeded to the Plumian Professorship. He was appointed by the University, in 1824, to conduct the observatory, then newly erected.

Amongst the professor's published works were—The Principles of Analytical Calculation, in 4to., in 1803;—A Treatise on Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, in 1809;—A Treatise on Isoperimetrical Problems, in 1811;—A Treatise on Astronomy, in 1812;—Several papers in the Philosophical Transactions, &c.

Professor Woodhouse died on the 23d of December, after an illness of four months.

COUNSELLOR NOLAN.

The Hon. Michael Nolan, who died towards the close of December, King's Counsel, and Chief Justice of the Brecon circuit, was a native of Ireland. Having studied the law, and been called to the English bar, he soon made considerable progress in the profession. He was a man of close study, as well as of great oratorical power. Amongst other subjects, he was particularly conversant with every thing relating to the poor-laws, tithes, &c. In 1793, Mr. Nolan published, in two parts, Reports of Cases relating to the Duty and Office of a Justice of the Peace; in 1796 he edited the third edition of Strange's Reports, with Notes, in three volumes; and, in 1797, he published a Syllabus of a Course of Lectures on the Laws of England. Mr. Nolan's Treatise on the Laws of England, respecting the Poor, a valuable and well-known work, in two volumes, octavo, is now in its second or third edition.

THE EARL OF HADDINGTON.

Charles Hamilton, eighth Earl of Haddington, Baron of Binning and Byres, and Lord Lieutenant of the County of Haddington, in North Britain, was a descendant from the Hamiltons of Innerwich, a branch of the ancient family of Hamilton, Duke of Hamilton. One of his ancestors, Thomas Hamilton, a Senator in the College of Justice, Secretary of State, and Lord Advocate and Register, in the reign of James VI.; was, in 1613, created Baron Binning and Earl of Melross, which he afterwards changed to the title of Haddington. His eldest son, and successor, was governor of the castle of Dunglas, where he was, in 1640, unfortunately blown up, with one of his brothers, a natural brother, several other relations, &c. "A report prevailed, that Dunglas was treacherously blown up by Edward Paris, an English boy, page to the Earl of Haddington, on account of his master's jestingly telling him, that his countrymen were a pack of cowards, to suffer themselves to be beaten, and to run away at Newburn; which so much enraged him, that he took a hot iron, and thrust it into one of the powder barrels, perishing himself with the rest."

On account of his lady—a woman celebrated for her beauty, her wit, and her romantic adventures—it may be worth while to mention, that Thomas, the third Earl of Haddington, married Henrietta de Coligny, eldest daughter of Gaspard, Comte de Coligny, Marshal of France (by Anne de Polignac, daughter of Gabriel, Sieur de St. Germain), sister of the Duke de Chatillon, and great grand-daughter of the celebrated Admiral de Coligny. The lady, surviving her husband, married Gaspard de Champagne, Comte de la Suze, a Hugonot nobleman; from whom she was divorced, and turned Catholic; "in order," said Christina, queen of Sweden, "that she might never more see him either in this world or the next." Charles, Earl of Haddington, the subject of this sketch, was the eldest son of Thomas, the preceding Earl, by his first Countess, Mary, daughter of Rowland Holt, of Redgrave, in the county of Suffolk, Esq. His Lordship was born in 1753, and he succeeded his father on the 19th of May, 1794; having married in April, 1779, Sophia Hope, daughter of John, second Earl of Hopetoun. By that lady, who died in 1813, he had a son, his successor, Thomas, Lord Binning, late M.P. for the city of Rochester, and one of his Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council. Lord Haddington died at Tynninghame, N. B., on the 17th of March.

His successor, the present Earl, born in 1780, married in 1802, Maria Parker, only daughter of George, present Earl of Macclesfield.

THE EARL OF CARYSFORT.

John Joshua Proby, Earl of Carysfort, Baron of Carysfort in the County of Wicklow, Baron Carysfort, of Norman Cross, in the county of Huntingdon, K.P., F.R.S., F.S.A., &c., was the descendant of a family long seated at Elton, in Huntingdonshire. The bulk of their fortune was obtained in

the East-Indies, where one of their ancestors, William Proby, Esq., was Governor of Fort St. George, Madras. Sir Thomas Proby was created a baronet in 1662; but, dying without male issue, the title became extinct. His great nephew, Sir John Proby, K.B., born in 1720, a Lord of the Admiralty, a Privy Councillor, &c., was created Baron Carysfort, in 1752. His eldest son, by the Hon. Elizabeth Allen, sister, and co-heiress with her sister Baroness Newhaven, of John, third Viscount Allen, was John Joshua, afterwards Earl of Carysfort, to whom this sketch refers.

His Lordship was born on the 12th of August, 1751. He received the early part of his education at Eton, where he was esteemed an excellent scholar, and remarkable for his suavity of manners. He afterwards studied at Trinity College, Cambridge. He married, in 1774, Elizabeth Osborne, only daughter of the Right Hon. Sir William Osborne, of Newtown, in the County of Tipperary, Bart., by whom he had issue,—William Allen, Lord Proby, Captain R. N., who died at Surinam, in 1804; John, his successor, present Earl of Carysfort, a Major-general in the army; Granville Leveson, Post Captain, R. N.; and two daughters. His lady dying in 1783, Lord Carysfort married, secondly, in 1787, Elizabeth Grenville, sister to George, first Marquess of Buckingham, by whom he had three daughters.

In 1789, his Lordship was elevated to the dignities of Earl of Carysfort and Viscount Proby, of the Kingdom of Ireland. He sat in the House of Commons till 1801, when he was raised to the English pecrage, as Baron Carysfort, of Norman Cross.

Allied to Lord Grenville, in politics, as well as by marriage, his Lordship followed the fortunes of that nobleman, and enjoyed several places under government. At one period, he was joint Post-master General; joint Keepcr of the Rolls in Ireland, in 1789; Envoy to the Court of Berlin, in 1800; and Ambassador to the Court of St. Petersburgh, in 1801.

Although so often in place, Lord Carysfort appears to have been a Parliamentary Reformer. He published, in 1780, a letter to the Huntingdonshire Committee, to shew the legality, as well as necessity of extending the right of election to the whole body of the people, and of abridging the duration of Parliaments;—Thoughts on the Constitution, in 1783; and Dramatic and Miscellaneous Pieces, 2 vols., 8vo. in 1810.

His Lordship died at his residence, in Upper Grosvenor Street, on the 7th of April.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

SHOULD the rains continue, in the excess experienced during several past weeks, much damage would ensue, upon cold and wet soils, both to the crops and condition of the fallows; but the appearance of change gives hope of dry and warm weather, under the beneficial influence of which, at this season, evaporation speedily takes place. The variable state of the atmosphere, has had a very unfavourable effect on the constitutions of invalids, more particularly the aged; and has caused the usual variety of discolouration in the wheat plant, sickly pale, yellow and brown, of a deep tinge. This variety of colour in the blight has caused a needless, and somewhat ludicrous alarm in the country, as though it were a new case. For a practical exposition of the nature and effects of atmospheric vicissitude on vegetables, recourse should be had to the New Farmer's Calendar. The warm, unseasonable weather of February, succeeded by the frosts, harsh, constantly varying temperature, and drought in March, of necessity produced the above morbid appearances in the wheat and grass. But the roots of the wheat, a radical concern, may be presumed yet unaffected; and a series of warm and genial weather will, no doubt, prove a remedy for the merely external disease. The last year clovers have suffered the greatest damage, being, in many parts, nearly cut off. It is remarkable that the wheats are every where reported to be thickly planted; indicating, we suppose, that the farmers, in the last autumn, were not sparing of seed; and that the mischief from vermin was fortunately not so great as had been apprehended. The bottoms of the grass are, also, said to be thick; and, should a warm May succeed the late rains, a very bulky crop of grass may be expected. In the mean time, there is a full bite of sheep feed. All the spring crops, including barley and tares, are now above ground, remarkably forward, and of a healthy and promising appearance. The cold and unfavourable weather, in March, retarding the growth of grass, had one, not very often deemed good, effect: that of aiding those farmers who were overstocked, in the disposal of their superfluous winter keep. That uncommon inconvenience is now at an end; and it is to be hoped, that the casualty of a single season will not induce farmers to be slack, in future, with respect to such indispensable provision, in fact, one of the best proofs of good farming. The lands are in a forward state for potatoe planting, which has commenced; but the great difficulty, lately experienced, in getting rid of this article, at any price, will, no doubt, check that very extensive culture, which has had place during the two or three last seasons. Great quantities of unsaleable potatoes have been given to cart horses, a very washy and unprofitable food for labouring cattle; and

indeed, for labouring men, unless accompanied by good solid flesh meat. This is best exemplified by the well-known fact of the superior labouring power of an Irishman, in this country, over that which he possesses in his own. Potatoes are a most valuable and useful root, in truth, a second bread; but their nutritive powers, and various qualities, have been always greatly overrated by speculation and prejudice. With dry and warm weather, the fallows will soon be in a fine tilth for turnip sowing. The vast quantity of turnips not wanted for cattle, thence saved for seed, will render that article of little market worth, next season.

More inquiries, from different parts of the country, about salt and saltpetre, as though their use, as a manure, were a novelty. But substances for manure, and modes of culture, are fashionably introduced, experimented, laid aside, forgotten, and, in process of time, re-introduced. Mangel-wurtzel, however, bids fair to become a permanent culture, and, in reality, is working a revolution in country affairs, and probable enough to supersede the use of all other roots; and, by its abundant produce, to put a fortunate period to all difficulty of winter supply, that grand *opprobrium*, in the farming system, of most of our grandfathers. The *quality* of this famous root, however, is certainly overrated. In that respect, it is inferior to parsnips and carrots, if not even to rutabaga. The great and incomparable excellence of mangel-wurtzel, consists in its vast produce, its little difficulty in respect of soil, and its resistance of the fly from the substance of its foliage. The clays in this country, and, we believe, on all clay soils, have worked very rough, and almost impracticable for barley sowing. We think that barley on such soils, excepting in particular situations, where this article is in demand, has always been too much in course; and that oats, so much of which is imported, is far the more profitable crop; clay land barley being generally an ordinary sample of inferior figure in price. The circumstances of the labourers seem, generally, somewhat improved; and, after all, it probably has cost the tenantry more to keep the surplus labourers and their families in a state of idleness and wandering, than it would have done to keep them regularly employed on their farms, in various profitable improvements; among which, the extirpation of couch and weeds of all kinds, on too many farms, perhaps whole districts, would amply repay the labour. Many an honest farmer pays two rents instead of one, by favour of his weeds.

In the famous corn county of Essex, according to the opinion of a respectable land agent, with whom we have lately conversed, farming is in a considerable state of prosperity, and the same may be said of Scotland generally, where the Associations have wisely determined to adopt the imperial measure, which, by an unaccountable legislative blunder, was not made imperative. The glut of wool is not yet dispersed, although never before was there so great a quantity of that precious commodity worked up in Britain as in the last twelve months. Such another manufacturing year must raise the price of wool; nevertheless, English clothing wool can never come into competition with the foreign, so long as we decline taking those measures which ensure to the foreigner such a commanding superiority in point of quality. Complaint is made of the low price of sheep, but the sale of lambs is brisk in London; it has, perhaps, occurred, that sheep stock are more plentiful than was expected, and that their condition only was affected by the rotting season of last year. Other stock bear good prices, especially milch cows, pigs, and horses. Of the latter, good ones are worth any money almost that can be asked, and their extreme scarcity shows the great defect of our breeding system of late years. Some conjurer has published his notion, that all our best horses are sent abroad; and he is thence anxious for a renewal and enforcement of the ancient legislative prohibition, unconscious that export and ready sale are the truest and most powerful incentives to improvement of the breed.

There now remains no doubt of the Corn Bill passing, and of the establishment of a free and open trade in the staff of life, too lately discovered to be matter of high political prudence in every country, but in an especial degree necessary in a manufacturing and commercial one. Such a strenuous opposition, worthy of the best causes, has been made to this measure, that, in all probability, the scale of duties will be found too high. But the great object is the establishment of the principle of free trade in corn; and, should any defects in the scale be subsequently discovered, the remedy will be obvious and easy. It has not been hitherto noticed; but the high rate of duty must have the effect, perhaps not a disadvantageous one, of keeping the light, coarse, and ordinary sorts of foreign wheat out of our markets, where such must experience so low a price, as to make no return of profit, were they grown for nothing.

Smithfield.—Beef, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 10d.—Mutton, 4s. to 4s. 10d.—Veal, 4s. 10d. to 5s. 10d.—Pork, 4s. 8d. to 6s. 0d.—(Small dairy fed) 6s. 6d.—Lamb, 7s. to 7s. 2d.—Raw fat, 2s. 5d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 42s. to 72s.—Barley, 28s. to 40s.—Oats, 17s. to 32s.—Bread, 9½d. the fine 4 lb. loaf.—Hay, 70s. to 105s.—Clover ditto, 80s. to 120s.—Straw 27s. to 40s. in demand.

Coals in the Pool, 29s. 3d. to 42s. per chaldron.

Middlesex, April 21, 1828.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Sugar.—The Sugar market last week remained languid and uninteresting till towards the close, when several parcels of the new arrivals were brought forward; many went off freely at full prices; but the buyers only purchased for their immediate wants, in the anticipation of larger and better supplies this week. The stock is now 4,178 hogsheads and tierces less than last year. The refined market declined fully 1s. per cwt. last week; and some low lumps were reported under 82s.

Coffee.—The quantity of Coffee sold last week was again extensive, amounting to nearly 60,000 packages. Cherebon, 37s. to 38s.—St. Domingo, 37s. to 38s. per cwt.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—The Government Contract for 100,000 gallons of Rum was taken at 3s. 2½d. per gallon. About eighty puncheons of Jamaica sold at high prices. In brandy and Geneva there is little alteration.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—The Tallow market was brisk last week, and the price advanced to 46s. 6d. per cwt. In Hemp there is no alteration. Flax is a shade lower.

Indigo.—The East-India sale commenced this morning, consisting of about 5,800 chests.

Cotton.—The Cotton market continues improving.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 3.—Rotterdam, 12. 3.—Antwerp, 12. 6.—Hamburg, 13. 13.—Altona, 13. 11.—Paris, 25. 40.—Bordeaux, 25. 70.—Frankfort on the Maine, 150¾.—Petersburgh, 10.—Vienna, 10. 3.—Trieste, 10. 3.—Madrid, 35.—Cadiz, 35.—Bilboa, 35.—Barcelona, 35.—Seville, 36.—Gibraltar, 46.—Leghorn, 48.—Genoa, 25. 50.—Venice, 46.—Naples, 39½.—Palermo, 118.—Lisbon, 46.—Oporto, 45¾.—Rio Janeiro, 31.—Bahia, 33.—Dublin, 17½.—Cork, 17½.

Bullion per Oz.—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—In Bars, £3. 17s. 6d.—New Doubloons, £3. 15s.—New Dollars, 4s. 9d.—Silver in Bars, standard, £0. 0s. 0d.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, *Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Birmingham CANAL, 291*l.*—Coventry, 1,150*l.*—Ellesmere and Chester, 105*l.*—Grand Junction, 311*l.*—Kennet and Avon, 28¾*l.*—Leeds and Liverpool, 395*l.*—Oxford, 675*l.*—Regent's, 27½*l.*—Trent and Mersey (½ sh.), 824*l.*—Warwick and Birmingham, 265*l.*—London DOCKS (Stock), 87*l.*—West India (Stock), 213*l.*—East London WATER WORKS, 117*l.*—Grand Junction, 62*l.*—West Middlesex, 66½*l.*—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 9½—Globe, 150½*l.*—Guardian, 20¼*l.*—Hope Life, 5*l.*—Imperial Fire, 96*l.*—GAS-LIGHT Westminster Chartered Company, 53½*l.*—City, 0*l.*—British, 13 *dis.*—Leeds, 195*l.*

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced from the 22d of March to the 23d of April 1828; extracted from the London Gazette.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

H. L. Henry, Finsbury-circus, jeweller
C. Baxter, Ipswich, linen-draper
R. Osborne, Bristol, anchor-smith
J. Williams, Paternoster-row, bookseller
J. Braithwaite, Leeds, ironmonger
R. Butterfield, Scriven, York, flax-dresser

BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month, 97.]

Solicitors' Names are in Brackets.

Astley, J. J. Liverpool, merchant. [Lowe, Southampton-buildings
Ackroyd, E. and W. W. Rowles, King-street, Long-acre, carpenters. [Dyer, Took's-court
Aldridge, J. Wandsworth, calico-printer. [Ford, Pall-Mall
Albot, G. Henley-in-Arden, Warwick, scrivener. [Walter, Symond's-inn; Wake, Worksop, Nottingham
Bolland, J. Distaff-lane, wine-merchant. [Long and Co., Gray's-inn
Boscow, J. Stockport, draper. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple: Hitchcock, Manchester
Baxter, C. Ipswich, linen-draper. [Green and Ashurst, Sambrook-court
Burch, J. Exeter, horse-dealer. [Jackson, New-inn; Sanders, Exeter
Brooks, J. Wolverhampton, worsted-spinner. [Swain and Co., Old Jewry; Foster, Wolverhampton
Bailey, J. T. Liverpool, paint and varnish-manufacturer. [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Crump, Liverpool
Cook, S. jun., Moorbarnes, Leicester, cattle-salesman. [Fuller and Co., Carlton-chambers; Wratislaw, Rugby

Cole, J. F. New Bond-street, chronometer-maker. [Bowker, Gray's-inn
Chaldecote, W. Dorking, surgeon. [Carter and Gregory, Lord Mayor's Court-office
Cowtan, M. Canterbury, bookseller. [Crowder and Co., Lothbury
Crowther, J. Warrington, bookseller. [Makinson and Saunders, Temple
Cook, J. Burr-street, tailor. [Tanner, New Basinghall-street
Cutler, J. Warwick, button-maker. [Amory and Coles, Throgmorton-street; Parkes, Birmingham
Curties, T. Hunworth, Norfolk, tanner. [Bridger, Finsbury-circus; Withers, Holt
Carruthers, B. Gracechureh-street, dealer. [Wright, Little Alie-street
Cram, G. North Shields, sail-maker. [Lowrey and Chilton, Pinners'-hall-court, Broad-street; Lowrey, North Shields
Daw, J. J. and H. Tuck, Little St. Thomas the Apostle, vellum-binders. [Whiteley, Token-house-yard
Darlington, J. Sutton-mills, Cheshire, miller. [Blackstock and Bunee, Temple; Bardswell and Son, Liverpool
Downing, F. jun., Huddersfield, wine-merchant. [Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Cloughs and Co., Huddersfield
Elliot, J. Carlisle, cattle-dealer. [Mounsey and Gray, Staple-inn; Ewart, Carlisle
Eden, J. Wootton-under-Edge, Gloucester, scrivener. [Meredith, Lothbury
Evans, J. and Worrall, J. Liverpool, tailors. [Blackstock and Bunee, Temple; Booth, Liverpool
Frost, W. Abergavenny, hatter. [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane
Fowler, E. Finsbury-place, livery-stable-keeper. [Isaacs, St. Mary-axe
Fenn, P. Hyde-street, Bloomsbury, bill-broker. [Wigley, Essex-street
Gill, J. Long-acre, picture-dealer. [Popkin, Dean-street, Soho
Gibson, W. Liverpool, merchant. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Phillips, Liverpool
Gooch, J. B. George-street, Minories, merchant. [Basset, St. Michael's-alley
Gilbert, W. D. and Gilbert, T. Leadenhall-street, opticians. [Bowden and Walters, Aldermanbury
Glennie, A. Size-lane, wine-merchant. [Crosse, Surrey-street
Gibson, W. Scarborough, miller. [Williams, Red-lion-square; Woodall and Downer, Scarborough
Harding, R. Bridge-house-place, Newington-causeway, grocer. [Long and Co., Gray's-inn
Hargreaves, J. and Hardman, J., Bacup, Lancashire, cotton-spinners. [Scott, Princes-street, Bedford-row; Shaw and Artindale, Burnley
Hetherington, R. Macclesfield, currier. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Allen, Manchester
Holland, J. Tipton, Stafford, victualler. [Whitehouse and Jones, Thavies-inn
Hills, W. O. Upper Rathbone-place, pawnbroker. [Nethersoles and Co., Essex-street
Horsfall, D. H. Manchester, builder. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple; Hadfield and Grave, Manchester
Hancock, W. Bolsover, Derby, innkeeper. [King, Bedford-place, Russel-square; Hardy, Sheffield
Hartshorne, A. Fashion-street, Spitalfields, dealer in building materials. [Hutchinson, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street
Hayes, J. and C. F., and C. M'Callum, Albury-mills, Surrey, paper-manufacturers. [Lock, Arundel-street
Hoyle, T. Lee-mill, Lancashire, woollen-manufacturer. [Beverley, Temple
Humby, J. Old Alresford, Southampton, carpenter. [Dunn and Hopkins, New Alresford
Hacker, T. Bankside, timber-merchant. [Wilks and Minithorpe, Finsbury-place
Jackson, J. and Mellor, R. Salford, Manchester, ironmongers. [Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Simcox, Birmingham
Jones, J. New Bond-street, linen-draper. [Mayhew, Chancery-lane
Johnson, P. St. Mary-axe, money-scrivener. [Hill, Rood-lane
Iles, J. and T. Chalford, Gloucester, clothiers. Thomas, New Basinghall-street
Linford, E. Chapel-street, New-road, watch-maker. Robinson, Orchard-street
Mallalieu, W. Gig-mill, Scyland, Halifax, cotton-spinner. [Milne and Parry, Temple; Edge, Manchester
Molineux, J. Brighton, cupper. [Palmer and Co., Bedford-row; Crosweller, Brighton
Mather, G. Leek, Stafford, timber-merchant. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Kilminster and Co., Leek
Murray, A. Liverpool, merchant. [Taylor and Roscoe, Temple; Lace and Co., Liverpool
Mitchell, J. Halifax, worsted-manufacturer. [Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Alexander, Halifax
Mason, H. S. High-street, Southwark, stationer. [Rhodes and Birch, Chancery-lane
Minshull, C. Aston, Warwick, builder. [Bourdillon, Bread-street; Simcox, Birmingham
Morris, R Cheltenham, banker. [Vizard and Blower, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Pruen and Co., Cheltenham
Mangnall, J. Manchester, agent. [Makinson and Sanders, Temple; F. R. Atkinson, Manchester
Nottage, G. Kingsland, auctioneer. [Noy and Binward, Nicholas-lane
Noakes, J. Marsh-gate, Westminster-bridge-road, victualler. [Dicas, Pope's-head-alley
Overend, J. C. and T. C. Druce, Bread-street, warehousemen. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple
Porrell, W. Wetherby, ham-factor. [Lys, Took's-court, Chancery-lane; Upton, Wetherby
Poynor, C. Winchcombe, Gloucester, mercer. [Pearson, Temple; Daniel, Bristol
Payne, R. H. York-street, Covent-garden, bookseller. [Browne, Furnival's-inn
Pratt, R. Cambridge, linen-draper. [Farrar, Godliman-street
Porter, S. S. Exeter, cabinet-maker. [Bratton and Co., New Bond-street; Ford, Exeter
Robinson, F. High-street, Poplar, ironmonger. [Hutchinson, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street
Ring, J. Long Ashton, Somerset, mealman. [Henderson, Surrey-street, Strand; Golden, Bristol
Rose, W. Warwick, printer. [Humphrey and Porter, King's-arms-yard; Heydon and Morris, Warwick
Richardson, J. T. Cobham, grocer. [Molloy, Lincoln's-inn
Revill, J. Newark-upon-Trent, whitesmith. [Long and Co., Gray's-inn; Woodcock, Mansfield
Slocombe, J. Bridgewater, builder. [Pain, New-inn; Pain, Bridgewater
Sergeant, J. Melton, Ross, Lincoln, maltster. [Eyre and Coverdale, Gray's-inn; Empson, Glamford Briggs
Stevenson, G. John-street, Tottenham-court-road, coachmaker. [Young, Poland-street
Shaw, H. F. Liverpool, plasterer. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Houghton, Liverpool
Satterthwaite, J. Tower-street, wine-merchant. [Conway, Symond's-inn
Slater, M. D. Devonshire-square, hatter. [Robinson, Walbrook
Stafford, T. Exeter, wine-agent. [Turner, Milman-street; Turner and Son, Exeter
Scott, G. Brotherton, York, miller. [Smithson and Ranskill, Pontefract
Thacker, W. Coleman-street, Blackwell-hall, factor. [Freeman and Co., Coleman-street
Town, W. R. Brighton, linen-draper. [Freeman and Co., Coleman-street
Thompson, W. Rawden, York, merchant. [Evans and Co., Gray's-inn; Carr, Gomersall
Usill, D. and R. Wood, Little Eastcheap, spice-dealers. [Stevens and Co., Little St. Thomas Apostle
Vaughton, J. Winchester-wharf, Southwark, coal-merchant. [Vincent and Peall, Bedford-street, Bedford-square

Winn, J. Brownshill, Chalford, Gloucester, clothier. [Thornbury, Chancery-lane
Weatherley, R. Newcastle-upon-Tyne. master-mariner. [Willins, Nicholas-lane
Weston. J. Chudleigh, Devon, mail contractor. [Brutton and Co., New-lane, Broad-street; Brutton, Exeter
Wright, W. Chipping Ongar, wine-merchant. [Gale, Basinghall-street
Walker, J. Halifax, corn-miller. [Williamson, Gray's-inn
Whitaker, J. Loughborough, flour-dealer. [Beverley, Temple; Cheslyn and Brock, Loughborough
Woolley, J. Denby, Derby, brickmaker. [Woolston, Furnival's-inn; Ingle, Belper, Derby
Wilton, H. W. Union-court, Broad-street, merchant. [Nind and Cotterill, Throgmorton-street
Woodward, R. Great St. Thomas Apostle, packer. [Spurr, Warnford-court, Throgmorton-street
Young, J. S. High-street, Whitechapel, coach-builder. [Willis and Co., Tokenhouse-yard

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. R. Shaw, to the Living of the united parishes of Dunmore, Mocullee, and Kilmodum, Dublin.—Rev. J. W. Atkinson, to the Living of Barham, Kent.—Rev. M. Butler, to the Living of Thwing, Scarborough.—Dean Bayly, to the Deanery of Lismore.—Rev. H. Brougham, to the Living of Tullow.—Rev. F. Severne, to the Rectory of Abberley, Worcester.—Rev. J. Barker, to the Vicarage of Great Abingdon, Cambridge.—Rev. C. Wodsworth, to be a Prebendary of St. Paul's, London.—Rev. J. Drummond, to the Church of Forgandery, Perth.—Rev. Dr. J. Rudge, to the Rectory of Hawkchurch, Dorset.—Rev. J. Dene, to the Rectory of Bittadon, Devon.—Rev. F. F. A. P. Hodges, to the Rectory of Antioch, Dorset.—Rev. C. Webber, to the Vicarage of Amport, Hants.—Rev. H. Fowle, to be Perpetual Curate of Dorrington, Wilts.—Rev. G. S. Penfold, to the District Rectory of Trinity, Marylebone.—Rev. R. Walpole, to the Rectory of Christ Church, London.—Rev. T. Herring, to the Rectory of Great Broxted, Essex.—Rev. C. Dowdeswell, to the Vicarage of Beoley, Worcester.—Rev. W. Brotherhood, to the Vicarage of Rothwell, with the Chapelry of Orton annexed, Northampton.—Rev. H. Mortlock, to the Rectory of Farthingston, Northampton.—Rev. H. J. Shackleton, to the Vicarage of Plumstead, with East Wickham annexed, Kent.—Rev. G. Trevelyan, to the Rectory of Treborough, Somerset.—Rev. J. Missing, to the Curacy of Burford, Oxon.—Rev. C. J. Gooch, to the Rectory of South Cove, Suffolk.—Rev. W. Canning, to be Canon of the Royal College, Windsor.—Rev. T. Marriott, to the Rectory of Stowell, Somerset.—Rev. W. Bond, to the Vicarage of South Peverton, Somerset.—Rev. S. H. Langston to the Living of Aston Sandford, Bucks.—Rev. J. Hopkinson, to the Rectory of Etton, Northampton.—Rev. J. Steel, to the Perpetual Curacy of Cowbit, Lincoln.

POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS.

Lord Forbes appointed High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.—Captain Isaac Hart, of the 65th, to be Knight of the Persian Order of the Lion and Sun, conferred by the Shah of Persia.—Hon. F. R. Forbes, to be Secretary to the Embassy at Vienna.—J. H. Mandeville, Esq., to be Secretary to the Embassy at Lisbon.—H. S. Fox, esq., Plenipotentiary to the United Provinces of Rio de la Plata.

INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON, ETC.

CHRONOLOGY.

March 27.—The King held his first levee, at St. James's Palace, for the season, which was attended by nearly a thousand persons.

April 3.—New orders in Chancery issued by the Lord Chancellor.

— Intelligence arrived of the murder of the British Consul, J. O'Reilly, esq. at Guatimala.

7.—A grand ball, at Guildhall, for the Royal British National Schools. His Majesty sent 100 guineas.

10.—Sessions began at the Old Bailey.

— Meeting of Ship Owners, held at the London Tavern, on the depressed state of British shipping; and resolutions passed condemnatory of the late alterations in the navigation laws.

14.—A female culprit executed at the Old Bailey for the murder of her infant child.

15.—The battalions of the grenadiers and 3d regiment of Guards arrived in London from their service at Lisbon!!!

17.—A Common Hall, held at Guildhall, for choosing a new sheriff, on account of the sudden death of Mr. Stable, one of the sheriffs; for, "when one of the sheriffs of London dies, the other cannot act, because he then is no sheriff, and must wait until another is chosen; for there must be two sheriffs of London, which is both a city and county." E. A. Wilde, esq., was elected.

— Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when 33 prisoners received sentence of death, 110 were transported, and a great number imprisoned for various periods and to be kept to hard labour; and several juvenile depredators were ordered to be privately whipped and discharged.

23.—His Majesty held a drawing-room, which was most numerously attended, it being St. George's Day, and the anniversary of the King's birth-day, as kept.—The Duke of Cumberland, and Prince George, his son, were present, on their arrival from the Continent.

MARRIAGES.

H. R. Elliot, esq., to Mary, daughter of T.

Simpson, esq., consul of the King of the Netherlands.—At Edmonton, Captain T. Curtis to Rebecca Mary, youngest daughter of Sir W. Curtis, bart.—At Mary-le-bone, Lieut.-Col. Marlay to Miss Tisdall, daughter of Countess Charleville.—At St. James's, Hon. Major John Massy, brother to Lord Massy, to Miss E. Homewood. — At Goodnestone, Rev. H. W. Plumptre, to Eleanor, daughter of Sir B. W. Bridges, bart.

DEATHS.

At Upper Clapton, 88, Mrs. Steel.—In Serle-street, Anne Laurence, wife of H. Twiss, esq., M.P.—In St. Paul's Church-yard, Mr. B. Holdsworth.—In Upper Grosvenor-street, 78, John Joshua, Earl of Carysfort.—At Putney, at the age of nearly 100, W. Jewell, esq.; he was the early friend of Foote and George Colman, sen., and superintended the pecuniary affairs of the Haymarket Theatre; he was likewise treasurer of the King's Theatre in Sir John Gallini's time.—In Hertford-street, Miss F. Pigot, sister to Lady H. Fitzroy.—95, J. Butler, esq., lieut.-governor of Sandhurst College.—In Bryanstone-square, Mrs. A. Edgeworth, a relation of the Abbé Edgeworth, who attended Louis XVI. to the scaffold.—In Piccadilly, Lady Cope; and Maria Charlotte Emma, eldest daughter of Lord H. Cholmondeley.—At Twyford-abbey, 73, T. Willan, esq.—68, Lieut.-General Baron de Hochepied.—In Westminster, W. Flint, esq., son of Sir C. W. Flint.—In Bedford-street, C. Stables, esq., one of the sheriffs of London.—In Portman-square, 79, Countess Nelson.—82, Hon Philip Pusey.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Rome, Lady Charlotte Stopford, sister to the Duke of Buccleugh.—At Jamaica, Mr. W. P. Trapaud.—At Surat, W. C. Jones, esq., judge.—At Gibraltar, Deputy Commissary-General Haden.—At Bruges, B. Sydenham, esq.—At the Cape de Verd, Mrs. S. Clarke, relict of J. P. Clarke, esq., late consul general for those islands.—At Petersburgh, 85, the Princess Lieven, mother to the Russian ambassador at London.—At Lucknow, Shah Zumeen, the king of Oude.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES;

WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

The Poor Rates collected for Northumberland, for the year ending March 1827, amounted to £78,923; those for Durham, to £97,417!

The shipowners of Sunderland have been getting up a memorial to the Board of Trade, on the distressed state of the shipping. It is very numerously signed.

A public meeting was held at Sunderland, to take into consideration the ruinous consequences of the course the coal-owners of Durham are pursuing, in restricting the vend of coals, when the following resolutions were passed:—"That this meeting views with alarm the progressive advance of Poverty, of Pauperism, and of Crime, in the county of Durham, and have no hesitation in attributing those evils principally to the existence of a combination and conspiracy denominated 'The Vends,' among the coal-owners and a few of the wealthier ship-owners in this country, whereby his majesty's customs and revenue are injured, commerce retarded, employment for the poor diminished, wages depreciated, and poor rates increased, engendering crime, and calculated to excite riot and insubordination to the laws." A petition to Parliament, conveying the same sentiments, was prepared, and received upwards of 1,200 signatures. The meeting invited the co-operation of the inhabitants of Newcastle, Shields, and other neighbouring towns.

The Bank of England persists in its intention of establishing a branch bank at Newcastle.

There now remains no doubt but the Newcastle and Carlisle rail-road will be carried into effect; certain difficulties having been removed, the line has been determined upon, and the Parliamentary survey commenced.

It is intended to erect a wooden bridge at the High Ford, over the river Wansbeck, near Morpeth. The estimated expense is £300.

For some days, in the early part of April, a noise was heard, proceeding from an aperture in the ground, near the village of Noton, in the county of Durham, which much alarmed the inhabitants of that place. It was probably caused by a rush of some description of gas. The people thought it portended an earthquake, and were much alarmed. The aperture being closed up, the sound ceased.

On the 14th of April, the sloop Pallion, from Leith to London, laden with mutton and beef, put into Sunderland harbour; the wind being against her, and as fears were entertained that her cargo would spoil, the mutton, which was good wether, was sold at 4s. per stone, or, in small quantities, at 4d. per lb.; and the beef at 32s. per cwt.

Married. At Staindrop, J. Barnes, esq., to Miss E. Wilkinson.—At Newcastle, J. Todd, esq., to Miss Rutherford; Mr. J. Arthur to Miss F. Lader.—At Bishopwearmouth, R. Ogelsby, esq., to Miss E. Henderson.

Died.] At Durham, Mr. G. Wetherill.—At Sunderland, Mr. R. Haswell.—At Bishopwearmouth, Mrs. F. Miller; Mrs. Young, who was mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother to 62 descendants; Mr. J. Richardson.—At Gateshead, 104, Mr. T. Gustard.—At Newcastle, Miss Lorsbie; Hanby Loggan, esq.—At Crimble, J. Fenton, esq.—At Shipcote-house, near Gateshead, Mrs. Sowerby.

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND.

The Poor Rates collected for Cumberland, for the year ending March 1827, amounted to £60,501; those for Westmoreland, to £31,029.

YORK AND LINCOLN.

At the assizes at York, 2 prisoners were hung for murder, 8 received sentence of death for horse stealing, and 29 were recorded for death, 12 were transported, and 12 imprisoned.

The Poor Rates collected in Lincolnshire, for the year ending March 1827, amounted to £214,750; and those for Yorkshire—East Riding, £121,474; North Riding, £98,532; West Riding, £391,404!!!

Upwards of a thousand guineas were received at the Music-hall, at Leeds, for the numerous productions of fancy work, given by the ladies, for the benefit of the Leeds Lying-in Hospital.

The port of Goole was opened as a bonding port April 9, and the first market held there; on which occasion, the vessels in the harbour were ornamented with a profusion of flags, and four steam-packets arrived, all crowded with company, succeeded by between 30 and 40 vessels, with favourable wind and tide. During which, the guns were fired, and the Lowther steam-packet was despatched on her new destination (viz. the port of Hamburgh) with a cargo of manufactured goods.

William Gray, esq., of York, has held the office of distributor of stamps for York and the West Riding for 38 years; the district is now divided into four, and the following gentlemen are appointed distributors:—J. Gray, esq., for York; T. Price, esq., for Sheffield; W. Willock, esq, for Leeds; and J. Tweedy, esq., for Halifax; Hull and the East Riding districts are now re-united, and are held by A. W. Reynolds, esq.

On the 27th of March, a fine estate of the late Lord Chichester's, near Thirsk, in Yorkshire, was sold by auction for 50,000*l*. It was put up in the autumn, and only 42,000*l*. were offered for it; it yields 1,600*l*. a year.

The two Dyons, father and son, were found guilty, on the 31st of March, of the murder of Mr. John Dyon, the brother of the one, and uncle of the other. They were executed on the following Wednesday. Before they were turned off, the young man confessed his guilt.

A deposit of fossil plants has been discovered, in a false coal strata, five miles south of Scarborough. The plants are remarkable for their preservation, beauty, and variety; nearly 50 species already having been found, all different from the genus actually growing in Great Britain, and evidently belonging to a different climate, far warmer than any in Europe.

A disciple of Joanna Southcott's has been travelling about in Yorkshire, and holding forth to large assemblages, of people in the open air. He is only meanly attired, but wears an enormous beard, and carries in his hand a long painted stick or staff.

The tolls on the bridge over the river Ouse, at York, which were first imposed on the erection of the bridge, in 1809, were let, on the 16th of April, for 59 weeks, from the 1st of May, for the sum of 4,250*l*. On the 18th of June, 1829, they will, therefore, cease to exist.

At the sessions for St. Peter's Liberty, in York, Henry Ray, and Ann his wife, were tried, and found guilty, of cruel treatment to a female child of the first-named prisoner, and were sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

At Pocklington, on the 16th of April, between the hours of 3 and 4 P.M., says one of the residents,—"we were greatly surprised by a sudden peal of violent thunder. Its terrific echo seemed to come directly from the south (the southern quarter being at that time darkly shrouded with a dismal aspect), which evidently threatened the immediate peltings of a tremendous storm—and so it was; for in a few minutes after the thunder, an inclement shower of hail and rain most furiously descended, as if the gathering clouds had burst upon us to drench us in their fury."

Married.] At Swine, J. Turner, esq., to Miss Whitaker.—At Great Driffield, R. Holtby, esq., to Mrs. Barnby.—At Leeds, T. R. Smith, esq., to Miss Wailes; R. G. Horton, esq., to Miss Boulton.—At York, R. H. Nicholls, esq., to Miss Grayson; J. Thompson, esq., to Miss Hartley.—At Swine, Mr. J. Burnell to Miss A. Walgate.—At Ripon, Mr. Bond to Miss Wood.—At Knaresboro', W. Wainman, esq., to Miss Atkinson.—At Kirkbustow, R. Hopwood, esq., to Miss Turner.

Died.] At Brodsworth, C. Loxley, esq.—At York, Mr. Kilvington.—At Halifax, Miss H. H. Greenup.—At Doncaster J. Pearson, esq.—At Reeth, S. Peacock, esq.—At Marston, Mrs. Scorer. At Thorp Arch, Mrs. Broadley.—At Kingsthorpehouse, near Pickering, T. Lloyd, esq.—At Wigginton, W. Garforth, esq.—At Sheffield, J. Greaves, esp.—At Pickering, W. M. Wells, esq.

SALOP AND STAFFORD.

At the assizes held at Shrewsbury, 10 culprits were recorded for death, 8 transported, and 17 were imprisoned for various periods.

The money collected for Poor Rates in Staffordshire, for the year ending March 25, 1827, amounted to £165,518; in Salop, £93,921!

The Bazaar for the sale of ladies' work, at Tamworth, produced nearly £230, which is to be applied towards the erection of National and Sunday Schools. A similar exhibition and sale took place at Newcastle in aid of the North Staffordshire Infirmary, when the sum of £960. 8s. 3d. was received.

Married.] Rev. E. Bather, archdeacon of Salop, to Mary, eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Butler, archdeacon of Derby.

Died.] At Cresswell-hall, 83, Rev T. Whitby, the oldest acting magistrate for Staffordshire.—At Cannock-wood, 105, Mary Brindley.

NOTTINGHAM AND DERBY.

At Nottingham Assizes, 8 culprits were recorded for death, 8 transported, and several imprisoned. At Derby, 6 recorded for death, 7 transported, and 12 imprisoned.

The Poor Rates, collected for the year ending March 1827, amounted to £99,085 for Nottinghamshire; and to £97,532 for the county of Derby.

The justices for the county of Derby have issued notices to receive "tenders for a contract for building two new courts," with requisite apartments and offices, on the north side of the County Hall.

Married] At Gedling, Lieut.-Col. H. Huthwaite to Miss A. Beaumont.

Died.] 88, Mrs. Brown, of Smalley—62, Mr. E. Brown, of Ingleby.

LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE.

The gentlemen of the medical profession at Liverpool have petitioned the legislature, praying them to repeal the laws that press so severely on anatomical study, and to take such other measures as they should deem expedient to enable the medical student to pursue his necessary studies with equal advantage as in France and other countries.

The Poor Rates collected in Lancashire, for the year ending March 1827, were £545,737! In Cheshire, £148,493!

It appears by the accounts submitted to the Annual Vestry at Liverpool, that for the year

ending March 25, 1828, the sum of £3,309. 4s. was paid for "illegitimates."

LEICESTER AND RUTLAND.

At Leicester Assizes, 7 culprits were recorded for death, 6 were transported, and 15 sentenced to imprisonment.

The ages of the forty persons, male and female, now on the books of the excellent "Society for the Relief of the Aged Poor," (lately established at Leicester) amount in total to the number of 2,848 years!

The Poor Rates for the year ending March 25, 1827, for Leicestershire, amounted to £138,982; for Rutland, £14,029.

The inhabitants of Lutterworth have entered into a subscription for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of John Wicliff; it is intended to be a bronze statue of the Reformer in his robes, with the bible in one hand and his staff in the other, as depicted in Lewis's Life of Wicliff; to be elevated on a pedestal of white Derbyshire stone, and to be placed in the churchyard of Lutterworth, in such a situation that it may be seen by every one who passes through the town.

Died.] At Bottesford, Colonel Sir C. Sutton, K.C.B., and of the Portuguese Order of the Sword.

WARWICK, NORTHAMPTON, AND HUNTINGDON.

The calendar of the Warwick Assizes was very heavy, containing no less than 172 prisoners, of whom 113 did not exceed the age of 25, and 60 of them were under 20!!! 15 were recorded for death, 18 were transported, and 78 were imprisoned for various periods!!!

The Poor Rates for one year up to March 1827, cost, in Warwickshire, £169,537!!! in Northamptonshire, £168,068!!! in Huntingdonshire, £49,518.

The anniversary meeting of Rugby School was held April 9, and most numerously attended. The prize poems and speeches were delivered with great classical propriety; at the ordinary, after the usual toasts on such an occasion, not forgetting "Floreat Rugbæa," the steward proposed the health of Dr. Wool, alluding to his long services, and his resignation. General and enthusiastic shouts of applause followed; and the Doctor, in returning thanks, said, "that his most anxious wish with regard to Rugby would always be 'stet fortuna domus!'"

Died.] At Braybrook, 88, Mrs. Ayer, widow of the Rev. J. Ayer.—At Kettering, 82, Mrs. Wallis; 85, T. Spence; 75, Mr. Blackburn; 84, Mr. Bamford; 85, J. Bearne.—At Wootton, 79, Mr. Evans.—At Chicheley, 78, Mr. Hall.—At Baxterley, 86, Mrs. Boultbee.—Anne, youngest daughter of Dr. Monk, dean of Peterborough.

WORCESTER AND HEREFORD.

It appears by a return presented to the House of Commons, that in the year 1827, there were in the Worcester Collection 2,260 acres under the cultivation of hops; and in the Hereford, 12,141. The number of acres in the whole kingdom under this cultivation is 49,485 acres. In the year ending 5th Jan. 1828, there were exported 2,224 cwt. hops.

At Hereford Assizes, 16 culprits received sentence of death, 8 were transported, and 15 imprisoned.

The Poor Rates paid for the year ending March 1827, in Worcestershire, amounted to £93,685; for Hereford, £68,731.

Married.] W. Leigh, esq., to Caroline, fifth daughter of Sir J. G. Cotterell, M.P., county of Hereford.

Died.] At Hereford, 93, Mrs. Woodhouse.—At Litley, 80, Mr. Smyth.—At Poolhullock, 67, C. Aveline, esq.—At Worcester, Mrs. James, widow of the Rev. Dr. James, prebendary.

GLOUCESTER AND MONMOUTH.

At Monmouth Assizes, 5 culprits were recorded for death, 4 transported, and 4 imprisoned.

The Poor Rates collected in Gloucestershire, for the year ending March 1827, amounted to £190,224! and in Monmouth, £32,144!

The Gloucester calendar contained the names of 132 prisoners for trial at the assizes: and yet the judge said "it was extremely creditable to the county that the calendar did not contain a more numerous list!" 20 were recorded for death, 23 were transported, and 24 imprisoned; a girl of 14, convicted on 4 indictments for stealing, was sentenced to two separate punishments of 7 years' transportation each; and three other females, one of whom was only 13 years old, received the same punishment!!!

Married.] At the Duke of Beaufort's, Badmington, T. H. Kingscote, esq., to Lady Isabella Somerset, sixth daughter of the Duke of Beaufort.

Died.] At Cheltenham, Lieut.-Gen. Trapaud.—At Woodchester, 78, T. Haycock, esq.

DEVON AND SOMERSET.

The new bridge over the Dart, at Totness, which has been erecting during the last two years, was opened to the public on March 28. In the course of the last twelve months, three considerable bridges have been constructed in Devonshire, *viz.* one at Teignmonth, the Lara near Plymouth, and this at Totness.

At the assizes held at Exeter, 16 prisoners received sentence of death, 20 transported, and nearly 50 imprisoned!

At Taunton assizes, 18 prisoners were recorded for death, 10 transported, and many imprisoned.

Death recorded against 11 at Bristol.

The money collected for the Poor Rates in Devonshire, for the year ending March 25, 1827, amounted to £247,641; in Somersetshire, to £189692!,

At the late meeting at Wells, for establishing a County Friendly Society, the Bishop of the Diocese observed, "that Friendly Societies were now more than ever necessary—when crimes never before heard of were polluting the country—when occurrences were taking place at which an involuntary shudder must pervade the frame of every feeling man—when murder, theft, and all the long train of alarming and evil results, which spring from an indulgence in the vicious passions of the human heart; when, in short, a species of great moral degradation had overwhelmed the lower order of the population of the country. His lordship was bold to assert, that one great cause of this moral degradation was to be found in the present system of Poor Laws, the effect of which was, that the poor man no longer maintained that firm and honest independence which was so long attached to the character of the English peasantry: he was not excited by that proud

feeling of liberty which once actuated him; he laboured not in his days of strength to lay by a portion of his gains wherewith to comfort his old age; he knew that when past the period when his own labour would little avail him, he must be supported by his parish."

The important question which has been so much agitated at the Devon Sessions, relative to transacting the public business of the county in open court, is now set at rest, the magistrates having determined, for the future, to transct the business in the grand jury room, with open doors.

Died.] At Bath, 67, Rev. J. Scott, dean of Lismore; Miss Philips, aunt to Viscount Strangford; 93, Sir John Trevelyan, bart.

WILTS AND DORSET.

The money collected for the Poor Rates for Wilts, for the year ending March 1827, amounted to £192,914; in Dorsetshire, to £97,520!

Died.] At the Rectory, Chilmark, 86, the Rev. T. Lear.—At Marnhull, 84, Rev. H. Place.

HERTFORD, BEDFORD, AND BUCKS.

The Poor Rates, collected for the year ending March 1827, were, for the county of Hertford, £109,072! Bedford, £92,340! and for Bucks, £153,912!!!

OXFORD AND BERKS.

March 22, three culprits were hanged at Reading—one of 21 years, two of 22, for poaching and wounding two park keepers at Sunning-hill.

There are at present 5,009 members on the boards at the University of Oxford.

The Poor Rates collected in Oxfordshire, for the year ending March 1827, amounted to £139,005; Berkshire, to £118,593!!!

Died.] Rev. G. Deane, rector of Kingston Bagpuze—At Oxford, 73, Mr. J. Sadler, the celebrated aëronaut.—At Iffley, Mr. R. Bliss.

ESSEX AND CAMBRIDGE.

A public hotel is to be erected in immediate contact with the new buildings of King's College: at least so it is said to be contemplated by the Society of Catharine-hall; we trust it will be prevented, as it will be the severest visitation that ever Vandalism or barbarism could inflict on the university! It appears that there are 5,104 members on the boards at Cambridge—95 more than Oxford.

The Poor Rates collected in Essex, for the year ending March 1827, were £306,430! in Cambridgeshire, £105,712!

At Ely assizes, 5 prisoners were recorded for death, and 4 were transported.

Died.] Rev. W. C. Dyer, rector of Abbot's Roding and Leaden Roding.

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK.

In the abstract of receipts and disbursements of the treasurer for Norfolk, Midsummer 1826 to Midsummer 1827, it appears that the receipts amounted to £20,447. 2s. 3d.; out of which upwards of £12,000 were paid for the expenses attending on criminal justice, including the gaol, Bridewells, assizes, sessions, prosecutions of felons, &c. &c. To what good purposes might not so large a sum be appropriated, if more pains were taken to *prevent* crime than to *punish* it? Notwithstanding it was intimated, more than once at the last Hertford assizes, by the judge, "that respecting transportation, it was the determination of the government to proceed with greater severity;" 14 were left for transportation, 19 had death recorded against them, and a few were imprisoned.

The Poor Rates collected in Norfolk, for the year ending March 1827, amount to £343,970! in Suffolk, to £253,475!

The receipts at the Repository at Norwich, for the benefit of "The Society for Relieving the Sick Poor," produced nearly £120.

Died.] At Yarmouth, Mr. D. Service, author of the "Caledonian Herd Boy," and other literary productions.—At Burnham, 77, Rev. T. Herring, vicar of North Elmham.—At Binham, 78, Mrs. Waller; she was born in the same house in which she died, and had never lived in any other.—At Burgate, 82, Mrs. Walton; she was a distinguished miniature artist.—At Norwich, 106, Mr. T. Scrape; last year he presided at a large convivial party at his grand-son's, and fully participated in the happiness of the company, smoking his pipe, and singing several songs on the occasion.—At Bury, 93, John Prigg, a poor blind man belonging to the alms-houses.

HANTS AND SUSSEX.

At the assizes held at Horsham, 11 convicts were recorded for death, 2 transported, and 6 imprisoned.

The Poor Rates collected in Hants and Southampton, for the year ending in March 1827, amounted to £213,406! in Sussex, to £274,185!

The sea is gradually encroaching on the land in the whole of the south-east portion of the English coast; and during last winter, its ravages have been alarming in the vicinity of Worthing, Bognor, &c., insomuch that it absolutely is becoming necessary to ascertain at whose expense powerful groynes, against the encroachments of the sea, are to be defrayed.

Married.] Rev. W. Norris, rector of Warblington, to Miss G. A. Hawkins.—Rev. S. Butler, Berry-lodge, to Miss M. A. Thistlethwayte.

Died.] J. H. Bates, esq., one of the acting magistrates for Brighton.—84, Rev. T. Hatch, vicar of Washington and Old Shoreham.

KENT AND SURREY.

The money collected in Kent for the Poor Rates, for the year ending March 1827, amounted to 384,120; and in Surrey, to £288,108; to which, adding their neighbour, the metropolitan county of Middlesex, for the same period (£666,418) we have for the three counties the enormous sum of £1,338,646!!!—Well may it be said that the Poor Laws seem to be a subject which puzzles all legislators; still it must be confessed that it demands instant remedy; the more especially as, by steam navigation, Ireland is throwing her paupers upon us in countless shoals, although our own paupers cost us annually more than £7,000,000!!!

CORNWALL.

The Poor Rates collected in this county, for the year ending March 1827, amount to £120,455!

At the assizes, Mr. Justice Littledale lamented that he perceived there was an increase of crime in Cornwall; 4 prisoners were recorded for death, 3 were transported, and 7 imprisoned.

The Liskeard and Looe Canal, we understand, is now got into full work along the whole line, to the great advantage of the neighbourhood, and of all parties concerned in this most useful undertaking. Coals are brought up at 15s. 6d. per quarter, and sea sand, for manure, in abundance.

Died.] At Saltash, Mrs. de Courcy, relict of the Hon. Admiral Michael de Courcy.—Rev. J. Williams, vicar of Probus.—At Truro, 85, Mrs. Jane Whitaker, relict of the late Rev. J. Whitaker, the historian of Manchester.

WALES.

Amount of the Poor Rates levied in Wales, in the year ending March 1827—Anglesey, £17,557; Brecon, £20,613; Cardigan, £19,615; Carmarthen, £36,578; Carnarvon, £23,380; Denbigh, £39,265; Flint, £22,468; Glamorgan, £39,486; Merioneth, £16,691; Montgomery, £36,276; Pembroke, £28,211; Radnor, £14,985.

At Denbigh assizes, 4 prisoners were recorded for death, 4 transported, and a few imprisoned.—At Brecon, 4 recorded for death, and a few imprisoned.—At Cardigan, 2 transported for life.

A grant of £24,000 has been obtained for the erection of a pier at Hobb's Point, near Pembroke Royal Dock-yard.

Married.] At Abergavenny, Mr. E. Smith to Miss Watkins.

Died.] At Swansea, Mr. Wilson; Mr. Perry.—At Llwyncus, Brecon, Mr. Isaac B. Jones; he was the successful candidate for the prize offered by the London Cymreigddion Society, in 1822, on "Diolchgarwch."—At Dinas Mowddy, Merioneth, 99, Morgan Jones; in the prime of life, though only 4 feet 6 inches high, he would carry heavier loads, walk more miles, mow more hay, and reap more corn in a day than most men in the county.—At Vachwen Tregynon, Mrs. Starkey.—At the Mumbles, near Swansea, 103, Mrs. Anne Stephens.

SCOTLAND.

April 14, a meeting was held in the Town-house of Haddington, of the noblemen, freeholders, &c. &c., of the county, to take into consideration sundry bills now before Parliament.—The first brought before the meeting was the bill for passing and removal of Scotch vagrants from England to the nearest seaport in Scotland. It was considered objectionable, in so far as it went to throw a burden on the border counties, which, however, would be obviated, if paupers were carried by sea to that port in Scotland nearest their place of settlement; also, that it should be left to the option of magistrates to send paupers by sea or land as circumstances might determine; that the expense to which parishes were put by the transmission should be defrayed by a county rate. It was stated, that while care was taken to send Scotch vagrants out of England, there was no provision for sending English and Irish vagrants out of Scotland, the latter of whom were a great nuisance in some parts of the country. A committee was appointed to correspond with Lord John Hay, and other Scotch members, on the subject. The meeting then proceeded to consider the bill for extending the period for conferring a settlement on paupers in Scotland; the object of which is to prevent persons acquiring a settlement in a shorter period than *seven years' industrial residence.* The principle of this bill seemed to meet the approbation of the meeting, it being considered a desideratum to have the question of settlement fixed by statute.

A number of gentlemen, friends to Mrs. Dewar, residing at Collinsburgh, Fife, recently met at her house, to celebrate her entry into the 100th year of her age. They spent a most happy evening with the old lady and her two daughters—the one 76, and the other 73. There were three of her neighbours present, whose ages joined to Mrs. Dewar's amounted to 374. Mrs. Dewar, in the course of the evening, mentioned that she remembered fifteen of Prince Charles's Highlanders being quartered in her father's house; that "they were a' bonny lads, and weel behaved, and did nae harm, excepting that one o' them took awa' a horse o' the Laird's o' Kilconquhar's, wha was weel able to spare it;" and her daughters remarked, that "they wadna' wonder but folk wad be thinking them auld if their mother was awa'."

Married.] At Edinburgh, R. Marsham, esq., to Lady Carmichael Anstruther, widow of the late Sir J. C. Anstruther; at the same time, J. Anstruther, esq., son of Col. B. Anstruther, to Marian, daughter of the late Sir J. Anstruther, of Austruther, Fifeshire, bart.

Died.] At Edinburgh, Miss Murray, daughter of the late Lord Henderland.—At Berwick, 51, Mr. J. Reid.

IRELAND.

The Society for the Improvement of Ireland met at the Mansion-house, Dublin, lately, to consider a series of propositions submitted by Dr. Grattan, one of which had been before adopted, pointing out the drainage of waste lands, the construction of harbours for the encouragement of fisheries, and the extension of inland navigation, as the best means of relieving the country. A resolution approving of raising a fund by lottery for the latter purpose, was unanimously agreed to; as also another, declaring that it would be for the advantage of the people of Ireland to assess themselves for the purpose of employing or relieving the poor. Resolutions, embracing several minor details connected with this proposition, were ordered to stand over for future consideration. A letter from Mr. George Home, on the subject of bettering the condition of the poor, by colonizing them on waste lands, was ordered to be referred to the committee on agriculture, about to be formed. Lord Cloncurry gave notice, that he would move the appointment of a committee to wait on the Hon. W. Lamb, to obtain his aid in procuring a general enclosure bill.

Out of fourteen persons apprehended for the murder of Daniel Mara, two have been convicted and executed as principals—two have been sentenced, and are to be executed on Saturday, as accessaries before the fact—one was convicted yesterday for conspiracy to murder, and will this day receive sentence—and six have pleaded guilty. —*Clonmel Herald, April* 9.

It is stated that Agar, Archbishop of Dublin, died worth half a million! that Porter, Bishop of Clogher, left 250,000*l.* behind him! that Stuart, the late Primate of Ireland, drew 840,000*l.* from the country!! In addition to this be it known, that the See of Armagh is worth 25,000*l.* per annum!!! That Derry is valued at 30,000*l.*, with a beneficial interest of 5,000*l.* a year to three or four persons, out of the church lands!!! and yet, notwithstanding all this, the Protestants in Ireland are about one to ten to the whole population, and no provision whatever is made for the Poor!!!

Married.] A. Saunderson, esq., M.P., of Castle Saunderson, Cavan, to Sarah Johanna, sister to H. Maxwell, esq., M.P., and niece of Lords Carrick and Farnham.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS,

From the 26th of March to the 25th of April, 1828.

Mar.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Red.	N 4 Pr. C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exch. Bills.	Consols for Acc.,
26	—	—	83⅛ ⅜	—	—	100½	—	—	90 91p	56 58p	83⅛ ½
27	—	—	83⅜	—	—	100⅜	—	—	—	56 58p	83¼ ⅜
28	—	—	83¼ ⅜	—	—	100⅜ ⅜	—	—	91 93p	56 58p	83¼ ⅜
29	—	—	83½ ⅝	—	—	100½ ⅝	—	—	93p	58 59p	83⅜ ¼
30	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
31	—	—	83⅝ 4¼	—	—	100¾ ⅝	—	—	92p	58 60p	83¾ 84¼
Apr											
1	—	—	84⅛ ¼	—	—	100⅛ ¾	—	—	93 94p	59 61p	84¼
2	—	—	84 84⅜	—	—	100⅜ 101	—	—	94 96p	60 61p	84 84½
3	—	—	84⅜	—	—	100⅜ ⅞	—	—	94 96p	60 62p	84⅜
4	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
5	—	—	83⅞ 4⅛	—	—	100⅜ ⅞	—	—	96 97p	60 62p	83⅞ 84
6	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
7	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
8	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
9	204	83½	83⅜ 4	90⅜ ¾	90⅜ ⅝	100⅜ ⅞	18⅞ 19	—	96 98p	61 62p	83⅜ 84
10	—	82½ ⅞	83½ ⅜	90⅜	90⅛ ⅝	100⅜ ⅝	18 13-16	245½ 6½	96 97p	61 62p	83½ ⅜
11	203½	82⅝ ⅜	83⅝ ⅞	90⅜	90⅜ 101	100⅝ 101	18⅞ 15-16	246	94 96p	61 62p	83⅝ ⅜
12	—	83¼ ⅜	83⅝ 4⅛	—	90⅜ ⅜	101¼	18 15-16 19	246	—	61 62p	84¼
13	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
14	203½	83½ ¼	83⅞ 4	—	90½ ⅜	101⅛ ¼	18 15-16 19	—	94 95p	61 62p	83⅞ 84
15	204½	83⅜ ¼	84⅛ 4	91½	90⅜ 91	101¼ ⅜	18 15-16 19	246 7½	95 96p	61 62p	84⅛ ¼
16	—	83⅜ ¼	84¼ ⅛	—	91⅛ ⅜	101⅜ ⅜	19 1-16	—	96p	—	84¼ ⅜
17	205½ ½	83⅜ ⅜	84⅜ ⅜	91⅝	91⅛ ⅜	101⅜ ⅜	19 1-16	—	97p	64 65p	84⅜ ⅜
18	204¾ 5½	83¼ ⅜	84⅛	91⅝	90⅜ 91	101⅜ ⅜	18 15-16 19	246½ 7	96 98p	63 65p	84¼
19	205½	83½ ⅜	84¼ ⅜	—	91⅛	101⅜ ¾	19 1-16	—	97p	64 66p	84½ ⅜
20	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
21	—	83⅝ ⅞	84⅜ ⅜	—	91⅜ ½	102⅛ 102	19 1-16	—	96 98p	63 66p	84⅜ ⅜
22	207½ 8½	84⅜ ⅝	85⅛ ¼	92⅜ ⅝	91⅞ 2¼	102⅛ ¼	19⅛ 3-16	248½	—	64 66p	85⅛ ⅜
23	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
24	208½ 9½	84⅛ 85	85½ ¾	93¼	92⅜ ¾	102⅛ ¾	19¼ 3-16	249	98 99p	64 65p	85⅜ ¼
25	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

E. Eyton, *Stock Broker*, 2, *Cornhill and Lombard Street.*

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

From March 20th, to April 19th, 1828.

By William Harris and Co. 50, High Holborn.

March.	Rain Gauge.	Moon.	Therm. 9 A. M.	Therm. Max.	Therm. Min.	Barometer. 9 A.M.	Barometer. 10 P.M.	De Luc's Hygro. 9 A. M.	De Luc's Hygro. 10 P. M.	Winds. 9 A. M.	Winds. 10 P. M.	Atmospheric Variations. 9 A M.	2 P. M.	10 P.M
20			44	52	43	29 33	29 07	95	98	W	W	Clo.	Fair	Sleet
21			45	52	43	29 00	29 00	97	98	WSW	W	—	Hail	Clo.
22			48	53	36	29 17	29 28	98	98	W	WNW	—	Rain	Fine
23		◗	39	47	37	29 30	29 43	92	92	NW	NW	Fine	Fair	—
24			40	47	37	29 57	29 63	94	94	N	N	—	—	—
25			44	46	33	29 66	29 75	98	98	NE	NE	—	Show.	—
26			34	44	33	29 75	29 63	98	98	NE	S	Fog.	Clo.	Rain
27			43	52	42	29 48	29 33	98	98	ESE	E	Rain	Rain	Clo.
28			43	43	35	29 56	29 63	96	94	NNE	NE	—	Fair	Fine
29			37	45	37	29 70	29 76	98	98	NE	NW	Clo.	Rain	Clo.
30			43	46	35	29 88	30 04	95	95	NE	SE	—	Fair	—
31		○	41	48	35	30 15	30 22	92	92	SE	SSE	Fair	Fine	Fine
Apr.														
1			36	49	36	30 17	30 00	88	88	SSE	S	Fog.	—	Clo.
2			47	48	37	29 92	29 94	82	84	ENE	ENE	Fine	—	—
3			44	47	36	29 97	29 86	84	84	N	NE	Clo.	—	—
4			41	47	38	29 81	29 84	88	86	N	N	—	Clo.	—
5			47	53	39	29 66	29 56	92	97	WNW	ENE	—	—	Rain
6			48	50	41	29 49	29 47	96	96	NE	SE	—	Fair	Clo.
7	40	☾	43	49	38	29 24	29 31	98	98	SE	NE	Rain	Rain	Fair
8			43	49	43	29 22	29 10	98	98	SE	NE	Clo.	Fair	Clo.
9			46	52	43	29 24	29 34	96	97	SW	SW	—	—	Fair
10			48	48	42	29 27	29 41	98	98	SW	W	Rain	Rain	Clo.
11			47	58	47	29 61	29 62	92	97	WNW	W	Fine	Clo.	Rain
12			52	61	51	29 53	29 47	95	95	W	W	Clo.	Fair	Fine
13			57	57	45	29 37	29 50	95	95	SW	SW	—	—	—
14		◔	52	61	47	29 65	29 71	98	98	W	WSW	—	Rain	Clo.
15			55	56	48	29 63	29 51	98	98	WSW	WSW	—	—	Fine
16	25		53	58	47	29 45	29 24	94	92	WSW	SW	Fair	—	Clo.
17			54	59	47	29 30	29 24	97	95	SW	SW	—	—	—
18			49	54	48	29 22	29 34	98	98	SSW	SW	Rain	—	—
19	90		52	53	45	29 42	29 63	94	98	ESE	E	—	—	—

THE

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THE COURT OF CHANCERY.*

SELDOM has antiquarian research produced a work of more practical utility than the "History of the Court of Chancery."—The mass of information it contains will do much to remove that popular ignorance in which, alone, sinister interest can hope to perpetuate its existence; while it teaches, with the irresistible force of experience, the salutary lesson, that the vanity of those "who put their trust in princes," is wisdom, compared with the emptiness of leaving the reform of the law to the parties who are to profit by its abuses. Indeed, if a history be to derive its title from the *facts* it records, we do not know whether Mr. Parkes's volume might not, with equal justice, have been inscribed a "History of the Imperfections of the Law, and the Selfishness and Bigotry of the Lawyers."—The grievances of the Court of Chancery are so interwoven with its fundamental constitution, that it is well observed by our author, (p. 4)—"To probe the evils, and ascertain the remedies of Chancery abuses, it will be requisite to inquire into the origin of Equitable Jurisdiction. The history of its progress, and of the various partial and proposed reforms, will throw great light on the causes of the present grievances. It will exhibit a deep-rooted and growing evil, and as dissection reveals the seat of physical disease, such an historical investigation will demonstrate, with the cause, the cure of the abuses in question." Acting on the same principle, we propose to follow him in his historical sketch of "Equitable Jurisdiction," supplying, from other sources, such information as may occasionally be required to complete the outline; and well would it be for the petitioners for justice in this country, if, instead of a living mass of corruption, it were only a dead carcass, the anatomy of which we were exposing.

It was not likely that an explorer in the track of English law would have proceeded very far without stumbling upon a fiction. Mr. Parkes, accordingly, early meets with the apothegm of the lawyers, that "the King is the fountain of justice;" and here takes occasion to show, that, instead of being the fountain itself, he was never any thing more than its *guardian*: a fountain, though, by-the-by, which, even from the first propounding of the maxim, was described as "one which gold only could unseal." This guardianship was originally delegated to him by the Wittenagemote, or national council of the Anglo-Saxons; and it is

* A History of the Court of Chancery, with practical Remarks on the recent Commission, Report, and Evidence, and on the Means of improving the Administration of Justice in the English Courts of Justice. By Joseph Parkes, Solicitor, Birmingham.

stated (p. 11) that "the first appointment of the officers of Forste, King, Dux, General, and Judge, was, though not entirely, yet principally, for the administration of justice." As the increase of civilization brought with it an increase of business, the king was compelled to seek the assistance of a secretary; and his chaplain, as the only person about the household who in all probability knew how to write, was appointed to the office, under the title of "chancellor." As the executive organ of the general administration of affairs, and ordinarily the most powerful individual in the state, the king was necessarily constantly beset with suitors of all descriptions—"To receive the petitions and supplications of the subjects, and to make out the writs and mandates," accordingly became the business of the secretary. About the same time, the occasion for an official mark of ratification to the national documents, gave birth to the existence of a great or royal seal; and the duty of seeing it properly affixed, together with the custody of the seal itself, formed the office of a lord keeper. The general similarity of their functions produced the frequent union of chancellor and lord keeper in the same individual. The offices themselves were, nevertheless, originally distinct. Statutory enactment, first in the reign of Henry III., and afterwards of Elizabeth, provided for their conjunction; though, an instance of separation is to be found in the person of Sir Samuel Harcourt, who, in 1710, was created lord keeper, and, three years afterwards, chancellor. The original Court of Chancery appears to have been nothing more than the office in which the business of these two functions was conducted, for we find (p. 16) "The Chancery in the time of William I. was a college of clerks, instituted to form and enrol the king's writs, patents, and commissions; it was managed by the keeper of the seal, and was anciently held in the Exchequer, where the great seal was commonly kept, and the writs generally sealed."

Circumstances, however, were gradually merging into a judicial dignity the mere ministerial functions of the chancellor. An ordinance passed in the reign of Edward I., reciting, that the "people who came to Parliament were often delayed and disturbed, to the great grievance of them, and of the court, by the multitude of petitions laid before the king, the greatest part whereof might be dispatched by the chancellor, and by the justices, provided that all the petitions which concerned the seal should come *first to the chancellor*, and those which touched the Exchequer to the Exchequer, and that [only] if the affairs were so great, or if they are of grace, that the chancellor and others cannot do without it the king, then they shall bring them with their own hands to know his pleasure." Mr. Parkes asserts, that, by the reign of Edward III., the chancellorship had become an important *judicial* office; and Selden, speaking of the increase of work and power of the chancellor, about the period of Henry VI., says, that he was raised "from being the king's secretary, to be the kingdom's judge"—"in a word, he is become the *kingdom's darling*"—a circumstance which we fear may induce many of our readers to suspect the identity between the ancient office of chancellor, and the more modern one which bears its name. It is probably to this delegation of the office, originally confided by the national council to the king, that the chancellor is indebted for his title of "keeper of the king's conscience;" if, indeed, as the royal chaplain, he had not previously been entrusted with that honourable, but somewhat weighty burthen. The precise period at which this personal trust of the monarch became thus transferred to his secretary, is a matter of anti-

quarian controversy. "During the whole of this period," says Mr. Parkes (p. 56) [down to the reign of Edward IV.] "it is scarcely possible to define the relative powers and duties of the council and the chancery. The creation of the Consilium Regis to, or its conjunction with, the Court of Chancery, is one of the most doubtful points of English history; and involves the still more doubtful origin of the judicial power and appellate jurisdiction of the House of Lords." From the reservation of deciding on the more important causes, it may, however, be presumed, that the judicial functions of the monarch gradually fell into a mere general power of reviewing the judgments of his officers, usually exercised with the assistance and concurrence of his privy council; and this, at a later period, may have given way to, and introduced the jurisdiction of the Lords.

The growing importance of the office made it a matter of interest to the haughty barons that the election of the party to fill it should be somewhat under their control. Among the subjects of their petition for redress of grievances which they presented to Henry III., was the demand that "the chancellor was to be chosen by twenty-four commissioners, twelve to be appointed by the king, and *twelve by the barons.*" Whether successful in this particular application, does not appear; but, in another part of the work, it is stated, upon the authority of several ancient writers, "that both the chancellor, and other great officers, were originally appointed by Parliament." "Although," says Selden, "the king might make election of his own secretary, yet the *Parliament* would first know and allow him that must be trusted with the power over the estates of so many of the people; and therefore, in these times, both place and displace him as they saw expedient." An attempt was at a later period made to regain the salutary control over the appointment which had intermediately been lost; and "in the celebrated petition and advice of both houses of Parliament, to the king, 2d June, 1642," was the proposal, that "the lord high steward of England, *lord chancellor, or keeper of the great seale,* the two chief justices and chief baron, &c., may always be chosen with *the approbation of both houses of Parliament.*" "The king," says an early writer, as might well have been presumed, "received this 'with just indignation,' and the propositions he treated with 'mockery and scorn.'"—(p. 116). By whomsoever appointed, however, the characters of the chancellors did little credit to their election. Mr. Parkes mentions (p. 22) that for the first twelve centuries "the greater number may be fairly judged by the character of one of these ecclesiastical chancellors—Robert Bluot, Bishop of Lincoln, a *wholesale dealer in church preferment* (very unlike our present chancellors!), and who died in prison for his misdeeds (where many more ought to have expired), of whom Coke dryly observes, 'that he lived without love, and died without pity, save of those who thought it pity he lived so long." The external circumstances of later periods forbad power to display itself in the same scenes of lawless violence and open rapine, which marked the career of the earlier chancellors; but to the same principle of irresponsible power it is owing that it was not until comparatively recent times that the justice of the Court of Chancery ceased to be aware of ill-disguised traffic in the hands of its profligate administrators; whilst its high functions were constantly perverted to aid the cause of tyranny, persecution, and all unrighteousness. The lord keeper Finch did not scruple to declare from the bench, that a resolution of the

Council Board should always be sufficient for him to make a decree in equity; and they must have been low indeed in the scale of character, of whom James I. could say, on receiving the seals from Bacon, "Now, by my soule, I am pained at the heart where to bestow this; for, as to my lawyers, I think they be all knaves."—(p. 93). In the custody of the king's conscience they evidently lost the keeping of their own, and with a few—a very few exceptions,* their personal history has been but one long record of political subserviency and venal corruption. Clarendon, speaking of the part played by the Lord Keeper Williams, in the political struggles of his time, says that, "like most of the lawyers, he took retainers on both sides." So insignificant a consideration, indeed, in the elevation to office, was judicial competency, that this very Williams, a Welch divine, celebrated only for his knowledge of *Hebrew*, and the *dead languages*, was appointed to the administration of equity, though himself confessed that it would be better to retire to his original profession, "a keeper of sheep." In the reign of George II. Lord Chancellor King acquired the name of "the *sleeping* chancellor," from the frequency of his *naps* on the bench. Such are the results of the union in the same individual of political and judicial functions—such the consequence of holding out the first law office of the crown as the reward of political apostacy!

The precise subjects of the early jurisdiction of the chancellor are involved in a good deal of obscurity. Mr. Parkes thinks, that for the first twelve centuries the court was almost destitute of any *equitable jurisdiction*. His opinion is confirmed by the reports of some early cases in Chancery, which have lately been published under the authority of the commissioners of public records; by which it appears, that the chief employment of the court was affording redress in those cases of trespass, assault, and the like, in which the protection of the sheriff of the county, or some powerful baron, prevented execution of the common law process. As the courts of common law increased in power, this branch of its jurisprudence was gradually given up to them, though about the time of Wickliffe we find an application for its redress against certain of his followers, for an assault committed by them upon a luckless clergyman, who had been inveighing against their heresies. The moulding of the common law, however, into a narrow and technical system, whilst the infancy of society as yet contained little power of anticipating the wants of mankind, necessarily left many cases unprovided for, and gave birth to many individual hardships. These it became the province of equity to supply and to redress; and indeed we might almost suspect that the *interpretation* of the law itself may have been among the earliest occasions for the equitable bill of *discovery*, for Brady pronounces the law, even so early as the reign of Henry III., "*a very sublime mystery, very intricate and involved*," a reputation in which, we believe, the doctrines of equity may now very fairly participate, without being open to the charge of swaggering in borrowed plumes. It is very certain that the encroaching spirit of the chancellors rendered them often little scrupulous in en-

* We may be excused for gratifying ourselves with the relation of an anecdote recorded by one of these exceptions, as it serves to illustrate the judicial character of the court. Sir Thomas More, being presented by one Mrs. Goaker, with a pair of gloves, and forty pounds of angels put into them, he said to her, "Mistress, since it were against good manners to refuse your new-year's gift, I am content to take your gloves; but as for the *lining*, I utterly refuse it."

trenching upon the more peculiar province of the common law judges. These encroachments were the long and frequent subjects even of parliamentary remonstrance; and to affix a limit to the jurisdiction, was a part of Bacon's project of reform, "equity," as he said, "being made to *supply*, and not to *subvert*, the law." The fact was, the importance of the office for a long time very much depended upon the personal character and ambition of the individual who filled it. During the chancellorship of Lord Somers, Sir Robert Atkins, a lawyer of high reputation, in his "Inquiry into the Jurisdiction of the Chancellor in causes of Equity," pronounces this branch of the chancellor's office an usurpation, "not only not founded upon any good authority, but carried on by the potency and greatness of the chancellor." And Sir E. Coke declares, "The Court of Equity increased most of all, when *Cardinal Wolsey* was lord chancellor of England." Indeed Wolsey took a very effectual way of snatching the jurisdiction of the common law altogether out of the hands of the judges, for it formed one of the articles of his impeachment. "Also, when matters have been near at judgment by process at your common lawe, the same lord cardinal hath not onely given and sent injunctions to the parties, but also sent for your judges, *expressly by threats commanding them to defer the judgment*, to the evident subversion of your lawes, if the judges would so have ceased."—(p. 62). Blackstone attributes to Lord Nottingham the subsequent reduction of equity into a system, built upon what he calls "wide and rational foundations—which have also," he goes on to add, "been extended and improved by many great men, who have since presided in Chancery. And from that time to this, the powers and business of the court have increased to an amazing degree."—(p. 211). The increase of business will readily be comprehended—the "wide and rational" foundations, we trust, will not be taken upon the bare *ipse dixit* of the great apologist of English law. The supervision of the common law may be considered the remedial jurisdiction of the court—a species of jurisdiction which it shares with several foreign codes. It is stated, in a clear and able sketch, furnished by Mr. Henry * to the Commissioners on Criminal and Civil Justice, in the West Indies Report (Jamaica), p. 101, that in all those courts which are founded on the Roman law, and particularly in those of the Dutch ceded colonies, this species of relief "is divided into two kinds, *sovereign* and *judicial*;" the former, afforded by the sovereign or his delegate, being applied only "to those cases in which otherwise the party would be stopped by his own act from making any defence, though made under circumstances which would render it unjust to enforce the claim at common law:"—the latter, administered by the judge himself, is "chiefly a relief against errors, or slips in pleadings, or defaults, and is generally granted upon terms so as not to prejudice the other party." Extensive, however, as is this remedial branch of its jurisdiction to the English Court of Equity, its *original* jurisdiction occupies a far wider field; embracing not only those cases which, being anciently reserved to the more immediate judgment of the crown, were never delegated at all to the courts of common law, but those, in which neither the latter, nor the other tribunals of justice, afford a remedy; and, those which statutory enactment have at various time added to it. The abolition of the Court of Wards cast

* Senior Commissioner of Legal Inquiry into the Administration of Justice in the West Indian and South American Colonies, to whom the public are indebted for the recent translation (by order of Lord Bathurst) of Van der Linden's "Institutes of the Laws of Holland."

upon the chancellor, as the delegate of their original patriarchal protection, the management of the affairs of infants. As the representative of the same paternal prerogative, the affairs of lunatics were subjected to his personal government—a government, the administration of which, now appears, from the evidence of the late chancellor's secretary, to occupy, on an average, nearly one hundred days in every year, or something above a *fourth* of his time! To the administration of corporations he has succeeded in the same right; and to other public charities, partly in virtue of that, and partly by statutory provision. The enumeration of all the burthens which successive statutes have accumulated upon him, is not within our limits. The bankrupt jurisdiction alone, which was imposed in the reign of James I., would form an ample source of employment to any single individual; and, indeed, from the piles of business from time to time heaped upon him, it would seem as if our ancestors, in the depths of their wisdom, had mistaken the chancellor for the fabled supporter of the world.

In the administration of these various subjects, the constitution of the court has most effectually secured that, with the *maximum* of remuneration to themselves, its numerous subordinate officers should afford the *minimum* of service to the suitors. One document, of unquestionable authority, cited by Mr. Parkes, will speak volumes on the subject (pp. 149-50):—"If we look back into ancient times, we shall find the business of the Chancery to be but little, and the officers and clerks but few; namely, a chief clerk, who was master of the rolls: three attornies, or writing clerks, who dispatched the business now done in the Six Clerks' Office; one register, and one examiner; all which, except the chief clerk, were writing clerks, for dispatch of the business of the court, and taking care of clients' causes, and, for such their care and pains, *they received all the fees which the clients paid,* except only what was due to the master of the rolls; and, *then,* the labourer receiving his full wages, *the business was well and soon dispatched,* and the records well kept." With the increase of business, the attornies increased to six, and the examiners to two. These quickly delegated the discharge of their duties to inferior clerks, whom they employed at a lower scale of payment; and then "wholly withdrawing themselves from the duty of their places," put the difference into their pockets, as the political economists would say, in the shape of *rent.* The amusement of their retirement "was to *contrive rules and methods of practice,* with many *tedious and unnecessary formalities,* in such manner as that no business might pass by them undiscovered, nor any fees unpaid; and this occasioned *great expense to the clients,* and much more pains to the under clerks than was necessary! Whether this noble occupation still continues to fill up the leisure of the six clerks in our time, is a problem we do not dare to solve; but the entertaining loss which one of that industrious body was at, before the late Chancery Commissioners, to state the duties which they *do* perform, leaves us at liberty to indulge in all sorts of whimsical surmises.

The author of an able pamphlet on the then existing evils of the Court of Chancery, written in 1650, cited by Mr. Parkes, and referring to these practices of the six clerks, prophecies of the court, that it "is like to become *a mere monopolie to cozen the subjects of their monies.*" The laudable example set by the superior officers of the respective departments, was assuredly not thrown away upon the inferiors. It lives to the present hour, in the exquisite device which, with an ingenuity little short

of that which manufactures a small piece of flax into a *yarn* that would reach over miles, dexterously expands a meagre sentence through a dozen sheets of *official* foolscap. It must be observed, that in the above enumeration of offices, no notice is taken of the masters in Chancery; nor does it seem that their duties were anciently any thing like so extensive as they are at present. Mr. Parkes quotes the assertion of Mr. Ravenscroft, that "the first reference to a master in Chancery, was during the chancellorship of Sir Christopher Hatton, and, *in consequence of this chancellor's ignorance!*" Any account of their origin, indeed, is altogether omitted in Mr. Parkes's work, though it is known they had a very early existence; and, in ancient times, were accustomed to live with the chancellor, at the Royal Palace, wearing his livery, and receiving their board at his hands, together with a certain number of tuns of wine, the same as the rest of the royal inmates, and *considerable salaries in addition.* "De sorte," says the clever author of the Lettres sur la Cancellerie et Jurisprudence Angloise, p. 81, "que déjà du temps de Richard II., on disoit, en parlant d'eux, que leurs esprits lourds étoient absorbés par la graisse de leurs corps et la *pesanteur de leurs bourses;* en ajoutant encore, qu'ils étoient les plus grands paresseux du monde, *travaillant fort peu et recevant beaucoup.*" Whether in the "wearing of the livery," or the "travaillant fort peu et recevant beaucoup," they present any point of resemblance to certain individuals who, at a somewhat early hour of the day, are to be seen driving away from Southampton Buildings, London, we leave our readers to discover. The abuses of the office, and the incompetency of the masters, were, however, an early subject of complaint. Among the proposals presented to Parliament in the time of the Commonwealth was one:—"That a certain number of *Godly* and *able* men be appointed, *instead* of masters of the court, to take oaths, and to hear and determine matters of account, and such other things as the court shall refer unto them;" p. 154. In an enumeration of legal abuses existing in the reign of Queen Anne, and contained in a pamphlet, cited by Mr. Parkes (p. 283) it is said:—"10. Above all, there's the *great charge and delay* before the masters, the *very worst part of the business of that court,* and more than all other wants to be redrest. 11. The ordering money into a master's hand, and he to put it out on security to be approved of by himself, by which means he becomes in a great measure judge how long he thinks fit to keep the money: and by this means orphans' money frequently lies dead (to them) a long time. But, *whoever thinks the master makes no use of the money,* nor makes more gains than formerly, *must be at a loss for a reason why they now* GIVE £6,000 for their places, *which at the revolution were sold only for about* £1,000." And Mr. Parkes, speaking of the time of George I., remarks (p. 300):—"It is scarcely necessary to inform the legal reader, that the masters in Chancery of this period, not only embezzled the interest money of the suitors, but also the principal." Indeed the office of accountant-general was instituted as a remedy to their abuse. The charge of peculation certainly does not overhang the masters' offices of the present day; and if suitors continue to be defrauded by the appointment of *incompetent* individuals, useless *prolixity,* or unnecessary *delay,* it is the fault less of its administrators than of the *system* itself. In the adjustment of disputed accounts, the inquiry into matters of fact, the ordering of sales of property, and the like, the masters exercise a species of judicial function. Their decisions, however, under the technical term of

reports, always require the confirmation of the chancellor, before practical effect can be given to them; and from causes little honourable either to the system, or to the dispensers of it patronage, "*exceptions,*" or, in common language, objections to these reports, add not a little to the many other distractions of the chancellor.

The commissioners of bankrupt were instituted as an inferior tribunal for the *primary* administration of the bankrupt jurisdiction. To what extent *they* relieve the chancellor of this part of his burthens, the evidence of his lordship's secretary will have pretty correctly instructed our readers. Though an officer, as we have seen, of great antiquity, the master of the rolls was not anciently an independent judge, but sat only in the absence of the chancellor, and as his deputy. The constant repetition of these sittings conferred upon him, in process of time, an original jurisdiction; but so comparatively small is their present amount, that he still preserves the *legal fiction* of sitting only as the chancellor's *substitute.* "The overwhelming pressure of business," says Mr. Parkes (p. 356,) "on Lord Eldon, and the complaints, 'both deep and loud,' of the whole country, at length induced an attempt to remove the evils of delay by the creation of an additional judge." And the only remaining judicial officer of the court was, in the year 1813, accordingly created in the person of the vice chancellor. The three jurisdictions, of lord chancellor, vice chancellor, and master of the rolls, are concurrent; but that of lord chancellor is an appellate jurisdiction to each of the others.

It would have been nothing short of a miracle, if such a court as we have exhibited had not, by its cost, its delay, and its abuses, become the eternal theme of complaint. The Court of Chancery was certainly not destined to renew the age of miracles; and the industry of our author has collected the most abundant, formidable, and conclusive evidence, that for centuries the reform of the law has been the almost ceaseless cry of the people, while for centuries has this reform received the almost unvarying opposition of the lawyers. Down to the Commonwealth, the attempts at the reformation of the Court of Chancery are very much blended with the general reform of the whole law; but so early as the time of Edward III., we find the commons petitioning the crown, "that the writs of the Chancery may be *at reasonable prices,* and the *clerks, &c., do content themselves with the king's allowance.*" In Richard II.'s reign, they petition that the chancellor be made "to redress *the enormities of the Chancery;*" and they renew their complaints to Henry V., alleging in their petition, that the liege subjects "are a long time *delayed* in the sealing of their writs sued in the Chancery." The reign of James I. commenced with parliamentary attacks upon the Chancery; and Bacon, in his inaugural speech, complains sorely of the "*delays of the court,*" the "*needless prolixity,*" "*idle repetitions,*" "*open or wasteful writings*" of its proceedings, and the "*exaction of new fees.*" "In 1621, a debate appears in the Journals, in which Mr. Alford asserts that causes in Chancery lasted *twenty or thirty years;* that injunctions were obtained *without hearings;* that the officers were corrupt, and the judicial power *too great for any one man.*" (p. 921). And, in the same month, we find Coke asserting, that "*the Chancery embraces so many causes, as the chancellor and master of the rolls cannot possibly determine.*" (*Ib.*) As a pretty substantial proof that they were not exaggerating, we may quote a cotemporary instance mentioned by Mr. Parkes (p. 87), of

a suitor who is found bewailing that, "after *sixty-four orders*, and *twelve reports*, made in the cause; nay, after motions, hearings and rehearings, *four-score in number*, I beheld all overthrown, without a new bill preferred; so that we, that did every day formerly give bread to others, must now *beg bread* of others, or *else starve*, which is the miserablest of all deaths." (*Ib.*)

These complaints were too loud to pass altogether without notice; and the Parliamentary Records contain occasional accounts of trifling, but abortive, attempts elicited by them for reformation. To the *Commonwealth* was reserved the honour of instituting the first, and the *only* efficient, scheme of reformation which the History of England can produce. When the short downfall of feudal and kingly despotism first allowed the people to look around on their grievances, with the hope of redressing them, numerous were the pamphlets, the parliamentary speeches, and addresses, which the abuses of the law called forth. To a Parliament, who "lived, and moved, and had its being" in popular sympathy, it was not likely that they would be addressed in vain. We find, accordingly, the institution of a committee for the reform of the law, and acts, consequential upon their recommendation, among the earliest subjects which occupy the Journals of the House. Valuable as were many of these, they were at first less directed to the Court of Chancery than the other branches of judicature. This did not, however, long escape their attention, and from some debates which ensued on the subject, it appears richly to have deserved it. From a relation of their proceedings, written by a member, and cited by Mr. Parkes, it is said to have been confidently affirmed, by "knowing gentlemen of worth, that there were depending in that court *twenty-three thousand causes;* that some of them had been pending five, some ten, some twentie, *some thirtie yeares and more:* that there had been spent in causes many hundreds, nay thousands of pounds, to the ruine, *nay utter undoing* of many famlies" (p. 129). "What were the precise intentions," says Mr. Parkes (p. 157), "of this Parliament, with respect to the Court of Chancery, cannot be ascertained from the Journals." The entire subversion of equitable jurisdiction has been very industriously propounded to have been one of them. The falsehood of this charge has been most completely established by Mr. Parkes. The proposals tendered to Parliament, which were alleged materially to have influenced the members, contain, as their fundamental proposition, "That the *court*, as it is *now used*, or rather *abused*, be wholly taken away; and that some of the most able and honest men may be *appointed for keeping of the great seal*" (p. 153). This pretty well exhibits the object they kept in view; and shortly before the breaking up of the Parliament, a member deplored its premature termination, just when "the committee, for regulating the law, had ready to be offered to the House several bills of *very great concernment to the good and ease of the people*" (p. 156). The expectations their labours had raised, may be ascertained from the observation of Mr. Parkes (p. 156).—"The suicidal dissolution of the Parliament on the 12th December following, blighted the hopes of the country, which had anxiously viewed with high expectation *these sound and well directed plans of legal reform.*"

The arbitrary "ordinances" of the Protector succeeded the more legitimate resolutions of the Parliament. The first of these was for the better regulating and limiting the jurisdiction of the "High Court of Chan-

cery." We find its object to have been (p. 162)—"That all proceedings, touching relief in equity, to be given in that court may be with *less trouble, expense,* and *delay* than heretofore;" and that it provided, among other things, "for the *reduction of the number of officers and their fees, the simplification of the process of Chancery, and the prevention of delay.*" It is well that arbitrary power is rarely so well directed, or the human mind would soon submit to, and become paralyzed under its dominion. Cromwell, at a later period, takes great credit to himself for the reformation of the Chancery. If these ordinances, however, were not of a temporary character, their operation ceased when his own stern mind no longer existed to give them efficiency; and, under the weak dictatorship of his son, no attempt was made for their revival. On the Journals of the Rump Parliament, very early appears the resolution, "That the Court of Chancery be throughout reformed and regulated." "The history of this fag-end of a piece of Parliament, however," says Mr. Parkes (p. 178), "reveals no further information on the reform of the law." The subject, notwithstanding, continued to engross the attention of the country. It gave birth to innumerable pamphlets—became *even the theme of the pulpit;* and no less an individual than Sir M. Hale was engaged in devising schemes of reform. The dusty pamphlets of their opponents appear to have been ransacked to furnish other arguments, by which the same system of abuse still continues to be defended. Speaking of the loud and reiterated complaints which, a few years ago, provoked the remedial appointment of a vice chancellor, Mr. Parkes remarks (p. 355):—"Clamour and party spirit were the stale and convenient imputations on the motives of every public representation of judicial grievances: and the never-failing plea of the '*antiquity of the English Constitution,*' supplied an argument for every abuse of long standing." Speaking of the more ancient, and therefore the more venerable opposition, he quotes a cotemporary writer to prove, (p. 187), that "The old argument of *antiquity* was their chief weapon, and all their reasoning was comprised in their title pages; their antagonists they were pleased to style a parcel of '*clay-pated, ignorant, green wits;*' as if assertions were proofs, and *nick-names* incontrovertible logic." One of them is too interesting to be omitted:—"It was gravely contended," says our author, "that the law abuses were necessary to keep men from contriving mischief in the Commonwealth." Possibly the same reason still obstructs their removal. With the custody of the seals at the restoration of Charles II., Lord Guildford appears to have been keenly sensitive to the *delays* and *expenses* of the court, and having bestowed much attention on its practice, "did intend to have drawn up a well-considered and digested set of rules and orders for a more thorough and sweeping regulation of the practice, 'which had gone a great way towards purging out the peccant humours of the court;' but the short period of his chancellorship did not allow him sufficient time to realize his praiseworthy resolves." The subject was also taken up by the Parliament. "Some general bills," says Mr. Parkes (p. 227), "were brought in, at different sessions of this reign, for *reducing fees,* abating litigious actions, and other wholesome judicial reforms; but *no effective measures were carried.*" And, again, speaking of James II., he observes (p. 246):—"The Parliamentary journals and debates reveal no projects of law reform during this inactive and inglorious reign." The "*disorders,*" "*delays,*" and "*unnecessary expenses*" of the Court of Chancery seem,

in the succeeding reign, to have attracted the attention of the lords; and a bill was introduced for the general reform of the Chancery Courts. Nothing appears to have come of it; and Mr. Parkes says (p. 265), that, at the same period, "the House of Commons *amused* themselves and the country with some *abortive* attempts at judicial reform." The reign of Anne imposed certain restrictions upon the filing of bills, and "several legislative plans for the *reform* and improvement *of the practice of the Six Clerks' Office* were *contemplated*," (p. 280); but the legislature was more successful in the creation of new law than the redress of "old;" for, says Mr. Parkes (p. 288), "Her Majesty's Parliaments made law in abundance, by adding to the statutes three hundred and thirty-eight public, and six hundred and five private acts." Even the scenes of judicial corruption and abuse which were, in the reign of George II., disclosed in the trial of Lord Macclesfield, failed in producing the slightest reform; yet that reign Mr. Parkes affixes as the commencement of a real *investigation* into the abuses of Chancery. Investigation and remedy are, however, two very different things in parliamentary language: and, though a very valuable report followed the issuing of a commission of inquiry, only a few immaterial additions were made to the orders of the court, and "no legislative attempts whatever," says Mr. Parkes, "were made, or even contemplated, to remedy the abuses of the Court of Chancery, or to reform the general system of English jurisprudence." One thousand four hundred and forty-seven public acts, and one thousand two hundred and forty-four private ones, were, nevertheless, added to the statute book.

The reign of George III. opens with the *discouragements* of his Chancellor Loughborough to every attempt to remedy the grievances of his court. With the short interregnum of Lord Erskine, Lord Loughborough was succeeded by Lord Eldon, and the liberal patronage which he bestowed upon reformers of *every* class, is too well appreciated to require enlargement. The legislators of George III., with a strange inconsistency, here, for once, mistrusted "the wisdom of their ancestors." Their ancestors had declared, by the most solemn and repeated declarations—ancestors, paternal and maternal—ancestors, both on the whig and tory, the aristocratical and democratical sides of the tree—their enormous extent; yet, strange to say, "It was not, indeed, until the close of the reign of George III., that the legislature would even admit the existence of Chancery abuses! It was not till the perseverance and public spirit of a few individuals, had, year after year, denounced those abuses in the House of Commons, that the subject of popular complaint could even be endured. All attempt at inquiry was *crushed*, to use a technical expression of the highest tribunal in the country," (p. 355). With what reluctance the late Chancery Commission was wrung from the legislature, our readers will not require to be reminded. Of its *results* we confess ourselves unable to inform them, unless, indeed, an order which has just issued from the court, the operation of which will be to *increase the expense* of the Chancery subpœna, may be included in their number. Mr. Brougham's motion has been followed up with another commission. It remains to be seen whether "any good thing can come out of Nazareth."

Such has been the eventful history of English law reform. Such the oft-repeated miscarriage of an undertaking, which, with a singular—an anomalous harmony—it was the interest no less of the people than of the

aristocracy and the church to push forward; and the interests of the crown did not intervene to oppose. Can it be doubted by any rational mind that it was indebted for its failure to *sinister interest*—and can that sinister interest be other than the interest of the lawyers and of the official retainers of the court? That a direct pecuniary interest will insure the opposition of sinecure officers, and of those who are "travaillant fort peu et recevant beaucoup," we think no man out of Bedlam will deny. Indeed, the former, instead of being grateful that they are not made to disgorge under the operation of a *national* bill "*for an account*," openly talk of the privilege of exaction as their "*freehold*." "We have bought our places," say they. "If you take them from us, we must have compensation." That the majority of the profession will fail to be remotely operated on by the presumption, that reformation will reduce its general lucrativeness, would, we think, be a bold proposition to maintain;—a presumption, though by-the-by we take leave to observe, founded in the purest ignorance—first, because a diminution of the cost of the luxury of justice would increase its sale; and, secondly, because its present price tempts into the market so many dealers, that competition, necessarily, reduces to the *minimum* of profitable return the individual traffic of each. But there are other influences upon the mind than those of either direct or remote pecuniary interest. Schooled in a technical science, the lawyers fall very naturally into the habit of making its rules the horizon of their moral vision; and they seldom seem to realize the idea either of the mischiefs caused by the narrowness, or the inadequacy of their own system. Their reasoning will generally be found rather of a technical than of an enlarged character. In the bill for Englishing the proceedings of the courts, Mr. Parkes relates of Whitelock (p. 137), that, "after elaborately stating the arguments *pro* and *con*, he seems to give a casting vote in favour of the bill, because '*Moses* read all the laws openly before the people in their mother-tongue;'" and sorry are we to declare, that many of the arguments by which some of the details of Mr. Brougham's proposition was lately opposed by one of the great law officers of the crown, evinced as much of the lawyer, and as little of the jurist. Clarendon, speaking of the lawyers of his day, says—"I do not at all wonder, that, in *the great herd of the common lawyers*, many pragmatical spirits, whose *thoughts and observations have been contracted to the narrow limits of the few books of that profession*, or within the *narrower circle of bar oratory*, should go along with the stream in the womanish art of inveighing against persons, when they should be reforming of things," (p. 109). It would seem, in the opinion of one of the profoundest observers of mankind, that, after the lapse of a couple of centuries, they have sustained little alteration; for, in his celebrated speech on American taxation, Burke, after lauding Mr. Grenville as a man of business, is driven to account for the narrowness of his policy by his earlier professional studies:—"He was bred to a profession—he was bred to the law, which is, in my opinion, one of the first and noblest of human sciences; a science which does more to quicken and invigorate the understanding, than all the other kinds of learning put together; but it is not apt, except in persons very happily born, to *open and liberalize* the mind exactly in the same proportion." Be this as it may, it is too notorious to be denied, that in its professors the law finds its *only* but its *warm* admirers. The reverential awe with which Mr. Justice Blackstone approaches even the most glaring imperfections of the system, scarcely equals the veneration with which the Bramin opens the

sacred volume of his Pundit; and the lavish admiration the learned apologist bestows on the whole, becomes, in the hands of those who can appreciate its truth, such exquisite irony, that the study of the Commentaries is to them almost as entertaining as the perusal of Tom Jones or Joseph Andrews. A late pamphlet, by a lawyer, high in reputation, who, it is rumoured, is to be one of the Chancery Commissioners, proves, that if the *wig* of the judge have not yet pitched upon the head of the learned gentleman, at least the *robe* has dropped upon his shoulders,

But let us turn from abstract reasoning, to see how our conclusions are borne out by the experience of history. "It is a singular and interesting proof of the sagacity of our ancestors," says Mr. Parkes (p. 31), "that in order to ensure simplicity and integrity in the construction of their laws, and the disinterested performance of parliamentary duties, practising lawyers were, by repeated acts and ordinances, disqualified from sitting in the House of Commons." An earlier enactment declared that "no lawyers in the House of Commons should thenceforth have any wages" (p. 33)—a provision, by-the-by, which shows how little our ancestors were aware of the difference between money and money's worth. When we inform our readers "it was thought they got into Parliament as a goodly opportunity of making their court to the minister, and for the emolument of the attendance," (p. 32)—we hope none will be so rude as to draw points of resemblance between those ancient worthies, and certain individuals who are found thronging the treasury benches of modern parliaments. At what time the lawyers were permitted to resume their seats, does not appear. They are, however, to be found figuring in the House again at the time of Elizabeth. Subsequent attempts were made to exclude them; and Ludlow, speaking of the commonwealth, says, that "lest the judges who were members of the House might, by their influence there, *prevent the intended reformation of the law*, it was resolved that no member of Parliament should be a judge in any court" (p. 176). Prynne's disgust at the craft makes him rather a prejudiced, though otherwise a sufficiently-honest witness; but if reliance may be placed on his authority, it might have been well for the public weal if these attempts had been more successful. He asserts that it "shortened the duration of the sessions, *facilitated business, simplified much the verbiage of acts of Parliament*, and had the effect of restoring laws to their primitive Saxon *simplicity*, and making them *short, like God's commandments*" (p. 32). When the statute of Edward III. enacted, "that in future all pleas should be 'pleaded, shewed, defended, answered, debated, and judged, in the English tongue:' the lawyers, always on the alert, appended a proviso that they should be 'entered and enrolled' in *Latin*, and the old *customary* forms and terms retained" (p. 43). The reports and statutes were accordingly still preserved "with the additional obscurity of the Gothic black letter." It was not until about three centuries afterwards, that, after a severe struggle with the lawyers, plain English was substituted for this barbarous jargon. Coke's benevolent motion for its retention, "lest, by the publication of them in the vulgar tongue, the unlearned might be subjected to errors, and trusting to their own conceits, endanger themselves," is a fair specimen of the legal reasoning of the time. To the extensive reforms of the commonwealth, almost all the writers of the day agree in ascribing the lawyers to be the obstacle. "These different writers confess it is difficult to reform the corrupt system, because *so many are concerned in its continuance; the corrupt interest of the lawyers*, and the *temptation to ad-*

vance themselves, prevailing against their consideration of the public:" "they will not deny themselves" (page 139). From Ludlow these contemporary authorities receive the most distinct confirmation. In narrating the history of the period, he says, "In the mean time the reformation of the law went on but slowly, it *being the interest of the lawyers to preserve* the lives, liberties, and estates of the whole nation in their own hands" (p. 145). The instance he gives is tolerably convincing: "So that upon the debate of registering deeds in each county, for want of which, within a certain period fixed after the sale, such sales should be void, and being so registered, that land should not be subject to any *incumbrance,* this word 'incumbrance' was so managed by the lawyers, that it took up *three months* time before it could be ascertained by the committee" (p. 145). Mr. Brodie, speaking of the protectorate, says, "In the lawyers, Cromwell was disappointed; the reformation in the legal proceedings which was contemplated, as it threatened to *lower the importance of the profession,* by *rendering the law accessible to every one,* and simplifying the forms, is alleged not to have been acceptable even to these eminent individuals (St. John, Whitelocke, and the lawyers), while it was greatly disliked by the more vulgar practitioners, who had no ideas beyond the dull routine of their little practice" (p. 164). Their opposition did not, however, meet with much consideration at the hands of Cromwell. In a debate which occurred, on one of his ordinances, between the Council and the Commons and Lenthal, Mr. Parkes informs us (p. 169)—"the Master of the Rolls expressed himself strongly against the ordinance. The Council, however, cut the discourse short, and dismissed the contumacious lawyers, gravely admonishing them 'to be careful not to oppose his Highness's intentions for the common good.'" At the Revolution the same part was played over again. In the reign of Queen Anne, we find petitions against the contemplated reforms, presented by the numerous officers of the court; and Burnet records that, when a bill for the correction of certain proceedings in the common law and *in Chancery,* that were "both dilatory and very chargeable," went through the Commons, "it was visible that the interest of under officers, clerks, and attorneys, *whose gains were to be lessened* by this bill, was more considered than the interest of the nation itself" (p. 279). With the exception of the remedial creation of an accountant general, to which we have previously referred, the reign of George I. seems to have been barren of any schemes of reform to provoke opposition. In the reign of George II., however, we have the important evidence of a parliamentary committee, given in one of the reports. "Resolved—That it is the opinion of this committee, that the interest which a great number of officers and clerks have in the proceedings in the Court of Chancery, has been a principal cause of *extending bills, answers, pleadings, examinations, and other forms, and copies of them, to an unnecessary length,* to the great *delay of justice,* and the oppression of the subject" (p. 311). It is sufficient to state, that the evil exists to the present hour. Of the reforming spirit of the lawyers in the reign of George III., we have already put our readers in possession. Possibly the chemical researches of the present reign may produce some political bleaching liquid for the whitening of blackamoors.

But it may be urged against us, that we have read history only to distort it—to a Blackstone, a Loughborough, and an Eldon, may be contrasted a Guildford, a Hale, and a Bacon;—to our charge against its private professors may be opposed the name of the most distinguished

jurist of either the past or the present century—the name of Bentham ;* or we may be told of the valuable labours of Mr. Humphreys—the noble exertions of Mr. Brougham. True ; but where points the balance? For past generations, we confidently appeal to the page of history, which we have already quoted from ;—for the present, to the daily debates of the House of Commons.

The secret of this mischievous power in the lawyers consists mainly in their being enabled, by their own representations, to mould the popular opinion of their system. Like the Rosicrucians, they have hung their hidden lamps themselves, and they can humbug the believer with what stories they choose to fabricate for his deception.—Parliamentary lecturers on their own craft, they exhibit the complete personification of Gratiano's great man—

> "———————— I am Sir Oracle,
> And when I ope my lips let no dog bark."

The country gentlemen are as excellent listeners now as they were in the time of Lord Keeper Guildford ; yet Roger North, in his life of that great man, after telling us of his introduction into Parliament of certain schemes for the registry of titles to lands, goes on to enumerate, among the causes of their failure, "besides, the matter being a subject of great skill, as well as foresight in the law, the gentlemen of the country are afraid, and *hearken to the learned as when they settle their estates ;* and such learned gentlemen, *admitting they were willing to it* (as they are reputed, for the sake of interest in practice, *not to be*), they would be *scrupulous* enough ; but *being averse,* they raise a mist of *scruple on every such* bill, and represent the possibility of *frauds in the offices* to be so dangerous to men's titles, that the country gentlemen, who *do not take upon them to judge,* and will trust nobody, fly back, and *there falls the bill"* (p. 397). We leave our readers to apply the parallel. It is a fact which no sophistry can gainsay, that the most comprehensive, rapid, and efficient reforms of the law which have ever been accomplished, or even attempted, throughout the whole of English history, were the results of committees, not of mere lawyers, but in which a very large proportion were laymen, who chose to investigate for themselves, and in which the frequent recurrence of generals, colonels, and majors, would lead us to suspect that the old maxim of "cedunt arma togæ" was reversed for "cedunt togæ armis."—If the framers of Parliamentary committees are *in earnest* in their exertions, the hint might not be thrown away on them.

Our limits here compel us to bring our article to a close. The numerous excellent suggestions for the reformation of the Court, partly original, and partly the selections of this industrious labourer, from the writings of the many great men whose attention has been attracted to the subject, are without the limits of a single article. We recommend them to the deliberate perusal of all those who think, with Burnet, that, now that "a happy peace gives us quiet to look to our own affairs, there cannot be a worthier design undertaken than to reduce the law into method, to digest it into a body, and to *regulate the Chancery,* so as to cut off the tediousness of suits, and, in a word, to compile *one entire system* of our laws."

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* By-the-by, we never heard of Mr. Bentham's having been a *practising* lawyer.

MEDITATIONS ON MOUNTAINS.

OF all the productions of nature, mountains are the finest subjects for contemplation. Any one who takes a common walk, even in the purlieus of the metropolis, where the eminences are mere heaps of rubbish, without any one element even of the hill about them but mere elevation, and very little of that, must feel the force of this. Look at London from any street or square, and the shops of fifty tradesmen, or the knockers and porticos of a score of lords, are all that you can see. Look at it from the elevation of St. Paul's, and what is it? It looks like a great tile, broken into fragments; and the people like beetles and millepedes, crawling through the fissures. But go to Highgate, or Hampstead, or Herne Hill, and choose the fine pure air of the morning, ere the million of fires send up their smoke; or a balmy day of the brisk south-west, when the massy atmosphere is driven "east away," to fatten the calves of Essex, and give the true Whitechapel body and flavour to the veal; and then you see what London is. The choicest painter may paint and paint again; but one glance at the reality is worth ten years of poring over even his *chef-d'œuvre*.

Down below, you are tied to the individual object and the individual use; and if you remain there, your mind gradually narrows and narrows, until it comes to the small dimensions of the wheel that you are doomed to turn; you lose the intellectual character—the "*os sublime*," which your Maker intended as your proper badge and characteristic, and become kindred to the wheel. You work that you may eat, and eat that you may work again; but speculation in you there can be none, and, as a rational being, you can have no enjoyment.

When you climb up, however, you feel an expansion at every step; and when the summit is gained, and the "other half" of the world rounds out the beautiful horizon, your mind is over the whole of it in an instant. Admiration, and wonder, and inquiry are all instantly at work; and, from every point of the compass, there pours in a tide of information and pleasure, more broad, full, and refreshing, than if you were lord of the whole, and mewed up within the four walls of the finest room that ever was fashioned by the hand of man:—a carpet in the centre, full twenty miles in diameter, worth a thousand millions of pounds; a lamp, which causes light and life, at the distance of two thousand millions of miles; and walls and a ceiling, of which even imagination itself cannot guess the dimensions. If there be any truth in the doctrine, that our power of participating in pleasure, and our actual participation of it, depend upon and are mainly produced by the objects that are about us, then there is nothing of man's making that can please and profit us so much as this. If there be no truth in the doctrine, then burn London, bury all its glories, back to the woods again, and fight for acorns with the hogs. For, assuredly, the whole labours of society, in all the years and ages of civilization and improvement, have tended to the single point of having something to look at, which we think more splendid than what we had before. It is for this, and for this only, that the labourer toils, and the artist contrives—that the miner digs down into the earth, and the mariner bounds over the ocean—that the philosopher trims the lamp, and the poet strikes the lyre;—for this that assemblies meet, and debate, and weary themselves with labour;—aye, and for this

that the cannon roars and the sword smites:—for this, all the pain and labour of civilized man is undertaken, and all the formalities and restraints of the social compact are borne.

If, then, there were nothing about the mountain but its mere elevation, and if we had no power of doing any thing but gazing, there would be something in it quite enough to attract both the eye and the admiration; but that is so small a part of the subject, that it is lost in the multitude and the magnificence of the other parts. Mountains are, in the economy of the world, the grand ministers of life; they are the caskets of its gems; and they are the grand monuments of the revolutions of nations, and of the mighty changes of the earth itself, by which it has passed from the earliest crystal that enters into the composition of the primitive granite, to that wonderful combination of powers, which, in Newton, stretched the measuring line over the heavens and flung the sun and the planets into the scale, and, in the mechanicho-chemists, taught man to stand by and enjoy his pleasure, while the elements are performing his work. To those too (if there be any such) who cannot enjoy and appreciate these, the mere aspect of these giants of the earth has something captivating about it; and we invariably find that the most merely mechanical man alive has a story to tell, when he comes from the mountains, which stirs even his mood ten times more than the whole history of the richest and best cultivated plain.

Even on the calm and tranquil day, when you go forth from the white-washed house, that lies so snugly among its trees, at the top of the lawn sloping southward to the river, and protected from the angry north, first by the brown hill, and then by the blue mountain, spotted at the top with patches of snow that defy the power of the summer sun;—you turn instinctively to the mountain, and thread your way by the rugged path in some ravine. At first you are charmed with the exquisite freshness of the vegetation. Those little glades, softer than any texture of the loom, and of brighter and more transparent green than any emerald that ever was polished; with those stately oaks and beeches around, upon which never an axe or a pruning-hook perpetrated deformity; upon them no angry wind has lighted; they have not felt the blight and the "insect breeze" of inconstant April; not a bud has been blasted—not a leaf withered; all is living, and luxuriant, and perfect. Then the little stream, now dancing over the ledge of rock, now turning round the great stone which the winter flood has dashed down from the summit, and anon expanding and luxuriating in the little pool, as transparent as air, and all unruffled, save by the arrowy line formed by the trout, as he darts from your side to the opposite one. It is well that fishing is best in troubled waters; for, while you stand on the margin of one of these little pools, and observe the exquisite symmetry of his form, the beauty of his spots, and the gracefulness and rapidity of his motions, you would rather fast for the day than cheat him to his destruction under the hypocritical pretence of giving him a dinner.

Then, as you climb upward, the hoary points of rock begin to jut out. Here they are hung with creeping plants, and gay with saxifrages; and there they stand, beetling and naked. In one place, the masses of red sandstone are firm and regular, as if they formed part of the walls of some ancient castle; and there, the schistus lies in confused and curled plates, as if old Chaos had been the sole architect. At one place, a mass of claystone, eaten away by the frost, shews the sides bored into caves;

and, at another, a vein of jasper presents its more formidable barrier, and sports in the leaping stream all the glow of its brilliant colours. Now you have left the oak and the beech behind; there is a hazle coppice in the gulley, on one side; among the rocks, on the other, the weeping birch forces its roots, while its white trunk rises to the height of many feet, and its delicate depending branches—fathoms in length, and not thicker than a packthread—reach down below the base of the tree, and lave their points in the stream; and an old pine, from which both greenness and bark have faded away, throws its withered arms between you and the sky. The little rills leap down on every side, as if they were things of life; and, roaring above ground, or gurgling under, fill the lonely air with melody that is equally mild and delightful.

A deeper sound now falls upon your ear, and swells and dies according to the power and direction of the gusts of wind, that play whirling in the ravine. A little farther, and the cascade bursts upon you—first springing from ledge to ledge, like a gymnast acquiring velocity—then collecting all its power into a narrow collar of the rock, which does not seem a span across—and, lastly, dashing into the air in countless thousands of pearls, to the least brilliant and perfect of which there never came a rival from Ormus or India. The beauty is greatly heightened by those trees—fresh in their leaves, fantastic in their branches, and more so in their roots, grasping the rock like the talons of eagles—which extend in partial curtains between, and live upon the falling crystal which they adorn. As the fantastic clouds sail away, and the sunbeam dances into the cavity, the rising spray sports all the colours of the rainbow with a brilliance that you never beheld in a summer-cloud. All this glory, too, is finely set; and the *chiar' oscura* has a perfection for which you might look in vain in Somerset House or Suffolk Street. Those eastern masses of quartz and gniess are washed milk-white by the pelting rains of the south-west; and their upper edge is fringed with gold and purple, by the lichens and trefoils, and the heath and foxglove, which mingle on the top. Westward, the rocks are purpled with shade. The surface of the water where the cascade strikes is altogether beamy light, upon which you cannot look, save perchance a point or two of rock, the blackness of which adds to the brilliance of the other. From this bright centre, little circles and curves of foam come out, expanding in their width, and diminishing in their brightness; and they fill the cauldron, which Nature has placed there to catch the falling stream, with a mantling mosaic, whose figures are ten thousand in an instant, and which melts off and off, by the softest gradations, into the thick darkness of the caverns at the extreme sides; from which, however, it contrives now and then to fling a singular ray of dark-coloured light, which startles you even more than the white gleam of the centre.

All this, when you see it for the first (or the fiftieth) time, is very fine; but it cannot be given in words: and though the first-rate describer that ever forced the ignorant to suffer a book, should write "about it, goddess, and about it," for a month, one ignorant of the spirit of the scene could not have a much more accurate and adequate feeling of it than the juvenile suburban, whose ideas of water are limited to the little duck-pond in the half-rood of pleasure-ground, foul with mud, green with lemna, and reeking with vapour, can derive from the cascade of tinfoil, which winds round two rollers, to the sound of a grinder's wheel, and amid the thunder of the gods, in some holiday spectacle at Old Drury or Covent

Garden. Fine as it is, however, you owe it all to the mountain, that collects the drops of a thousand showers, and the dews of every even and morn—lodges them in its hidden stores, and deals them out in living fountains, which the heat of the summer cannot reach—and pours all their rills and runnels into this stream, which, swoln in volume and increased in rapidity by the excess of water which the hoary giant shakes from his sides during a rain-flood, has tugged and torn away the softer rocks, formed the ravine by which you have ascended to this spot, and is now grinding away the ancient granite—the "thewes and sinews" of the globe—by the attrition of sand; just as a lapidary cuts a gem upon his wheel. Yes, you owe it all to the mountain; for did it not attract the cloud, ply its subterranean pumps by the alternations of atmospheric pressure, and afford the collected water a slope down which to roll, the scene would be different indeed.

Look at the countries, of considerable extent, in which there are no mountains; and, be their position on the globe what it may—under the burning line, or near the freezing pole—you find none of the charms that delight you here. Is it in the great central plains of Africa and Asia? There is not a river—no, not even a drop of rain. Salt, sand, and sulphur—these are the elements of the cloud; and, when the whirlwind plays its eddies, you have no fertilizing shower, and no "clear-shining after rain," with the opal-tinted drops upon the green leaves. The mass of dry and burning sand rises up, and reels towards you, thundering and lightening, and armed with more deadly power than a modern host with all its artillery; or, if you escape that, the burning wind steals upon you—you pant and die, and the next moment your limbs may be severed by a touch. In the wide flats of South America, you fare not quite so ill; but then the country *is a desert* for more than a million of square miles; and it is so, *because there are no mountains.* The flat part of North America, between the Canadian lakes and the Stony mountains, is foul and fenny; and the flats which skirt the Arctic Sea, in Siberia and the government of Archangel—what are they?—*Nec tellus sunt, nec mare*—Ice and mud, so blended together, that you are unable to say which is earth and which is water. Compare the aromatic dells of Yemen, and the delightful slopes of the Libanus, with the flat deserts of Sahara and Irac; or the glorious bloom of the Brazilian hills, with the howling wilderness which stretches westward to the Andes; and you will see that the mountains are the prime ministers to every thing that grows or lives—the grand *Aquarii*, that bring drink to the whole children of nature; and wherever they bring it not, these die, and death lords it over the dust, and pollutes the air—not only pollutes it there, but sends thence a pestilence which invades other lands. Because there are no cloud-collecting mountains in Barca, the sirocco invades the shores of Sicily and Naples; and because Atlas rears his snowy barrier between, the same wind of destruction passes not over Murcia and Grenada.

The mountain before you is your book, and this is one of its lessons, as you have wearied yourself with the waterfall, and are looking for some path by which you can scramble out of the ravine, and again catch a sight of the parent, with the ways and workings of whose child you have been so delighted. The rocks by the cascade you need not attempt—they are lofty, overhanging, and slippery; and one false step would launch you into that boiling deep, which, though grand to look at, is not exactly the place which you would choose for a bath. So you must retrace your

steps for a little, and clamber up as you best may, by the outlet of that jet which comes from among the hazles. Should you be fatigued, and can bear a shower-bath of Nature's making, you may strip and stand under the jet; and (trust me) you will neither repent nor lose time; for there is a bracing power in water, pure from the rock, which you never can find in that which has had to be filtered from the *fecula* of fat fields and frowzy cities; and, for the few minutes that you spend here, your feet will feel all the lighter, and your lungs labour all the less, as you bound over the moss and heather, of which you will probably meet with not a little ere your object be accomplished. In supplement, in case you should be among those mountains where there is a "dew" not distilled by the atmosphere, you will not be the worse though you bathe your inner man with a little of that; but, for your own sake, let it be in small quantity, without any admixture; and the instant that you have taken it, quaff your fill of the stream;—it is the internal union of the dew and the water which gives you the living fire—more of it than if you respired half the dull atmosphere of a street. Taken in this situation, and taken thus, it hurts neither your head nor your health, but makes your whole body glow with renovation; and as you climb, and clutch, and jump, and gain the top of the bank, you feel as if you had left your mortal part behind, and, by an elevation of some thousand feet, become an ethereal existence.

You may now turn and look back upon the river and the plain; from where the former issues out of the great pass in the mountains westward, through all its windings, till it be lost in the green bay with the white ripple, which appears a daiseyed meadow, stretching interminably *into* the east, between yon two bold headlands, with their beacon lights and flags. You mark the weir across which the flood dashes in an oblique line, and you fancy you hear the roaring of its anger at the interruption; but it is only the rush of the cascade, which is now concealed by the hazle coppice in the dell, and the stunted but fragrant birches on the bank. At the point where the stolen water is given back to the river, stands the mill—the emblem of activity and of bread,—an object, by which, in any place, and more especially in a place like this, if you be not interested, you had better stick to your wheel, in the cellar—or saloon, as it may be: eat, drink, and die. There, where the river takes a bend toward the south, round the margin of a gently rising ground, the trees are of more ancient growth, and, at intervals, of darker foliage, than the rest:—that little grey speck, between the dark and rugged ones, is the corner of the church spire, and they are the old yews over the sepulchres of countless generations, all of whom have stood where you now stand, when all around, save the few dots and scratches that man has made upon the surface, was just as you see it. The history of man, even back to yon grassy mounds and yon upright stones, the epoch and the use of which man has clean forgotten, is but a line or two of the last page of that volume of time which nature here opens gratuitously for your instruction and delight.

Though the action of the stream upon that rock be incessant, it has not, within the memory of man, or even the record of the place, worn one foot of the rock over which it now falls. Then who shall number the years that it has been occupied in scooping out that ravine, which (as you must have observed in your progress), is on both sides mostly composed of rock, and of rock, too, which, though not quite so hard as the gra-

nite with which it now contends, and though composed of beds and *laminæ*, while that seems one compact mass, is yet of no soft and yielding texture?

Invigorated by the bath and the dew, however, your's is not the mood of meditation; and thus you plunge, mountainward, through the fragrant coppice, the other side of which the mountain seems almost to touch. Be not deceived, however; for it will look much farther off when you have come a good deal nearer to it. It may not be amiss, though, to pull a few handfuls of those berries, whose glowing purple from below their little neat leaves, outshines that of the choicest grape; or of those strawberries, that look so tempting by the side of the rock. You need fear neither scratches nor poison; for the mountain-berry has no thorn and no stupifying effect. There are some brambles in the approach, and deadly nightshade in the plain below; but you have got above them now: the air here is too keen and pure for nursing poisons; and the mushroom, which would be fœtid and deadly if it grew in yon water-meadow, would become fragrant and esculent if you transplanted it here.

You clear the coppice, and stretch forward over the moor, which you now perceive extends a mile or two, before you will have much climbing. Your path lies upon short heather, mixed with grass, and moss, and white lichen, the last of which is delightfully elastic under your feet. That stripe of greener texture than the rest, which terminates in the little morass, where the cotton-grass is waving its snow-white tufts, is a winter-spring. The channel is now dry and cracked, and that light stuff which you see lying about, like rags or felt, is what was once the softest and greenest moss living in the water. If, in the dry season, you go to such a place as this, in the hope of quenching your thirst, you will be disappointed. Find where the loose gravelly surface joins a bank of clay, or where the solid rock appears at the bottom of a little slope, and you have every chance of finding a fountain there—perennial, and of uniform temperature—refreshing as the ice-brook in summer, and, in winter, bursting up through the frozen surface, till it cover a long track of the snow with clear and polished ice; or, if it be powerful, preserving a little vent to "the day," while all around is far, far below the freezing-point.

As you gain a little eminence, a black cloud sails past you; the cotton-grass lies level with the morass; and the whirlwind moans in the channels of the watercourses, and rustles the heather on their sides, twirling the little withered pieces into the air. The whirlwind passes by you; and the cloud, faithful to its purpose, sails on to deliver up its precious store to the mountains; but the passing cloud cooled and condensed the air, and there blows a refreshing wind from its track.

Ha! what is that?—the perfumes of Arabia, on a dull expanse of mountain-heather, on which there is not so much as a tree of the most hardy race and most stunted growth! Look yonder, where the surface shews a trace of soft blue. That is a bed of wild hyacinths, literally "wasting their sweetness on the desert air;" and you need no one to tell you how sweet they are.

You move onward; the ground is low and humid, and a little shrub creeps along the surface. Every foot that you now lift exhales a perfume. Is it that of the bed of wild hyacinths?—

"Ah! no—it is something more exquisite still!"

You are on a plantation of bog-myrtle, of humble aspect, but richer, and more refreshing in its odour, than any thing else of which the vegetable kingdom can boast;—save, perhaps, that modest violet, which wraps herself the livelong day in a leaf, in order that she may pour all her sweetness upon the air of night.

Ascending one slope, and descending another—now jumping a rill and again fetching a circuit, in order to avoid a quagmire—you come to the foot of an elevation loftier than the rest, and crested at top with immense masses of stones, of very fantastic shapes. If it were not for a certain "*land-blink*"—a volume of air which has a mysterious gleaminess, just over the stones, you would fancy them to be the fringe of the mountain, and that, if you were on the top of them, you would be half way to the summit, at the least. Emboldened by the prospect, you march forward; but, though the road be long, and, in some places abundantly steep, the provoking mountain keeps gradually growing out of the earth, ascends as you ascend, and seems to recede as you approach. As you come nearer to the rocks, the ground becomes a little more grassy; and you perceive a black thing near you, which appears to be animated. You go toward it, and it hops about as if lame, yet bounding with great strength; and, at the distance of many yards, you can see the gloss of its keen black eye, and the size and point of its formidable bill. "Curcq, curcq, curcq!" hollow as ever enchanter muttered a spell, and dismal as is the voice of the doomster, when the jury, without retiring, have said "guilty!" and hope there is none—"Curcq, curcq, curcq!" It is the mountain-raven, cowardly to strength a match for his own, but voracious, cruel, and savage, and sparing nothing over which he has power. To grouse, and Alpine hares, and lambs, and sheep when they are lame, he is more formidable than the eagle, because more treacherous. The eagle sails aloft in the open day—leans in the air against the sun, and sends down his shadow as a declaration of war; and, if he fails in his "stoop," he degrades not his royalty by stratagem and bush-fighting. But this dark-grey ruffian, with his hollow and sepulchral "curcq," steals upon his victims unawares, and, if possible, when they are asleep—darts first at one eye, and then at another—drives that strong, sharp, and leaden-coloured beak right through the centre of the ball—and, while they are in darkness and in agony, digs into their vitals. Even if you were to slumber near his haunt, your bones would bleach in the wilderness, if he should steal upon you with a second thrust of the beak. The villain understands anatomy, too; for, in the case of the smaller animals, one thrust can divide the vessels of the neck, with more rapidity, and equal certainty, than if the deed were done by a butcher. The very sight of the raven convinces you that there is no good in him; and, as he hops about, as if lame and in pain, you give him chase, thinking to rid the world of one black villain. But he disappoints you, at the very moment that you think yourself sure of him—bids you defiance in his "curcq, curcq, curcq!" and flies on strong wing to the loftiest and most inaccessible cleft of the rock.

When you come to the stony barrier, you have to clamber up on hands and feet; but you are paid as soon as your labour is at an end. What a scene! The mountain is still some miles distant; and, in the intermediate space, there is an amphitheatre, of the existence of which you did not even dream. From the sides of the mountain, the deep gullies of which are now thrown into shade by the far westward and

declining sun, streams come down, foaming and white, appearing like threads of silver on the changing purple of the pigeon's neck; and, in the centre, there expands a lake, which here glistens like burnished gold in the sunbeam, and there sleeps as a mirror in the shade, giving back, clear and unbroken, all the varied tints of the mountain, and all the glades and coppices on its shores. It lies so calm and so still, that you would think a ripple had never passed over its surface. The mountain is divided: one part appearing grey with rock, and spotted with snow, over a mass of white and fleecy cloud; and the other part, of richer and more varied tints, coming out below the same, and terminating in the softer scenery by the lake. Those coppices, planted by no human hand—those swells and forms of glade and lawn, which art cannot imitate—and the gay green of the whole, doubly gay from the contrast of the brown heather that you have been crossing for the last three or four hours, give charms to the place which you never found in a place before. And there are cottages, too—humble in size, but snug in situation. There are the bleating of flocks upon the slope, the lowing of herds on the meadows, where the winding rivulet—the very one whose fall you saw—steals quietly away from the lake; and there are blue smokes curling through the trees, and proclaiming to the shepherd, the herdsman, and the wood-cutter, that, when the horn calls the sheep to the fold, and the man from the hill, there will be the homely, but hearty evening meal; and you will be welcome, thrice welcome, to the first and the finest share.

This again you owe, at least the choicest part of all this, to the mountain. The lake—the lake is the charm! It is the cause of all the greenness and fertility. In its fifty or hundred fathoms of depth, there is a charm which all the frost of winter cannot bind, and which, with the shelter of the mountain, makes it delightfully temperate when the air over the plain below is covered with *spiculæ* of ice. If the air be free of moisture—or, rather, of that which would be moisture if warm enough—cold is a matter of indifference; but, if you must give the vital heat of your body to thaw the air as you move along, you are chilled almost to death.

Now who ever saw a lake worthy the name, save in a mountainous country? On a plain it is a puddle, a fen, or a quagmire, according to its age and size; and mildew and ague are the blessings which it brings. In winter, it is shallow, freezes easily, and is productive of cold; in summer, it is full of poisonous plants—for every thing that grows in a marsh or a puddle is noxious; and the reptiles that it contains are hideous and loathsome. The water stagnates, the vegetables decay, the animals die; all sorts of offensive things are blown into it; and the whole is boiled and fermented in the summer heat, till the steam be ranker than imagination could picture the fumes of a witch's cauldron.

The information and philosophy of Shakspeare were as accurate as his power of poetical expression: indeed these are the soul of his poetry, and but for them the body must have died long ago; and where does Shakspeare draw the deadliest of his plagues—those which are imprecated by *Caliban*? Why, from "lakes" in level countries.

> As wicked dew as e'er my mother brushed
> With raven's feather from unwholesome *fen*,
> Drop on you both!

And again:—

> All the infections that the sun sucks up
> From *bogs*, *fens*, *flats*, on Prosper fall, and make him
> By inch-meal a disease!

And did Shakspeare, or any one else, ever think of fetching any thing pestilent from a *mountain* lake? Never.—But you are now near the hospitable hut, and more disposed for food and rest than for observation and reflection. Well, go; taste that cup of unsophisticated kindness, into which the offerer does not squeeze one drop of selfishness; and, for one night at least, feel that you are happy, and calm enough to know it. We shall meet again. VIATOR.

THE DREAMER.

There is no such thing as *forgetting* possible to the mind; a thousand accidents may, and will, interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscriptions on the mind; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains for ever.—*English Opium-eater.*

REST from thy griefs!—thou art sleeping now;
The moonlight's peace is upon thy brow:
All the deep love that o'erflows thy breast
Lies, 'midst the hush of thy heart, at rest;
Like the scent of a flower in its folded bell,
When Eve through the woodlands hath sighed farewell.

Rest!—the sad memories that through the day
With a weight on thy lonely bosom lay;
The sudden thoughts of the changed and dead,
That bowed thee, as winds bow the willow's head;
The yearnings for voices and faces gone;—
All are forgotten! Sleep on—sleep on!

Are they forgotten? It is not so!
Slumber divides not our hearts from their woe;
E'en now o'er thine aspect swift changes pass,
Like lights and shades over wavy grass:
Tremblest thou, Dreamer? O Love and Grief!
Ye have storms that shake e'en the closed-up leaf!

On thy parted lips there's a quivering thrill,
As on a lyre ere its chords are still;
On the long silk lashes that fringe thine eye
There's a large tear gathering heavily;
A rain from the clouds of thy spirit press'd!—
Sorrowful Dreamer! this is not rest.

It is Thought, at work amidst busied hours;
It is Love, keeping vigil o'er perished flowers.
—Oh! we bear within us mysterious things,
Of memory and anguish unfathomed springs,
And passion, those gulfs of the heart to fill
With bitter waves, which it ne'er may still!

Well might we pause ere we gave them sway,
Flinging the peace of our couch away!
Well might we look on our souls in fear;
They find no fount of oblivion here!
They forget not, the mantle of sleep beneath—
How know we, if under the wings of Death?

F. H.

"MEXICO;" AND "MEXICAN ILLUSTRATIONS."*

THE outward appearance, as well as the internal manner, of these two books, differ—as it were, characteristically, and in accordance with the different position and profession of their authors. Mr. Ward is a man in office, and a diplomatist; and he comes out in the form of two massive volumes, containing each at least six hundred solidly-printed pages; with an appendix of historical and political documents; maps, corrected to the latest dates or discovery; elaborate tables of calculations; and drawings of some of the most considerable points which the author visited. It is a book which most persons will read with pleasure and with instruction; but which, when they do read it, they must *sit down to*. Mr. Beaufoy is quite another sort of person; formerly a captain in the Guards, and obviously very sorry that he is not so still: transparently averse to thinking, or writing (long) upon any subject: holding no comparison, we can venture to pronounce, between the perils of leading a storming party, and those of listening to a parliamentary speech: and he waits on the public in the likeness of a sharp, three hundred page, post-chaise volume; a pleasant, red-hot, rhodomontade, irregular production; sometimes very superficial, but never very tedious; an affair to look over in running down by the fast coach to Brighton, but not necessarily to lose all recollection of in the course of a week's stay there. The tone, too, in which the two books are written differs, as, from the circumstances of the writers, it would be likely to do. Mr. Ward always speaks like a man who speaks under a certain quantity of responsibility. He is an *employé* of the state; what he says will be judged, here and in the place where he comes from. From his "position," too, he has mixed in circles, and probably received attention from persons, whom it would be neither very wise nor very grateful that he should offend. Consequently, as far as the public affairs of Mexico—its political condition or commercial prospects—are concerned, he speaks plainly, and, no doubt, with good opportunities for judgment; but, in his notices of comparative civilization, and general sketches of society, he is something meagre; passing over many points with a paucity of comment, which looks as if he were very well disposed to omit them altogether. Mr. Beaufoy, on the other hand, on both these points, makes ample amends for his contemporary traveller's silence; and speaks right out with all the prejudices of a man who sees a new country for the first time, and all the freedom of one who does not propose to see it a second. His business in Mexico is over: and, why he should not be merry, especially as he often makes his readers merry also—at its expense, he clearly cannot see! and we profess that we are not inclined to shew him. Accordingly, he writes on, almost as freely as Captain Head rode—though not with quite so much good temper; jotting down a circular curse for all poetical tourists (and Mr. Bullock at their head), every time a hard peach sets his teeth on edge, or he finds an Indian changing his shirt only once a week; and taking a long shot at the imaginative surveyors of new countries—and Baron Humboldt—whenever a fresh fall scars the knees of his horse, or a rut coaxes a

* Mexico, in the years 1825, 1826, and part of 1827, by H. G. Ward, Esq., His Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires in that country. 2 vols. Royal 8vo. Colburn.

Mexican Illustrations for 1825, 1826, and 1827, by M. Beaufoy, late of the Coldstream Guards. 1 vol. 8vo. Carpenter.

wheel off his carriage. But, in spite of these broad distinctions of character—perhaps from the very effect of them—both the works are interesting; and neither will be dull (we predict, from an attentive perusal of both), even to those who may have recently read the other. As it would be utterly impossible, however, for us to do more with a couple of productions; one only of which (that of Mr. Ward) contains the observations of an experience of three years, upon the history, laws, commercial and political relations, natural history, religion, prevailing opinions, and natural capabilities of a country [Mexico alone] larger than Great Britain, France, Austria, Spain, and Portugal put together: "so little understood, too," says, Mr. Ward, "even as to geographical position, by the million, that I have been repeatedly asked, since my return to England, whether Captain Head's description of the Pampas is correct? although Mexico is nineteen degrees *north*, and Buenos Ayres thirty-four degrees *south* of the line!"—as it would be hopeless for us to attempt more, even with a single work embracing these topics (not to speak of the whole history of the South American revolution, and an examination of the mining prospects of the English speculators in that country), than merely to direct the attention of our readers to those objects upon which, by an inspection of the volumes, they may amuse or satisfy themselves, we shall take Mr. Beaufoy's "Manual" (as the more manageable book of the two), for a review of twelve pages, to pick out points from as we run along: occasionally checking the looser theories and observations of the captain, by a reference to the more cautiously taken latitudes and cooler judgment of his literary *contemporain* and brother traveller.

In the year 1825, during the height of the fever for South American speculations in England—when the good people of this country devoutly believed that gold and silver grew in the streets of Mexico and Buenos Ayres, only that the natives were such noodles that they had not sense to pick it up; and that a sort of magical process was at last invented, by which persons paying their three or four pounds "deposit" into a London banker's, by public advertisement, became actually parties engaged in a trade of enormous risk and arduousness, as well as extent, of the location of which they certainly knew but little, and of the conduct of which they could not find any body who knew any thing at all, but from which the extraction of enormous fortunes to every man of them was nevertheless matter of entire certainty—at this happy period, Mr. Beaufoy was engaged by one of the Mexican mining associations, to proceed to Mexico to extend their purchases, and watch over their interests: and, after touching at some of the West India islands, of which brief but rather lively descriptions are given, he arrived, full of hope, and Robertson, and Baron Humboldt, and Bullock's Museum, in the harbour of Tampico.

The land was made under rather tumultuous auspices. A storm of thunder and lightning threatened ignition to the sea, and would have set the Thames on fire to a certainty! A tremendous surf was beating on the bar: sharks flying round the ship, rampant in the prospect of a dinner: and a woman newly carried off by an alligator, and eaten—all but *one leg*, which her friends "had the satisfaction of rescuing." To mend the matter, no pilot came off. All the salutes and signals of the ship were unattended to; and an American who lay near—one of the Job's comforters that people are always sure to meet with in distress—said, that he had been already in the port ten days, without being able to land *his*

cargo. An intelligent person, however, happened to be on board Mr. Beaufoy's vessel, in command of a commercial undertaking, and who had been in Mexico before. This man of experience jumped into a boat, and rowed to the shore. The moment he landed, his quick eye detected an old serjeant whom he had once seen—in the pillory, or elsewhere; but he flew to embrace him, cramming money into his pockets all the while during the operation. This serjeant, who could read and write (these accomplishments in Mexico have still some value from their rarity), is the right-hand man of the "governor of the fortress;" and the latter perceives in a trice, that it would be heinous that "worthy Christians, who bring money and industry to the republic, should find a difficulty in landing." Horses are brought; and the searcher of South American hearts gallops ten miles to the house of the commandant of the district.—"Here, I am," he says to that great man, "once more in this fine country: and have brought presents for all my friends!"—"Indeed!" returns the other, knocking out the ashes of a cigar—"then my house and all I have is at the *disposicion de usted:*" which profession means (says Mr. Beaufoy), in Mexico—"I will keep all I have, and get as much more from you as I can:"—which is pretty nearly—as it strikes us—what it means every where else. Orders are now dispatched, however, to the bar for every accommodation for an instant landing; and the salute of the English vessel returned, after being a considerable while standing.

When this compliment (the salute) was paid to Mr. Ward and his friends at Vera Cruz, the Mexicans forgot, by some accident, that *their guns were shotted:* and the whole British commission, sent out to recognize the independence of South America, was within an ace of being farther dispatched—as Sir Joseph Yorke put his point the other evening—"to testify that recognition in Heaven." By good luck, however, this time the landing takes place in safety: and in the town our author is bitten by fleas; and at dinner wages constant war "with the flies, that settled on every morsel of meat."—"It is of no use," said an American, who was seated near; "in republics, the flies will eat as well as you and I." Mr. Beaufoy accordingly takes heart, and eats—flies and all—and protests "that they are not so very ill tasted." In the evening he observes, in the front of each house, the family picking the vermin out of each other's heads, which he conceives is very nasty; but "they might have done worse"—which is perfectly true, for they might have left them in. The party remains, however, at this place of course no longer than is absolutely necessary to complete their arrangements for removal; and, at the end of two days, the speculation moves forward towards Mexico.

The best description of South American travelling which the book affords, is found in a more advanced stage of our author's progress. As we have but a certain space to allow him, we shall take the liberty to introduce it here:—

"The modes of travelling in Mexico are various. A well-constructed road of two hundred and sixty four miles did once exist between Vera Cruz and the capital; and, though it has long been in a ruinous state, it is still possible, with seven mules, and four others running by the side to relieve them, to drag a coach over the distance in eight tedious days. A lighter vehicle, resembling Sterne's *chaise de poste*, and derided in the appellation of a *volante*, can be made to run over the same ground, by means of three mules abreast, in six days and

a half; but, of course, halting a day or two in addition, to rest the weary animals.

"A sort of covered sofa, called a *litera*, carried on poles, which serve as shafts to a mule in front and another behind, is often made use of from the coast to Xalapa; and in wet weather may be even taken on to the metropolis with advantage, as the journey can then be accomplished in six days; but by far the most usual, and, I think, the most agreeable way of proceeding, is to ride; driving before you two or three animals loaded with your linen and comforts, and at least one additional horse for the saddle."

It should be observed, that this road is, for "the republic," a road of a thousand; and Mr. Beaufoy professes that the "table-land" of M. Humboldt, where that author assures his readers they may roll in their carriages for fifteen hundred miles together, has as much pretensions to any thing like a level surface, as the fields of ice on which Captain Parry (and nobody else) expected that he should be able to travel from Spitzbergen to the Pole. "If you choose to make *détours* of many leagues," Mr. B. says, "and follow the course of the different ranges [of hills], there is generally some one spot over which nine stout mules *will* draw a strongly made coach, by dint of sticks, stones, shouts, and kicks in the belly." Baron Humboldt, however, meant to speak, probably, of the country, such as it may become. The understanding that travellers are to carry their beds and breakfasts with them—those who desire such accommodations—prevails nearly throughout Old Spain: and, from the description of the first inn at which the author reposes, the advantage of taking the same precaution in Mexico seems to be hardly capable of dispute:—

"We entered a court, round which was a stone building one story high, with sixteen doors numbered in succession; and on one of these being thrown open so as to admit the light, for there were no windows, I advanced to the entrance, but quickly made my escape on observing the brick floor teeming with fleas, and depositions of filth and nastiness of the most disgusting and offensive nature.

"My servant and the muleteer advanced boldly into this pandemonium; and by the free use of cold water, with a sort of wooden shovel and bundle of twigs, soon rendered it less horrible. In the mean time, I had leisure to contemplate a perpendicular sun, which seemed purposely to pry into every corner, and deprive us of shade; while the loaded mules quietly bent their knees under them and laid down, so as to rest the weight of the baggage on the ground.

"When I had ascertained they could not roll over and damage my portmanteaus, I would not allow them to be disturbed until the room was cleansed; but then the muleteers, by dint of kicks and large masses of stone thrown against their flanks, forced the poor animals, after various gruntings, to rise and be unloaded.

"I now explored my intended domicile; and, finding I did not sneeze quite so much as at first, took notice of four bare walls, a roof, a broad board elevated on upright sticks for a table, and two boards stretched out for my resting-place. To these latter I speedily turned my attention, knowing from sad experience what I was to expect; and, having armed myself with a resinous piece of pine-wood, deliberately held the lighted torch under every crevice, till I had roasted all the inhabitants.

"The animals being now relieved of their various trappings, rolled themselves well in the dust, and one was mounted by a man with *lazo* in hand, who drove thirteen of them through the town to the watering-place, which is frequently half a mile or more from the inn: they returned, bearing green maize or other forage, and were then shut up in a shed, with the addition of

Indian corn and barley for their food. At night, if another den could not be procured, my English servant used to spread his bed at the side of my own; while the Mexican servants and muleteers contentedly placed themselves outside the door in their serapes, and slept till daybreak, notwithstanding the extreme chilliness of the air.

"In the morning, before it was light, the whole party was on the move: the beasts were driven to water, and, if possible, more corn given them; while I, to the utter astonishment and even alarm of the natives, who expected to see me suddenly stricken to death for such temerity, went through the usual European operations of shaving and washing.

"As soon as every article was packed up, the mules were brought out to be loaded; and, having a pocket-handkerchief placed over their eyes, were first encumbered with an enormous sort of wadding or pack-saddle, then, by means of cords, the portmanteaus, &c. were suspended in equal weights on each side; and the said cord being passed twice round the stomach of the poor creature, a man on each side placed one foot against the beast, and with both hands pulled most strenuously, as if the animal or its belly could in no way be affected by their merciless exertions.

"The mules in general stood with their legs firmly planted, and only shewed their knowledge of what was going on by grunts, and puffing furiously, while I momentarily expected to see the poor creatures' bowels protruding through their skins; but I soon learnt that the operation was only a trial of stubbornness between the animals and their masters; for so effectually do the former swell out their sides, that in half a mile the cargoes are quite loose, and the cords again want tightening.

"When all was ready, I headed the *mêlée* in a broad Mexican hat, blue military jacket, and loose fustian trowsers, with large spurs, and my many-coloured serape or cloak fastened to the crupper with thongs. From the elevated pummel of the saddle, hung on either side a cow-skin, to protect my legs in wet weather, the pockets of which were convenient for stowing a compass and memorandum books, &c. A sword was suspended over the left skin; over my back was slung a barometer, thought by the natives to be an engine of war, and I carried one of Manton's double-barrelled detonating fowling-pieces in my hand. Thus accoutred, and with two good servants also armed, and sometimes a muleteer or more, I rode about the country like a hog in armour, unmolested and without danger. Indeed my gun was quite as much dreaded as admired, because the people said it required no flints, but could go off under water just as well as any where else."

The aversion of the Mexicans to the use of soap and water, on occasions of travel, amounts to horror: a firm belief existing among the people that to wash or bathe at such a time is unwholesome to a degree of deadliness. By a curious fatality, too, it happens that Mr. Beaufoy, having persuaded one of his Mexicans to wash on a journey, the man—as though especially to discredit English infidelity—*does die* before he arrives at the end of it. A Mohammedan strictness of ablution, however, is no where, if our author's observations are to be credited, considered a requisite to gentility: the greater part, indeed, of the people, even of the higher class, hold themselves very independent of all such processes.

"'I cannot think,' said one of the belles [this was a lady of particular nicety], at a ball given by the foreigners, and so loud that many besides her partner heard her—'I cannot think why the gentlemen admire Miss —— so much? Do you know she never washes her teeth; while I am quite uncomfortable if I don't wash mine twice a week, and with a brush too.'

"The Creoles, if not gambling, generally retire to bed before ten o'clock, and in the morning have a cup of chocolate, with some sweet biscuits, served to them before rising; a little water is then brought and poured slowly over the hands, which sometimes convey a drop of the liquid to the eyes and the

mouth; but the teeth and nails are left to themselves, and shaving takes place only every fifth or sixth day.

"The labouring classes are very early risers; for, as they lie down in their clothes with no other covering than the serape, they have only to rub their eyes, yawn, pull the cloak over their shoulders, and the whole toilette is finished.

"The serape, however, is the great curse of the Mexicans, the bane of industry, and the conserver as well as propagator of infectious diseases: it is made like an oblong blanket, with a slit in the centre to put the head through, and is, among the mass of the people, almost invariably of a sombre dark colour.

"When the sun shines hot, the inhabitants cover themselves up to the eyes to keep out its rays; when the chilly mornings and evenings make the cold more piercing from the intense heat of the day, the serape is again made use of, to keep its owner warm: but, in either case, so long as this cloak is not thrown off, no kind of work or exertion can be undertaken."

In his examination of the City of Mexico, Mr. Beaufoy seems to take one course very likely to lead him into error. He clearly looks at every object less with reference to its actual value, than to the terms in which some other writer—Mr. Bullock particularly—happens to have described it. On a great number of points, however, and material ones, his strictures are confirmed by the more guarded and considerate account of Mr. Ward:—

"Mexico is decidedly the most regularly built and the handsomest town I ever saw, but is situated on a vast flat, of horrible aspect; a wet marsh on one side—a barren level, covered with depositions of soda, on the other; houses built on piles, which frequently sink deeper into the swamp; and streets so devoid of the slightest inclination, that, after a heavy storm, the water will remain stagnant in them for hours together.

"When this metropolis was a second Venice, rising from the bosom of an immense lake which washed the very bases of the mountains, it must have had a far nobler appearance; but, after three centuries of strenuous activity, the Spaniards have succeeded in driving back the sheet of water to the distance of three or four miles, although they never could contrive to drain the aguish marshes they had thus so prudently created.

"The streets of this beautiful city are all straight and at right angles to each other, most of them a mile or a mile and a quarter in length, as wide as Pall Mall; and, from the peculiar style of architecture, with flat roofs and ornamented fronts, there is nothing seen in any direction either monotonous or shabby. The outskirts, however, like those of all Spanish cities I have ever heard spoken of, are full of ruins, rubbish, and filth; and even in the really splendid interior of the town, there are many handsomely-decorated fronts which conceal the most dirty and wretched abodes of the poorer classes.

"The houses are of stone, and much superior, I think, in construction, to any thing we can boast of in Britain. They are built round an open court, either with two or three stories above the ground-floor, and balconies to each, which are usually filled with pots of flowers or small shrubs.

"The roofs are flat, and form a pleasant terrace to walk on, being also sometimes ornamented with flowers and shrubs; but much more frequently are tenanted by large ferocious dogs, which effectually deter thieves from attempting to swing down into the balconies of the inner court, and rob the houses.

"The pavement of the principal streets is excellent, being of small stones, with a narrow covered channel in the centre as a drain, and with good flag footpaths on each side; they are lighted with large glass lamps, containing oil; and water is conveyed by pipes from the aqueducts to the different houses."

The theatre is described as a neat building, but wretchedly furnished with performers; and horribly offensive, from the fumes of tobacco with which it was filled. When the author, however, was *last* there, the cigars were given up by the ladies in the boxes. The airing of the Alameda, which is a more favourite species of diversion, is described with great spirit and neatness in the second volume of Mr. Ward—from whom we extract it:—

"Amongst the many curious scenes that Mexico presented at the end of 1823, I know none with which we were more struck than the Alameda. As compared with the Prado of Madrid, it was, indeed, deprived of its brightest ornament, the women; for few or none of the ladies of Mexico ever appear in public on foot; but, to compensate this, it had the merit of being totally unlike any thing that we had ever seen before. On a Sunday, or *Dia de Fiesta*, the avenues were crowded with enormous coaches, mostly without springs, but very highly varnished, and bedizened with extraordinary paintings in lieu of arms, in each of which were seated two or more ladies, dressed in full evening costume, and whiling away the time with a cigar *en attendant* the approach of some of the numerous gentlemen walking or riding near. Nor were the equestrians less remarkable; for most of them were equipped in the full riding-dress of the country, differing only from that worn by the lower orders in the richness of the materials. When made up for display in the Capital, it is enormously expensive. In the first place, the hind-quarters of the horse are covered with a coating of leather (called the anquera), sometimes stamped and gilt, and sometimes curiously wrought, but always terminating in a fringe or border of little tags of brass, iron, or silver, which make a prodigious jingling at every step. The saddle, which is of a piece with the anquera, and is adorned in a similar manner, rises before into an inlaid pommel, to which, in the country, the lasso is attached; while the plated headstall of the bridle is connected by large silver ornaments with the powerful Arabic bit. Fur is sometimes used for the anquera; and this, when of an expensive kind (as black bear-skin or otter-skin), and embroidered, as it generally is, with broad stripes of gold and silver, makes the value of the whole apparatus amount to four or five hundred dollars (about 100*l*). A common leather saddle costs from fifty to eighty dollars. The horse usually mounted on these occasions must be a brazeador, fat, sleek, and slow, but with remarkably high action before; which, it is thought, tends to shew off both the animal and the rider to the greatest advantage. The *tout ensemble* is exceedingly picturesque; and the public walks of Mexico will lose much in point of effect, when the riding-dress of England or France is substituted, as it probably will be, for a national costume of so very peculiar a character."

In the midst, however, of all this costliness and splendour, an inconceivable mass of misery is found among the lower orders: and the Lazzaroni population, Mr. Ward says, at the end of 1823, rendered the suburbs of the capital almost too horrible for foreigners to enter:—

"Twenty thousand of these Leperos infested, at that time, the streets, exhibiting a picture of wretchedness to which no words can do justice. In addition to the extraordinary natural ugliness of the Indian race, particularly when advanced in years, all that the most disgusting combination of dirt and rags could do to increase it was done. Dress they had none: a blanket full of holes for the man, and a tattered petticoat for the woman, formed the utmost extent of the attire of each; and the display of their persons, which was the natural consequence of the scarcity of raiment, to a stranger was really intolerable."

By a strange dispensation, these wretched people, in the depth of all their degradation, possess some faculties which should seem

to belong to a better condition—those, particularly, of an aptness for modelling and drawing—in a very extraordinary degree. The same faculties, by the way, are found to exist, and almost in as decided an extent, among the very lowest of the serf population of Russia. "Among these unhappy people," Mr. Ward says, "the Indians, are found men endowed with natural powers, which, if properly directed, would soon render their situation very different."—

"The wax figures, with which Bullock's exhibition has rendered most people in London acquainted, are all made by the Leperos, with the rudest possible implements. Some of them are beautifully finished, particularly the images of the Virgin, many of which have a sweet expression of countenance, that must have been borrowed, originally, from some picture of Murillo's; for it is difficult to believe that the men by whom they are made could ever have imagined such a face. It is Humboldt, I believe, who remarks, that it is to imitation that the powers of the copper-coloured race are confined: in this they certainly stand unrivalled, for while the Academy of San Carlos continued open (a most liberal institution, in which instruction was given in drawing, and models, with every thing else required for the use of the students, provided at the public expense), some of the most promising pupils were found amongst the least civilized of the Indian population. They seemed (to use the words of the Professor, who was at the head of the establishment) to draw by instinct, and to copy whatever was put before them with the utmost facility; but they had no perseverance, soon grew tired of such little restraint as the regulations of the Academy imposed, and disappeared, after a few lessons, to return no more."

On the state of society in Mexico, generally, Mr. Ward's notes (as we have before hinted) are not very copious. He has some very interesting travelling notices in his "Personal Narrative," but he commonly avoids characterizing the people. Mr. Beaufoy disposes of the subject with great vigour and brevity, setting out with the declaration, that—"There is not any thing that bears the slightest resemblance to good society in the whole republic."—

"A book in the hands of a Mexican gentleman, to pass away the weary time, or improve his mind, is a novelty I cannot task my memory with ever having witnessed. They talk very little, often paying visits of several hours without uttering ten words; a cigar is their inseparable companion and comforter, at all times and on all occasions; indeed I learnt at length to hail its presence myself, as the least offensive of a multiplicity of unpleasant odours.

"Lawyers smoke while reading a legal document—priests during the pauses of the service; visitors, who intrude at your dinner-hour, which is very customary out of the capital, quietly draw a chair to the table, and while you eat they puff; and this is seasoned with the most violent and repeated eructations and spittings—neither one nor the other being considered ungenteel, but quite the reverse: your carpets and floors, your furniture and curtains, are indiscriminately covered with saliva, and its disgusting appendages.

"The amusements of these intellectual gentlemen consist in cock-fighting, billiards, cards, and gambling of every description; which are passionately followed by all classes of people, to a degree scarcely credible. Gaming at once levels all ranks, all distinctions; a most perfect equality prevails, in knavery as well as excitement; and I have frequently seen a general, or a governor, bet his dollars against a man whose only covering was a blanket, full of vermin."

This is the case with the gentlemen; and, in despite of Mr. Beaufoy's professional gallantry, the ladies are not much more civilly dealt with:—

"As a nation, the women must be pronounced unpardonably plain. I was astonished, after all I had heard and all I had read, not to find above a dozen really handsome ladies, with good figures, in all my excursions; and even they lost most of their attraction, if seen in the mornings, by the habit of being then peculiarly slovenly; for it is impossible to speak of the Mexican ladies as 'when unadorned—adorned the most.'

"All have a great quantity of dark hair; but it is not fine, or in natural ringlets. Indeed that of the lower orders is so coarse, long, and black, that when, of an evening, I have seen women walking about in great pride, purposely turning round to display fully their straight locks hanging down their back, my imagination has irresistibly reverted to the tails of the Life Guards' horses in London.

"Seldom is one lady found paying a visit to another; such things are either unpractised, or considered an improper sort of espionage. They go to mass in the morning, to the theatre at night; and the intervals are passed in lolling at home, doing nothing but smoke little white paper cigars as big as a quill, or in a drive to the Alameda.

"In the evening, the saloon is thrown open to such male acquaintance as choose to call, where the female part of the family are seen sitting in a row against the wall, flirting their fans with a velocity and dexterity of movement which is highly creditable. Working I have seen once; reading never; pianofortes twice; singing to the guitar I have heard frequently; but as they usually pitch the voice to the highest key, it thrilled through my head like a most abominable octave.

"Spitting, smoking, and eructating are considered just as indispensable accomplishments among the ladies as the gentlemen; and if a Senorita wishes to shew you particular attention, she puts her hand into her bosom, pulls out a number of cigarritos, and entreats your acceptance of one."

If the manners of the Mexicans seem here to be treated with little ceremony, upon their morals (as described by our author) we are not disposed very particularly to touch. In justice, however, to Mr. B., we should add, he admits that, even during his stay, from the intercourse with Europeans, matters were improving. The ladies, in general, were discarding the use of tobacco: and the richest and prettiest paid their countrymen the compliment of declaring they would only marry foreigners.

The enormous extortions of the Catholic clergy, and the tyrannical rule that they maintain over the lower classes, and especially the Indians, are spoken of by both the authors before us; and the military writer shews no mercy to the dissolute nature of their lives. The fees demandable upon the performance of religious ceremonies may be gathered from an anecdote, related by Mr. Ward, of an Indian at whose hut he halted. This man's *house*, when he set out in life, had cost him *four* dollars, and his *marriage fees* were *twenty-two!* He had paid this sum, but was still indebted to the padre for the baptism of a child; the fees for which he was then endeavouring to raise. These extortions, however, according to Mr. Beaufoy's account, form but a small part of the revenue of the church, which puts a direct tax, in cases of necessity or pleasure, upon the daily gains and wages of the people. Mr. B.'s conclusions are sometimes hasty, but he gives an example in proof of this fact, as to which no error could well arise:—

"At a place where I was visiting, the men employed in the mines, amounting to nearly a thousand, were paid each Sunday morning after mass; and at the different pay-tables stood a person with a plate and small silver crucifix. As each individual's name was called out, he exclaimed on advancing, 'The

sacred Virgin is the purest of the pure!" and, if he received a dollar, the man with the crucifix took threepence; if two, sixpence was deducted; and so on. Far from this tax creating any apparent dissatisfaction, all submitted to it with the most praiseworthy humility; and on one occasion only do I remember a man, who, by some means or other, had got drunk too soon, asking why a medio was taken away from him?—'For the holy sacrament,' replied the collector.—'I work hard for what I get, and will give what I like, but not have any thing taken; so where is my threepence?'—'Oh, you sacrilegious wretch!' roared the clerical officer; 'you shall have to settle this with our master and holy mother church.'

The follies committed in the commencement of the different Mining adventures, seem to have been outrageously extravagant: but scarcely greater, as Mr. Ward fairly argues, than might be expected from men who were wholly without *data* on the subject upon which they were forming an opinion. In the commencement of the mining mania, all that the British public knew of Mexico was derived from the "*Essai Politique*" of Baron Humboldt. Even this book was but imperfectly known, and still more imperfectly understood; and no allowance was made for possible error on the part of the author; or for the still more important consideration that the book had been written fourteen years before, and prior to a civil convulsion, during which the state of mining property—more, perhaps, than any other species of possession—was likely to have been changed. The first step was to believe every thing—at one gulp—that M. Humboldt had seen. The next was to be convinced that there must be a great deal more (gold, of course) that he had not seen. Then, that the native Mexicans, who had worked these mines for some centuries, should know any thing about mining, or about any thing, as compared with the English, was impossible. And lastly, the coolest speculators assumed that—whatever new inventions might, on consideration, arise, or be deemed requisite, what we *had*—the knowledge—was secure:—the processes and machinery which succeeded in England, must, of course, succeed in South America.

These pleasing beliefs, all destined—even the last of them—to be thrown over in the sequel, led to results which are too notorious for it to be necessary that we should dwell upon them. Gentlemen were sent out in pursuit of mines, and mining adventures, whose knowledge of mining had remained a secret, we verily believe, to themselves—certainly to all the world beside—up to the moment when considerable salaries and handsome "outfits" called it into action. Crowds of working miners were sent from Cornwall—over whom, it might have been recollected, it would be impossible abroad to exercise any thing like control; and who, in fact (emancipated from the control to which they were accustomed—the fear of the loss of their employ), became rapidly so demoralized and unmanageable as to produce mischief instead of benefit wherever they went: besides that, being taken out of the particular duty to which they had been habituated (and in which, no doubt, they were eminently skilful), it was found that the native miners did the work three times better. Mr. Ward says:—

"Englishmen of the lower orders appear to undergo a change, on leaving their own country (particularly if exposed to the contagion of a large town), which renders them the most inefficient of human beings: nor is it by an excess of liberality, which only raises them above the sphere in which they were fitted to act, that this evil can be remedied. Indolence, obstinacy, and

insolence take, but too soon, the place of those qualities by which our working classes are distinguished at home; and, as their prejudices are not less strong than those which they have to encounter on the part of the natives, the result, in all cases where mutual assistance is required, cannot be favourable."

Again—of the miners of Cornwall peculiarly:—

"For the credit of England it must be hoped, that those who sought their fortune in Mexico are not to be regarded as a fair specimen of the population of that part of the British dominions. There were some good and useful men amongst them, who have continued in the service of the Association, and are now amongst its most efficient agents; but the generality of the Cornish have left behind them a character for ignorance, low debauchery, insubordination, and insolence, which has very materially diminished the respect which the Mexicans were inclined to entertain for the supposed superiority in intellectual acquirements of the inhabitants of the Old World.

This little fact (as the labourers in question were paid at an extravagant rate of wages—at least double that which they could have gained at home) is worthy the consideration of those "criminal law" theorists, who refer all our crime in this country to "the pressure of poverty."

Next came the crowd of evils necessarily consequent upon working at an enormous distance from our resources; and upon ground too—this was the worst part of the affair—with the peculiarities of which we were wholly unacquainted. Ponderous machines were sent out, in some instances, intended for places at which—from the physical structure of the country, it was impossible that they ever should arrive. Other engines arrived in a mutilated state, or in want of some slight additions, or with some trifle about them forgotten, which a voyage of six months to the United States (as the nearest market) was necessary to supply. In other cases, when steam engines had arrived, and were ready to work—the discovery was made—there was no fuel:—or fuel only to be got at such a price as that to work with it was to give gold for silver. But the most signal instances of the valuelessness of theories, without attention to local circumstances, was in the pearl adventure to the Gulf of California; because that was a case in which—though the failure was total—failure, by the most cautious speculators, could hardly have been suspected.

In the year 1825, it being known that pearl oyster-beds existed in the Gulf of California, it was conceived, by an English company, that if mere Indian divers could get pearls up out of the sea with their hands, with the assistance of a diving-bell, they (the company) might absolutely sweep the bottom. Two vessels were accordingly fitted out expressly for this enterprize, with diving-bells, and every supposed requisite. The conduct of the adventure was entrusted to an active and experienced naval officer; and an arrangement was entered into with the Mexican government (after great difficulties) for the equitable division of profits. Unfortunately, it turned out, that "the heat and the rocky bottom together," prevented the diving-bell from acting at any thing like the depth to which the native divers were accustomed to descend. "*One damaged* pearl was the result of a first cruize of six weeks: and, after a second attempt, equally long and unsuccessful, the scheme was abandoned as hopeless!" Notwithstanding all the losses, however, that have been incurred by hasty or ill-informed adventurers, Mr. Ward remains of opinion that profit is to be made by mining in Mexico; and his arguments on that point are well entitled to consideration.

The Mexican mode of working the mines varies according to circumstances in different establishments; and the descriptions of this business in detail are too long to be extracted. We may give some general notion of the manner of operation from the account of Mr. Beaufoy:—

" The veins of silver were no doubt originally discovered by fires being accidentally lighted on spots where the ore " cropped out" on the surface; and some portion of metal became smelted and seen; adventurers then began to sink a shaft; or, much more commonly, to dig a hole in the vein itself, following the richer lodes in all their sinuosities, groping about, sometimes above, sometimes below, but leaving nothing behind that was worth taking away.

" I have heard many professional European miners declare, that no workings could be carried on more devoid of all system than those of the Mexicans; and yet, in despite of all the very best of theories, the ignoramuses had contrived to extract the precious contents.

" Whether I am correct or not in the conjecture, I cannot say; but I have often thought, when visiting the old, narrow winding excavations of the natives, that men were capable of going farther under ground, in that pure atmosphere, without a circulation of air, than in denser climates: fire-damps are, I believe, unknown, and, wherever a candle will burn, there the air is not so much stagnated as to prevent breathing.

" If the shaft is perpendicular, a large wooden drum, turned by horses, raises to the surface a sort of sack, made of three great skins, firmly sewed together, and filled with water; for the use and mode of making tubs with staves is utterly unknown, and there are very few mines which have a level deep enough to drain a third part of their galleries. While this is going forward, the carriers work their way to the surface by means of notched poles put across a part of the shaft in a zigzag fashion; and they then give their load to the breakers, who knock the ore into pieces exactly as if they were going to macadamize a road.

" The quantity brought " to grass" by each individual would appear ridiculously small to those who are unacquainted with the difficulties of the low underground passages, and the fatigue of mounting several hundred feet of notched sticks; but it is the long-established usage of the natives, and can only be got rid of by degrees, even in those mines where the shafts will allow of a bucket.

" At the manufactory, the ore is ground, or else pounded very fine under stampers, and then placed on an area, most frequently open to the weather, but preferable if covered from the rain and cold; it is there wetted, and mixed with certain proportions of salt and burnt pyrites, which vary in quantity on every occasion, and can only be known from long experience. This mud, which strongly resembles the scrapings of London streets, is well trodden and mixed together by men or horses; quicksilver is then squeezed through a fine cloth all over the heap, and the mass is again turned over and kicked about for a long succession of days. Thus, according to circumstances of the state of the atmosphere and various other causes, the mud remains from three to six weeks before it is fit to be washed; then it is put into a cistern of water, well stirred up, and allowed to run very gently down a long inclined plane or trough, as represented in the figure. The quicksilver having united itself with the minute particles of the precious metal, they are together heavy enough to sink and collect at the stops on the board, while the refuse dirt is carried off with the water.

" As the great mass of Mexican mine proprietors had not manufactories of their own, they were obliged to send their ore to be amalgamated by other persons; paying them a fixed sum for a given quantity, and all the additional expenses of salt, pyrites, and mercury. It must, therefore be evident, without my entering into prolix details, that the owner of the manufactory had very numerous opportunities of cheating the miner; and that all the energies of the latter were continually exercised to prevent his being grossly robbed.

"The one would damp his salt, only half burn his pyrites, put bullets into the quicksilver to increase the weight, and, by carelessly washing the mud, gain a handsome profit from the refuse carried off. The miner, on the other hand, would calculate to an incredible nicety what each quantity of the ore sent ought to yield in silver."

Mr. Ward examines the different processes at various mines at far greater length; and strongly recommends the relying always, in the first instance, upon the system of the natives; introducing improvement by degrees, and only as we may be satisfied practically that it will be advantageous. Many of Mr. W.'s notices upon this subject are curious and entertaining; but we can only afford one extract as a specimen of their style:—

"I know few sights more interesting than the operation of blasting in the shafts of Rayas. After each "barreto" has undermined the portion of rock allotted to him, he is drawn up to the surface; the ropes belonging to the different malacates are coiled up, so as to leave every thing clear below, and a man called the "Pĕgădōr" descends, whose business it is to fire the slow matches communicating with the mines below.

"As his chance of escaping the effects of the explosion consists in being drawn up with such rapidity as to be placed beyond the reach of the fragments of rock that are projected into the air, the lightest malacate is prepared for his use, and two horses are attached to it, selected for their swiftness and courage, and called Caballos del Pegador, from being reserved for this particular purpose. The man is let down slowly, carrying with him a light, and a small rope, one end of which is held by one of the overseers, who is stationed at the mouth of the shaft. A breathless silence is observed until the signal is given from below, by pulling the cord of communication; when the two men, by whom the horses are previously held, release their heads; and they dash off at full speed until they are stopped, either by the noise of the first explosion. or by seeing, from the quantity of cord wound round the cylinder of the malacate, that the Pegador is already raised to a height of sixty or seventy varas, and is consequently beyond the reach of danger.

"It often happens that the matches do not ignite, in which case the Pegador is lowered down again, and the whole operation repeated, until all the mines have exploded. But, in spite of every precaution, accidents will frequently occur; and there are more Pegadors maimed, or destroyed, than any other kind of mining servants. They acquire, however, great presence of mind in the course of their arduous business: for the Marquis of Rayas told me, that, a few weeks before my visit, the man whom I saw descend, after lighting all the matches, found himself abandoned at the bottom of the mine, from the over-anxiety of those above, who, mistaking a mere vibration of the cord for the signal, ordered the horses to start, and drew up the malacate rope far beyond his reach, before either he or they became aware of the mistake. Instead of losing courage, or wasting time in fruitless efforts to make himself heard above, the Pegador instantly tore out the matches, and was fortunate enough to extinguish them all (seven in number) in time to prevent an explosion."

Much more remains, to which we could willingly, even by a few words, direct attention; but our article has already extended itself almost beyond the limit we originally proposed. The whole examination (by Mr. Ward) of the prospects and capacities of Mexico, apart from the mere question of mining: his notices of the political state of the people, both prior to and after the revolution; and especially the few pages describing the system and policy of Spain with reference to her colonies, are well worthy of steady attention. The account of the revolution, too,

with the causes that led to it, in the beginning of the first volume, is given with a terseness and power of condensation which would do credit to an experienced writer: but we are desirous to employ the small remains of space at our disposal in quoting a few of the notices of those strange occurrences in the trade of Mining, which sufficiently explain (if they cannot justify) the wildness with which, in all times, men have engaged in that description of speculation; and, we may add (reasoning from the same premises), almost lead us to distrust the judgment of the soberest individuals, when they speak of the profits to be derived from the pursuit.

Almost all the valuable mines in Mexico, it appears, have been discovered by accident; and frequently by persons whom the discovery elevated into princes, from the very lowest original conditions of life.

The greatest mines upon the vein of La Luz (we quote here from Mr. Ward) belonged to a "Captain Zuniga," who bequeathed *four millions of dollars* by his will to charitable institutions:—

"Zuniga, on his arrival at Catorce, was merely a muleteer, who visited the mountains with supplies for the newly-discovered district; meat, and every other necessary, being then paid for almost *à peso de plata* (by their weight in silver). Encouraged by the examples of sudden riches which he saw around him, he sold his mules, and purchased with the proceeds (about 2,000 dollars) the two mines from which he afterwards derived such enormous wealth.

"His title of captain he bought in his more prosperous days: indeed, it appears that, from his munificence, he almost bought the Viceroy himself; for, on the great Besamanos days in Mexico, he used to appear at court *with a pocket-handkerchief full of gold toys*, and tell Branciforte (at that time Viceroy), as he passed him almost without a salute, and proceeded to the private apartments of the Vicequeen, 'I don't come to see your Excellency; *Soy un barbaro, y no sé nada de Cortes* (I am a barbarian, and know nothing of courts); *vengo à ver a mi nina* (I come to see my little girl),' the Viceroy's daughter; on whom the contents of the handkerchief were, of course, bestowed."

The same strange chances led to the fortune of almost all the adventurers who enriched themselves at Catorce. The great vein of the Veta Madre was not known, it appears, until 1778,—

"when a free black, by name Milagros, a wandering musician, returning across the Sierra late in the evening from Mătēhŭală, where he had been employed at some village fête, lost his horse, and being forced, in consequence, to pass the night in the mountains, lighted a large fire upon the spot where the shaft of Milagros was afterwards sunk. In the morning, he discovered *a cake of silver* amongst the embers; upon which he immediately denounced the vein, and is said to have drawn from it, within ten yards of the surface, ores producing sixty marcs of silver to the carga."

Don Pedro Medellin, the proprietor of the mine of Dolores,—

"upon one occasion, *spent six-and-thirty thousand dollars* upon an entertainment, given in honour of a godchild, at Saltillo; and, at the time when the Partido amounted to one-third of the ores raised, *common miners* have been known to lose *two or three thousand dollars* in a morning at a cock-fight."

The wonders of the mines of Batopilas, the author himself passes over in a general description, as exceeding his limits in detail.

From the Curwen (one of these), a mine belonging to the Marquis of Bustamante, *one mass of solid silver* was extracted, *weighing 425lbs!*

The ores of Pastrana—(another)—

"were so rich, that the lode was worked by bars, with a point at one end, and a chisel at the other, *for cutting out the silver*. The owner of Pastrana used to bring the ores from the mine with flags flying, and the mules adorned with cloths of all colours. The same man received a reproof from the Bishop of Durango, when he visited Batopilas, for *placing bars of silver from the door of his house to the sala*, for the Bishop to walk upon."

Buen Suceso was discovered by an Indian, who swam across the river after a great flood:

"On arriving at the other side, he found the crest of an immense lode laid bare by the force of the water. *The greater part of this crest was pure and massive silver, and sparkling in the sun.* The whole town of Bătŏpĭlăs went to witness this extraordinary sight as soon as the river became fordable. The Indian extracted great wealth from his mine; but, on arriving at the depth of three varas, the abundance of the water obliged him to abandon it, and no attempt has been since made to resume the working."

And these are not tales of the olden time.—These masses of wealth, and the people who hold it, are, in many cases, still in existence:—

The mine of Morelos was found—

"in the spring of 1826, by two brothers (Indians), by name Arauco, to one of whom a little maize for tortillas had been refused upon credit the night before. In two months they extracted from their mine 270,000 *dollars!* yet, in December 1826, they were still living in a wretched hovel close to the source of their wealth, bare-headed and bare-legged, with upwards of 40,000*l.* sterling in silver locked up in their hut. But never was the utter worthlessness of the metal, as such, so clearly demonstrated, as it has been in the case of the Araucos, whose only pleasure consists in contemplating their hoards, and in occasionally throwing away a portion of their richest ores to be scrambled for by their former companions, the workmen."

The mine of Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe is very celebrated:—

"It belongs to Don Francisco Iriarte, a relation of the President's, who *refused an offer of one million of dollars*, made in 1825, by an association of Foreigners, on condition that he should allow them to work his mine for a term of three years. Guădălūpĕ is free from water, and situated at a considerable elevation above the plain; it contains a vein of gold of considerable breadth, and its produce might be increased to ten times its present amount; but the proprietor, a man of very peculiar habits, often refuses to work the mine for months together; and, when compelled to employ labourers upon it, in order to prevent the loss of his title by exposing the mine to a denunciation from some other quarter, never allows more than four arrobas of gold (100lbs. weight) to be raised in the week.

"The idea of a man possessed of boundless wealth, but refusing to make any use of the treasures within his reach, will seem incredible in Europe; but Iriarte really does not know the value of money. With at least a million of dollars in gold and silver in his house, he lives in a habitation, the furniture of which is composed of buffaloe-skins, with wooden tables, and chairs of so massive a construction, that it requires two or three men to lift them from one part of the room to the other. His sons, whom he never permits to leave the town, are forced to attend to a little retail shop in Cŏsălă; and his daughter, who is pretty, is suffered to grow up in uneducated idleness. His own habits are abstemious; and his religious notions extremely strict. He dislikes allusions to his wealth, and considers any inquiry respecting his mine almost as a personal offence. To all proposals for a cession of the right of working it, even for a limited time, he has constantly given the same answer—namely,

that he does not want money; and that, if he did, those who offer him the most liberal terms know best that he could take out of his mine double the amount of any thing that they could give, in less time than they would themselves require to raise the money."

For a continuation, at great length, of similar facts, which almost lead us to distrust the *possible* sanity (upon the subject of mining) of every man who is familiar with them, we must refer our readers to the book itself—which, notwithstanding its extent, will repay the labour of perusal. Those who read it can scarcely help perceiving, that mining—like gaming—is a trade which *will* always be carried on—even though in the aggregate it should be carried on at a loss. The prizes held out are enormous; the means by which they are attained (when they *are* attained) simple and rapid; and the blanks—(the losers cut their throats)—we do not hear of. Taking into account, however, all the difficulty of judging coolly, Mr. Ward, as we have before said, does come to the conclusion, that a steady average profit is to be made upon mining speculations; and the facts by which he supports this assertion undoubtedly have very considerable weight.

For the merits, as to composition, of the two works under our notice, we have already sufficiently discussed these in the course of our extracts.

Mr. Ward's book is a little heavy, from its extent; but the subject is an important one; and the same information could scarcely be conveyed in less compass. Its political views are frequently free and comprehensive; and the tone of its discussion always temperate and guarded. The "Personal Narrative" abounds rather too much with anecdotes of the writer's family and domestic arrangements: but much of it will be read with entertainment, and with profit to any future traveller who may have occasion to tread in the author's footsteps.

Mr. Beaufoy's light volume may serve as a pleasant introduction to the graver and heavier work. It directs our attention to objects; and we refer to Mr. Ward's to be more fully satisfied upon them. In manner, it is often flippant, and, in conclusion, very often wrong; but always bold and lively; and we very often laugh at the author's hits, if we now and then are as much amused with his blunders. There is only one fault, in Mr. Beaufoy, which, although it occurs in no violent degree, yet even as it stands is such as we cannot easily pardon, and which would not have presented itself for our condemnation, if Mr. B. had shewn his work to any friend of well regulated taste or naturally correct judgment. There are, here and there, in the book, matters dilated upon in detail, which would have been better very generally described and briefly handled; and occasionally some attempts at wit, which would have been a great deal better left unattempted altogether. All that it is *necessary* to say upon *any* subject, there are modes of saying without the slightest offence to propriety; and lapses from this discretion are merely so much evidence that the writer either wilfully transgresses, or fails to be familiar with those observances which good society (properly so designated) demands. This fault is the less excusable, as far as it goes, on the part of Mr. Beaufoy, because he can be entertaining (if he is not very profound), without being objectionable at all; and because the abstraction of two or three pages, of no value, from his work would leave it just as amusing as it is, and free from objection altogether.

HAJJI BABA IN ENGLAND.*

Mr. Morier's first three volumes of the Adventures of Hajji Baba, were rather roughly treated. For the sins of the author, some officious friend (for we fully acquit Mr. M., himself, from having had any share in the jest) circulated a report, a month before the book appeared, that it was a new novel "by the author of Anastasius." And an edition was actually printed in France, some time after the English publication, with Mr. Hope's name in the title page, as the author. Now, if there was any particular puff that could have ensured an immense curiosity about the book, before it appeared, and its merciless damnation afterwards, it was the very report here in question. Who really *was* the *author* of Anastasius, was almost a doubtful matter. In despite of the name—plain and unequivocal—in the dedication, people were not quite satisfied that Mr. Hope was the man. Although, if he were not, the problem was none the nearer solved; for the same difficulties that hung about his claim, would attach to that of any one else. It was hardly conceivable that any man—this was the objection to Mr. Hope—should have written the MOST STRIKING BOOK—we cannot bate one point of this estimate of supremacy—that had been produced within living memory; a book which, as a work of fancy, seemed to combine the best powers of all the best known writers, and yet never write again. But then the difficulty was not got rid of by refusing the claims of Mr. Hope; for it was clear that *somebody* must have done this; unless we put the cape upon some known writer, choosing to masquerade in the back ground—which looking to the subject of the book, and its execution—appeared unlikely; or assumed that it was the posthumous MS. of some extraordinary man, whose powers had remained undeveloped during his life, or who had himself, perhaps, been unconscious of them. On the other hand, in favour of Mr. Hope's claim—independently of the unqualified manner in which that claim is made and recorded—although, frankly to speak, when a gentleman does write *one* good copy of verses, or make *one* good speech in Parliament, we are apt to have a misgiving that somebody else made or wrote the matter for him; yet it is an undoubted truth, and perfectly well known to those who are conversant with the "business" of literature, that a fresh man does now and then execute some one—or two—things excellently well; and can never do any thing worth a farthing afterwards. There were difficulties in the question, however, beyond all these. For instance, though men were known to have produced one good thing and never accomplished a second, yet it was hard to find the case of any man who had produced one good thing and never *attempted* a second. Then—for the probability that Mr. Hope had come by the MS. *dans une manière inconnue*—why the dedication (of about fifty lines to Mrs. Hope) was the only bit of rather clumsy writing in the book. Yet this was met again, on the other hand, by the fact, that dedications, even by the very best hands, are almost invariably artificial and clumsy: so that, like the authorship of Gil Blas, and the identity of the Man with the Iron Mask, and the name of the true thief in the case of the The Diamond Necklace, the matter of the writing of Anastasius, where it had taken speculators up, seemed likely, to the end of time, to set them down. However, be the solution of the mystery what it might, it was quite

* The Adventures of Hajji Baba in England, 2 vols. 12mo., Murray, London.

certain that the whole world had been surprised by Anastasius; and looked, with a degree of anxiety, far beyond what could have been excited by an announcement from Scott or Byron, for the reappearance of the author. The edition of Hajji Baba went off like wildfire! In forty-eight hours after its publication, we doubt if there was a literary man in the kingdom who had not seen it. But—"as comes the reckoning when the banquet's o'er,"—the commencement of the jest was sweet as honey, but, in the result, it was as bitter as gall! Mr. Morier was never opened with any thought of his own merits, but with reference always to the powers of the writer whose name (and, with it, his responsibility unluckily) had been thrust upon him. He had to stand the test of a comparison to which scarcely any man (whom we know) would have been equal. Every thing too conspired to favour the deception. His scene lay in the same world with that of Anastasius. He worked with almost the same characters: many of his incidents and descriptions lay in the same course, and took, almost of necessity, the same ground. The question everywhere was—not what is this?—but—what is this, as compared with the former? And the result was, that Mr. Morier fell. That the author of (only) the Essays on Costume should have written Anastasius was rather incomprehensible: but it was clear that the author must have *found* Anastasius who had written Hajji Baba.

The book however, when looked at independently of the name of Mr. Hope, had a merit of its own; and a merit not at all inconsiderable. The sketches of eastern habits and tastes in it were graphic and lively; one or two of the little episodes introduced, far from dull; the plot sufficient, though unable to bear the criticism which compared it with the loftier work; and some of the passages, if not many of the entire scenes, eloquently written. The whole of the earlier and lighter part of the story of Zeenab, for instance, was excellent. One writer, who declared without ceremony that the staple of the book was three hundred per cent. below Anastasius, admitted that the gossiping dialogues in the chief physician's harem were equal to the former work, and effective in a different way. A great deal of commendation too, is due to the story of the sojourn with the Dervises, the capture by the Turcomans, the marriage with the widow Shekerleb, and the adventure with the Diviner, in seeking the inheritance, on the return to Ispahan. Some of the camp and pageant scenes were tedious,—they had been done already in Anastasius; and all the attempts at passion, and even pathos, were pretty nearly failures. But, upon the whole (through all the abuse that circumstances obtained for it), the book was generally read from beginning to end. And the author obtained, and deserved to obtain, some hold upon the recollection of the public.

The work before us—the second series of Hajji Baba's adventures—has some faults (and some merits) which the first production had not: but, on the whole, it is very amusingly written, and far better than (from some specimens of the proposed style of its contents given in the former publication) we expected it to be. There is less of plot about it even than in the first work; indeed of plot, in the sense in which that term is used by novelists, there can scarcely be said to be any; but a constant source of excitement is kept up by the shifting of the characters—even if they be such as take no great hold upon us—into new and singular situations: and, without becoming subject to that sort of novelistic lien which arises out of a care for the individuals before us, we have a

running curiosity to see what, in particular positions, particular people will think and do.

The work sets out with the nomination of Hajji Baba, as appointed and peculiar officer of the Persian shah, to select and take up in the provinces of his master's empire, a collection of presents which are to accompany an embassy to the king of England. These gifts are to consist (as becomes the honour of the shah and the purpose of the embassy) of the choicest specimens of art and splendour that Persia can afford, and especially of such matters as are likely to be acceptable to the illustrious monarch for whose use they are designed. Horses are among the gifts; and even a mare; that "the blessing of a race of horses may be perpetuated to those (the English) who now only possess jades," and that, "instead of grovelling, as hitherto, in the mud, they may be carried on high with their heads in the fifth heaven." Full dress suits are also constructed "for the queen of the Franks, similar to those worn by the banou of the royal Persian harem," with "collyrium for the eyes, *khennah* for staining the hands and feet, jewels for the nose and jewels for the ears, pins for the shirt, a zone for the waist, and rings for fingers as well as toes." Pearls travel to deck the person of the king of England, and "turquoises to protect him from the evil eye." Slaves of all descriptions, including, particularly, "a woman of Ethiopia, who had acquired the peculiar habit of living almost without sleep; and when she did sleep, it was with her eyes open; so that at night, at the door of the shah of England's chamber, she would keep watch better than the fiercest lion;—she was also warranted not to snore; a quality in a watching slave highly esteemed in Persia." And, besides this lady, "a *pehlivan*, or prize-fighter, a negro, whose teeth were filed into saws, of a temper as ferocious as his aspect, who could throw any man of his weight to the ground, carry a jackass, devour a sheep whole, eat fire, and make a fountain of his inside, so as to act as a spout." To these wonders are added—to crown the whole—an eunuch dwarf, the most horrible of all Persia in aspect, "who was the most vindictive, spiteful, and inexorable, of his species, as watchful as a lynx, and as wary as a jackal:" and with whom the guardianship of the king of England's harem would be complete; for, when his features were set in motion, and at the same time he exerted his voice, it was positive that "no woman—be she demon or angel—could, even for one moment, dare to oppose him."

These presents, according to Persian etiquette, previous to their transmission to Frangistan, are submitted to the inspection of the English ambassador resident at the court of the Shah; and immense surprise is created when that officer suggests that "the slaves will none of them be acceptable." The refusal of the *pehlivan*—whose praises the Persian minister sums up in one sentence—"Why, he is an animal to keep in a stable!"—seems quite incomprehensible; but the objection to the eunuch dwarf, and the statement that the King of England does not lock up his wife—and moreover that he has but *one*, creates a burst of merriment and incredulity through the court, "*La illahah illallah!*" cries the vizier—astonished even into forgetfulness of the place in which he stands—"only one wife? Suppose he gets tired of her, what then?" The delight, however, expressed at the gift of the horses, somewhat covers these disappointments. The English ambassador is luckily "no great judge; and, therefore, the animals which a Persian would most

likely have rejected, he accepts with joy." What they want in excellence, too, is "made up in fine sounding titles." "One covered with marks, foreboding ill luck, was called *Khodabaksh*, or the Godsend. Another, white with age, was the Pearl. A third, who would never permit its ears to be touched, was known by the sportive name of *Sermest*, or the Drunkard. Besides which, there was a Hawk, a Hero, and a Bosom-friend, all names descriptive of the qualities of the animal." It had been in contemplation "to add an elephant to the horses (seeing that its daily consumption of food was very inconvenient to the shah's treasury); but, the ambassador having remarked that it would be difficult to transport it on shipboard, this part of the plan was omitted." Two letters are composed with much care from the shah, and banou of Persia, to the king and queen of England. And a discussion, almost fatal to the embassy, arises between the English ambassador and the Persian minister, as to "what part of the letter the royal seal shall be placed upon:" the position being a mark of greater or less respect to Persians. At length, by a happy invention, it is agreed that the seal "shall be sent on a separate piece of paper, loose in the letter; in order that each party may be able to swear that it was intended for any part he may deem most convenient:" and, "with a warning to learn all the languages of Frangistan, to express no surprise at any thing which they may hear or see, and to do every thing in England for the shah's honour, that his face may be white in the eyes of the infidels;" the mission, accompanied by a young Englishman, who is to act as interpreter, quits Ispahan on its way to St. James's.

The chief ambassador from Persia, Mirza Firouz, is by no means devoted to the task assigned him. In fact, he receives the honour at the suggestion of a vizier, who is jealous of his favour with the sultan, and thinks it advisable to get him out of the way. Hajji Baba, whose fortune it is to be protected by the jealous vizier, (and who goes "to England as secretary of the embassy") therefore stands in no great odour in the nostrils of his superior officer; and the latter, at starting, expresses his feelings on the affair generally—and, particularly, as Hajji's patron is concerned—in the following soliloquy:—

"'I have done the needful to his father's grave; I will neither spare his wife nor his sisters. May an old ass make love to his mother! By the blessing of the Prophet, a hundred dogs, one after another, will make a corner-stone of his beard, and every day bring their friends to follow their examples! Oh, thou old flint-heart! thou whose stone never sweats! Inshallah! please Allah! whatever curse was ever conceived, or whatever misfortune was ever known to befall, may they all alight on thy head at once!'—Then, turning round to me, he exclaimed, 'Hajji! by my soul, and by your own death! you who know the world, who have eaten the dirt both of Turk and Turcoman, how is it possible that you would consent to eat that of an old niggard?'—Then looking straight forwards, and talking aloud as he rode at the head of the party, 'Well, and now I am an elchi! and to whom? to the Franks—to the king of the Franks! May they and their fathers' graves be eternally defiled! And I am, forsooth, to leave my family, my child, my country, to go wandering into unknown regions, amongst beardless infidels, all because this old, ill-begotten vizier chooses to think that the shah was beginning to be too mindful of me!'"

The inferior persons of the embassy, as well as their chief, are a good deal at a loss what to think of a journey to Europe:—

"One asked, 'How shall we get there? underground, or how?'—Another, 'We hear that their only food is the unlawful beast; how can a Mussulman exist there?'—A third said, 'At least we shall get wine, for we are told they drink nothing else, and that all their water is salt.' The nazir avowed his intention to take several loads of rice with him, expecting to find none in Europe; and he seemed very much puzzled how to convey a sufficient quantity of Shiraz syrup in bottles, to make his master's sherbets. The stable-men were anxious to know whether barley grew in the countries they were going to visit, and whether chopped straw was also to be had in abundance. The barber wished to ascertain what quantity of soap he was to convey; and the cook whether pots and pans were common to Franks."

In passing through Turkey, the usual heartburnings break out, between the Turks and the Persians; and in "the capital of the Blood-drinker" (Constantinople), even the hatred of both sides to the Franks appears not strong enough to control this disposition to mutual offence. "Ah, my friend!" exclaims the Turkish minister to the Persian envoy, "when will the world be cleansed from this accursed race of unbelievers? What is to be done?"—"I tell you what," answered the Mirza,—"Allah must do it; for, between you and I, I do not think you ever will." And, on another occasion—"Great," said the mufti, to the Persian ambassador, "will be the mass of impurity with which you will be overwhelmed before you return! How shall you ever cleanse yourself of it?"—"*Inshallah!* please Heaven," returned the latter, "not by returning through Constantinople!" At length the Persians get on board the English ships prepared for their voyage to Great Britain. And here we shall let the historian speak a little for himself:—

"We had reached the frigate all but about one *maidan*, when, wonderful to behold, at the sound of a shrill whistle, out jumped hundreds of what we took to be rope-dancers; for none but the celebrated Kheez-Ali of Shiraz, inimitable throughout Asia for his feats on the tight rope, could have done what they did. They appeared to balance themselves in rows upon ropes scarcely perceptible to the eye, ascending higher and higher in graduated lines, until on the very tip-top of the mast stood, what we imagined to be either a *jin* or a *dive*, for nothing mortal surely ever attempted such a feat. We had no sooner reached the deck, whither we had all been whisked up (the blessed Ali best knows how), than instantly such discharges of cannon took place, that, with excess of amazement, our livers turned into water, and our brains were dried up.

"'In the name of Allah!' exclaimed the elchi, 'what does this mean? Is this hell? or is it meant for heaven? What news are arrived?' All this he was exclaiming, whilst the captain, standing before him, made low bows, and seemed to claim his admiration. And it was only when the firing had ceased, and that our ears had somewhat recovered the shocks they had received, that the mehmandar stepped up and said, this was done in honour of his excellency, and was the acknowledged mode in England of treating persons of distinction.—'May your shadow never be less!' rejoined the ambassador. 'I am very sensible of the honour,' at the same time thrusting his fingers into his ears; 'and I assure you that this mark of distinction will leave a lasting impression upon me. But what is the use of discharging so many cannon, and wasting so much precious gunpowder? You have fired away more powder than our shah did at the celebrated siege of Tûs, when, with three balls and one cannon, he discomfited a host of Yuzbegs, and kept the whole of their kingdom in fear of his power for ever after.'

"Altogether, the scene that we here witnessed was one which struck us with more astonishment than any thing we had yet seen out of our own country.—'Ah!' said we, 'if the shah had but one such ship in the Caspian, he

would burn the fathers of the Russians!'—'Inshallah! please God!' was repeated all round; and we lived in the hope that our ambassador, once established in England, it would not be difficult to learn how to build ships; seeing that the Turks, a nation acknowledged by all mankind to be the assses of the human race, made them; and recollecting that the Persians were endowed with more ingenuity and ability than all the rest of the world together.

"The captain then brought his *naibs*, or lieutenants and officers, introducing them to the ambassador, and, among the number, he specially presented a doctor, who was enjoined to take care of our health. He, moreover, led a Frank priest before us, who was the only living sign we had yet seen of religion amongst infidels—for never had we seen one of them even stand still and pray.

"One of the men was a son of the road, as the wandering Arabs say, a traveller. He was evidently a person of experience; for his hair was white, which he might have kept from the gaze of the world had he always worn a turban or head-dress, according to our Eastern fashion. The account which he gave of himself was to us incomprehensible; for it seems he was travelling about the world, at his own expense, for a Frank king, to collect birds, beasts, and fishes, which, as fast as he caught, he stuffed. The moment he perceived us, he eyed us from head to foot, as if he were inspecting horses or camels; and his curiosity was afterwards explained by the knowledge we acquired of his pursuits;—it was evident that, looking upon us as foreign animals, he longed to kill and to stuff us.

The powder in the captain's hair excites infinite admiration among the Persians; who consider it to be a "white dust which he has poured upon his head in token of humility," and compliment to their arrival. The knives and forks at dinner, too, with the veto upon any gentleman's putting his hand into the dish to help another, lead to still greater perplexity. The most admirable affair of all, however, seems to the Orientals to be, the seeing the "idle young men on board the ship" [the midshipmen] appear all at noon, each with an "astrolabe" [a quadrant] in his hands! To see boys handling this instrument of wisdom, and apparently with a purpose to ascertain if the heavens are propitious to the voyage, excites an inexpressible wonder on the part of the ambassador! and having contemplated the exhibition of a little rhubarb on that day, he sends a message, to know from the Frank soothsayers, whether the time is propitious for taking physic. In the mean time the whole party apply themselves diligently to the study of all European peculiarities, and especially of the English language; and, after the chief ambassador has nearly cut off one finger in learning to use the knife at dinner, and Hajji Baba nearly committed a greater mischance, by running his fork into his eye; with no farther calamities than these, the ship reaches the English coast in safety, and the embassy is disembarked at Plymouth:—

"Our sensations upon rowing to the shore were such as we conceived the body of the true believer might feel when seeking for his soul finds it, and sits down to all eternity near a river of milk in the seventh heaven. Although every thing we saw, we were convinced, was impure, and defiled by the presence of mortals doomed to eternal fires, still how did our hearts open when we gazed upon green fields, fresh flowers, and running water!

"But what was our astonishment, when we alighted at the door of a house, at the gate of which stood several denominations of Franks, without their hats, and two or three women unveiled, all ready to receive us, and who, placing themselves in a sort of procession, preceded the ambassador until they reached a room fitted up with looking-glasses, and surrounded by many contrivances,

too numerous now to mention. The mehmandar then told us, that this was to be our habitation for the present; and added, that, whenever we wanted any thing, we had only to pull a string pendant from the wall, when slaves, ready to obey our orders, would appear, quicker than ever the *gins* did to Aladin.

"But what was still more extraordinary, we had remained in this state of surprise not a few minutes, when in came a fair-faced daughter of England, asking us, through the mehmandar, whether we should like to 'see our beds;' at least so we understood her. We knew of no other beds than those which we carried about and spread on the floor, and, therefore, we all willingly pressed forwards to the sight; and here our wonder was again excited. The shah's throne, on which he sits to administer justice, and to make the extremities of the world tremble, was not more magnificent than the bed intended for the ambassador. It must have been constructed upon the famous peacock throne of the Moguls. Upon four pillars of curiously-wrought wood was raised a canopy of rich stuffs, from which were suspended curtains as ample as those which screen the great hall of Tehran. The seat was overlaid with the softest and most luxuriant mattresses; and pillows to recline upon were raised, one above the other, in heaps. Here our moon-faced conductress proposed that the ambassador should pass the night; and the invitation, as may be expected, was greedily accepted; an event to which she appeared perfectly accustomed; inasmuch as it was settled without the least indication of a smile or a blush on her part.—'Allah! there is but one Allah!' exclaimed Mirza Firouz; 'I am in a state of amazement. To eat dirt is one thing, but to eat it after this fashion is another!'"

The dinner at the caravanserai delights the travellers even more than that on board ship. Their satisfaction at the appearance of so much plate, glass, china, &c., is at first unbounded; but is afterwards a little abated by the production of that nuisance which, the Persian historian observes, "meets strangers, go where they will in England—a bit of paper, covered with hieroglyphics, called—"the bill!" After a few hours, the novelty being over, the time at the inn begins to hang somewhat heavy on the hands of the strangers, but is relieved by the "diversion of pulling the strings which hang near the fire-place, to try whether such a ceremony will actually produce the appearance of the slaves, or servants, of the caravanserai:"—and "sure enough they came," says the Hajji, "and tired enough they seemed to be; till, at length, our pulling had no farther effect; and the charm we supposed was broken by our too frequent repetition." Some of the party too are lucky enough to discover a small room, "in which the water is made to rush and disappear as if by magic, in a much more extraordinary manner than through the pipes of the Persian fountains; and the *jelowdars* and stable-boys find much amusement in making the waters play in this place," to the great annoyance of the Franks, &c.

The embassy then proceeds to London, where the ambassador finds himself much disgusted on account of the little respect shewn to him both on the road and on his arrival. No turnings out have been made of troops, or deputations sent to bid him welcome; and the crowds gathered in the streets, instead of "uncovering the head," when the embassy approaches, "point the finger." It is horrible, he says, that an ambassador from the Shah of Persia, should meet with a reception no more ceremonious than that of an "ass load of old rags." The arrangements of the Frank houses, too, when they reach the capital, the whole party find to be, in many points, inconvenient:—

"We passed the first night very ill. Each of us had a bed, the curtains of which were so pretty, that we longed to cut them up for *alcoloks*, or to bind them round our waist; but we were unaccustomed to their heavy coverings, and found, after we had been a short time under them, that our coat and trowsers became disagreeably oppressive. We all agreed that certain white pieces of loose linen, which accompanied each bed, would make excellent shirts; and Taki, the ferash, who had only one, determined immediately to improve his stock. The whole household was on the stir long before the Franks thought of moving; but Mohamed Beg was much puzzled about the true hour for saying his morning prayer, for we heard no *muezzins* to announce it from the mosques; and, besides, the nights were so much longer than any we had been accustomed to, that we had almost settled amongst ourselves that the sun never rose in this ill-conditioned city. We had walked about the house for several hours almost in total darkness, and were in despair waiting for the dawn, when at length we heard noises in the streets, indicating that the inhabitants were awake. During the whole night, at intervals, we had watched the cries of what were evidently guards of the night, who, like the *keshekchis* on the walls of the *Ark*, announce that all is right; but those we now heard were quite different. At first, we thought they might be muezzins, appointed to cry out the Frangi *azan*, the invitation to the inhabitants to arise and pray; and, indeed, looking at them through the twilight, we were confirmed in our idea; for they were dressed in black, as all the English men of God are; but we were evidently mistaken; because, although they uttered their cry in a variety of loud, shrill tones, yet still no one seemed to rise a moment the sooner, or to have the least idea of praying on their account. And still we were uncertain; but, when the day had completely broken, Mohamed Beg came running in, in great joy, exclaiming, '*Muezzin!' muezzin!*' and, pointing to the top of one of the minars which are seen on all the houses, we there saw one of these street clergymen, crying out his profession of faith with all his might."

The visit of the minister for foreign affairs to the embassy takes place so unexpectedly, that nothing but "sweet and bitter coffee" can be prepared for that officer's reception: "the first of which," the Persians observe with surprise, "he scarcely tastes," and that he "makes faces at the latter." It is resolved, however, having due notice—to give the prime minister, on his visit, a formal entertainment:—

"Hassan, the cook, was ordered to exercise all his talent, and to dress a breakfast, which would at once shew his art, and give a specimen of our national luxuries. He prepared several sorts of *pillaus*. He so judiciously mixed sweets and acids, meats and vegetables, and poured over the whole such abundance of liquid butter, that the emblem of blending the interests of the two countries, he assured us, was perfect. Then nothing could be more delicate than our sherbets, and the sweetmeats, particularly the *gezenjibin*, that luxury peculiar to Persia, and of which, considering where our destinies were directing us, we had brought a large store. Several of our sherbet-bowls had been broken on the journey, and Hashim was at a loss how to reimplace them, until, recollecting that he had seen certain vases—some painted, others white—placed in different parts of the English houses, he took possession of three of the handsomest, and served up the sherbets in them. The young mehmandar, who happened to have inspected the *conchas*, or trays, as they stood prepared for the breakfast, at the sight of these vases burst into indiscreet laughter, of which none of us could understand the meaning, until, explaining the use to which they were generally applied, we were obliged to hide the face of shame under the veil of ignorance; and rendered thanks to Allah, that we had so providentially escaped the quicksands of pollution.

"The prime vizier was a dervish in appearance, so mild, so kind, that we marvelled how the affairs of this great country could be directed by him.

"A very handsome breakfast was served up to him, but which, strange to say, did not seem to his taste. The ambassador helped him to the choicest bits with his own fingers; he even put his hand into the same mess of rice with him, and gave him his own spoon to drink sherbet with; but he could not be prevailed upon to make the most of the good things before him. We tried him with some *gezenjibin*, which he scrupulously examined; but when Hashim, the footman, had dexterously broken it with his hands, and blown the dust from it with his mouth, he did not seem inclined to carry his curiosity farther.

"'Surely,' said we, 'this infidel cannot affect to think us impure, that he does not choose to taste our food; he, who will not scruple to eat swine's flesh, and to drink of the forbidden wine?—and this, too, when our ambassador has laid by his own scruples, has shut his ears to the commands of our holy Prophet, and has treated the Frank as if he were a true believer.' We found that we had still much to learn concerning this extraordinary people."

For the account of the arrival of the directors of the East India Company—the "Kings of India," as the Persians designate them—in six hackney-coaches, to wait upon the embassy—and the horror of the foreigners at such an oblivion of etiquette, we must refer our readers to Hajji Baba himself. And can do little more for the ceremony of the presentation of the ambassador at the English court, the introduction at Almack's and the Italian opera, and the still more imposing adventure of the opening of the session of parliament by the king in person, when his majesty receiving some demonstrations of public disapprobation, two of the Persian suite, who have got in trees into St. James's Park to witness the procession, conceive that "hissing" must be the English mode of expressing devotion to a sovereign, and hiss so fervently that they are taken possession of by a body of the police. The whole of the second volume is occupied with the adventures of the Persians in London; and a love adventure which befalls Hajji Baba, in a family the name of which is Hogg—a family, as he designates them, "of the unclean beast!" and the card of invitation which he writes to admit his friends to one of the ambassador's parties—"Admit one mother Hogg, and two head of daughters"—are amongst the best points in this part of the book. In the end, the ambassador remains for a time in England, and it falls to the lot of Hajji Baba (under circumstances of something diminished splendour from the manner of its outward journey) to conduct the embassy home. The Persians return to Constantinople in a "transport," on board which they experience every description of horror. "The unclean beast," they say, "walked daily upon the deck; encountering them as if in defiance." Its flesh was eaten before their eyes in every corner. The captain of the vessel blasphemed and threatened, and cursed Persia incessantly; and Mohamed Beg (the Mollah or priest attached to the mission) swore "that he had been more severely polluted by what he had encountered on board that ship, than by all he had undergone since his residence with the infidels."

With the help of the prophet, however, the whole party returns to Ispahan; and Hajji Baba, being admitted to an audience of the shah, is examined as to the wonders of Frangistan—in a conversation, with a few extracts from which we shall close our short notice of Mr. Morier's second appearance.

"'Well, Hajji, so you have seen Frangistan—what sort of a place is it?'

"'Owing to the condescension of the Asylum of the Universe,' said I, 'it is not a bad place.'

" ' How is it, compared to Persia?' said the king.

" ' As I am your sacrifice,' said I, ' there can be no comparison.'

" ' Have the Franks any poets?'

" ' May I be your sacrifice,' said I, ' they have; but to say that they approach to either Hafiz or Saadi, may God forgive me for thinking so!'

" ' But they have no nightingales,' said the king; ' say that, I will believe you.'

" ' They have none,' said I; ' but of dogs they have abundance.'

" ' So they have poets!' said his majesty; ' what else have they got? It is said that their women are good—is that true?'

" ' Of that there is no doubt,' said I; ' they would even be worthy, so thinks your slave, of standing before the shah himself.'

" ' You do not say wrong,' said the king. ' We want a Frank woman.' Then turning to the vizier, he said, ' What else was it that we wanted from that country? Is it now in your recollection?'

" ' May I be your sacrifice, said the vizier; ' your slave thinks it was a spying-glass.'

" ' True, true,' answered the shah, recollecting himself; ' it was a spying-glass; a miraculous spying-glass. Is it true,' said he to me, with some hesitation, ' is it true that they make a spying-glass in that country which can look over a mountain? Is such a thing really made?'

" ' Since your majesty says so,' said I, ' it must be so; but, in truth, it was not my good luck to meet with it. But, as I am your sacrifice, may it please your majesty, I have seen things among the Franks equally astonishing; and, therefore, there is no reason that it should not exist.'

" ' What things did you see? Speak boldly.'

" ' I have seen a ship,' said I, ' going against a fierce wind, with the same velocity as a horse, and that by the vapour which arises from boiling water.'

" ' Hajji,' said the king, after a stare and a thought, ' say no lies here. After all, we are a king. Although you are a traveller, and have been to the Franks, yet a lie is a lie, come from whence it may.'

" My tongue almost became constipated at this reproof; but taking courage, I continued with vehemence:—' By the salt of the king, may my head be struck off this moment—I am your sacrifice—as I live, I swear that such is the case, and if there be a Frank here, and he be a man, he will confirm my words.'

" ' Say it again,' answered the king, softened by my earnestness. ' What vapour could ever be strong enough to perform such a miracle?'

" I then explained what I knew of a steam-engine, and how it acted upon the wheels of a ship.

" ' But to produce steam enough for such a purpose,' said his majesty, ' they must have on board the father of all kettles, grandfather, and great-grandfather, to boot; large enough to boil a camel, much less a sheep.'

" ' Camels, your majesty!' exclaimed I, ' large enough to dress a string of camels!'

" ' Wonderful, wonderful!' exclaimed the shah, in deep thought; ' well, after this, there is no doubt that they can make a spying-glass that looks over the mountain. Order some to be sent immediately,' said he to the vizier."

The narrative of the Hajji interests the royal breast. He is clothed in a dress of honour, and would be made a khan, but that it is thought necessary to reserve that dignity to gratify the chief ambassador with on his arrival. In the mean time, however, the Hajji lives in hope, for he is privileged to stand before the king; and who knows whether time may not see the fulfilment of his wishes. In which trust he finally takes his leave of his British readers:—" Seeking protection at the skirts of their coats, and hoping that their shadow may never be less!"—Mr. Morier's " shadow" is the longer; and his face, (to use one of his own symbols) we should say, is " whitened" by this production.

THE CAVE OF HAR HASSAN.

On the south-eastern coast of the island of Malta, there is a remarkable cave, rendered illustrious by the many traditions respecting its ancient inhabitant. It has always gone by the name of Hassan's Cave, from the person with whom it has generally been associated in local story. But the ingenuity and credulity of the people have assigned to him a greater share of renown than falls to the lot of ordinary heroes, and he has adorned the tale of beldame mothers with a fertility of interest which would incline one almost to doubt his identity. He is represented as a hermit, a pirate, a petty king, a chivalrous knight, a gigantic goblin. He seems to have been mighty on land and water, over air and fire. But these accomplishments are not to be understood as being attributed to him *en masse* by any one of his glorifiers; they are so collected only upon comparison of the different versions; and if, when set together, they appear not overabundant for one man's share, why let us not smile at the feats of King Arthur or Jack the Giant Killer.

One of the most favourite records is that which enumerates his worthy deeds during a siege of the island by the Moslemites. He was himself a native of Barbary, and a votary of the creed professed by the besiegers. But for half a century he had found a sanctuary in the hollow rock, and he would not desert the kind mother who had fostered him. Accordingly, he garrisoned his cavern; and, from his commanding post, sorely distressed the enemy's fleet, which was necessarily exposed to his battery. The Water Nymphs alone can say in what numbers the turbaned sinners fell into their embraces, by the stratagems and daring of their great man.

But a more credible, because a more modest story, simply describes him as a recluse, who, disappointed in his own country, fled with an only daughter to this island. There he resided in honour amongst men, and devoted to the nurture of his beloved child, the sole prop of his infirm spirit. She was wooed by a prince of the country, and the smiles of the fair girl, and the ready sanction of her father, promised a happy consummation. But whilst affianced, she was seized with illness of a deadly character; her short race was run before men had time to take note of it, and the heart-broken Hassan fled from the haunts of men to this solitary place, where he lingered for some years in the loneliness of a grave.

These and other less probable traditions excited my curiosity to visit the habitation of so memorable a man. We left Valetta on donkeys, and sallied forth in the direction of the particular point of coast. We had an arduous expedition; for the natives, if aware of the existence, knew nothing as to the locality of the cave. Some volunteered to conduct us without error; but, after knocking down a dozen stone walls to facilitate our progress, and much scampering to and fro on the verge of a high precipitous rock, based by the sea, we found that in truth the place was unknown, save by conjecture. The *casals*, or villages, that lie within this district of the island, are not very many, contiguous, or thickly inhabited; the roads of communication, themselves unfrequented, reach within no practicable distance of the shore, and the incurious character of the peasants, beyond all other obstacles, concealed even from the neighbourhood that knowledge of which we then stood in need. We gazed down the rough side of the rocky eminence in every direction, vainly

seeking the aperture, which, as we were told, at a middle height between our own level and that of the sea, led to the hermitage of Hassan. The sea was far below us, and stretching our view to the verge of its distant horizon, we sighed as though we could evoke the spirit of the recluse from the land of his forefathers. But the sun was fast sinking to his bed, and the shadows from the insulated rock of Filfla already extended to the distant point of shore, above which we were standing. In despair, the donkeys' heads were turned homewards; the vexation of our party broke out in low English curses, which our Maltese *conducteur* vainly endeavoured to interpret; and, retracing our steps, we clambered diligently over the whole series of broken walls, which were no longer a "neighbour's land-mark."

"You might have gone by a nearer route, without doing all this mischief," cried some one close to us; and looking on the other side of a clump of stones that stood in the angle of the field, we saw a stout old man, leaning on a spade, and brushing away the heavy moisture which his then interrupted labour had collected on his brow. He had a benign expression of face, and in the tone of his reproof there was nothing of that moroseness which might have been expected from an owner of the demolished fences. Satisfied with this mild correction, he was resuming his work, when one of us ventured to ask, whether he had guessed our purpose in crossing his fields, that he could thus convict us of having taken a circuitous route?

"I conceive you were looking for the Cave of Har Hassan?"

"Yes, we went in search of it, but,"—

"You failed?—Of course you did; what do these simple fellows know of its situation?—and if they did, would they venture to be your pilot, think you, when not one of them would trust himself there for his life?—Do you still wish to see it?"

To this we replied, that we had hunted for it in every direction, and despaired of finding it; that it must be at some distance, and it was now too late to linger so far from the city, &c. He answered us with an assurance, that we were then not a hundred yards from the entrance, and that he had observed us, shortly before, standing directly over its mouth. If we had any wish, he would be happy to conduct us thither. This proposal was cheerfully assented to; and the courteous old man, laying aside his spade, and resuming an ancient coat, whose colour and shape indicated that it belonged to one of the clerical order, instantly set forward, and in a few minutes had advanced to the brink of the eminence, where we ourselves had been so recently. Here he raised a thin slab of stone, about two feet square, and discovered the commencement of a rude staircase, cut in the side of the rock, so narrow as scarcely to suffice for safe footing, and almost enclosed from above by the projection of rude masses of stone. This descent was almost indistinguishable from any point on the terra-firma where we had been standing, and fatally hazardous to any whose foot or hand could be shaken by the difficulties of its passage. The rocks below us, sometimes fell in a scarped, direct line to the surface of the water, sometimes jutted out in fantastic forms, but never swelling so gradually and obliquely as to allow any deviation from the path prescribed by the limits of the rude staircase. Occasionally the old priest gave his hand, for better security, to his immediate follower, when the projecting rocks above and around us were not sufficiently ragged to be clasped as we advanced. And many were the distrustful doubts, as

the ground became slippery from dew or sea spray, and the slight step wound about a turn in the rock, where a single unsteady look or movement might have been attended by fatal consequences. At last we were at the mouth of the cave. Its position had been well described, as being mid-way between the base and the summit of the rock. The sea roared beneath us, perhaps imprisoned in some natural excavations like this one, whose floor might be the ceiling of another, still more awful and inaccessible. From the entrance, a vast number of galleries, stretched away by different ramifications into the bosom of the earth. These were soon without a ray of light; and, for this reason, the central and principal one which we attempted to penetrate, became almost instantly impervious. Our guide took us along a side corridor, through which we groped our way in damp and darkness, till at a distance a fresh gleam of light assisted our progress to its further end. There we found a smaller mouth, fronting the sea on one side, and terminating on the other in a low arch, where are still to be seen the indications of a door with its hinges and fastenings. And this was the sanctuary of the recluse. Within were discernible the rude couch of stone, the lamp and its receptacle, with many other of those devices, which, though multiplied by wonder-workers till they are worthily deemed fabulous, existed certainly before us, as the ancient substitutes for more costly comforts, accommodated to the wants of the hermit. From the opening of the archway, a vast and glorious view of the Mediterranean presents itself, and no port could have been better chosen as the scene of romantic and superhuman adventures. As we loitered on this interesting ground, a thousand visions naturally occurred to us, as the probable incidents in the life of one who could so utterly cast off the world, and betake himself to a nook in the desolate rock, companioned only by the sea-gull. The very access to his abode was likely to have remained for ever unknown. The old priest himself had resided in the neighbourhood from the time of his childhood, and the secret which he had from his father, was now shared by few, if any. But the marvellous tales which threw a lustre on the fabulous character of him whose heroism and monument were now before us, seem to have no historical foundation. The true account is probably that which I have already quoted. Har Hassan is recorded as being the tenant of this cave, by the laborious historian Abela *; and it is justly inferred, that he was rather a man of sorrow than of blood, from a very singular tablet that was discovered not many years ago, and translated from the Coptic by a Frenchman, at the command of Buonaparte. I should not have deemed this little history of our pilgrimage worth relating, had it not appeared a proper preface to this remarkable document. For its authenticity I have other warrant than that of the priest who first indulged me with an inspection of it. For, upon comparison with a different version, done in English by an officer of rank on the island, I find as near a concordance as the two languages will admit. Having thus vouched for its genuineness, I cannot think any comment necessary to advance its character for singularity and beauty. It ran as follows:—

"In the name of the compassionate and merciful God!—May God be propitious to the prophet Mahomet!

"Peace and blessing attend his family!

"God is supreme and eternal.

* Vide his learned work, "Malta Illustrata."

"All created beings pass away, and disappear, but you have the consolation of the prophet of God.

"Maimonna, daughter of Hassan, son of Ali El Hud, the son of Moaiz of Susa, whom God enlighten and bless, lies in this sepulchre, the prey of death. She ceased to live on Thursday, the 16th of the great month Sehaban, in the year of the Hegira 569. She professed that there was no God, but God alone without equal!"

"Oh! thou, who regardest this tomb! behold, I am betrothed to it as a bride! My eyelids are sealed with ashes! my attractions have passed away!

"Nevertheless, my mournful state of probation is transitory. In the hour of resurrection, when the Creator shall restore me to life, I shall once more joyfully behold my relatives, and exultingly reap the reward of my sorrows."

"The beautiful nature of your docile and uniformly serene mind, my Maimonna, shone in conflicting efforts—now in skilfully striving to repel death, and now in seeking to draw advantage from it.

"It is death itself that offers a transit to the state of celestial reward, where the abodes of the blessed are enjoyed in serenity amongst the shades of most delightful gardens, and the murmurs of the softest rivulets. For this reason we venerate the creed of our Fathers. But the faithless offenders, sprinkled with the waters of oblivion—they who have left no good works behind them—shall rise in condemnation, to suffer the most agonizing torments and everlasting punishments."

OVAH.

RETZSCH'S OUTLINES FROM SHAKSPEARE.

THE first series of this striking and most interesting production is before us; and if, on a careful examination, we do not find it quite so good as we had led ourselves and been led by others to look for, we are willing to confess that the disappointment is owing to our own exaggerated and unreasonable expectations, and not to any thing like a failure on the part of the distinguished artist. On hearing that the work was in progress, we had thought of the Faust of Goëthe, as compared with the Hamlet of Shakspeare; and considering that the same talents were to be employed upon the latter which had so eminently succeeded with the former, we (with a somewhat uncritical simplicity, which the reader will be kind enough to forgive in us) jumped to a false conclusion accordingly.

Perhaps so much reputation was never before gained, with so little effort, and by so apparently inadequate means, as Retzsch at once started into the possession of, almost immediately his outlines from the Faust became generally known throughout Europe. His own countrymen admired him, because he reflected from the great work of their great poet all that even *they* can understand of it. We English admired him, partly because our critics apprised us that we were in duty bound so to do, and partly because we really do see farther into that which is natural and true than any of our neighbours. The French admired him, for a reason pretty nearly opposite to the last named, but which it would be

out of place (not to say invidious) for us to dwell upon here. And the other civilized nations of Europe admired him because the English and the French did. Nor are we disposed to contend that all this admiration was exaggerated or undeserved. In fact, the illustrations of Goëthe's extraordinary production are not only worthy of their subject, but they are, for the most part, correspondent with it, and have evidently proceeded from a kindred mind—a mind similarly endowed, both in regard to its strengths and its weaknesses; though possessing both (and especially the latter) in an infinitely less degree. Accordingly, in the outlines from the Faust, we meet with much of the poetical purity and beauty that are to be found in the original; little of its wild grandeur and sublimity; and scarcely any of its monstrous and gratuitous absurdities. But there is no reason, in all this, why we should find what we are entitled to look for in illustrations of Shakspeare by the same hand: for of all the truly great poets that ever lived, no two are more essentially unlike, either in their natural or acquired endowments, or the results of them, than Shakspeare and Goëthe; nor are any two of those results more diametrically opposed to each other than the Faust and Hamlet. And this fact is the more striking, when we remember, that, in general *design*, there is a great (and, we believe, hitherto, an unobserved) similarity between these two productions; each of them having for its main end and object to shew forth the operations and effects of the habit (upon a certain temperament of mind) of looking at human life in what is called, in the jargon of our day, "a *philosophical* point of view." The general result upon the principal character, in either case, is an utter indifference to all that is real and tangible, whether of good or of evil: and a vain and restless yearning after that which he knows to be unattainable, and knows to be worthless, even if he could attain it. But how differently is this general idea worked out in the two cases we are alluding to!—And, assuredly, not less different is the popular *effects* in each case respectively. In the one, we rise from the perusal, with our belief in goodness—nay, even in truth itself—shaken to its very foundations; our judgment in regard to moral beauty and deformity hoodwinked and put into a state of temporary abeyance; our positive knowledge, as to the qualities and tendencies of our common nature, not only called in question, but mocked at and turned into matter of scorning; and even our sensibilities themselves—the sympathies of

"That human heart by which we live,"

either turned against each other, or trampled in the dirt of empty and unmeaning subtilties. It is true that, in the midst of all this, we never wholly lose sight of that sweet spirit which the author has put to preside over it, but which performs its work in part only. The Margaret of the Faust is the dove brooding over a chaos, which is destined to remain a chaos still.

But in Hamlet, how different is all managed!—or rather, let us say, (for there is no *management* in the case) how different does all arrange and set itself forth, in virtue of that natural wisdom—no less sweet than deep—which pervades and presides over all the creations of Shakspeare! Like his own Ophelia,—who, even in her madness, turned every thing—"passion—hell itself"—to "favour and to prettiness,"—he turns the weaknesses of human nature into sources of strength, its follies into the finest practical wisdom, and even its crimes themselves into themes of pity

and springs of pathos. And the consequence is, that, whatever we may think or feel in regard to any one of his characters individually—(we are now speaking of the play of Hamlet)—the effect produced by the whole work is that of a gentle, and even a genial melancholy, gliding through and pervading the whole spirit, and inducing a general love for and yearning towards our kind, which even all the *true* philosophy in the world (much less the *false*) is incapable of calling forth—incapable, simply because, according to the fine line of Wordsworth quoted above, it is by the human *heart* that we live, and not the human *mind*—that is to say, the affections and the sympathies, not the thoughts and the understanding.

But, perhaps, we are delaying too long from the examination of our immediate subject. It must be evident, on consideration, that a mind deeply imbued with the spirit of Goëthe, and having eminently succeeded in illustrating and reflecting that spirit by means of tangible forms, is not, *therefore*, the best in the world calculated to perform the same office for Shakspeare. Admitting, however, as we willingly do, that it is the very best and purest portions of Goëthe which Retzsch has for the most part given us in his outlines from the Faust, we still profess ourselves disappointed with his new work: and there most disappointed where we most looked and hoped to have been pleased and satisfied. In the outlines from Goëthe, the Margaret *is* that pervading and redeeming spirit which she ought to have been in the Faust, but is not. *Therefore* it was that we looked for more of a *human* interest in these illustrations of Hamlet—that play which is humanity itself—even to the very ghost, that glides through it, like a sad thought gliding through the brain.—But, we repeat, the disappointment we have experienced in this particular is not fairly to be attributed to Retzsch, but to ourselves; for Margaret, pure, beautiful, and touching as she is, is but an abstraction after all. In truth, all that is really fine in Goëthe is abstraction: that is to say, all is the result of moral and intellectual subtilites, acting and reacting among themselves exclusively, and working out a world for themselves: which is true, to a certain extent, even to the real world about us; but only so far true as fine sculpture is true to the nature which it professes and seems to represent. There is the form and outline, and even the lights and shades that depend on and grow out of these. We may even fancy (so fine is the skill of the artist) that the vital *spirit* is there. But the vital *blood* is not there; and we cannot (as we can in painting) even *fancy* it to be there: and without *that*—beautiful, and pure, and even true as all may be—all is, at the same time, cold, colourless, and dead. In short, without wishing to push a supposed resemblance too far, we will say that Goëthe is to Shakspeare what Canova (we are almost tempted to say Phidias himself) is to Raphael or Titian. His creations are poetry; but they are the poetry of thought only, not of sentiment, or passion—not, in a word, of human life. They are true, to a certain extent—true, as far as they go; but they are not the whole truth. That vital spark is wanting, which the passionate yearnings of Pygmalion gave at last to the statue; but which all the divine art of his chisel could *not* give.

Turning at once to the "Outlines *to* Shakspeare," as they are sometimes affectedly entitled,—they form the first series of a work which promises to go through the whole of Shakspeare's dramatic productions—a series, of similar size and form, being intended to be elicited from each of the great plays. The undertaking is a bold and even a vast one, con-

sidering that the author of it seems impressed with a due notion of the nature of that wonderful genius whom he proposes to illustrate:—or rather, let us say, that he seems to entertain a due admiration for that genius; for we are not at present prepared to admit (not even after the examination of these outlines) that *a foreigner can* thoroughly understand and appreciate Shakspeare: if he could, we, who are his countrymen, might almost as well cease to be so!

This first series consists of seventeen plates—all from the play of Hamlet, except a frontispiece, which is not either very novel or very striking, representing the Apotheosis of the Bard. It merely depicts him, sleeping (and dreaming, doubtless), while borne up towards Heaven on eagle's wings, while Cherubs support him, the Muses of Tragedy and Comedy attend and crown him, and his brother Bards, who have preceded him, tune their harps to hail and receive him among them. There is nothing in this plate calling for particular remark.

PLATE the SECOND is introductory, and shews us the murder in the arbour—that event which may be said to be the spring of all the ateraction of the play.—The good king is sleeping, while his guilty brother pours into his ears "the leprous distilment." Justice seems to be presiding over the act, in a nich in the centre of the arbour (or pavillion), and the entrance to it is supported by a sort of grotesque *Terminus*, seeming to represent Envy scowling on the scene. From the window opposite to this entrance depends *a spider*.—Now, we confess ourselves unable to comprehend, and, consequently, to appreciate the merit of these allegorical adjuncts. They are in the *manner* of Hogarth, without including a jot of his *matter*. In fact, they are utterly inappropriate. For the rest, the whole is very finely expressed. The figure of the sleeping king—sleeping calmly, and with all his faculties, even while Death is upon him—is admirable; and the murderer—cautious, yet confident at the same time (for he's *brother* to a king!) is no less so:—he is touching, even before the deed is done, the crown for which he is doing it. The presiding figure of Justice, too, is dignified and grand; but, as we have said before, entirely out of place. Not that we doubt of a German commentator being able to explain it in a manner altogether satisfactory. And, in fact, it may, for any thing we know to the contrary, be "*German* to the matter," as Hamlet says of "carrying a *cannon* by our side;"—but assuredly it is not English—still less Shaksperean.

The two next plates—the THIRD and FOURTH—are among the very best; and the reason is, that the ghost is introduced into both of them:—and a ghost is your only true specific for raising to their height the energies of German genius. In truth, human nature is, with them, a species of dream, which they entertain, but do not believe in the reality of. With them, nothing is certain but that which, in its very nature, is incapable of proof; nothing "comes home to their business and bosoms," but that which has no existence;

"Nothing is, but what is not."

They are the only true Berkleians, without knowing it. They do not exactly believe a thing because it is incredible or impossible; for this would be coming to a sort of logical conclusion—though by the rule of contrary. But they doubt a thing the moment it seems credible; and if you can demonstrate it to be certain, they desire no better reason for disbelieving and denying it outright! And all this is done in perfect

sincerity and good faith. They are the people, imagined by Hamlet, in one of his merry-mad moods. They

> "Doubt that the sun is fire—
> Doubt that the stars do move—
> Doubt truth to be a liar;"

in short, they doubt every thing, except the fact, that any body *can* doubt the truth (to say noting of the crystal clearness) of Kant's Philosophy and Goëthe's Poetry!—And yet, if you were to assure them that, in point of fact, you do believe in both these verities, they would doubt *that!* To return to our immediate subject—give the Germans a ghost by moonlight, and they hail it as a friend and countryman come to visit them in a foreign land, and bring them tidings of home! This is the secret of Hamlet having been chosen as the first subject of illustration in the present instance. Seriously,—for we plead guilty to a *little* (and only a little) banter and exaggeration in the foregoing account—which, however, we indulged in with the view of expressing, in a *few* words, that feeling which otherwise we must have diffused through many,—seriously, there is no people that sees so far into the secret places of the world of spirits as the Germans do; and, consequently, none that draw forth and depict the beings of that world with so much mingled force and (so to speak) verisimilitude. The ghost, in these two plates, from the first act of Hamlet, is, accordingly, admirable.—In the first place, it is transparent—like the ghosts in Ossian:—you can see, *through it,* the masonry of the ramparts on which it appears. In the next place, nothing can be in a finer ghostly taste than the head-gear which it wears. It is a helmet, with the "beaver up," of course: but what gives the effect to it is, the wings on either side, which seem to communicate a buoyancy to the whole figure, and at the same time to

> "Point with silent fingers to the skies;"

and also the lofty plume, which rises erect and motionless, while those of the other figures are waving and playing in the night wind. There is also one great heavy feather depending from the helmet, as if to correspond with the ample cloak which trails upon the ground, seeming to hold its wearer to the earth, till his ghostly errand is performed, and he can fling aside for ever those "mortal evils," which still obstruct his passage to a better state of being. The face of this admirable figure is equally fine and appropriate with every other part of it; it is not the face, but the ghost of one; and the whole produces an effect perfect in its way. In the fourth plate, the introduction of the ghost is even still finer. The point of time illustrated, is that where Hamlet swears the officers on guard to secrecy, and where the *voice* alone of the ghost is supposed to be made present to the senses. But in the plate, you are permitted to *see* it, through the marble pavement of the gallery, or platform. The lines which mark out the pavement, and those which give the form of the ghost, cross and intersect each other, neither obliterating, or affecting the other. This is, at once, a fine stroke of imagination, and a fine help to it; but it is addressed to the spectator merely;—for the persons engaged in the scene are not supposed to see anything, except in their "mind's eye." These human persons, of the two foregoing scenes, are among the best that we shall meet with throughout the

series. They consist of Hamlet, and the two officers on watch; and, in both scenes, the group is arranged with great ease, yet with great force and spirit; and the expressions are as fine in themselves, as they are appropriate to the action going on.

Plate the Fifth represents Hamlet, commencing the celebrated soliloquy on life and death, in the chamber of Ophelia, with the king and Polonius listening without (*Act* 3, *Sc.* 2.). In regard to the two principal figures, we conceive this plate to be a total failure. Ophelia, in particular, is a sort of disagreeable nonentity; but the king and Polonius are capital.

Plate the Sixth is the play scene (*Act* 3, *Sc.* 1.). It contains many figures; but the point of time chosen, is one from which little or nothing in the way of expression, can be extracted. It is where Hamlet begins to explain the nature of the play; for he has evidently not reached that point of his explanation at which "the conscience of the king" becomes touched. The Ophelia, in this scene, is much better than in the preceding one—she is utterly self-absorbed, and unconscious of all that is passing about her.

Plate the Seventh is a very admirable one. It is that (*Act* 3, *Sc.* 2) where Hamlet asks for a "Recorder," and entreats Guildenstern to play upon it. The infinitely deprecating air and action of Guildenstern, are excellent: and the group of players on the left are, perhaps, finer than anything else in this whole series of plates—unless it be the ghost, as before noticed. They are looking on at the conference between Hamlet and the courtier, with that air of empty, idle, yet intent curiosity—(a curiosity utterly apart from all *interest* in the matter)—which is habitual with that class of persons; who, by perpetually repeating the thoughts of others, have lost all habit and power of thinking for themselves; and to whom all things but their own paltry personal interests are matters of equal curiosity and indifference. They want to know all about everything, without caring one farthing about anything. What is the madness of a prince to them, except in so far as it may chance to interfere with some one of their favourite performances?—*Au reste*, they are thinking how odd it is that a courtier should not know how to play upon a pipe: and if he *had* known how to play upon it, they would have thought how odd *that* was! It is a little curious, that at least two of these players, if not all three, might pass for very fair portraits of certain of our own players of the present day. If our remark is a just one, there is no need to point out the resemblance more particularly; and, if it is not a just one, it might seem invidious to do so. But, perhaps, this resemblance exists in our fancy alone; for all players, when they are not playing, are pretty much alike. Their faces are a kind of plastic mask, which they have acquired the art of moving at will, to certain arbitrary and gratuitous imitations of expression. But in themselves—as Charleville, or Somerton—their faces, like their minds, have no character at all. We should not quit this plate, without remarking that the Hamlet of it is better—more full of appropriate character and spirit—than in any of the others.

Plate the Eighth is good, but not fine. It is from *Act* 3, *Sc.* 3, where Hamlet finds the king at prayers, and refuses to kill him on that account. There is a sort of conventional grandeur about the king throughout, which is very good, and is particularly so in this plate. But the Hamlet is here poor, and insipid. This plate contains two more of

those touches, *à la Hogarth,* in which the artist seems to have worse than failed. There hangs up in this chamber (where the murderer retires to pray), a picture of *the first murder!*—and the stool on which he is leaning is embroidered with *a scorpion.*

PLATE the NINTH represents the killing of Polonius in the chamber of the queen. In a scene like this it is assuredly injudicious (and it is undoubtedly an unwarrantable liberty with the author) to *shew* us Polonius behind the arras, writhing in a ludicrous agony, under the death-wound he has just received. For the rest, the scene is well enough, but not to be particularly commended.

PLATE the TENTH.—Here the ghost returns (in the same scene), and with it the inspiration of the artist. The whole scene is excellent. The maternal affection and solicitude of the queen, blending with the sadness arising from her secret remorse; the surprised, yet not disturbed or over-balanced air of the prince; the supernatural dignity and solemnity of the ghostly presence; and, finally, the now dead imbecility of Polonius, whose body has fallen backward into the chamber; all this presents a very fine and impressive scene. Our worthy German commentators will, no doubt, find, besides all this, sundry other occult matters in this fine scene—such as a type of our triune state of being, life, death, and immortality, &c. &c.; and conscience forbid that we should restrict them in the exercise of their newly-invented art, of getting more out of the measure than it contains. But, for our parts, this plate is so good, and full of matter, that we are content to take it for what it is—a real scene from Shakespeare's play of Hamlet.

PLATE the ELEVENTH represents Ophelia, distraught, singing her sadly-sweet ditties, and distributing her weeds and flowers (*Act* 4, *Sc.* 5.). In Ophelia, herself, there is nothing to remark on—literally nothing; but, in the face and air of Laertes, there is a fine and intent meaning; and the king and queen are depicted with great truth of character. There is, also, a death-like stillness over the whole scene, which is highly appropriate and expressive. This is produced by the motionless attitudes of all the listening parties.

PLATE the TWELFTH is the grave-digging scene in the church-yard, with the procession of Ophelia's funeral entering it in the distance. Here, again, Hamlet comes upon us in a manner that does not materially interfere with our notions of him, as acquired from Shakespeare, which is what we can scarcely say in regard to any other of these plates, unless it be the third and fourth. He is reflecting on the skull of Yorick. "Here hung those lips," &c.; and here he is, at once, the prince, the poet, and the subtle refiner upon human life, and its ends, which Shakespeare and nature have made him. There is a good effect of height given to the church in this plate, by carrying it up, quite out of the picture.

PLATE the THIRTEENTH.—This is a plate of many figures, and very elaborate—representing the personal contest between Hamlet and Laertes, in the grave of Ophelia, while all the assembled court and populace, are looking on. There is, undoubtedly, very considerable general talent shewn in this scene; but few, if any, separate and individual strokes of genius; unless it be in the unity of effect which the whole produces, by the art with which each face, figure, and action, is made to conduct and fix the attention upon the chief and centre point of interest. The expressions are extremely various; but they are all sufficiently distinct, and not one of them is either inappropriate or exaggerated.

Finally, there is a heightening, yet, at the same time, a stilling and saddening effect given to the whole, by the flower-crowned corpse of Ophelia, which lies between the disputants. By-the-bye, perhaps, we should except, from our denial of any individual instance of high merit in this scene, the expression of the king. He seems to think that there is, indeed "something dangerous" in Hamlet, if he will so conduct himself at a moment like this; and he lifts himself up with a sort of tip-toe, and shrinking astonishment, at imagining what so reckless a person may be likely to do next.

PLATE the FOURTEENTH.—There is great general merit in this scene, as well as in the last. Indeed it is astonishing that so clear, distinct, and forcible a representation can be produced by means of *outlines* merely. This plate depicts the wager with the foils (*Act* 5, *Sc.* 2.). There is, perhaps, some little confusion in the previous scene, on account of the numerous figures; but here, where there is almost as many, there is none whatever. Neither is there the slightest theatrical effect attempted. All is as still, dull, and decorous, as becomes the floor of a presence chamber, and the presence of a king among his courtiers. In some of the individual expressions, too, there is shewn great refinement of perception, set forth by great practical skill of hand. There are no less than five heads, which are remarkable in this respect, from the extreme delicacy of the shades of distinction between each. We allude to the Osrick, on the left; the three heads immediately behind the king; and the one on the right, behind Hamlet. Hamlet himself, in this scene, is again a total failure; but Laertes is very good. The king and queen are indifferent. The point of time is where Hamlet puts by the offered drink.

PLATE the FIFTEENTH.—We have here the same scene, and the same persons, under a totally different aspect; and the contrast is very striking and effective. The point of time is where Hamlet stabs the king:—"then, venom, to thy work!" The utter, open-mouthed astonishment of the king is admirable; and the helpless wonderment of Osrick is equally so;—and in all the rest of the action and grouping, there is much natural force and spirit, without any violence or exaggeration. With Hamlet, however, we are still dissatisfied.

PLATE the SIXTEENTH.—This plate, which is the last, is one that we do not see any occasion for. It merely shews the dead bodies of the parties killed in the last scene, which are placed on biers, at the suggestion of Horatio, in order that he may explain to "the yet unknowing world," how they came by their death. In a scene like this there is no scope whatever for the expression of human passion; and, we are decidedly of opinion, that the last plate should have been the closing one. Nevertheless, there is great variety and individuality, in the numerous faces introduced, of populace, soldiers, &c. We may add, too, that the artist seems to have understood Hamlet himself, when *dead*, better than while living; for his figure on the bier is better worthy of him than almost any other. We are confirmed, too, in this opinion, by a sort of vignette plate, which ornaments the cover of the work before us. It represents an imaginary sarcophagus of Hamlet, and includes figures of the principal *dramatis personæ*. On a tablet, forming the front, is inscribed "Hamlet." Above is the figure of the dead prince, lying after the fashion of the old effigies on tombs. Above, rising from either corner to a point, is a gothic arch, in the centre of which is the plumed and

helmeted head of the ghost, still presiding over the scene, as he did when it was a living one. In niches at either corner, kneel, on the left, the bad king and his guilty companion; and, on the right, Polonius, and his sweet daughter; while over the first couple there grins a harpy, and over the last a cherub broods. The centre of the lower department is occupied by the bust of Laertes. With the exception of the last-named, there is a touching truth and simplicity of expression pervading all these figures—each different, yet each entirely appropriate—which makes this plate one of the most interesting and meritorious of the whole. In fact, here, the artist has not been hampered with any *literal* duties to fulfil, but has been left in a great measure to himself; and, accordingly, here his own feeling of what is touching and true has been his only prompter, at least as to the exact expression required. We will not scruple to add, that, as an *illustration* of the play of Hamlet, this imaginary *addition* to it, pleases and satisfies us better than any one of those which are taken immediately *from* it. It is incomparably the best *comment* on the play that we have ever met with.

We would willingly have closed this paper with some remarks on the peculiar nature of this almost new art, which has arisen among us, of depicting objects by *outlines*, merely; and of which art Retzsch is incomparably the most skilful and accomplished professor. But we have already over-stepped our limits. We may say, however, that the subject is one of extreme interest and curiosity, and well worthy of a strict and severe examination—an examination which we may, perhaps, be tempted to bestow on it hereafter. In the mean time, we will just throw out the inquiry, how is it that, by means of *outlines*, merely, an effect shall be produced, in every respect similar to and correspondent with that produced by the most elaborate *filling up* of those outlines, and the most vivid and natural *colouring* of the whole? We will venture to say, for instance, that nothing whatever could add to the touching expression of the queen, in the plate we have last-named above; and yet the effect is not that cold and solemn one which is produced by sculpture; it is the same effect—not only the same in kind, but in degree—which results from the last perfection of the art of painting. How is this? we repeat. The answer must include an examination into some of the most wonderful and important qualities and operations of the human mind; for it is the *mind* that does every thing in this case—the *eye* merely setting its powers into motion. We furnish the *key* to this curious inquiry, in saying that all is the effect of *the association of ideas*. Z.*

* Perhaps it is but fair to the author of this paper to say, that it has been written at a distance from all books, and in the absence of all knowledge as to what may have been already said, or written, on the subject of it. Should any repetitions, or coincidences, be observable, this will account for their not having been either omitted or noticed.

CATHOLIC RESOLUTIONS: THE TREATY OF LIMERICK.

The question of Catholic Emancipation has been discussed in the House of Commons since our last; and the motion for a Committee having been carried, the subject is now pending in the House of Peers. Of the result of such a question in that house, after the experience we have had, it is not possible to be very sanguine: but there is one fact as to which our opinion is decided—that the question stands, of the two, a better chance to be carried under the administration of the Duke of Wellington, than it did under that of Mr. Canning. It is not our purpose, at this moment, to enter into an examination of the course of the noble duke's ministry—even as far as it has gone; farther than to profess, that, constantly as we have maintained his claims to far more than mere military genius against those by whom his capacity for business was denied, that which he has done in the short time which he has been in office, has far outgone our expectation: but, of this we feel convinced, that—if the Catholics have some difficulties, from the duke's known distaste to their cause, to struggle against now, which they would not have had to meet twelve months ago,—on the other hand, they are relieved from the operation of a host of unseen influences which, silently, but effectively, worked against them; and which were far more likely than frank and open opposition, to retard the object for which they were contending.

As regards the Duke of Wellington, the Catholics stand in this position—They have to *convince* him—or, at least, they *had* to do so—that it is expedient to acquiesce in the whole or any portion of their claims: but, *having once convinced him,* they have a minister that dares to *act* on their behalf—such a minister as, we are afraid, it was impossible they ever could have had in the person of Mr. Canning. We gave Mr. Canning, we trust, as a statesman, his due. At the time when he came into power, we defended any course—were glad to witness any coalition—that seemed likely to rid the country of that species of rule, which ruinously (however conscientiously) equally for right or wrong, refused to join in the spirit, or mark the changing necessities, of the time. But we ever believed that—we will admit against his better will—he was a minister—(circumstances made him such)—be those powers what they might—for "the powers that be." His talents were such as have left little so great behind them. Forcible alike, for objects of mark and value as for purposes of display; more forcible, indeed, as it always seemed to us, when applied distinctly to the former. But, like the minister in Sir Walter Scott's novel, that was "neither flesh, nor fish, nor gude red herring," the strongest party, or that which for the moment seemed the strongest, "was sure to have lang kale." The fact was—Mr. Canning was a "trading statesman." He was in place, or he was nothing. He never stood—we doubt if ever he could have stood—*secure,* as first minister of this country. His office was always notoriously of too much value to him. It was all that gave him influence—standing—fortune—every thing, indeed, but that reputation for talent, which, under all reverses, he must have retained. In a word, he never stood in the position of a prime minister, who could hold his place in defiance of powerful opposition; for he never could have made his opponents see, that—the moment he could no longer hold office with satisfaction—he could afford without a scruple, to resign it.

From these restraints—whatever was the extent of their pressure in the case of Mr. Canning—the Duke of Wellington stands wholly free.

He can cast away his office to-morrow, without a remembrance, if he thinks fit to do so; which is one of the very first reasons why he is likely to be very little molested in it. If he does hold office—the very multitude know and feel this—he will hold it on his own terms. He has a station, a character, a fortune, to fall back upon, quit power when he will, which are equal—must be equal—to man's highest ambition; and of which the powers of no influence, the abuse of no party, can deprive him. Minister or not—ministry is not his trade, though he has shewn those who treated him as a mere soldier, that he can do something in it;—but, minister or no minister—commander-in-chief, or no commander—he has earned his position—he is "THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON"—the man who reversed the tide of Napoleon's fortunes, and carried the arms of England from the shores of Lisbon to the gates of Paris; and whose fame will endure for ages in the records of history, when the arrogancies of those who possess mere power, and the wranglings of those who aspire to it, shall be alike forgotten. The Duke of Wellington, from his position, has the power to defy cabal or clamour: and he holds that power just as equally for purposes of good or of evil. If a man situated and gifted as he is, can have any thing on earth worth gaining—any addition to his fortunes worth wishing for—it must be high opinion—popularity? He knows—it will be admitted he knows so much as this—that popularity is more likely to be obtained by carrying measures which may benefit society, than by opposing them; and, is it less than reasonable, therefore—unless we had evidence to the contrary—to infer, that it is in favour of that course which he believes to be beneficial, that his power and influence will be directed? For these reasons it is that we do not yet despair of seeing the Duke of Wellington acting—for, if once he *believes,* he will certainly act—in favour of an accommodation of the Catholic claims. He is now in office; clothed with authority—and its result, responsibility. He will look at the question with a more anxious attention—now that he himself must decide it; and a soldier, because he did not happen to see an advantage yesterday, feels no scruple in taking the full benefit of it to-day. The recent repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts in England, shews that he can see the folly of a system which annoys vast bodies of men, without producing advantage to any single individual: and, whatever may be the opinion of those parties whose business it is to *make speeches* year after year upon such subjects—to us the repeal of those acts seems to form the recognition of a principle, of which it is impossible that the Roman Catholics should not speedily receive the benefit.

But we are straying from the purpose with which this paper was commenced; which was, less to discuss the general policy of the Catholic Question, than to notice a few of the arguments employed by some of its chief supporters in the recent debate in the House of Commons. An enormous deal of nonsense was uttered on both sides of the House; a result, perhaps, hardly separable from the repeated discussion of a question; upon which a given quantity of talking is considered the annual etiquette, and in which every man tries if it is not possible to utter something which shall have the semblance of novelty, although it is admitted that, there is not the most distant chance of any man's succeeding. Unfortunately, however, in this determination to be original, half the reasonings which were used by the Catholic advocates in the late debate, were of a character so barefacedly untenable as to absolutely throw discredit upon the question;

and, foremost among these stands the topic which occupied more than half Sir Francis Burdett's speech—the claim of the Catholics to political power under the terms of the "Treaty of Limerick."

The treaty of Limerick, which was made at the time of the Revolution (on the 3rd of October, 1691) between the Commander of the Forces of William the Third, engaged in the siege of that city, and the Irish troops and residents in the interest of James the Second, shut up in it, consists of two lists of articles, those regulating the civil, and those belonging to the military capitulation; and it is the provisions of the first branch only that need be described for the purpose of our present discussion.

The first article, which is the most important one, we shall extract fully; it runs as follows:—"The Roman Catholics *of this kingdom* shall enjoy such privileges *in the exercise of their religion* as are consistent with the laws of Ireland, or as they did enjoy in the reign of King Charles the Second. And their Majesties, as soon as their affairs will permit them to summon a Parliament in this kingdom, will *endeavour* to procure the said Roman Catholics such further security in that particular as may *preserve them from any disturbance* on account of their religion."

The second article, which is of considerable length, and which it will be sufficient for us to describe, differs from the first in not applying itself to the Roman Catholics of the kingdom generally. Its provisions are distinctly stated to extend only to "the inhabitants or residents of Limerick, or of any other garrisons now in possession of the Irish, and to soldiers in arms for King James, and those under their protection." And these persons, who are afterwards repeatedly referred to as "the parties comprised in the second article of the treaty," (and therefore obviously meant to be distinguished from those provided for in the first), are to enjoy "all their estates of freehold and inheritance, and all the rights, titles, privileges, and immunities, which they enjoyed in the reign of Charles the Second;" with full liberty to use and pursue "all their respective trades, callings, and professions," on submitting, within a given period, and taking the oath of allegiance to King William.

The third and fourth articles of the treaty extend the same terms described in the second, to all merchants, or reputed merchants, of any place in the counties of Clare and Kerry, or any garrison then held by the Irish, then absent or abroad, on condition of their returning to Ireland, and taking the oath of allegiance within the period of eight months. And the same privilege is granted to three particular Irish officers, named in the article.

The fifth article provides that all persons comprised in the second and third articles shall have a pardon for all offences, and be freed from prosecutions for misdemeanors or other acts done by them since the beginning of the reign of King James the Second. And the sixth article extends the same indemnity for injuries done to private property, such as "the seizing of goods," &c. during the war.

The remaining articles (with the exception of *one*, which we shall notice hereafter) are unimportant.

Now, even assuming that this treaty were capable of bearing the construction which some members of the Catholic body are pleased to put upon it, we have no hesitation to declare that we should consider it as wholly worthless at the present day in support of the Catholic claims. The "*nullum tempus occurrit regi*," and the "*nullum tempus fidei publicæ*," if they are "old maxims of law," as Sir Robert Inglis thinks, are among

those antiquities of the law which (as it seems to us) it must be the business of modern common sense to qualify or get rid of. When we talk of the law of "No time against the King," do we not know, while we utter the very words, that, practically, there is no right that is not voided by desuetude; and that time, of itself, must be taken to conclude every question, unless the world is to be kept in one state of interminable confusion? Our private rights, our titles, privileges, and even laws—has not society agreed to hold them unmaintainable, unless maintained within a stated period? Nay, does not enjoyment, apart from any original title, *give* a right, unless within a given time that enjoyment be resisted? In law, do not a hundred statutes stand upon our books, which—merely from the time which has elapsed since they were acted on—no court, no government, would dare to think, in practice, of enforcing? But, even this is trifling. Custom, and the example of private rights apart, is it not an absurdity unheard of—an absurdity which nothing but the refinement of this modern age could ever have conceived—to talk of "binding" twenty millions of people by a proof of wax and parchment—by a "treaty," signed a century and a half ago (and never even then fulfilled)—of binding this mass of people (of binding a whole nation !) to do an act, by which the very advisers who recommend the sacrifice, take care to tell them, their lives and liberties will be most imminently endangered!

Truly, if this be "sincerity," and "conscience," and "delicate honour," and "scrupulous honesty," without wishing to seem worse than our neighbours, we must say—give us, in the conduct of the affairs of this country, a little, simple, downright, unscrupulous knavery! There is virtue, beyond doubt, in sheepskin; but not quite virtue enough to do all that is here required. It is the sense of power that rules men, although the force outwardly does not appear: John Doe is chiefly respected because he is known to be backed by John Hangman. The executive force to proceed upon a document like this—here is the misfortune—is wanting; we may issue a writ against an individual, or against a hundred individuals; but we should hardly know how to go about arresting all England! But the subject is too serious a one for jest. We set aside the manifest inconvenience which would arise from recognising such a principle, as that we might rake up any forgotten bond, of two centuries or three centuries old, and make experiments, forsooth, upon the construction that it *might bear*—to arrive at any perception of what was really meant by it being impossible. We set aside all this objection; and, on the plain, single, ground of *expediency*—Mr. Peel has said, as one of the first ministers of the Crown, and of this country, that, "if it could be made apparent to him that any privileges were guaranteed by the Treaty of Limerick, which were now withheld from the Roman Catholics, it would materially alter his view of the Catholic Question:" we ask—"Does Mr. Peel mean to declare as a minister of the Crown, that, because he might believe in a particular construction of this treaty, or of any other treaty, a century and a half old, that ever was signed; he would be content to give his official support to an act, which, he himself declares, would be fatal to the Constitution, and to the security of this country?"

If Mr. Peel does mean to recognise a principle like this; if he would be bound by any document that ever existed, to take the course which he describes, he is not in a state of mind, fit to be a minister of this or any other country. And but for our hopes in the Duke of Wellington, whose military habits of conscience, perhaps, would not carry him quite so far, we should have no pledge for the security of the country at this

25th of May instant. The right honourable secretary has evidently no idea of any thing like an *order* in the discharge of human debts and duties! He never heard it observed that, though a man's shirt was near, his skin was nearer to him still? Because this is no affair of giving up a point of national pride, or a commercial advantage, or even a piece of territory, (not too valuable,) on the faith of a mouldy scrap of paper; the question is one, in Mr. Peel's mind, of our church, of our constitution, of almost our national existence! If a treaty were unluckily produced, which declared that we were sold, all of us, stock and block, to Belzebub, under the same principles, (if the right honourable gentleman should only happen to be brought to think that it was duly signed and executed), he would give us up to a certainty! The piety of Abraham, who offered up his own son, was but a type of that of the right honourable secretary for the Home Department! But enough there is on this head, and more than enough. It is impossible to believe that Mr. Peel entertains any such opinions as those for which he has given himself credit. Either the right honourable secretary, which we should be loath to find, allowed his desire for conciliation, in this debate, to betray him into a pledge, which, had the occasion arisen, he never could have kept; or—that which we should be happy to find—he has not those *serious apprehensions* as to the result of a concession of the Catholic claims, which we were once inclined to fear he had; and which undoubtedly many of those profess to have, who act upon the question with him.

The question, however, in the House of Commons, was not how far the treaty ought at all events to be fulfilled; that seemed, pretty nearly on all sides—so honest a people are we become—a question admitted. But there was the resource of a difference of opinion as to its intent; and, as upon that question we are decidedly opposed to the Catholics themselves, we shall beg our reader's attention for a few moments, while we proceed to shew, that there is not a line in the Treaty which gives that body the remotest claim to the rights or privileges for which they are contending.

To begin, then, we are content to concede, merely to spare time and paper—for the documents, strictly read, can claim no such construction—that the provisions of the Treaty of Limerick apply, *generally* and *collectively* to the *whole* body of the Catholic population of Ireland. Fairly construing the treaty, this is clearly not the case; for it is the *first* article, only, that applies to "The Roman Catholics of this Kingdom," generally. The second, third, and fourth articles, provide distinctly, and in plain, unequivocal words, for "The inhabitants of Limerick, and other garrisons then in possession of the Irish, and officers and soldiers then in arms under the order of King James the Second." And the fifth article, again, which refers to part of the matter preceding, distinctly refers, not to the "Roman Catholics of the Kingdom" generally, provided for by the first article; but specifically "to all persons comprised in the second and third articles of the treaty." But this distinction we are disposed to abandon; because our question is as to the fair effect of the treaty; and, if it had to be fulfilled to-morrow, we should protest against the useless trouble and confusion which must arise out of admitting a portion of the Catholics—most difficult, if not impossible to distinguish in the first generation; and still more impracticable to separate in a second or third, for there are words in the treaty which would render it doubtful, whether the right would not descend to their heirs—to privileges not enjoyed by the rest of their countrymen. And,

therefore, whatever rights may accrue to any of the Catholics under the Treaty of Limerick, we freely consent should be taken by the whole,—our case will rest upon the broad ground—a ground which we shall very shortly, we think, make so clear that nothing but wilfulness or dulness can entertain a doubt about it—that that treaty never guaranteed, or was intended to guarantee, to the Roman Catholics, or any of them, any political privileges or eligibilities whatever.

In the first place, it is a circumstance deserving consideration, that, at the date and time at which this treaty was executed, and for a great many years afterwards—the Catholics of Ireland must have known what was intended by it, very much better than we can possibly know now;—and yet no claim at that time was ever even advanced by them, to political privileges under its allowance. No trace can be shown—we will not speak of any such claim—but of any such suggestion—upon the Bill brought into Parliament but a few weeks after the conclusion of the treaty, for abrogating the oath of Supremacy in Ireland. In the discussion of that Bill, the intent and effects of the Treaty of Limerick were argued, pointedly, and referred to; but not a word ever is hinted about the political rights which it gives to the Catholics, or of the injustice committed by denying them. In the same way, the speech of Sir Toby Butler before the Irish House of Commons, upon this identical treaty, and the violation of some part of its provisions, which referred to private right;—in the whole course of that speech, or of all the political and polemical discussions which occurred in the same stormy period, not a word like a claim on the part of the Catholics to the privileges which they now challenge under the treaty, can be found. And that particular virtue of the treaty seems never to have been discovered until near a century afterwards, when a Dr. Brown (of Dublin) wrote a pamphlet on the State of Ireland: the good Doctor himself, candidly avowing (very much to the distress of those who quote portions of his work in the present day,) that the opinion thus put forth, was *not* that which was *generally entertained in Ireland,* but entirely new, and a discovery of his own.

It may not, however, be so very difficult to comprehend the reason why no claim to political power or privileges was ever set up, in the generation in which it was executed, by the Roman Catholics under the Treaty of Limerick, when we perceive that *not one word at all naming or referring to political powers or privilege,* appears from the beginning to the end of it. The words of the first article of the treaty—the only clause which can be challenged strictly to apply to the Roman Catholics of Ireland generally—are, "that they shall enjoy such privileges, *in the exercise of their religion,*" as are consistent with the laws of Ireland, &c. And again, in the same article, that they shall be "preserved from any *disturbances* upon the account of their said religion." Now it seems difficult, by any course but that of a wilful and forced construction, adopted in preference to that which words obviously do and ought to bear, even to argue that these terms mean any thing more than that the Catholics shall have *the uninterrupted exercise of the rites and ceremonies of their peculiar faith.* In the present day, when the only privations to which the Catholics are subject are the denial of their right to certain offices and political distinctions, on account of their religion, a special pleader might, perhaps, attempt to contend that an Act "preserving them from *disturbances* on account of their religion," gave them, by inference, the right to all positions which they might claim, unless debarred by the imposition of oaths incompatible with that religion; but no barrister of three days standing—no man of ordinary reason and intel-

ligence—would ever think, in *making* an Act, of resting his right upon such terms: and the Irish in Limerick, it will be observed, were not ignorant rebels—not mere soldiery, little instructed in terms or competent to negociation: their treaty was drawn up under the superintendence of Chief Baron Rice and Sir Toby Butler, who were both contracting parties in the execution of it, and who were, moreover, the most eminent lawyers in Ireland at that day. But, looking to the circumstances of the Catholics at the time when the treaty was made, and the penalties to which they were exposed—not touching their claims to political station, but in the more ordinary exercise and profession of their faith: with the Act of Uniformity—the second of Elizabeth—compelling *all* ministers of religion, on pain of punishments, to use the Books of Common Prayer, and administer the sacrament only as there set forth—the Act of the 27th of the same Queen, declaring it high treason for any popish priest to remain in the kingdom (unless such as had taken the oath of supremacy), and felony for any man to harbour or entertain such characters, and penal even for him to know of their presence and not denounce them;—with Acts like these, and numerous others, cramping and hampering the very *private lives* of the Roman Catholics on every side, it is impossible to doubt that the "freedom from disturbance," promised in the Treaty of Limerick, was meant, in the plain and obvious sense of the words, to be a freedom from all actual molestation on account of their religious worship or creed—not a special exemption from those pledges, which, under particular circumstances, the State demanded from every other description of its subjects. To argue that, in a state of things like that which we describe, to secure the Catholics from "*disturbance* on account of their religion," was the same thing as to recognise their claim to political authority and power, is as monstrous as it would be to say that, if in the reign of Edward the Third, it had pleased that monarch to execute a treaty, guaranteeing to the Jews freedom from disturbance on account of their religion, that treaty would have made an Israelite eligible to be High Chancellor of the kingdom!

It is true that we are dealing here with the first article only of the treaty; and that the second and third articles, difficult as they are of exposition, and limited as to extent, do contain some words more sweeping than those of the clause that precedes them: providing, that the parties included in those articles, shall enjoy the same "rights, titles, privileges, and immunities," which they held in the reign of Charles the Second. But here—(apart from the question, what the rights enjoyed in the reign of Charles the Second really were) the words "rights, privileges, and immunities," are so connected with the previous assurance of enjoyment of the estates—"are to enjoy" (this is the way in which they run) "all their estates, of freehold and inheritance, and all the rights, privileges, immunities," &c.—that it is impossible not to see that they apply to the interests, and privileges, of private property—to the seignoral, and manorial "rights," connected with the estates, and not to any privileges of a political character—no word like "public," or "political," ever being mentioned. And it should be observed, there is no want of explicitness, or full description, any where as to those "rights and immunities," which the parties *actually contract for*, and propose to receive and enjoy. After the second and third articles of the treaty, which seem sufficiently declaratory of amnesty, as far as "inference" can go—the undertaking being for the full restoration of titles and estates, on the owners submitting, and taking the oath of allegiance;—after this comes a fifth article—no want of caution, as it strikes us, here?—stipulating,

in a dozen different forms of words, that these very same persons should be freed from prosecution for all offences, or misdemeanors committed by them since the beginning of the reign of James the Second. And, again, a sixth article provides (adding assurance to assurance), still for the same parties, that they shall not be proceeded against for any acts inferences, or general expressions *here?*—Nor in any portion we should submit—as he who runs may read—of the whole treaty.
of private wrong, such as "the seizing of goods," &c., which might have been done by them during the war. There is no trusting to

But we shall quit the discussion of these quiddities—and we ought already, perhaps, to apologize to our readers for having dwelt so long upon them—because there is one answer to the whole case of this treaty of Limerick, so conclusive and brief, that the marvel is in the fatuity—we do not wish to use a harder term—of those people who can be cognizant of the fact, and yet, set up any claim under it. What will our readers say to the demand of admission to political trusts and offices, charged to be *implied in the terms* of the Treaty of Limerick, if it appears that the recognition of those very eligibilities was actually claimed from William's general (the Baron de Ginckel), in the conditions proposed by the garrison, three days before the conclusion of the treaty; *and peremptorily rejected by him!* And this is literally the truth.

This simple fact forms one branch of a very short, and, we think, conclusive, case. The Treaty of Limerick was finally executed by the Irish leaders on one side, and the English commander (Baron Ginckel) on the other, on the 3d of October, 1691. On the 29th of September—four days previous—the garrison, believing that to hold the town was impracticable, and having obtained a suspension of hostilities, sent to propose terms of capitulation. The articles then demanded, by the Irish, were seven in number; the most material being the fourth and sixth, which ran in these terms—"The Irish Catholics *to be capable of holding all employments, civil and military,* under the crown;" and—"The Irish Catholics to be at liberty *to be members of corporations, and to exercise all corporate franchises, and immunities.*" Here, then, was the question put fairly. Here was a *demand* of "offices," and of "immunities,"—the thing proposed in plain words—and what was the English commander's answer to it? De Ginckel returned for answer, that "he was a stranger to the Constitution of England; but that he knew enough of it to perceive that the terms demanded were hostile to that constitution, and to his own honour." On the same day, he erected a new battery, and pressed the town. In the evening, the garrison sent *another message,* to know *what terms he* (the Baron Ginckel) *would be content to grant?* And the result was the conclusion of the "Treaty of Limerick."

There needs but one addition to this pleasant little history; and that will be a very brief one. There is one little article in the Treaty of Limerick itself, which we adverted to, to be named hereafter—we reserved it as a *bonne bouche* for our readers. In this very treaty, the first second, and third articles of which extend to the Catholics—as some of that body tell us—all the rights and eligibilities of which free subjects can be capable. Which give them (by inference) the right to offices—to seats in parliament—in short, to adopt the description of Sir Francis Burdett, "the *fullest participation in all the rights, and privileges, civil and political of the British Constitution.*" In this very treaty, the early articles of which place (by construction) the Irish Catholics in this total freedom from restraint; giving them, the same honourable baronet says,

" in words than which, he can imagine none more express, or direct," the " enjoyment of all rights and privileges, public, as well as private !"

There is one little article—the seventh—which stipulates " That the noblemen and gentlemen comprised in the second and third articles" of the treaty [for even this right is not claimed for the Irish Catholics generally], " shall *have liberty to ride with a sword and a case of pistols, if they think fit; and to keep a gun in their houses for the purposes of fowling !*" Here are the same people who swear to a contract in the first and second articles of the treaty, by which they are to be clothed in garments of silver from head to foot, covenanting in the seventh to be allowed the indulgence of a cast-off pair of breeches !

Quibble and pretence—fallacy and rottenness—we are anxious to cut away from a good cause, lest they defile and undermine it. We would do this, apart from every consideration of virtue, from mere motives of interest: one lie detected on the cross-examination of a witness, shakes the whole of his evidence in the minds of the jury. There is a hollowness creeping into political discussion—we are afraid something out of the long orations which legislators find it their duty to make (there is not honesty enough in any subject to last out the necessary time) which to plain men is extremely disgusting. Sir Francis Burdett—the representative of the knowledge and intelligence—the " sense keeper" of the city of Westminster—pledges himself in parliament to entire belief in a plea, which a commissioner of a Court of Requests would never hear to its conclusion ! Mr. Peel, one of the first ministers of the crown, if he believed in certain intentions of a contract, never fulfilled, and entered into two hundred years ago, would do an act which he assures us would be subversive of the constitution, and dangerous to the peace and safety of the country ! And this is the language, and the business (and the truth), of legislation !

The Treaty of Limerick, in our eyes, is of less worth than the last petition of the noisy people who call themselves " The Catholic Association." We cant and equivocate about claims resting upon transactions done a century and a half ago; and forget how much it is our policy to have all that passed a century and a half ago forgotten. The claims of Catholic Ireland stand upon a surer foundation than the faith of treaties: England is bound to them by a bond—worth all the written bonds that ever wasted wax and parchment—the bond of equitable right upon their side, and political expediency on her own. The Irish Catholics are a family in the state that has risen to manhood: they are of too ripe a growth to be kept longer in pupillary subjection. It is now the time to loosen those bonds, and they may yet be loosened cordially and in friendship, which a little space more must burst amid feelings and thoughts of perhaps never-to-be-forgotten enmity. " Marry your daughters," says the wise man, " in haste, lest they marry themselves !"—Do that in time, and do it in your own way, and do it amicably, which a short delay will do in defiance and despite of you.

Upon their fair and undoubted rights, and still more upon the expediency of granting those rights—these are the grounds upon which the Catholics ought to rely. The last is an argument to circumstances; but it is the better, therefore; there is the less hazard that it will fail them. If we see that they must have political freedom—why let them have it. If they must have some share in the large church revenues of their country —when those revenues are at our command—without a shilling of fresh cost, and the question only one of disposal—why should the interests of patronage be preferred, to the interests of the public—the interests

of peace and justice? If we are told that the recognition of this principle would strike at the existence of the established church of England; that other sectarians will claim that indulgence now extended to the Catholics; we answer—That time is at a distance yet. The claims of these parties are, as yet, of a different calibre. The necessity is one which will not *yet* arise: but, when it does arise—we have no scruple to say that *we must bend to it.* The question in every such emergency is—can we—the "established"—party—conquer? Can we hold our supremacy without suffering more injury than we should sustain by its abandonment? In the case of the Catholics, Mr. Peel himself knows—he feels it in his sleep—he cannot shut his eyes to it when awake—he is neither a blinded bigot nor a doting idiot—he cannot hide from himself the fact that we *must,* before long, meet that exigency of abandonment If we could *get rid* of the Irish Catholics—of their danger alike and of their service—we might be content to resist the measure. If we could silence their advocates, among ourselves, the policy might be worth arguing. If we could venture to let their "claims" go to the vote in the English House of Commons in silence, and get a division of ten to one against them, we might have a hope to settle the question in the negative. But is it to be believed by men in possession of their reason—is it within the conception of common sense or probability—that five millions of people, who have the voice of more than half the English legislature with them, will relinquish a question in which—whatever its worth—they take a deep and vital interest?

That the success of that question will relieve the miseries of Ireland, we are not so vain as to suppose: but, coupled with the imposition of the "Poor Laws" (a measure, for the application of which we have a prodigious fancy in that country), it would lay the foundation of relief for them. That, while the Catholic claims remain unconceded, to effect any good—except by a species of coercion, which the spirit of the time will not allow us to have recourse to—will be impossible, we are convinced. But a stronger interest upon which we rely—for it is a nearer—than even the welfare and improvement of Ireland, in advocating the concession of the Catholic claims, is the fact, that in England they cannot much longer be resisted. At this moment, the slightest accident would carry them; and carry them unfortunately without any of the good consequences which might be looked for from their free concession. Another rebellion in Ireland—quelled with the loss of ten thousand men!—it would be quelled: but would Irish proprietors—would public opinion in this country, run the hazard of its recurrence? A continental war—to which the events of a month might bring us—to which we must come at some time. In the case of war, would not the necessity of concession be instantly too strong to be resisted—unfortunately, just when that very necessity would make concession almost degrading, while it robbed it of almost all its value!

We trust that the Duke of Wellington will look at these facts: we are not without hope that he is looking at them already. He has power: and he has responsibility: and the union is one to which his habits have been accustomed. The principles that guided his military career are all that he need look to, to decide this question; and we are not without hope that he may bring those principles into action. He may yet look—first to that which *he could wish to do*—and next at that which *circumstances make it best he should do:* And then—as he has been used to do—take measures *to accomplish the latter.*

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

Eccelino da Romana, by Lord Dillon. 1828.—Though hitherto publishing anonymously,* Lord Dillon's name is far from being unknown in the ranks of literature. So long ago as 1805, he published "A Letter to the Noblemen and Gentlemen who composed the Deputation of the Catholics of Ireland;" and some years after, while colonel, we believe, of the 100th regiment of foot, "A Commentary, in two volumes, on the Military Establishments of the British Empire." But he is better and more favourably known as the author of "Maltravers," and also of a second story, in both of which he enlists the doctrines of fatalism into the service of the novel-reader—not to inculcate—for inculcation, in a matter of this kind, can do nothing—but to vary the interest and excite the imagination, by introducing a new set of motives—new principles of action—just as where fairies or witches are used, or the Wandering Jew, or Frankenstein, or any other agency, superhuman, or infra-human, or extra-human. Belief of these things is beside the purpose; but, harmlessly, we suppose, we may suffer the fancy to roam, without making ourselves worse citizens, or less capable of sustaining and tasting the domestic charities of life. Strictly, fatalism is inseparable from a belief in the acknowledged attributes of the Deity; but no man of common sense, because he professes to believe, or does believe, in the omniscience and foreknowledge of the Creator of all, considers such doctrine as bearing upon his conduct, in any other light than a moral one—to put him on his guard. No man, do what he will, or argue as he will, can get rid of the consciousness of his freedom of action, in the popular sense of the term. The source of mistakes—if mistakes there really be—is the confounding the philosophical and the popular senses of liberty. Inculcation, for practical purposes, is little likely to affect any body's conduct. If the doctrine be true, it can do no harm, obviously; and if it be false, it may be safely left to its own imbecility—it exerts no influence. The consciousness of liberty cannot be extinguished. If any man allege the excuse, for but the turn of a finger, he will be laughed at; and if he murders under the impression of fatalism, he will be hanged; and hanging, after all that has been urged, we have no doubt, is the best possible check upon human crime. The man who should justify a wrong on this ground, would be set down, by the common apprehension, as a rogue; and no philosophy, though there be secrets in it yet undreamed of, will ever establish his innocence. But Lord Dillon has other peculiarities, and very strong ones. Not to notice, now, his bold and avowed abhorrence of political corruption—he has started from the beaten track, and indulged and revelled in the extraordinary—with the vague expectation and hope of penetrating the dense cloud that wraps the future, and which is, indeed, destined to be no farther penetrable than experience of the past and present will carry us. Dreams, and omens, and warnings, have seized upon his fancy; the darkness of metaphysics has appeared to him a darkness visible, and the forms which people obscurity have operated upon his sensations like defined realities. He has cherished chimeras, but they work well in the regions of feeling and fancy.

But of himself, if more be sought, his lordship has a right to be heard—and he will speak in language which will furnish no unfavourable specimen of his muse.

> Should any ask, perchance, who 'twas that pour'd
> This unpremeditated lay, ofttimes
> In unharmonious verse most quaintly cloth'd,
> Oh, Clio, say, 'twas one who Fate decreed
> Should wander from his hall and bower; who Fate
> Decreed, though willing, should not glory reap
> In tented fields, though he had sought it far
> In the vast wilderness, beyond the bounds
> Where the Atlantic waves in mountains roll,
> And on the dun Iberian plains; one in
> The senate mute; one, for whom Ceres shakes
> Her spiky head in vain, in vain doth shower
> Her golden grains; one who, with buoyant heart,
> O'er-rode the stormy wave and tempest high,
> That persevering Fate had round him rais'd:
> Who gazing on the sun liv'd and rejoic'd!
> Of artificial man rejected, who,
> Save Nature boon, no other parent own'd;
> The mighty mother from whose paps he drew
> This nourishment; she is my goddess, she
> My parent dear, in her vast book I read,
> And in her breast rejoicing still I live.
> Nature, abhorr'd of tyrants and of fools;
> Nature, whose pure code impious man doth blur,
> Accept th' oblations of my grateful heart,
> And if thou canst not govern fate, let me
> Repose in thy kind arms; give me at least
> My health and liberty. To thee I pour
> My matin prayer, grateful to the bright smiles
> Of the all-seeing sun, and when he bends
> His western way, in gentle sleep repose.
> Still Nature love I that all anguish soothes
> That from blind artificial man arose.

But who and what is this Eccelino da Romana? A poem of 10,000 lines, in the old heroic measure, and in blank verse. But the hero? A demon—literally, the son of a demon. Historically, Eccelino is known to the readers of Italian story—and Sismondi, or, for shortness, Perceval, may be referred to—as the tyrant of Padua, Verona, and the neighbouring region, in the 13th century, who, under the sanction of the Emperor, headed the Ghibelline forces

* His translation of "The Tactics of Ælian" excepted; a volume in 4to., with numerous illustrative plates.

against the Marquis of Este, who led the troops of the Guelphic faction. Eccelino was the especial opponent, not only of the papal authority, but of revelation, and persecuted a Christian with as much zeal and zest as the Christian ever did the pagan or the heretic—with all the malignity of Julian, and a thousand times his cruelty. Cruelty, indeed, was the main attribute of his nature—it was part and parcel of him, and its exercise was unchecked by any counteracting sympathies. He was insensible to the attractions of women, and sacrificed as readily the fair as the "unfair" sex—as Leigh Hunt lately called them—the infant and the aged. "By day and by night, in the cities under his sway, the air rang with the agonizing shrieks of the wretched sufferers expiring under varieties of torture. Eleven thousand of his army falling under his suspicion, on some occasion, he dextrously disarmed them, and threw them all into prisons; and when famine, and massacre, and the executioner, had done their office, *two hundred survived!*" This is the language of a modern historian, borne out to the full by cotemporary, or nearly cotemporary, authority—not, surely, to be credited to the letter—but such a wretch answers the purposes of poetry, if one object of that be the working of passions, in their fullest and wildest excitement.

The mother of this Eccelino was equally conspicuous. She was the daughter of a noble Tuscan family—the Mongonas—a person of no common endowments and acquirements, it may be safely presumed; for she had the reputation of being a sorceress—an adept, we mean—to avoid an equivoque—in the art magic—which, with her beauty, her address, and her spirit of intrigue, combined to give her unusual influence over her contemporaries. This lady, on her death-bed, disclosed to her son the tremendous secret of his birth—the very agreeable information, that he was the offspring of an adulterous intercourse with a demon—an account which Eccelino himself proclaimed, and made use of, as a potent engine to sway a credulous and excited multitude.

The story of this personage constitutes the subject of Lord Dillon's verse—and he has followed it, he says, as closely as could be made consistent with the general management of a poem. To trace it minutely, with our limits, is impracticable—all we can do, is to present another specimen or two of his powers of versification.

Hermione's form—

Rounded and full, display'd the sanctuary
Of Love; for love might well have chosen here,
So fair a shrine, to make his long abode.
Of ivory and alabaster blent
Her limbs were form'd, in so exact a mould,
That their transparent forms might almost seem
To melt in air, or float impalpable,
Like the bright moonbeams in the quiet lake.
Nor, though she thus beauteous, ethereal, pure
As sweetest breath of early flowers, not less
She glow'd a woman to the touch, that might
The type of all her sex have been. Her breast
An altar was, in which did burn a lamp
Exhaustless; whose bright light shed from her eyes
Such rays of tenderness, that e'en might tame
The lion in his rage, and bid him quit
His prey, and crouch beneath her feet (for such,
As olden legends sing, is Beauty's power!)
Her voice the silver bells would shame; her hair
Like Terni's waterfall did dazzling shine;
Nor fairer form than her's hath Fancy bright
E'er wove, or Grecian chisel ever form'd:
In marble breathing with ideal grace.

Hermione's bath—a little too warm and voluptuous, perhaps—but—

On one side rush the waters, and their spray
Throw 'gainst the rock; then opens there a grot
Upon the pool, whose pavement, richly wrought,
Of tesselated stones, more beauteous is
Than beds of flowers; and from the grotto cool
A flight of marble steps lead to a bath.
Around, in animated marble carv'd,
Diana, with her nymphs, is seen; and there
Acteon chas'd by his own hounds, that gives
Warning to eyes profane ne'er to invade
This sanctuary. Of white Carrara was
The floor, seen through the pure translucent wave;
Here myrtle grew, and sacred laurel screen'd
The spot. One sultry night the spangled arch
Of Heav'n was of a darker, deeper blue;
The moon gleam'd bright with her full face, and seem'd
Rejoicing in her orb; the fire-flies' light
In mid air sparkled; they the brilliant gems
Of animated nature, that adorn
Night's earthly vestnre. Such the hour, the time,
Hermione now chose to seek the bath,
Attended by her two most favour'd nymphs,
Lucinda, Viola; descending now
With cautious step the grot, they enter straight;
Loosens Hermione her radiant zone,
And soon the busy damsels her despoil
Of those rich robes that half conceal'd her form;
That form that Phidias' chisel had not scorn'd,
To grace the temple of the Paphian queen.
Her golden hair in azure net is bound;
Her nymphs, alike unrob'd, follow her steps;
The lovely three issue from out the grot,
Back cow'ring, startled, and asham'd, e'en at
The cold chaste moon's modest unscorching look.
Hermione stretch'd out her ivory foot,
Then drew it back when she the chilness felt;
With laugh and joke they stand, and half afraid,
Hang o'er the brink, then hand in hand the three
Plunge headlong in the limpid element,
A lucid garment form'd, through which they seem'd
More fair e'en than the floor on which they stood.
A thousand frolics the gay laughing nymphs
Perform; they dive, and rise, and plunge, and dart,
Nor sportive dolphins e'er more gamesome were;
And sometimes wanton on the surface float
Their forms; then turn and sudden disappear.
The moon alone a conscious witness is
Of their wild gambols; Nature, mistress sole
Of these their revels; she a tumult rais'd

In their young blood, which many an image wild
To giddy fancy gave, and forms grotesque;
So did warm Venus Dian's hour usurp.
Their shadowy forms arise from 'neath the wave
To the warm air; a ruddy glow o'erspreads
Their milk-white forms, trickling adown with drops;
Then by this crystal mirror they are dress'd.
Nymph of the grot Hermione appears,
Envelop'd soon beneath her flowing robes;
But for her tighten'd zone her form were lost,
For it disclos'd her small round breasts and shape
Out-swelling, broad, and full; still 'neath the folds
Of her loose dress her limbs do freely move,
And grace appears in every shadow that
They cast: broad lights and shades to beauty are
Allied, for Nature teaches grace divine.

A sweet portrait—before which Virgil's *Harpies* and Ovid's *Envy* must veil their charms:—

A form she took of ugliness beyond
What could by pencil be pourtray'd; her head
A cone appear'd; her chin and nose did meet;
Her eyes were small, oblique, with squinting leer;
So that the vision cross'd; all to the left
The right eye did command, and so the left
View'd all to right; a hunch was tow'ring o'er
Her back; her leathern dugs hung down below
Her waist; her skin resembled parchment, smok'd,
And shrivell'd up; her thin and bony arms
Hung to her knees; her fingers were like claws
Of griffins, crook'd and arm'd with rounded nails,
Sharp-pointed, firm, and strong to rend the flesh
From bones; her teeth were ebon tusks, and from
Her mouth there issued sick'ning sulph'rous smells,
And a blue flame was visible, that breath'd
Fell pestilence from out her lips, which seem'd
Form'd for an outlet to the Stygian lake.
Such fetid vapours hang o'er stagnant pool,
And are of reptiles vile the atmosphere.
Whene'er she spat on earth, from out the slime
Toads numberless crawl'd into loathsome life.
Clubb'd and inverted were her feet, like hoofs
Of asses, and her ears became erect
Whene'er she heard a noise: her stature tall,
Gaunt, thin, and bending like a bow; her voice
Would vary quick, in every sound of bass
And tenor, loud, or sharp, or shrill, or low;
And though she could, at pleasure, any form
Assume, yet this was still her common shape.

For the verbal critic, and indeed for critics of all sorts and dimensions, Lord Dillon has made work enough. The poem is full of irregularities—and offends, probably, against every law, good or bad, that ever was laid down in the poetical code; nor cares he one fig whose phrases he uses—there are some of every body's; but there is also great vigour and variety of fancy—bold conceptions—strong and condensed expressions—and a concentrating power of thought—enough to diffuse a conviction of high ability over a much larger space than even the present volume occupies—and to cover a multitude of sins.

Narrative of the Peninsular War, from 1808 to 1813; by Lord Londonderry. 1828.—Lord Londonderry's book, though not justly to be entitled a Narrative of the Peninsular War from 1808 to 1813, presents the clearest and most unencumbered account of the British army under General Moore and Lord Wellington, that has yet been furnished. It is not a narrative of the Peninsular War; for of the French troops, except those which came in immediate contact with the British, it speaks incidentally only; and the same must be said of the Spanish forces which were not acting in connexion with them. Nor is it a narrative even of the transactions of the British troops to 1813; for it stops at the re-capture of Ciudad Rodrigo in January 1812, when Lord Londonderry, then Major-General Charles Stewart, was compelled by ill health to resign his appointment of Adjutant-General, and return to England. This incompleteness of the narrative, whoever reads it will, we think, be inclined to regret; and we question if any other will supply the deficiency with half the personal knowledge and soldier-like ability of the present.

The author was attached to Sir John Moore's army, and here traces that commander's hesitating course, and disastrous retreat, and redeeming victory, minutely and frankly. The military talents—those, we mean, of the more commanding kind—of that very excellent and amiable individual, it has been, and must be, a vain attempt to establish. He was an incomparable second; but as a chief—left to his own resources and decision—he had not before been tried, and, when tried, was surely found wanting. Less calculating and balancing—more resolute in shaking off unprofessional advisers, though fastened on him by orders from home, he might have done, before his retreat, and often during his retreat, especially before he reached Astorga—passing, as he did, too, so many admirable positions—what he was obliged to do finally at Corunna. Never did more frightful consequences attend a precipitate retreat; all subordination and discipline were at an end—the natives shut their doors against them—the troops were enraged, and committed a thousand enormities; the Spaniards took their revenge, and the soldiers, mad, and drunk, and in despair, murdered, and *were* murdered. Lord Londonderry has "no hesitation in saying, that the most harrowing accounts which have yet been laid before the public fall short of the reality." The being compelled to fight before embarking, and, perhaps, his death on the field, were, for his reputation, the most fortunate events that could have occurred;—had he not thus fought and died, he would have been—however undeservedly—one of the most unpopular commanders on record—and as it was, it required, we think, no small exertions on the part of his

friends to maintain his credit. "The truth is," observes Lord Londonderry, "with many of the qualities requisite to constitute a *general*, he was deficient in that upon which, more than any other, success in war must ever depend—he wanted confidence in himself—he was afraid of responsibility—he underrated the qualities of his own troops, and greatly overrated those of his adversary. Yet let justice be done. He acted under circumstances at once difficult and trying. He was harassed by being made, in some degree, dependent upon the opinions of others—while of support from the authorities in the country, as well military as civil, he was from the first absolutely destitute. Sir John Moore was, moreover, a brave and high-spirited soldier—he refused to treat for the quiet embarkation of his troops—he preferred the honour of the army to its safety; and by preferring the one, he provided for the other also."

The appointment of Sir Arthur Wellesley to the chief command was singularly welcome to the army—his own conduct at and after the battle of Vimiera, and still more, perhaps, that of his superiors, had endeared him to the troops. He had won the victory, and would willingly have followed it up; and the fruits were thrown away by the ignorance or timidity of others. He arrived in Spain in April 1809, and forthwith marched towards the Douro, and skirmished more than once with Soult, who retiring to Orense, the pursuit was abandoned. Returning to Coimbra, and being there joined by a reinforcement of 5,000 men, he moved towards the south, to open a communication with Cuesta. The conduct of the Spaniards had given considerable dissatisfaction, nor were matters much mended by Sir Arthur's interview with the old and feeble Cuesta. After this interview, Sir Arthur directed his march towards Victor's position—when that able commander withdrew across the Tagus, and being followed by the British troops, in July the battle of Talavera was fought.

Victorious as he had been, Sir Arthur—now created Lord Wellington—found himself, with an army diminished by his victory, and still further enfeebled by sickness—9,000, at one time, on the sick-list—obliged to retreat, leaving behind him many hundreds of the sick, who were, however, treated kindly by the enemy—and in December following, the troops were placed in line along the frontiers of Portugal, between the Douro and the Tagus. In this position, with a few changes, they continued till the summer of 1810, generally in an inactive state, and not, on the whole, in the narrative before us, adequately accounted for—though the non-fulfilment of engagements, on the part of the Spaniards, might justify the commander's holding back a little. At this period, Ciudad Rodrigo, after an obstinate resistance by the native garrison, was taken by Massena; and on the consequent advance of the French, it became necessary for the British troops to retire within the lines that had been forming, through the spring and summer, at Torres Vedras. These had been completed, to something, as Lord Londonderry curiously phrases it, "of the nature of impregnability"—the object being, of course, to keep the sea open behind them. In the course of this retreat, occurred, in September, the battle of Busaco. Massena continued the pursuit, and finally halted before the lines of Torres Vedras; but finding them, we suppose, to have so much "of the nature of impregnability," he withdrew, and took up a position at Santarem.

At Santarem, Massena remained inactive—or rather, as it afterwards appeared, making preparations for retiring into Spain—and Wellington behind his lines—neither party being in a condition to disturb the other. At last, on the 5th March 1811, Massena suddenly decamped, and hastened towards the frontiers, and Wellington lost not a moment in pursuing him—which ended, however, in the blockade of Almeida by the British. The particulars of this pursuit Lord Londonderry omits—having himself been absent three months, on account of illness. Leaving, now, the forces in the neighbourhood of Almeira, Lord Wellington himself proceeded to Badajos, before which was a considerable force under Beresford; but being quickly recalled to the north, Beresford was left to conduct the siege of Badajos. Now followed the battle of Fuentes de Honora, and the unlucky relief of Almeida—which last event conferred, certainly, no honour on the vigilance of the Engliah troops; and before Wellington could return to Badajos, was fought the murderous battle of Albuera, in May; and in the following month, Wellington, seeing nothing could be done, directed the siege of Badajos to be raised.

By the end of July, the forces were reassembled before Ciudad Rodrigo, to blockade it; and some time after, the siege of the place was commenced, and in January 1812, a breach being reported practicable, peremptory orders were issued, on the 19th, to carry it by assault, before seven o'clock that night; and before seven, accordingly, it was carried—and here the narrative stops, It is, as we have said, exceedingly distinct. The author is extremely cautious of expressing opinions that imply censure, and seems to write constantly with the fear of his brother officers before his eyes; and of the Duke of Wellington his admiration is perfectly unbounded. The confidence of the army was undoubtedly unlimited; and they must, after all, be the best judges; they gave him full credit for doing all that circumstances would permit, and, of course, not without good reason. But, generally, the style of Lord Londonderry is too laudatory—in every little skirmish the con-

duct of the troops is "*brilliant*"—and the word is indeed used and used, till at last, in the reader's mind, it comes to mean nothing at all.

Of incidental matters, indicating the writer's feelings, it is scarcely worth while to take notice—yet some things are perhaps sufficiently remarkable, particularly when he designates the military expeditions of this country, before that to the Peninsula, as being "unprofitable in their objects, and insignificant in the means." Again, in respect to promotion in the army, under the Duke of York's regulations—which he describes as "rendered by him as equitable as it can be, under a system which admits of advancement by purchase." Considering the quarter from which these remarks come, they are worth remembering. Observe a few sentences of a different cast. Speaking of the French Revolution, he says, "The *sovereigns of Europe* found it *expedient* to oppose the progress of the French Revolution."—"The Portuguese are high-spirited, brave, and *obedient*." Of Saragoza—"not less gratifying to the *lovers* of *freedom* was the defence," &c. Let not the reader mistake—this phrase is used only with reference to independence of foreign control—to *national* freedom—not constitutional—not political freedom.

The Life of Napoleon Buonaparte, by Wm. Hazlitt, 4 vols. 8vo.; 1828.—For the aristocrat, and the would-be aristocrat—for the defender of ancient abuses, who will yield to nothing but petty correctives—for the scoffer at political amendment, and the palliator of public profligacy, Sir Walter Scott's Life of Napoleon is upon the whole so cleverly adapted, that none of them can hope for another more suited to their wishes—it is so tender of sensitive kibes, that, even when treading, as he often does, apparently with great boldness, on forbidden ground, you must feel the most perfect security there will be no real offence to the powers that be. All his reprobation is reserved for what is damned by all parties and all classes, and utterly without redeeming qualities; and the whole is couched in a style bespeaking so much good taste and good society—so flowing, and so agreeable—bedecked too, with a thousand similes, for which even Moore might envy him, that you naturally read it, as you read one of his own historical novels, or any thing else of unreal interest.

Mr. Hazlitt, on the contrary, with the most uncompromising contempt of all conventional fastidiousness, and a perfect loathing for the exclusions of the higher castes of society—thoroughly radical in sensation and sentiment—daunted at nothing—thinks as little of a king as of a beggar, and would scarcely hesitate, perhaps, to affirm plebeian blood to be of as bright a hue as the proudest patrician's. A government, with him, in the most unsparing sense of the terms, exists solely for the benefit, not of a few domineering families and their adherents, but for the protection of the whole community, great and small; and, utterly without consideration, as he is, for family dignities, he is as likely to respect one who has them not, as one who has; and, with no toleration at all for absurd privileges, as ready to laugh in the face of hereditary wisdom as of hereditary virtues. No,—Mr. H. is all for the aristocracy of virtue and talent; and though the whole world were convinced that not only the political, but the moral worth of a king and his nobles, immeasurably surpass that of the whole mass of the millions below them, he, without mincing the matter, without the least effort to soften the unwelcome truth to the great or the greatest, would not hesitate one moment to express *his* conviction, that all the virtues the heart of man can conceive are with—and almost exclusively with—the inferior classes.

Filled with these singular sentiments, and prompted to the most unflinching expression of them, he takes up the Life of Napoleon, which involves the History of the French Revolution—the crushing of the mighty, and the lifting up of the humble—and, without ceremony, assigns the causes of that explosion to the insolence and oppressions of the great, and its atrocities to the unprincipled combination of foreign states; giving stubborn evidence as he goes along. He hesitates not at stating—what would have shocked Sir Walter to credit for a moment—that England itself, though she did not openly join the coalition of Pilnitz, yet gave it her secret encouragement. By the declaration of Mantua, which preceded the wild and atrocious one of Pilnitz by about a couple of months, and was signed by the Count d'Artois, in conjunction with the emperor of Germany, and king of Sardinia, the king of England was to take an active part, as elector of Hanover. Mr. H. again hesitates as little, indirectly, to charge the government of England with being privy to attempts of assassination. Sir Sydney Smith—the hero of Acre—was spoken of by Bonaparte as crazy, and Mr. H., apparently thinks the same; and Count Ferzen is unceremoniously described as the "favoured lover of the queen of France." Generally, perhaps, he is too peremptory in assigning motives, and deciding questionable points.

Mr. H. proposes to comprise his Life of Napoleon in four volumes, of which the two now published bring the history down to the Peace of Amiens. Events, as may be supposed, are given accurately enough—Mr. H. is not likely to spare labour; but we have no space at present to go through them, as we should like to do, with the view of marking more specifically his sentiments as they occur. As a narrative, it will not be found, we imagine, so easy and graceful as Sir Walter's—nor so entertaining. Mr. H. looks

too much to generalities, or to great points, for that; though, no doubt, all that relates to the different campaigns, and to military tactics and battles, is at the least as intelligible as Sir W's.—who, with all his reading up for the occasion, undoubtedly fails in this respect. Mr. H. has an irrepressible tendency to digress and dilate; and we have page after page of discussion—such for instance as the effects of sovereignty on the individual—the character of popery, &c.—which would make admirable essays, and are certainly fitter for his Table Talk, than the Life of Napoleon. Occasionally, too, his peculiar metaphysics come in, and come in too without discussion, as if every body must assent on the first hearing. On the 18th Brumaire, Napoleon, for once, lost his self-possession. "This," says Mr. H., with all the confidence usual with him, "is easily understood, for no man has more than one sort of courage, namely, in those things, in which he is accustomed to feel his power and see his way clearly." Now, if Mr. H. had been content with saying, in common parlance, no man is equally courageous at all times, or on all occasions—or no man's nerves are equally firm at all times—or a man is courageous only when he is accustomed to feel, &c.—nobody would have hesitated to go with him. To be sure this would have sounded very like a trite truism; but then, we really think he has expressed no more meaning than is comprised in this same truism; and in this, as is often the case, he is misled by the peculiar cast of his own phraseology, and thinks a novel expression indicative of a new discovery. Again—"Times, habits of business, and reflection, have made many able men, and modified many indifferent characters."—These are Napoleon's words, speaking of Fouché. Now this, in the general apprehension of men—judging from common experience—is the language of common sense; but common sense is not surely Mr. H's. best attribute. "This," says he, "is not a just view of nature in general, which never changes, nor did the present instance turn out an exception to the common rule." We know not, to be sure, speaking physically, whether nature does change, but then we as little know that she does *not* change: and if the actions of men change—which we suppose is the case, when a different set of motives are operating—why then we see no advantage in insisting upon a language, which, in the common usage of it, does not correspond with facts, nor with the general conviction, as indicated by proverbial phrases. "Buonaparte," continues Mr. H., "was fond of playing with edged tools, thinking he could turn their good qualities to account, and, by dextrous management, prevent their harming him"—and his success for years, was a pretty strong proof of his ability to do so. Because he finally failed, is it to be concluded that he did nothing in this way?—Speaking, again, of Fayette—"No man is wiser from experience or suffering, or can cast his thoughts and actions in any other mould than that which nature has assigned them,—or so true a patriot would not, after his own and his country's 'hair-breadth 'scapes,' and bleeding wrongs, have tried to *hamper* the revolution in its last struggles, with the same cobweb, flimsy refinements, that he did in its first outset." What is this but saying that Fayette was insusceptible of improvement, and therefore every man is?

But we defer any thing like examination till the whole is before us. It is sufficient for us to observe that the work is full of vigorous thinking; and at every page, directly or indirectly, the reader will find materials for sweet or bitter reflection. There is no insipidity in Mr. H. He cowers before no difficulty—is deterred by no peril—and compromises none of his convictions; but sets boldly to work, and sweeps before him the filth and rubbish of prejudice, with much the same sort of resolute and dogged spirit, as that with which Hercules turned the Achelous to cleanse the accumulations of the Augean stable. Admiration for the lofty and unbending character, and the varied and vigorous intellect of his hero, has, we doubt not, somewhat warped his better judgment, and made him think more highly of a man than he ought to think—of a man, who was ready to sacrifice the individual and collective happiness of nations to his own glory, and his own glory to his revenge.

The Siege of Carlaverock, &c. &c., by Nicholas Harris Nicolas, Esq.; 1828.—Carlaverock Castle stood in the county, and about nine miles south of the town, of Dumfries, on the north shore of the Solway Frith, at the confluence of the rivers Nith and Locher, and was the first place attacked by Edward I., in his invasion of Scotland in the year 1300. All who owed military service were summoned to attend at Carlisle on the feast of the nativity of John the Baptist; and about the first of July, the assembled troops quitted Carlisle; and about the 10th or 12th, after a desperate resistance on the part of the gallant little garrison, Carlaverock surrendered to the king. The story of this march, siege, and capture was told, it seems, in metre, in about 1,000 lines, by a cotemporary writer, who, on the strength of a line in the poem, where mention is made of "Ma rime de Guy," is supposed to have been one Walter of Exeter, a monk of some order or other, who is said by Warton, "on good authority, to have written the romantic history of Guy of Warwick about 1292"—but how this Carlaverock poem came to be written in French by an Exeter man, is not accounted for—nor is the matter even noticed.

The tale is told in the most inartificial manner—as like a prose or a rhyming chro-

nicle as possible, and can interest no soul breathing but an antiquary;—but then Mr. Nicolas thinks there is no soul breathing who is not an antiquary. Almost the whole baronage of England assembled for this splendid expedition, and they are individually enumerated, with a word or two thrown in, sometimes gaily enough, descriptive of character, and the arms of each carefully and scientifically blazoned.

This blazonry, indeed, is evidently, in Mr. Nicolas's eyes, the chief charm of the poem—affording evidence, as it does, that the SCIENCE of heraldry was in a state of maturity and perfection, at a time when some have thoughtlessly supposed it to have been in its infancy. The text is framed from an autograph copy of Glover's, the celebrated herald, compared with another in the Museum—and a third, it seems, is deposited in the office of Ulster King of Arms at Dublin, and modern copies are in the hands of sundry individuals. Besides, about fifty years ago the poem was actually printed in the Antiquarian Repertory, with a translation. "But the text," says Mr. Nicolas, "was corrupt, and the translation unfortunate;" and his fate it has been to remedy both—and no man in the country, by ability, acquirements, and diligence could be more competent to the task. Aided and advised, too, as he has been by a learned brother, Dr. Meyrick, we have no doubt the thing is as pure as silver seven times tried in the fire—every stain burnt out in the critical crucible; and, if occasion require it, we ourselves, such is our confidence in the parties, shall be ready to swear by its immaculateness. But Mr. Nicolas has not contented himself with a simple translation, though that was no slight labour—obsolete as is much of the language; but has filled half a quarto with excavations from the mines of Dugdale's Baronage, and fifty others, to illustrate every one of the hundred names which cover the poem—of which we must confess we have not read a great deal, but the little we have read satisfies us much research and labour has been successfully spent in this way—we add not—more than the subject was worth—the setting often easily surpasses the picture.

Mornings in Spring, by Dr. Drake. 2 *vols.*; 1828.—Dr. Drake has no new materials within, at command—nor any extraordinary shrewdness or sagacity to elicit new developments from without—no, nor any peculiar adroitness in making the old look new; but he is an indefatigable reader, and a retrospective one. While all around are perhaps too much bent upon the present, he reminds us agreeably of much that we should otherwise forget—but he is too confiding to sift; and though his very amiable qualities are a pledge that he will set down nought in malice, those same qualities occasionally prompt him to extenuate. If we were disposed to find fault with Dr. Drake, which we certainly are not, it would be for the leaning he evidently has, with an unreasoning admiration, to paint every body *en beau*—to make little, or rather *not* little deities of his fellow mortals—to throw a veil—but he does it insensibly—over the frailties that might diminish his own veneration, or that of other worshippers. Dr. Drake would be shocked at any charge of misrepresentation, and yet it is as easy to misrepresent by suppressing as by fabricating—as easy to do so by over-colouring as by under-colouring. In speaking of Drummond of Hawthornden, he expresses an ardent wish that Drummond's account of Ben Jonson's visit and conversation had never seen the light—simply because it gives a less favourable impression of the character of the old dramatist than the fancy of admirers leads them to assign him. Now this is really worse than nonsense. Let us have things as they are—with all the benefits—and there are benefits from the bad as well as the good—to be derived from experience. The best use of biography is to enlarge our acquaintance with mankind; but to give us nothing but the good and great, is to poison the stream of truth at its source. We would know *all* men did, and *why*—the motives, foul and fair—the principles, bad and good—the actions, wrong and right—to make a true estimate—we are not concerned with divinities, but mortals. The likeness is the thing—the fashion of it is nothing; give us realities; for if we are to work on characters as an artist does on the picturesque, why trouble ourselves with facts at all?—the imagination is fertile enough to give us all we want.

Of the papers with which these new volumes of Dr. Drake present us, the most agreeable by far are the Memoirs of Sir Philip Sidney, and his accomplished sister, the Countess of Pembroke—the Cliffords of Craven—and the Banks of the Esk, or rather the poets and men of genius who have ennobled its waters.

The Memoirs of Sidney detail the family connexions—the father's letter and mother's postscript to him while at Shrewsbury school—the youth's tour on the continent, and his literary acquaintance there—his accomplishments—his embassy to the Palatine of the Rhine—his patronage of Raleigh and Spencer—his *welcome* remonstrance with the queen on her talked-of marriage with Anjou—the insult received at court from the Earl of Oxford, and consequent retirement to his sister's at Wilton—the composition with her of the Arcadia—his marriage with Walsingham's daughter—his defence of Leicester's character—his preparations for accompanying Drake in one of his plundering expeditions to America—his competition for the throne of Poland (which amounted, probably, to a little idle gossip among the maids of honour in Eliza-

beth's court) — and his command, under Leicester, of the forces sent to aid the Protestants in the Netherlands—not forgetting, of course, "thy necessity is greater than mine." Dr. Drake neither questions nor qualifies; and we were even surprised that he ventures to think it "an unfortunate hour when Sidney undertook his uncle's defence. While exhibiting much talent and ingenuity (it was in reply to 'Leicester's Commonwealth,' by Parsons, the jesuit) he left," says Dr. D., "as might have been anticipated, the most heinous charges unrefuted." "No doubt," he continues, "Sir Philip believed his uncle less criminal than he was represented, but *he ought not* to have undertaken the exculpation without sufficient data adequate to ensure success"—which is surely very gentle censure — and, from a man of Dr. D.'s generally sound discernment of moral rectitude—not censure of the right kind. The fact proves that Sidney acted like many other men—like the ordinary run, indeed, of common men—prompted or compelled by family considerations and circumstances, to do what they cannot perhaps altogether approve, and would rather leave undone, but want nerve and resolution to refuse what delicacy of feeling forbids. It proves, too, that the romance of Sidney's character lies more in the imagination of admirers, than in the conduct of the man. Sidney is obviously very largely indebted to the panegyrics of poetry, and poetry patronized; and men of sixty are yet alive, it seems, to interpret the language of Spencer like a spinster of sixteen. The paper on the sister is much more agreeable. The Countess had more of the natural about her, and the evidences of her qualities and abilities are, some of them, of a more unsuspicious cast. She appears to have made much of the Arcadia her own; and the versification of the Psalms, which has been recently published—many of which have quite a modern air about them—is almost wholly hers.

The materials for the papers on the Cliffords are taken chiefly from Whitaker's History of Craven. The history of this conspicuous family is traced, from the first lord of the Honour of Skipton, in the reign of Edward II., successively, but briefly, to the tenth lord, who was the son of "Black-faced Clifford," the murderer of young Rutland. This tenth lord, in consequence of his father's atrocity, was in imminent peril during the triumph of the Yorkists; was secreted by his mother and his nurse, and brought up ostensibly as a shepherd, till the age of twenty-five—visited, occasionally, but cautiously, by his mother; and every thing was of course done, consistently with his safety, to secure his comforts, and keep up the dignity of his feelings. On the accession of Henry VII. he recovered his inheritance, and, though utterly without the education of books, he did no discredit to his birth and station. This lord is supposed, by Dr. Whitaker, to be the hero of the old ballad of the "Nut Browne Maide," and, as Dr. Drake thinks, with great probability. The lover specifically describes Westmoreland as his heritage, and himself as a banished man and an outlaw; and the great "lynage" of the lady, and her being a baron's childe, agree perfectly with the descent of his first wife, Anne, daughter of Sir John St. John of Bletsoe. "Interesting," says Dr. D., "as the ballad of the Nut Brown Maid must assuredly be deemed, merely as a work of fiction, yet does it become incomparably more striking and affecting, when it is discovered to have been built on the basis of reality; and a reality, too, of which the circumstances are, at the same time, in a high degree romantic and extraordinary."

The son of the shepherd Clifford was the favourite of Henry VIII.; and the grandson, the one whose contests with the Nortons has been told by Wordsworth, in the "White Doe of Rylstone." On the failure of male descendants in the right line, the property fell into the hands of the well known queen of the north, Anne Clifford, the wife successively of the Earls of Dorset and Pembroke, with whom and whose families she lived, as she herself poetically expresses it, "as the river of Roan or Rhodanus runs through the Lake of Geneva, without mingling any part of its stream with that lake—for I gave myself up to retiredness," &c. On her second widowhood she withdrew to her estates, and rebuilt her castles; and being cautioned against doing so while Cromwell ruled—"Let him," said she, "destroy them if he will—I will rebuild as long as he leaves me a shilling in my pocket." In Charles II.'s reign, the secretary of state wrote to her, and named the member for Appleby—"I have been bullied by an usurper," was her laconic reply—"I have been neglected by a court; but I will not be dictated to by a subject—your man shan't stand." Her reign lasted for twenty-six years. "She could talk of all things," said Dr. Donne, in the style of the times, "from predestination to slea-silk."

The Annals of Jamaica, by the Rev. G. W. Bridges, Rector of the Parish of St. Ann, Jamaica, vol. 1; 1827.—Mr. Bridges is a thorough-going partizan; though mistaking the fervours of party connexions for the zealous pursuit of truth, he has, perhaps insensibly, fallen into the delusion, that conviction the most unshakeable must infallibly follow such manifestly disinterested and unbiassed researches as his. Commencing *ab ovo*, he proposes to trace the history of this, the chief seat of negro slavery; and by shewing, thus historically, that the condition of the slave was once *worse*, to prove it cannot now be bad. Upon this laudable task

he enters with the spirit and resolution of a martyr; though knowing—he says, or implies—that he shall raise a nest of hornets about his ears, his confidence in the purity of his motives bids him set their stings at defiance. His ultimate aim is utterly to sweep away the "prejudices, which, though fostered by the ignorant, or inflamed by the artful, have instilled a fatal poison into the generous and unsuspecting bosoms of the British people." Bless the man! Suppose him successful in removing the prejudices he talks of; slavery itself remains, and slavery it is—even more than the actual treatment of the victim—which grates the ears of his countrymen: and so long as slavery exists, all talk of any modification of it must be mere sophistry. The bulky volume before us is but a first fasciculus; and the history, and, of course, the removal of prejudice, scarcely begun; for, before that history commences, the reader must wade through a good 140 pages, upon matters some of them not at all relevant, and others at least as well calculated for the history of the world, or a discourse on physical geography. First we have a list of writers on the new world—Spaniards, Italians, French, English, and Scotch, with the merits of four-and-twenty of them carefully balanced—not quite unusefully. Then comes a chapter on the formation of the Caribbean Archipelago, in which the learned author puts forth his newest geology, and by which we learn, that "had the waters of the deluge receded a few hundred yards or so, more, what are now islands would have been the tops of mountains in adjoining continents; and had they receded less, we should have had, if fewer mountains, more islands, and our geographical dictionaries not a leaf the thinner. Nay, had these waters subsided only five-and-twenty fathoms, the crest of the mountain that joins Dover to Calais would have been bared, and a very little more would have converted the Isle of Wight into a hill, separated from Hampshire, by a dry valley, only sixty fathoms; and England itself would become one vast mountain, separated by a deep vale from Normandy, and connected with Flanders by the crest between Dover and Calais; while the mouth of the British Channel, between the Scilly Islands, and Ushant, would become the barrier to the Atlantic." Prodigious! and all discovered at Jamaica too!

When the author has settled the present and possible claims to distinction of the Archipelago, as satisfactorily as if he had been present at the birth, he proceeds very gravely to determine from what quarter came the population; and not a shade of doubt, it seems, remains to darken Mr. Bridges's convictions, that "Noah, himself, undertook the re-establishment of America." He lived, argues Mr. Bridges, 350 years after the deluge, and it is not likely would waste all those years without performing great exploits, and undertaking noble enterprises. Such a "shipwright and navigator," at once "inspired and experienced," as he was—"the maker of the largest ship, too, the world ever saw,"—would he not build another ship—"his own remaining fast on the Mount of Ararat—to repair the desolation of the world?" To be sure he would. Possessed as he was too of a knowledge of a thousand things we are unacquainted with, by the tradition of sciences with which our first father was inspired, and whose children he had conversed with—could he be ignorant of these Western Isles? Certainly not. Besides, it is even possible he was himself a native of them; and navigating, as he had boldly done, an *illimitable* ocean, what difficulty—even if he did not himself *go* to America—could he have had in teaching young Masters Noah, or the Misses Noah, to cross a sea reduced within bounds, and comparatively tranquil, safe, and narrow? Moses again tells us, that *all* the lands and islands were peopled, and of course the children of Noah could not have been ignorant of half the world. No doubt they landed at Mexico, and from thence radiated to all points of the compass. Seriously, we are, for the most part, quoting literally from Mr. Bridges's book. Astronomy and navigation, says he, still proceeding in the same strain, were once completely understood,—because without them the world could not have been peopled; and these same 'arts,' having performed their functions, peopled the world—that is, they disappeared—being no longer required for distant navigation. Why they have re-appeared in these later days, Mr. B. has forgotten to inform us—or, perhaps, the succeeding volume will tell us all about the matter. Some idle application of Scripture language follows, which would almost make plain men, as we are, question the writer's sanity.

The chapters on the Indians and Caribbeans are less filled with the conjectural, though very far from being always intelligible. Let the reader try—"The natural shape of the heads of the Indians was destroyed by the universal custom of depressing the sinciput in infancy, or, by manual force, *folding it beneath the occiput*, where it was retained by ligatures and thin metal plates, until the forehead became totally depressed and doubled in thickness"—and Castilian swords broke short upon their skulls. Speaking of the Caribbees—"All intuitive idea of a deity, for whom, according to Rochfort, they had not even a name, was extinguished by the brutality of this people. They feared an evil spirit which they called Maboia, although they did not worship it," &c. What can the writer mean? It is evident they had an *idea*, though it may not have been an *intuitive* one, of a deity. Where did Mr. B. get his own intuition?

At last commences the history; and Columbus discovers Xaymaca on the 1st May 1494, where Mr. B. reluctantly abandons

the ulterior career of discoveries, to pursue the sole history of this Jamaica—"since become the source of so much wealth to individuals, and one of the brightest jewels in the British crown."

After Columbus finally left the island in 1504, it was not again disturbed till 1509, when Ojeda, and Nicuessa, between whom the Darien government had been divided, were empowered to make what use they pleased of the unoccupied Jamaica; but, before the end of the year, Columbus's son, Diego, through Esquimel, his confidential agent, took possession of it, and commenced a colony at Seville, which grew rapidly into importance. In 1521, the parent stock threw off its scions; but the career of its prosperity was somewhat checked by the death of Diego Columbus in 1526, and the devastations of the French pirates, subsequently known by the name of Flibustiers;—the frightened inhabitants fled, and founded St. Jago, which then became the seat of government. In 1554, Seville was almost utterly destroyed by another visit from the French pirates; and, soon after, some English privateers (why are they not called pirates?) completed its destruction. In 1580, the territorial right of Jamaica resting in the dethroned Braganza family, the Portuguese poured into it; and their industry and perseverance quickly accelerated its progress. The country, overrun with hogs, horses, and cattle, was cleared; a bartering trade opened; and the way paved for the cultivation of ginger and sugar. In 1596, St. Jago, which had risen even into magnificence, had its wings clipt by the predatory visit of Sir Anthony Shirly; and again in 1635, by Colonel Jackson from the Windward Islands, who exacted a considerable sum for the preservation of the capital; and, twenty years after, in 1655, the whole island was finally captured by an English squadron, under the command of Penn and Venables, who had been dispatched to seize St. Domingo—not without provocations—if these provocations are not to be called retaliations—the murder of 600 English at Tortogua in 1638, and again, in 1650, at Santa Cruz.

To pour in a supply of people was the first object of the English government, for their new conquest. A supply of Irish was accordingly sent; and the Scotch transmitted all their felons; and an order of council directed one thousand Irish girls to be forwarded with all speed—all with a due regard to public and private morals; and to this illustrious origin—supposing the order of council executed—must the old Creole families, who *are as proud as Lucifer*, trace their splendid descent. The population consisted, in 1659, of 4,500 whites, and 1,400 negroes; and in 1661, the conquest being sanctioned by the restored regal government at home—something like a civil government was manufactured for the new colony—the island partially surveyed—divided into twelve districts, and a council of twelve appointed—which being violently opposed by the soldiers, Colonel D'Oyly hung one or two of them, "just to let them see, the law could do as much as a court-martial." A colony of Jews now flocked to the island, and its "prosperity" advanced rapidly beyond all precedent—the island having become the mart—the receptacle-general—of stolen property—the seat of exchange and traffic for swarming pirates. So early as 1664 was, in consequence, instituted a representative government—30 members constituting the first assembly; and in 1672 the population, of all colours, had risen to 17,272, and able to sustain itself without farther aid from the mother country. In 1687, James II., as eager for conversion abroad as at home, dispatched the Duke of Albemarle, Monk's son, and his lady, "whose presence, in the gallant language of the Jamaica Legislature, was an honour which the opulent kingdoms of Mexico and Peru would never arrive at, and Columbus's ghost would be appeased for all the indignities he suffered from the Spaniards, could he but know that his beloved soil was hallowed by such footsteps." The duke and duchess were accompanied by Father Churchill, who quickly bestirred himself, and wandered through the country, says Mr. B., literally, an itinerant preacher of the Roman doctrines. "He had the pleasure," adds Mr. B., with evident delight, "in one of his journies, to be half drowned in a river, and half starved on a rock, and vainly hoped to convert the heretics of Jamaica to the true faith."

In 1692, Port Royal was visited by an earthquake, and 3000 persons were swallowed up in an instant, and, with them, all the records of this precious society—a calamity which was quickly followed by an invasion of the French, but successfully repelled by Captain Elliott. Scarcely again was the island recovered from the alarms of invasion, when a revolt of the negroes, under Cadjen broke out, which was not finally quelled for forty-seven years—"costing," says Mr. B., "240,000*l.* and the enactment of forty-four laws." In 1703, Port Royal, which had again reared its head, was completely destroyed by a conflagration, which gave occasion to a new emigration to Kingston—thenceforth the capital of the island. In 1727, was terminated the long quarrel between the colonists and the government at home, respecting the revenue act, by a general acknowledgment of its rights, and that cardinal declaration, which is justly recognized as the MAGNA CHARTA OF JAMAICA—"All such laws and statutes of England, as have been at any time esteemed, introduced, used, accepted, or received, as laws in this island, shall, and are hereby declared to be and continue, laws of this his Majesty's Island of Jamaica, for ever." On this memorable epoch stops the history. A

long appendix follows on the History of Slavery — Ecclesiastical History — Natural History, &c.

The British Gunner, by Captain J. M. Spearman, H. P. Unattached. 1828.— The ordnance-service has not, of course, been left without a manual of this kind. One under the title of "The Pocket Gunner," and subsequently another, called "The Little Bombardier and Pocket Gunner," have long been in general use. The author's father, though the fact does not appear in the book itself, was the chief compiler of the latter, which was published with the sanction of Major Adye's name, and has been frequently reprinted, and recently re-edited by Major Elliot, carefully retaining a variety of matters which time and successive improvements have rendered obsolete. These obsolete matters Captain Spearman has unsparingly expunged—introducing, at the same time, a numerous list of substitutions, which the advanced state of the science has suggested. The object of the author, indeed, was not so much to re-compile, as to make an entirely new work—and a very slight comparison will prove, at least, the superiority of the present publication. To make the volume more completely answer its purpose, the author exhibits not only the whole practice of artillery and gunnery, but—what the former books did not contain—the theory of these sciences; and attempts, moreover, have been made to make the whole valuable "to the lower ranks of the artillery, as well as to the junior members of the service in general." None can doubt, that an acquaintance with the first principles of fortification—as well of the permanent as the field kind—is indispensable to every officer—because there are really none who may not be called upon, in the exigencies of the service, to direct or assist in the construction of field works, temporary bridges, gabions, fascines, &c. To facilitate the acquirement of this essential knowledge, Captain Spearman has carefully collected a number of practical rules, applicable to these various departments of professional science and mechanical labour. The whole is arranged alphabetically, and is very complete—calculated, not only to put the young officer in the track of his profession, but enable him to tread it with distinction to himself, and advantage to the service.

MONTHLY THEATRICAL REPORT.

THIS is the season of benefits; and, of course, nothing new can be expected on the stage. The performers are too well aware of the hazards of novelty to venture on any of the half-million of buried farces, comedies, and tragedies that pine in the managerial chest, impatient for the day; and those who have to go to benefits must accordingly be satisfied with delights that have delighted them these ten years.

At Covent Garden, Kean's engagement has closed; and, Othello's occupation being o'er, *Peter Wilkins*, with Mrs. Vining in pantaloons, and the flying figurantes, have usurped the stage. The figurantes fly well; the scenery is pretty; the public admiration is divided between Keely and the monkey; and the last display of a general flight, by the whole heavy battalion of the company, never fails "to send the seers laughing to their beds."

The "Invincibles" deserves its name. Corporal Vestris still manœuvres her six little heroes with an adroitness worthy of a German field-marshal. Her moustaches are magnificent, and must infinitely delight the moustache-loving colonel, who has just ordered the Blues to cover their upper lips with hair—no matter to whom it belongs. Heroism is not to be found, of course, where men shave; and, when every regiment in the service shall be moustached, from colonel to corporal, the British army may bid defiance to every force, of the same length of hair, on the map of the world.

At this theatre, opera has calmly died. It lingered through a period sustained by the simple strength of Mr. Sapio; but the public grew weary of the repetition of that accomplished singer and undisturbed actor. The fortitude with which he retained, to the end of the night, the attitude, the smile, nay, almost the very spot on which his feet fixed at the commencement of the play, was worthy of a philosopher; but not perfectly appreciated by so mixed an audience as our's. Miss Stephens, the favourite of so many recollections, has followed him in his glory; and a Mr. Wood now triumphs as a twin star in the horizon, down which Sapio's light has sunk, we presume, for some time.

The "Aladdin" of this theatre, which had been popular some years since, was revived, to compete with the "Aladdin" of Drury Lane. The hero-heroines, Miss Foote and Miss Stephens, having changed houses, and the "Aladdins" having changed natures; the Drury Lane opera being cut down into a melodrama, and the Covent Garden melodrama being swelled into an opera; both were pretty, both pleased the audience, and both lived just three nights.

At Drury Lane, the original monkey has returned to the performance of his duties, if we are to believe the bills—on whose fidelity we, however, cannot always pin our faith, in matters of this importance. His fall will, we hope, produce the rich fruit of prudence, restrain his ambition of rising above the

level of human life, and tell him that imprudent monkeys, as well as ministers, may at length fall to rise no more. Braham has had Miss Fanny Ayton, as a *remplaçante* for Mrs. Glossop. We hope he likes her; for we find our gallantry severely tasked on the subject. The lady is clever in her peculiar way: she has some vivacity, and considerable skill. But her voice disdains the charm of sweetness; and, without it, we can recognize no charm in any singer under the sky.

Macready's return has exhibited him in the same strength of powers, with a more matured judgment But he plays nothing but *Virginius*. We are ready to acknowledge the merits of the play; but to see it for years together is an actual affliction. We wish the Roman history burned, if it is to be thus our eternal plague; and we can wish no longevity to Mr. Knowles, if he ever dips his pen in its fierce republicanism again. Is not the world of Italian, French, German, and English annals open to him?—and why must he be merciless enough to add abhorrence to the old *ennui* of our school-books?

Some little performances are announced at both theatres, which will probably appear and disappear at the moment while our pages are under the hands of the printer. But the prettiest little affair of this kind that passed before us during the season was an adaptation from the French, entitled the "School for Gallantry." The authorship, on this side of the Channel, was given to Jones—one of the liveliest and most intelligent actors that the stage possesses. The plot was simple—too simple for the national eagerness for perpetual bustle. A Prussian colonel of cavalry, under arrest for some act of intrepidity beyond orders, meets a cornet of another regiment in the prison, whom he invites to share his supper. The cornet, in the course of the dialogue, acknowledges himself to have fallen in love with a beauty at a ball. The colonel laughs at him, and gives him a "system of gallantry."

The colonel's wife has followed him to the prison, and, being mistaken at a distance by her husband for a stranger, finds herself invited to a meeting by the gay colonel. She is indignant, and, with the intention of upbraiding him, answers his billet, and appoints the meeting for midnight. The cornet finds her note, and, conceiving the writer to be the object of his own passion, labours to manœuvre the colonel out of the room. The colonel goes, and awaits the assignation on the terrace. In the mean time, the lady enters; the room is dark; she conceives the cornet to be her husband, and listens to his love-making with a complacency which surprises and delights the timid lover. He forces a ring from her finger. The colonel, impatient of the delay, and pelted by a storm, at last comes in: the lady flies. The cornet boasts of his interview, as a specimen of his advance in the "School of Gallantry," and shews the ring to his teacher. The colonel opens it, and sees his own name and his wife's in it. It is her wedding ring. He is outrageous. The cornet protests his innocence of the relationship; the wife rushes in, and is horrified at the thought of her having listened to the cornet. The colonel, conscious of the assignation, dares make no reproach; and the three parties, each having something to forget, resolve to forgive.

The French are fond of these minute developments; but they are too gossamery for the English taste. We are a people of reality. We cannot conceive the idea of a man's being glad or sorry for every thing or nothing in the world, taking trouble for a motive in the winds, or being perplexed to the last extremity by an entanglement, through which a child might make his way. We have but little sympathy for voluntary blindness and misery that can medicine itself. But of these things our gay neighbours are fond; and, in the excess of their animal spirits, love, as young Arthur says, to be "sad as night for very wantonness." The little play was found improbable, and too long for an improbability; and, on the third night, it passed away into that region where the plans of discarded statesmen, the passions of past lovers, and the intellects of aldermen are presumed to reside.

The King's theatre has been going on from triumph to triumph. Pasta is singing at the rate of hundreds a week, and Sontag of hundreds a night. Madame Pimporini is coming in a chaise and four over the Alps, to catch the *noblesse* before they can escape with their purses, and help the grand conspiracy for carrying off the circulating medium of England; and Signor Ganderello, who unites the vigour of Veluti, the elegance of Porto, and the dignity of De Begnis, with virtues and majesties that belong to no mortal but himself, is coming to exhilarate and enchant the peerage down to their last shilling. We are sick of the subject. If these foreigners actually give pleasure to ear or eye, let them be paid for the indulgence. But when we know that, of all the dull things that ever tasked the patience of man, an Italian Opera is the dullest; when we see the fact acknowledged, in the interminable yawnings of every soul in the house—the boxes not excepted, in which fashion sits with its back to the stage, babble goes on from end to end of the night, and, but for flirtation, the whole titled multitude—dandies, dowagers, and all—would die in layers on the spot,—what defence can be made for this vulgar foolery?—And vulgar it is, though it were the foolery of princes—for the miserable heartlessness that thus flings away money—and for the thankless and idle spirit of patronage that pampers such people as flourish, and defy the decency of English morals, on this fashionable stage.

FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS.

The Somerset-House Exhibition is one o the prominent lions of the merry month of May; and this year it is perhaps as well worth the trouble of a lion-hunter as for any time these half-dozen years. The principal academicians have distinguished themselves by some fine performances. Portraits, of course, take a prominent place, but those portraits have an air of history; and the spirit of the British pencil, in this peculiarly national province, is rapidly refining and elevating itself into the higher style of the great Italian schools. There are a dozen full-lengths in the present Exhibition, any one of which would be valuable, even without a reference to the original; they are at once history, without being confined to the limits of story in attitude or costume; and portrait, ennobled by that kind of indefinite generalization which makes them representatives of majesty and beauty, to an age when the individual resemblance shall be unknown.

It may be almost enough to say, for the interest of the Exhibition, that Lawrence has eight pictures. The first one that strikes the eye, immediately on entering the great room, is a whole-length of the Marchioness of Londonderry—not the old lady whose honest original name of Amelia Ann is transformed, at sixty, into the playful innocence of Emily, but the young and handsome daughter of the Vane. This picture is a *chef-d'œuvre*. The Marchioness, magnificently habited, is leading her young heir from a garden up the steps of her mansion. The attitude, colouring, and general composition, are in the most showy style of the master.

Countess Gower and her Infant Daughter is another and still finer performance of the president. The Countess, handsome and young, is sitting, with the child playing on her knee. The dress, the attitude, and the whole air of the figures, are fashion and grace combined; and the infant is peculiarly beautiful. Yet, however advantageous to the artist may be the present custom of presenting infants half naked or whole naked, very odd results must follow in the course of a few years. The artist paints a child, and displays its limbs in all directions, without any reserve beyond the driest decorums of art. The picture may not change, but the infant must; and in the course of a few years, the grown girl will have the opportunity of indulging herself, and the world besides, with surveying the unveiled beauties in canvas, which once developed themselves to the artist's eye without let or hindrance. In the present picture, the child is so merely a child, that though the exposure of the figure is considerable, it may be passed over as fancy. But we have, every day, staring us in the face, in every printshop, young Lady Fane, naked from shoulder to flank; and the print from Chantrey's Lady Jane Russell, displaying to the admiring earth her ladyship, in the most scanty of possible chemises, and naked above the knee. All this may be very venial for the present, as it will, undoubtedly, be very amusing for the future. But time will bring its changes; and it would be a contemplation worthy of the maternal ladyships who toss their pretty infants into those pictorial positions, to imagine the effect, when the *bel enfant*, turned into the sylph of sixteen, or the syren of six-and-twenty, or the queen of hearts and diamonds, of six-and-thirty and thenceforth, comes flying, or floating, or sailing along her gallery, to be plunged into the middle of a knot of her own footmen, or a coterie of guests, descanting on the early developments of her form. She must be an extraordinary Lady Georgina indeed, who would feel happy on the occasion; and even the pleasure of being an object of attention in all stages of her existence, would, we think, in but few instances, compensate the awkwardness of the affair. The truth is, that the propensity of all artists to expose the human form is rapidly prevailing in our portraits, and ought to be checked by fashion, the only check by which it can be restrained. The whole question deserves a larger discussion than we can now find time to give. But if the natural delicacies and decorums of society are incompatible with the display of genius in the arts, there should be no hesitation in our choice. We can live without pictures and statues. But without those decorums and delicacies, life would sink into worthlessness and impurity of all kinds. The idea of their incompatibility is a vulgar error. Our artists, brought up in veneration for every thing Greek, have adopted the fantastic idea, that nothing can be worthy of their pencils but nudity.

Yet the distinction between the ancient artist and the modern is, that in Greece, from the nature of the climate, and customs of the people, nudity was not indelicacy to any repulsive degree. In England, from the nature of our customs and modes of thinking, it is indelicacy to a very repulsive degree. And it should be the business of art, to reconcile the grace and beauty of nature, with the grace and beauty of our moral feeling. But to limit pictorial beauty to the undraped form, is to forget that nature, by clothing the forms of the whole inferior animal world, and by making clothing necessary for the human form, in every climate but those which she seems to have given over to barbarism for ever, points out sources of effect, in form and colour, extremely various and beautiful, though totally distinct from those of the undraped figure. It should be further re-

collected, that the greatest artists have exhibited some of their most striking triumphs in clothed figures; Titian's Senators, Raphael's Apostles, the rich costumes of Parmegiano, and a multitude of eminent names, display the resources of the pencil to their fullest extent, and live to this hour in an admiration altogether as lofty and universal, as the most naked display that ever proceeded from the easel.

The common *dictum* of the modern artist is, that the utmost development of the human figure is not indelicate; or that those to whom it is such, have the indelicacy in their own minds. But we know that the fact is quite on the opposite side; that a totally undraped statue, whose purpose is to resemble as closely as possible a totally undraped male or female, is offensive in the degree of the innocence and modesty of the looker-on; that the young and pure-minded must feel the unfitness of the display; and that few men, however enthusiastic they may be in the arts, can see these figures, for the first time, without a consciousness that they are not proper objects of exhibition to minds and eyes which he would preserve pure. The unquestionable fact is, that by our habits and style of education (and who in his senses would desire to change them?) nudity is indecency, whether in the living form, the picture, or the statue. Custom makes a certain display venial; but these limits once exceeded, offence begins; and the artist must be reminded by the public, that not even for supremacy in art, must the proprieties of life be sacrificed. In France and Italy those displays are more common. But long may it be before the manners of France and Italy are adopted by England; before the allusions, which perpetually occur in foreign conversation, and which are founded upon those gross and habitual exhibitions, flourish in English society,—or the dialogues that pass in foreign galleries, in the presence of such pictures and statues, degrade and pollute the English mind. In these observations, we speak with no particular references to individual artists; and if there be a distinction, least of all to the graceful and accomplished power of the president's pencil. But the practice must be checked, let the patronage be whose it may.

The president's finest *portrait*, perhaps, for this year, is Lord Eldon. Nothing can be truer to the original; the face is full of the acuteness and calm intensity of thinking for which his lordship has been memorable. The countenance might be of a graver cast and complexion, without injuring the likeness; but, as an effort of the painter's skill, it is equal to the finest modern performances of the pencil.

His portrait of Lord Grey is less effective. The pencil is blameless, for nothing can be better than the manual work; but the expression, though strongly resembling the original, yet wants life; the face might as well have been painted from a wax model, and, indeed, has much the look of one.

Lady Lyndhurst's portrait is, if not another failure, scarcely to be called a success. Her ladyship is notoriously a handsome person, who knows the world. The portrait before us, is that of a well looking gipsey, with a professional expression of eye, which, if it were put into words, as definitely as it is put upon canvass, might bring the gentle president, to the utter alarm of his sensitive nature, guilty of, &c. &c. The picture is popular in the exhibition: yet it shows the danger of deviating from an habitual style; the president's *forte* is grace, fashion, and dignity.

Phillips has several portraits; but, at the head of these, and indeed of every male whole length in the exhibition, is the Duke of Sussex. His royal highness is, by nature, and by age, unquestionably one of the most difficult subjects for happy pictorial effect. This is no fault of his, and we say no more about it. But this figure, Phillips has transformed into actual majesty. The ducal robes, scarcely differing from the royal, are gathered round his form with the stateliest effect. The visage, though retaining likeness enough to be recognized, is yet made noble; and the attitude, though not totally irreconcilable with the figure of his royal highness, is that of a personage of the highest distinction.

Shee has some very clever pictures, in his peculiar and forcible style. A whole crowd of popular artists follow.

Turner has two prominent landscapes, singularly rich in colour, and almost as singularly baffling description. The principal one is entitled, "Dido directing the Equipment of her Fleet," the whole a fantastic and visionary grouping of wild-looking architecture, wild-looking galleys, and wild-looking men, women, and water. Colour, of the most rainbow kind, is lavished over the picture; every thing is either rosy, or purple, or emerald green, or golden yellow—or all mixed together. The effect is, on the whole, injurious, however showy; the trees, the waves, the very pebbles on the shore, are like nothing that nature ever produced; nor, perhaps, that ever existed in any fancy but Mr. Turner's own. Yet, to deny the work power and beauty would be idle. Both are there; but both wasted on a dream.

Etty, whose rising merit has already brought him into the Academy, has a large composition, from Milton's lovely description of the "Sons of God beguiled by the Daughters of Men;" the passion of the descendants of Shem, for the guilty population of the rebel world:

> He looked, and saw a spacious plain, whereon
> Were tents of various hue——
> ——Whence the sound
> Of instruments that made melodious chime,

Was heard of harp and organ; and who mov'd
Their stops and chords was seen.——
——From the tents, behold
A bevy of fair women, richly gay
In gems and wanton dress. To th' harp they sang
Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on.
And now of love they treat, till th' evening star,
Love's harbinger, appeared.——
They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke
Hymen.

The picture exhibits a great deal of ability, but the composition is enfeebled by its level outline; the whole range of figures, and they are numerous, are nearly in a rank. The pyramidal principle, or any other which gives variety, by breaking the flatness of the outline, has been neglected; and the work is, on the whole, tame. Yet the individual figures are anything but tame. The artist has not found his females guilty of anything like reserve, and though actual grossness is avoided, the writhings and twinings of those handsome half *nudes* in the arms of their athletic admirers, are as close to the unpardonable limits as anything that has lately appealed to the public eye. But, in the opinion of connoisseurs, this fault is probably less than Mr. Etty's sins in colouring. Whether from a hasty study of the old masters, he has dipt his pencil in their dense hues, without discovering their secret of lighting them up, or from some change in his personal perceptions, all his later pictures have a heaviness of colouring, that, while it shows the artist's labour, shows his want of eye for nature. His ambition seems to be bounded by making his figures look as like the painting on china as possible. They have the labour of enamel, the hue, and almost the glaze. His idea of the human face divine too, appears modelled on gypsey beauty, and we now see neither Venus nor Grace from his pencil that does not instantly remind us of Norwood. Another error is his excessive exposure of the female figure; his two Venuses at the Institution scorn to hide any of their charms, though their sullen colours and corpulent shapes are tolerable antidotes. It is difficult to comprehend how this clever artist could have fallen into such blunders. The natural colour of the human exterior is light, lively, and glowing: he flings away his living model, and covers his picture with a composition of dough. The natural form of youth is slight, elastic, and easy: he overloads it with absolute obesity; and without going further into detail, he may be perfectly assured that the brown visage of the gipsey gives but a dingy image of the roses and lilies that, from time immemorial, have made the charm of British beauty. And all this is the more singular, as, a few years since, Mr. Etty was distinguished for the grace and delicacy of his figures, the brilliancy of his colouring, and the fine conceptions of loveliness, displayed in so many of his pictures of nymphs, sylphs, and those other "Gay creatures of the element—

That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play i' the plighted clouds."

He has but to shake off his trammels, be himself, and popular again.

Esther approaching Ahasuerus, by Jones, is a daring attempt of a very ingenious artist to adopt the style of the greatest master of *chiar'oscuro* that the world ever saw. The picture is painted on the model of Rembrandt, and it contains a great deal of beauty; few groupes can display more lovliness than the young jewess and her hand-maidens. But Rembrandt's secret has not been yet found out. We have none of that extraordinary and creative power by which Rembrandt's figures grow out of the darkness, and seem to be born under the eye: that undefined outline, which gradually settles into distinctness; nor that delicious depth of colour, which has been so often called magical, and which evolves from a single obscure tint a thousand, like the light of gems first exposed to the sun.

One of the most original and singular performances of the exhibition is by Danby. The "Opening of the Sixth Seal," an attempt to realize to the eye one of the magnificent and mysterious visions of the Apocalypse; the general fall of nations in "The Great Day of Wrath." The design is taken from the words: "And I beheld, when he had opened the sixth seal, and lo, there was a great earthquake, and the sun became black as sackcloth, and the moon became as blood, and the stars of heaven fell to the earth, even as a fig-tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind, and the heavens departed as a scroll," &c.

This scene is evidently beyond the pencil, from its stupendous nature, its succession of catastrophes, and the indistinct conception which must be formed of so terrible and new a combination of ruin. But the artist has exhibited great force of conception, and a facility and power of pencil altogether beyond any of his former efforts. The foreground is filled with the human sufferers in this general undoing of man and nations; every attitude of terror, and expression of woe and calamity are prominent; the convulsion of the elements, the sinking of islands, the breaking up of continents, next meet the eye; above them are the changes of the heavens, the falling stars, the sickening and blasted sun and moon. The work has excited great admiration among the crowds who throng to the exhibition: yet it is, perhaps, less capable of being felt there, amid the glare of surrounding pictures, and even the human concourse, than it will be when once in some chamber dedicated to itself; and when, with silence for his only companion, the spectator may fathom the depths of the artist's thought and power. But a design

like this must not be confined to an individual possessor. We understand that it has been purchased by Mr. Beckford for 500 guineas; but that this is meant to imply no monopoly of the possession. The picture must indeed remain to decorate the walls of some new Fonthill; but an engraving is to be made of it, for the right to which, a large sum has been given; and which, if executed on a commensurate scale of size and excellence, must be at once highly productive to the proprietors of the engraving, and gratifying to the lovers of the arts.

Jackson has, among half a dozen portraits, all exhibiting his force of colour and graphic fidelity of likeness, a more than usually able one of the Countess of Sheffield.* This artist's style is formed upon a school in which, as there was little female beauty to be fouud for the painter's eye, the vigour of the pencil was exerted rather on seizing the strong traits of countenance and costume, however rude; but in this portrait he has shown that no delicacy of the female face or figure is too delicate for his pencil; and on this single portrait he might establish his fame.

Pickersgill has his full number of eight pictures. This able artist, who has so rapidly risen into public estimation, displays his usual skill; and the variety of his subjects, from boyhood up to age, try every capacity of the portrait painter.

The Sculpture Room is crowded with works finished and in plaster. Chantry, who, we are glad to see, has returned to the class of his art in which he is most successful, has some fine busts. His attempt to reduce the chaotic features of old Sir William Curtis into the picturesque shows an extraordinary power of overcoming difficulties, that we should have honestly pronounced iusuperable.

Behnes, of all our best sculptors the most graceful, has a fine head of the little Princess Victoria.

Westmacott, who is rapidly rising to the place filled by Flaxman, and whose feeling of the antique has no living superior, exhibits a fine group of a Nymph and Zephyr, and a strongly conceived and impressive statue of the late Warren Hastings.

We have no room to do justice to the separate exhibitions which have taken place during this active month. Martin, after expending some years on its production, has at last displayed his "Fall of Nineveh." It is an admirable and extraordinary performance, and probably capable of having been conceived by no man of less fertility of imagination, than this true poet of the pencil. It has obvious faults. It is too similar in its details to his former pictures. The architecture is not Assyrian but Indian, and is, pillar for pillar, the architecture of his Belshazzar. The battle which fills the middle ground, loses its massiveness by the attempt at excessive detail, and loses the interest of detail by excessive distance; its heroes are lost to every thing but the telescope. The walls, the galleys, and the whole background, are too hazy, and the attitudes of Sardanapalus and his surrounding groups are, perhaps, too theatrical. Still, where shall we find the equal of this great picture, in invention, in the power of story, in design, in the fine faculty of bringing the catastrophe of a mighty nation, a great dynasty, and one of the most singular beings of that dynasty, before our eyes as if the deed were doing at this hour? To those who have not seen this picture—and we hope, for the honour of their taste, there are few who will long leave such an imputation on themselves—we can only say, that an adequate description of the multitude of its objects, the spirit of its combination, or the eccentric richness of its character and colouring, are beyond the pen. The top of the picture is filled with the angry omens of the sky, eclipsing stars, rolling clouds, and bursts of lightning. Below these range the summits of pompous oriental buildings, worthy of the great city of the first kingdom, filling the middle ground on the walls of Nineveh, of colossal magnitude, partially broken down by the inundation, which the oracle announced as the fated sign of the national fall. On the plain at their sides is the final battle of the invaders; a scene of elephants, chariots, and cavalry. Immediately under the eye are Sardanapalus and his slaves and women, preparing to enter the funeral pile; an immense heap of rich ornaments, draperies, and furniture of the palace, raised to consume the last monarch of the empire of Ninus. The artist has made a very striking advance in his drawing of the human figure, and some of the groups are beautiful. The action is still occasionally overstrained. But this may be pardoned, in the force and excitement of the crisis. We must look upon the picture as a whole; and, as such, we congratulate Martin on the most brilliant achievement of his pencil.

Le Thiere, the French artist, who some years ago exhibited "The Judgment of Brutus," with much public admiration, has given up the intermediate time to a picture on the same scale, on "The Death of Virginia." The style of the French school is now familiar to us. It is spirited, learned, and singularly effective in telling the story. But the passion of the Frenchman for the theatre infects the whole of French life, and denaturalizes every production of his mind and hand. The French poet is drawn away from nature by the theatrical appetite for point and surprise. The French sculptor throws his figures into the attitudes of the

* A very beautiful engraving of this picture has been executed by Dean for "LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE," for the Series of Portraits of the Female Nobility, in course of publication in that elegant periodical.

opera; and the French painter, however subdued, is never much below the positions of Talma and Duchesnois; he seems to have a perpetual eye to the groupings of the stage; and the result is, that every figure is urged to the very verge of extravagance. Of all the excellencies of painting, the Frenchman knows the least of repose. But, passing by this incurable fault of the school, which, however, the artist who desires to be popular in Paris is perhaps not at liberty to abandon, Mons. le Thiere's picture is a vigorous, animated, and faithful performance. The back-ground is filled with the temples and architecture of the city. In the centre of the foreground is the elevated seat, on which the triumvir is seen writhing with rage and terror at the act of Virginius. Below, and close to the spectator, is Virginius, rushing forward with the knife, purple from the bosom of his daughter. Groups of relations, and the populace attacking the lictors, fill up the canvas. The artist has improved in his colouring since his Brutus; but still the colouring is not dense enough for an English eye. The picture wants the roundness and firmness of nature, and altogether more resembles a finely-wrought piece of tapestry, or a richly-stained silk, than the forcible work of oil on canvas. It would make a finer fresco than a painting. In these remarks we have no national feeling. We are gratified by seeing an accomplished native of a foreign country submit his works to our patronage; and feeling that there is room enough for all, we think that, so far from injuring the British artist, an extension of this honourable intercourse would be equally serviceable to all. Let our artists acquire the learning, the keen and accurate attention to classical costume, and the narrative vigour of the French, and they will have gained a prodigious addition to their effect on the cultivated mind of England. The popularity of monkey painting, kennels, and pig-styes, would be no more a degradation to the pencil and the public, and we should have the nobler forms of man and nature, alone, brought before us by the genius of British painting.

Lane's picture at the King's Mews we unfortunately saw only at an hour when no judgment could be formed of it. It is a colossal grouping of the angelic figures that might be supposed to have passed before Joseph in his vision. It is said to have occupied the artist during seven years at Rome; to have been honoured with the plaudits of Cammucini and the leading professors; to have provoked the alarm of the Pope, who, being a *célibataire*, disapproved of the idea of Mary and her husband asleep on the same mattress, and to have procured the exile of the painter from Rome, by the more formidable wrath of the Inquisition.

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

DOMESTIC.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

February 21, 1828.—An account was read of the accident to the packet ship the New York, from lightning, by T. Stewart Traile, M.D., of Liverpool. Of this circumstance we gave a detailed account some time since in this journal from a different source, and it would be needless to repeat the particulars.—March 20. A paper was read on the phenomena of volcanos, by Sir H. Davy. In a paper on the decomposition of the earths, published in the Philosophical Transactions for 1812, the author offered it as a conjecture, that the metals of the alkalies and earths might exist in the interior of the globe, and on being exposed to the action of air and water, give rise to volcanic fires, and to the production of lavas, by the slow cooling of which, basaltic and other crystalline rocks might subsequently be formed. Having made some observations on the eruption of Vesuvius in 1820, the phenomena which presented themselves to the author afforded a sufficient refutation of all the ancient hypotheses, in which volcanic fires were ascribed to such chemical causes as the combustion of mineral coal, or the action of sulphur upon iron; and are perfectly consistent with the supposition of their depending upon the oxidation of the metals of the earths, upon an extensive scale, in immense subterranean cavities, to which water or atmospheric air may occasionally have access.

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

February 8.—This day being the anniversary, Dr. Olinthus Gregory, one of the secretaries, read the report of the council to the Eighth Annual General Meeting. The Society, we are happy to learn, is increasing its numerical strength, while the objects in which it is engaged, and the labours which it has performed, have attracted the admiration of Europe. The President, J. F. W. Herschel, Esq., then delivered a medal to Sir T. Brisbane, and another to Mr. Dunlop, accompanying the presentation with an interesting and eloquent address. After which, one of the Vice Presidents having taken the chair, delivered to Mr. Herschel, as proxy for his venerable aunt, Miss Caroline Herschel, a gold medal of the Society, for her unceasing and valuable labours, continued up to the present time, and which will insure her name being transmitted with honour to posterity, associated with that of her distinguished brother, and of his highly gifted son.

FOREIGN.

INSTITUTE—ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Paris.—January 14.—M. Biot read a memoir on double refraction, and M. Ozenne, one on a new obstetric apparatus.—22. The minister of war requested the communication of an old report on ovens heated with pit coal.—Ordered. M. Arago made some observations, verbally, one relative to an Aurora Borealis, invisible at Paris, but which he had predicted from the agitations of the magnetic needle, and which was observed in England on March 29, 1826; the other regarded the singular effects produced on a vessel struck by lightning in its passage from America to Liverpool, an account of which had been forwarded by Captain Scoresby; while some experiments of M. Savary explained the phenomena. M. Ch. Dupin, read a notice regarding elementary instruction in la Touraine, and replied to many remarks contained in a memoir read by M. Duvau, at a former meeting. M. Warden read a letter relative to some isles newly discovered by Captain Coffen, near the coast of Japan. M. Legendre, who had recently brought under the notice of the Academy some new discoveries made in the theory of elliptic functions by M. Jacobi, announced, that in number 127 of the Astronomical Journal, of Altona, there was a memoir by this young mathematician, containing the demonstration of a very general theorem for the transformation of elliptic functions of the first order. M. Arsnedson, residing at Stockholm, was elected a correspondent of the Academy, in the section of chemistry. M. Cauchy presented a memoir on the remainders of functions expressed by definite integrals.—28. M. Delessert communicated to the Academy a letter he had received from America, containing news of M. Bonpland. M. de Blainville another from MM. Quoy and Gaymard, concerning different zoological observations made on the coast of New Zealand. M. Arago read for M. Becquerel a note in which this philosopher detailed some experiments he had made on the electric properties of Tourmaline. The same member also communicated a letter from M. Valz, of Nismes, containing the elements of the last two comets. The orbit of one of them has some resemblance to the comet of 1780, calculated by M. Dehain; and the writer expressed his intention of investigating the question of their identity with great care. MM. Girard and Navier made rather an unfavourable report on M. Endormy's memoir entitled "Researches on the Weight and Dimensions requisite for the Sails of a Windmill, to produce their greatest effect." M. Geoffroy read a memoir on the Trochilos and Bdella of Herodotus and of the service they render the crocodile. February 4. MM. de Jonnes detailed the effects of the numerous earthquakes by which the Antilles had been desolated during the last six months of 1827. M. de Freycinet read a letter addressed to him by MM. Quoy and Gaymard, dated Tonga Tabou (one of the Friendly Islands), May 14, 1827. M. Arago added to the communication he had made at the preceding meeting, that M. Schwerd had remarked before M. Valz that the elements of the comets of 1827 resembled those of the one of 1780, calculated by Dehain. MM. Latreille and Dumeril made a highly favourable report on the memoir of M. Bretonneau, entitled "Notice on the blistering properties of some insects of the family of Cantharides," and recommended it for publication in the Mémoires des Savans Etrangers. MM. Sylvestre and Coquebert-Montbret reported on a memoir by M. Duvau, called a statistical essay on the department of the Indre-et-Loire, and the Academy recommended him to continue his researches. M. Gay Lussac announced, that M. Guinet had succeeded in manufacturing ultra-marine according to the process of MM. Clement and Desormes, and had produced a colour more rich and brilliant than the natural lapis-lazuli. 11. MM. Cordier and Brudant reported favourably on a memoir called "A Geognostic Description of the Bas-Boulonais," by M. Roset, a geographical engineer officer. MM. Cuvier and Dumeril reported on the manuscripts, drawings, and collections, sent to the Academy and Museum of Natural History, by MM. Quoy and Gaymard, and the Academy recommended them to the Minister of Marine, as worthy of all the support the government could bestow. MM. G. St. Hilaire, Dumeril, and Boyer, reported on a paper by M. Lisfranc, detailing the process by which, from cutting the skin of the forehead, he had succeeded in forming a new and efficient nose for a patient submitted to his care, and recommended its insertion in the Recueil des Savans Etrangers. 18. The director of the Veterinary School of Allort sent the under-tooth of an elephant, found fifteen feet below the surface of the ground, in working a stratum of moss and flints near the villages of Alfort and Maisons. A favourable report was made by MM. Legendre, Poinsot, and Cauchy, on a memoir of M. Pouchret, as a continuation of one on the centres of harmonic means. 25. MM. Geoffroy, St. Hilaire, and Dumeril reported on the memoir of MM. Audoin and Milne Edwards, concerning the nervous system of the crustaceæ, and recommended its insertion in the Recueil des Savans Etrangers. M. Desfontaines made a report on the New Flora of the Environs of Paris by M. Chevalier.

VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Astronomy.—We mentioned, some months since, that a new star had been discovered in the trapezium of the nebula θ Orionis, by M. Struve, of Dorpat. Before the constellation of Orion disappeared in the sun's rays, this fifth star became extinct, whence it would appear to be a variable star, of long and, perhaps, irregular return. In a subsequent number we shall insert a catalogue of all the stars at present ascertained to be variable.

Education.—The progress throughout Europe of schools on the Lancasterian system is well known; the following is an authentic statement of their annual increase in the kingdom of Denmark.—First year (31st Dec.) 1823, 244 schools; second year, ditto, 1824, 605 schools; third year, ditto, 1825, 1143, schools; fourth year, ditto, 1826, 1545, schools; fifth year, ditto, 1827, 2003, schools. Schools organizing in 1828, 368.—That is to say, 2371 schools for the Danish dominions.

Mont Blanc.—M. Alexander Roger, an engineer officer, in the service of the Swiss confederation, has been occupied in some new measurements of the height of Mont Blanc; and from his observations, as well as from those before made by M. Corabreug, it results that the height of this mountain above the lake of Geneva is 4,435 metres very nearly, or about 14550·77 English feet; that the elevation of Geneva above the level of the sea is 376 metres, 1233·618 English feet, and consequently the height of Mont Blanc above the level of the sea is 4811 metres—15784·388 English feet.

Meteorology.—The following mean temperatures for each month in the year, from a register kept at Santa Cruz, afford a fair representation of the climate of the Canary Islands.

	Reaumur.	Fahrenheit.
January	14·15	63·7
February	14·35	64·3
March	15.63	67·1
April	15·70	67·2
May	17.83	72·1
June	18·62	73·8
July	20·12	77·2
August	20·84	78·9
September	20·19	77·4
October	18·36	74·5
November	17·03	70·4
December	15·03	65·9

The progression of the temperature, in the different months, follows the law common to places without the tropics; the greatest heat and the greatest cold are in the months following the solstices. The mean temperature of the coldest month, January, is the same as the mean temperature of the whole year in Southern Italy.

Newspapers.—From a statistical essay on the periodical press throughout the world, recently published in Paris, by M. Adrien Balbi, we extract the following curious results.

	Population	No of Journals.
Anglo American Confederation, or United States of North America	11,600,000	800
British Dominions	142,180,000	578
Total of States having an English origin	153,780,000	1,378
Total of all the other States in the world	583,220,000	1,790
GENERAL SUMMARY.		
Europe	227,700,000	2,142
America	39,300,000	978
Asia	390,000,000	27
Africa	60,000,000	12
Islands	20,000,000	9
Total for the Globe	737,000,000	3,168

The population given is that which existed at the end of 1826, in the principal states of the different parts of the globe; and especially in Europe and America. Some of the data, however, on which the estimates were founded, go back to the years 1817, 1818, 1819, 1820, and 1821.

In the total number of Journals, not only are the political and literary newspapers included, but whatever can be comprehended under the title of periodical publications: almanacks and the proceedings of societies being excepted. The statements, however, are given only as careful approximations to truth, while the results are to be regarded as *minima*, and not as *maxima*.

Domestic Economy.—The benefits which Count Rumford, the ingenious inventor of the grates which bear his name, conferred on the public, are duly appreciated. Still, so defective is the usual process of warming houses, that it has been calculated that not more than from five to six per cent. of the heat developed by the combustion is imparted to the room in which the fire is kept. An inquiry having once been made in the Institute of France, relative to some researches in which Count Rumford was engaged, a member, at present living, and as much distinguished for the extent and depth of his acquirements, as for the brilliancy of his wit, replied— "Il s'occupe à présent avec des expériences pour faire sa cuisine avec la fumée de la cheminée de son voisin."

Natural History.—An Australian paper mentions that a whale has been recently taken in Oyster Bay, Van Diemen's Land, exhibiting a most singular phenomenon. On cutting it up, the blubber appeared of a blood red, and, after boiling, the oil, which is of a very good quality, assumed the same colour. The fish exhibited no extraordinary appearance externally, but turned out seven tons of oil, specimens of which have been sent to the faculty for analysis.

Archæology.—A fisherman of Calais drew up, a short time since, a cannon, of very ancient form, from the bottom of the sea, by means of his nets. M. de Rheims has since removed the rust from it, and on taking off the breech, was much surprised to find the piece still charged. Specimens of the powder have been taken, from which, of course, all the saltpetre has disappeared, after a submersion, as it is supposed, of three centuries. The ball was of lead, and was not oxidized to a depth greater than that of half a line.

Artificial Fulminary Tubes.—We mentioned in a late number some enormous tubes of vitrified sand, produced by lightning, which were presented to the French Academy of Sciences. MM. Brudant, Hachette, and Savary, undertook the task of endeavouring to make some by artificial means. The natural ones are hollow—the channel through them not being straight—the sides are smooth within, and rough externally. The one which gave rise to these experiments was seventeen feet in length. The philosophers engaged in this experiment, succeeded, by means of a most powerful electric battery, in producing tubes altogether similar to the natural ones, only being of less consistency, and not exceeding a few centimetres in length, or about half an inch.

Disease of Silk Worms, and its Cure.—In the southern provinces of France, where silk worms are bred, it is very common to find them attacked by a disease called the jaundice, in consequence of the colour acquired by them: and very careful examination is continually made for the discovery of such worms as may be attacked by it, that they may be removed, lest the disease, being contagious, should spread to the others. The Abbé Eyséeric, of Carpentras, had recourse to a remedy in these cases, which, though apparently dangerous, has been warranted by the success of twenty years. He used to powder his worms over with quick lime, by means of a silk sieve; he then gave them mulberry leaves moistened with a few drops of wine, and the insects instantly set about devouring the leaves with an eagerness which they did not usually show; not one of the hurdles upon which he raised his worms appeared infected with the jaundice. It was at first supposed that the coccoons of silk were injured by this process; this however is not the case, and his method of practice is now adopted generally in the department of Vaucluse.

Patent Fleam.—On several occasions we have mentioned the ingenious inventions of Mr. Weiss—the superiority of his stomach pump is acknowledged by all who require to employ such an instrument—an apparatus for restoring suspended animation, to which we alluded some time since, having received many improvements, has been found of the greatest practical utility. We have recently met with a fleam by this indefatigable artist, by which the former clumsy and uncertain method of venesection of animals, effected by impelling the blade with a blow from a stick, is superseded by a spring, the action of which can be rendered proportionate to the force required, while a smaller spring immediately throws back the blade from the vein which has been opened. We need not expatiate on the advantages of this machine, but cordially recommend it to the patronage of the public.

WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN PREPARATION.

Mr. Cooper, the Author of the Spy, Pioneers, Red Rover, &c. has a Work on the eve of publication, entitled Notions of the Americans, picked up by a Travelling Bachelor, in 2 vols, 8vo.

I. D'Israeli, Esq. has nearly ready, in 2 vols, 8vo., The Life and Reign of Charles I. King of England.

On Deafness, its Causes, Prevention, and Cure. By John Stevenson, Esq.

On the Curative Influence of the Southern Coast of England, more especially that of Hastings. By Dr. Harwood.

The Rev. R. Walsh, LL. D., M.R.I.A., has nearly ready, in 1 vol., post 8vo., a Narrative of a Journey from Constantinople to England.

Brief Remarks on the Practicability of applying a Spheroidical Correction to the Bearings by Compass at Sea. By Lieut.-Colonel J. Hobbs, Royal Engineers.

The Rev. S. T. Bloomfield, M.A., announces, in Eight Volumes, 8vo., a new English Translation, with Notes, of the History of Thucydides.

A Barrister is preparing An Essay on the Power of Rectors and Vicars to lease their Glebe and Tithes for Twenty-one Years, or for Three Lives, so as to bind their Successors.

A Supplement to the Rev. G. S. Faber's Difficulties of Romanism, in Reply to an Answer by the Bishop of Strasbourg, late of Aire.

A Spinster's Tour in France and Italy.

Fishes of Ceylon, after Drawings from Nature. By John Whitchurch Bennett.

Subterraneous Travels of Niels Khiu, from the Latin of Lewis Holberg.

A Series of Treatises on the Principal Branches of Manufacturing Chemistry. By M. Astley, of Edinburgh, is about to be published.

Mr. Edward Upham, after much labo-

rious research, has just completed his Work on Buddhuisen; it will appear in Imperial 4to, and be illustrated with numerous Engravings, from Cingalese Originals.

Mr. Williams, of Cheltenham, announces The Cheltenham Album, a New Quarterly Magazine of General Literature.

The Life and Administration of the late Marquis of Londonderry, is said to be nearly completed.

An Officer in the Columbian Navy has in the Press his Recollections of a Service of Three Years, during the War of Extermination in the Republics of Venezuela and Columbia.

Capt. G. Beauclerk is preparing his Journey to Morocco.

Dr. Arnott's Elements of Physics, of which we gave a high character on its first publication, some months back, is about to appear in a Third Edition.

Dr. John Crawford Whitehead is engaged on a Tragedy, to be called the Reign of James II., or the Revolution of 1688, with Historical Notes, &c.

The Author of Vivian Grey announces The Voyage of Captain Popanilla, in 1 vol.

Mr. Crawford is about to publish his Journal of an Embassy from the Governor General of India to the Courts of Siam and Cochin-China, in 1 vol, 4to, with plates.

Mr. Murray is about to publish the late Captain Clapperton's Journal of an Expedition of Discovery in the Interior of Africa, with a Portrait of the Author, and Notes from the Journal of his surviving Servant, Richard Lander.

Dr. Woodhouse's Annotations on the Apocalypse, is nearly ready.

LIST OF NEW WORKS.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of the Life and Administration of the Right Hon. William Cecil, Lord Burghley, Secretary of State in the Reign of Edward VI., and Lord High Treasurer of England in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth. By Rev. Edward Nares, D. D., Regius Professor of History in the University of Oxford. Vol. 1, 4to. £3. 3s. Large paper, £4. 4s.

The Life and Opinions of John de Wycliffe, D. D., illustrated principally from his unpublished Manuscripts; with a Preliminary View of the Papal System, and of the State of the Protestant Doctrine in Europe, to the commencement of the Fourteenth Century. By Robert Vaughan. 2 vols. 8vo. 21s. boards.

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A Summer's Ramble among the Musicians of Germany; giving some Account of the Operas of Munich, Vienna, Dresden, Berlin, &c. By a Musical Professor. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.

PATENTS FOR MECHANICAL AND CHEMICAL INVENTIONS.

New Patents sealed in May 1828.

To William Marshall, of Fountain Grove, Huddersfield, York, Shear Manufacturer, for improvements in machinery, for cutting or shearing, cropping and finishing, cloth, and other articles, manufactured from wool, or other raw materials—26th April; two months.

To Thomas Breidenback, of Birmingham, Warwick, merchant, for a machine, or improved mode, by use of machinery, for forming or manufacturing tubes, or rods, and for other purposes—26th April; 4 months.

To James Griffen, of Witley Moor Works, near Dudley, Worcester, Scythe Manufacturer, for an improvement in the manufacturing of scythe backs, chaff knife backs, and hay knife backs—26th April; 6 months.

To John James Watt, of Stracey-street, Stepney, Middlesex, Surgeon, for his discovery of a certain chemical agent, by which animal poison may be destroyed, and the disease, consequent thereon, effectually prevented—29th April; 6 months.

To Charles Carpenter Bompas, of the Inner Temple, Esq., for improvements in the propelling of locomotive carriages, and machines, and boats, and other vessels—29th April; 6 months.

To Thomas Hillman, of Mill Wall, Poplar, Middlesex, mast-maker, for certain improvements in the construction and fastening of made masts—1st of May; 6 months.

To Jonathan Brownell, of Sheffield, York, cutler, for an improved method of transferring vessels from a higher to a lower level, or from a lower to a higher level, on canals, and, also, for the more conveniently raising or lowering of weights, carriages, or goods, on rail roads, and for other purposes—1st May; 6 months.

To James Palmer, of Globe Road, Mile End, Middlesex, paper-maker, for certain improvements in the moulds, machinery, or apparatus, for making paper—6th May; 6 months.

To Thomas Adams, of Oldbury, Salop, manufacturer, for improvements on instruments, trusses, or apparatus, for the relief, or cure, of Hernia, or rupture—6th May; 6 months.

To Francis Westley, of Leicester, cutler, for an improved apparatus, to be used for the purpose of whetting or sharpening the edges of the blades of knives, or other cutting instruments—6th May; 2 months.

To Samuel Brooking, Esq., of Plymouth, Devon, for a certain turning or shipping fid, for securing and releasing the upper masts of ships and vessels—6th May; 6 months.

To Matthew Fullwood, junior, of Stratford, Essex, gentleman, for a cement mastic, or composition, which he intends to denominate German cement — 6th May; 2 months.

To John Benjamin Macneil, of Foleshill, Coventry, engineer, for certain improvements in preparing, and applying, materials for the making, constructing, or rendering more durable, roads, and other ways, which materials, so prepared, are applicable to other purposes — 6th May; 6 months.

Thomas Jackson, of Red Lion Street, Holborn, Middlesex, watch-maker, for a new metal stud, to be applied to boots, shoes, and other like articles of manufacture—13th May; 6 months.

To John Ford, of Wandsworth Road, Vauxhall, Surrey, machine maker, for certain improvements in machinery, for clearing, opening, scribling, carding, combing, rubbing, and spinning wool, and for carding, roving, or shivering, and spinning cotton, short stapled flax, hemp, and silk, either separately or combined, and for spinning or twisting long stapled flax, hemp, silk, mohair, or other fibrous substances, and either separately or combined —13th May; 6 months.

To Thomas Bousar Crompton, of Tamworth, Lancaster, paper maker, and Enoch Taylor, of Marsden, in Yorkshire, millwright, for certain improvements in that part of the process of paper making, which relates to the cutting—13th May; 2 months.

To Charles Chubb, of St. Paul's Churchyard, London, patent-lock manufacturer, for certain improvements in the construction of latches, which may be used for fastening doors, or gates — 17th May; 6 months.

To Thomas, William, and John Powell, Bristol, glass merchants, and stone-ware manufacturers, for certain improvements in the process, machinery, or apparatus, for forming, making, or producing moulds, or vessels, for refining sugar, and in the application of materials hitherto unused in making the said moulds—17th May: 2 months.

List of Patents, which, having been granted in June 1814, *expire in the present month of June* 1828.

7.—William Sellars, Kemsey Elms, Worcester, *for his method of spinning and laying of ropes, threads, &c., by machinery.*

—. George Heywood, Stourbridge, Staffordshire, *for his improved plan of turning rolls, and of rolling gun and pistol barrels previous to welding.*

—. John Stubbs Jorden, Birmingham, *for his improved method of making the lights, &c., of horticultural buildings.*

—. Grant Preston, London, *for his concave cabin stoves.*

—. John Buxton, London, *for his improved method of twisting and laying cotton, silk, and other articles.*

18.—Thomas Tindal, Scarborough, *for his improvements on the steam engine, with appendages thereof.*

25.—John Maberly and John Barrow, London, *for their method of securing carriage glasses.*

28.—William Francis Hamilton, London, *for his improvements in the making of soda-water, and other liquids impregnated with carbonic acid gas.*

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

THE DUCHESS OF DURAS.

The Duchess of Duras, distinguished as the friend of Madame de Staël, and no less by her own literary talents, died lately at Nice, after a long and painful illness. This lady was the daughter of the Count de Kersaint, who voted against the decapitation of Louis XVI. He, in consequence, resigned his office of deputy on the 20th of January, 1793; and, on the same day, he inserted in the *Moniteur* a letter, which is considered to have cost him his life. "If," said the writer, "I have had the misfortune to be the colleague of the panegyrists and instigators of the 2d of September, I would defend my memory from the reproach of having been their accomplice; for this, a moment only remains to me: to-morrow [21st of January], perhaps it will be no longer time."

In her two very popular novels, "Ourika," and "Edouard," the Duchess of Duras is considered, by the French critics, to have successfully emulated the Tenains, Lafayettes, &c. An exile almost from her birth, she died, as we have already stated, in a foreign land. In her last moments, however, she had the consolation of being attended by her two daughters, the Duchess of Rauzan and Madame de la Rochejaquelin.

SIR JAMES EDWARD SMITH, M.D. F.R.S.

Sir James Edward Smith, one of the founders, and first President, of the Linnæan Society, was a native of Norwich. He was bred to the medical profession, but never practised in London. He studied for some time at Leyden; and, having a taste for natural history, especially botany, he, on his return from the Continent, was introduced to the royal family, and engaged by her Majesty, Queen Charlotte, to instruct the Princesses, who were then young, in his own favourite pursuit. He was thus employed for two years, and, according to report, was not adequately compensated for his exertions. We know not whether any soreness were induced in the mind of Dr. Smith by what he might deem a want of liberality; but, in his "Sketch of a Tour to the Continent," a work in three volumes, published in the year 1793, he made some statements respecting a distinguished personage in France, which were understood to give great offence at Buckingham House, where he was never afterwards in favour. His present majesty, however, when Regent, was pleased to confer upon him the honour of knighthood.

On taking his degree of M.D. at Leyden, Dr. Smith's thesis was—"*Demonstratio quædam de Generatione Complectens.*" Early in life, he purchased the collection, or a part of the collection, of Linnæus; and, in conjunction with Dr. Goodenough, late Bishop of Carlisle, and others, he established the Linnæan Society, of which, for many years, he was annually elected President. His residence was at Norwich, where he practised as a physician; but he was accustomed to visit London every year, to preside at the anniversary of the Linnæan Society; and, generally, at the same time, he delivered Botanical Lectures at the Royal Institution. Some years since, he proposed to deliver a course of lectures on botany at Cambridge, but was interdicted, unless he would subscribe to the thirty-nine articles of the church of England. This he refused, and, in consequence, a sharp controversy ensued.

Besides tracts, and contributions to the Transactions of the Linnæan Society, the Philosophical Transactions, Nicholson's Journal, and other scientific works, the literary productions of Sir James Smith, during an extended period of forty-two years, filled numerous volumes. Amongst them we find;—English Botany, 8vo., 1790; Plantarum Icones hacteneus ineditæ, 1791; C. Linnæi Flora Lapponica, 1792; Spirilegium Botanicum, folio, 1792; Dissertation on the Sexes of Plants, from Linnæus; Syllabus of a Course of Lectures on Botany, 1795; Natural History of the Lepidopterous Insects of Georgia, 2 vols. folio, 1797; Tracts relative to Natural History, 1798; Flora Græca, in conjunction with Dr. Sibthorpe; Flora Britannica, 3 vols. 1803-4; Lachesi's Lapponica, or a Tour in Lapland, by Linnæus, 2 vols. 8vo. 1811; the English Flora, Vol. IV. 1828, published the day before his death.

Sir James Smith died at Norwich, on Monday, the 17th of March. On Wednesday following, at the meeting of the Linnæan Society, the intelligence of his decease was communicated; when the members, as a tribute of respect to their friend and President, immediately retired.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE favourable change of the wind, towards the latter end of last month, did not continue many days, but was succeeded, either by winds in a constant easterly direction, or by repeated vicissitudes of temperature, not very favourable to the recovery of the corn crops from that discoloured aud sickly appearance which they had so long worn. However, they have universally assumed a deeper and more healthy green, and upon good dry soils they

are improving rapidly; and, should the wind continue in the southern or western quarters (whither it returned on the 24th inst.), for any length of time, the effect, at this critical season, will be most important and beneficial. A still more important crisis is at hand, including the blooming or flowering process of the wheat: and there is an ancient speculation, that a warm and moist winter is generally succeeded by a chilly, dry, and ungenial summer. There must, however, be many exceptions to this old rule, and we trust our better fortune will provide us with one in the present year; otherwise, the unfavourable difference will be great indeed, in both the quality and quantity of the crops.

Barley sowing was not generally so forward as we had hoped in our last report; much seed, upon the heavy lands, not having been got in until the middle of the present month. With respect to such lands, but to such only, no doubt the delay will prove advantageous. The early-sown barleys, in certain parts of the country, are represented as choked with charlock or may-weed; a fact not very creditable to the farmers of those districts, or to English husbandry; but too many farmers, as we have before stated, entertain a strange predilection for their old friends, the perennial or heir-loom weeds. Thence, one great source of the complaints against farming. Though the wheats stand thick upon the soil, they begin now to be described as *one-legged*, single, and spiry, not branching in the luxuriance of the most productive seasons; in course, the chief hope arises from a large and well-filled ear, granting such advantage can arise from a weak stem. This character of the crop, we apprehend, does not extend to the best, or to good lands. Barley and oats, it is supposed, will be the most productive corn crops of the present year, though the wire-worm has been particularly busy with the latter, as have the slug and grub, those blessings of a mild winter, with the beans and peas; the fly, also, has been injurious to peas in upland grounds. Nevertheless, these pulse crops are of considerable promise. Vetches, clovers, and all artificial grasses, have succeeded in the highest degree, and stand first of all crops, for bulk and luxuriance. We have cut grasses, but have not yet begun haysel, in this county. The expectation of a heavy crop continues, with a great after-grass, should the summer prove favourable, the bottoms being so thick.

Little or nothing is said of the hop culture, but that their price is advancing, from the late unfavourable state of the weather, and that the stock in the hands of the growers is very light. In some parts, the breadth of potatoes will be considerably reduced; in others, particularly in Scotland and in Wales, they are planting to the full extent of last year, notwithstanding the present very low and losing price, on the speculation of a demand for the potatoe-flour manufacture, and of their increased consumption as cattle food; this root and mangold wurtzel having lately, in many quarters, superseded the use of the common turnip. We must own, we have not *yet* acceded to the fashionable opinion of any advantage to be derived from the use of potatoe-flour. Potatoe planting is finished on the best cultivated lands; indeed, those planted early in April are said to be most productive, and of superior quality. Beet-sowing was finished after that of the barley, and the lands promise to be in a fine condition for the reception of the turnip-seed. The blossom for the orchard and common fruits has escaped sufficiently for the promise of a fair crop; not quite so with the wall fruits.

Of live stock, the fat are declining and the store advancing, both seasonably, in price. Feeding, it is said, has not been a profitable concern during the last three years, from the too great price of stores; the remedy for which can lie only in the hands of the graziers themselves. The fall of lambs, in general, may be deemed satisfactory, though a considerable number of them, and some ewes, have been lost, from the variable and harsh nature of the spring temperature. Mutton suffered a considerable reduction of price on the finish of the turnip crop, as it would be attended with risk to put fattened sheep upon green food. Milch cows and pigs stand upon their usual ground of advantage in sale. Horses are, on the average, somewhat cheaper, the spring demand being satisfied; but that scarce commodity, good ones—strange that they should be scarce—are yet of high figure, and so likely to continue.

Wales appears to have suffered most, and Scotland least, from a mild and wet winter and inclement spring. Bones have become the crack manure of the day, beating salt and saltpetre out of the pit. In fattening cattle, is is not improbable that, anon, linseed will take the upper hand of its cousin, cake. The jeremiads on the approaching corn bill yet continue in full feather, to the height of utter ruin—at least, emigration to New South Wales. But this really is, and will be soon found, a highly prejudiced and erroneous view of a most important national question.

Smithfield.—Beef, 3s. to 4s. 6d.—Mutton, 4s. to 4s. 4d.—Veal, 4s. 4d. to 5s. 4d.—Pork, 4s. 6d. to 6s. 2d.—Lamb, 4s. 4d. to 5s. 8d.—Raw fat, 2s. 3d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 40s. to 68s.—Barley, 28s. to 35s.—Oats, 10s. to 30s.—Bread, 9½d. the 4 lb. fine loaf.—Hay, 72s. to 105s.—Clover ditto, 90s. to 115s.—Straw, 30s. to 40s.

Coals in the Pool, 27s. to 37s. 3d. per chaldron.

Middlesex, May 26, 1828.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Sugar.—The new good and fine Muscovadoes have met a ready sale, immediately on their being brought forward, and at fair prices; the Low Browns are again fully 2s. per cwt. lower, on account of the holders pressing sales; and we may state, that, in general, the importers are very anxious to sell; and, if the same spirit continues to prevail, it may have an unfavourable effect on the market prices. The total sales of the week were estimated at 34,000 hogsheads, of which 14,200 hogsheads have been sold.

In the Refined market, there has been a small decrease. Molasses are on the advance. The sales of Coffee have gone off heavily; but we cannot state any reduction in the prices.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—The average weekly deliverances of Rum, for the last six weeks, are above 900 casks. A considerable portion is for the Government contract. The sales of Brandy are confined to parcels for shipping. In Geneva, few sales are reported.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—The accounts from St. Petersburgh are of the 28th ultimo; exchange, 10½ per rouble; Tallow, 96¼ to 97; Hemp, 92; Flax, 90.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 2.—Rotterdam, 12. 3.—Hamburg, 13. 13.—Altona, 13. 13.—Paris, 25. 35.—Bordeaux, 25. 65.—Frankfort, 15¼.—Petersburgh, 10.—Vienna, 10.—Dublin, 1¼—Madrid, 35¼.—Bilboa, 35¼.—Trieste, 10. 3.—Cork, 1¼.—Cadiz, 35¼.—Barcelona, 35¼.—Seville, 31.—Gibraltar, 44.—Lisbon, 46.

Bullion per Oz.—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—In Bars, £3. 17s. 6d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s.—New Dollars, 4s. 9⅞d.—Silver in Bars, standard, £0. 0s. 0d.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, *Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Birmingham CANAL, 284*l.*—Coventry, 1,100*l.*—Ellesmere and Chester, 105*l.*—Grand Junction, 315*l.*—Kennet and Avon, 29*l.*—Leeds and Liverpool, 404*l.*—Oxford, 680*l.*—Regent's, 29*l.*—Trent and Mersey, (¼ sh.), 820*l.*—Warwick and Birmingham, 265*l.*—London DOCKS (Stock), 87*l.*—West India (Stock), 217*l.*—East London WATER WORKS, 120*l.*—Grand Junction, —*l.*—West Middlesex, 66*l.*—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 9¼—Globe, 153*l.*—Guardian, 20¼*l.*—Hope Life, 5*l.*—Imperial Fire, 98*l.*—GAS-LIGHT Westminster Chartered Company, 55*l.*—City, 0*l.*—British, 8 *dis.*—Leeds, 195*l.*

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced from the 22d of April to the 23d of May 1828; extracted from the London Gazette.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

John Nelson, Cobham place, Finsbury-square, dealer and chapman
W. Wright, Chipping Ongar, wine-merchant
W. Windham, Holt, Norfolk, carpenter

BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month, 104.]

Solicitors' Names are in Brackets.

Burke, P. Haymarket, victualler. [Wilde and Co., College-hill
Bakewell, J. Manchester, glue-manufacturer. [Chester, Staple-inn; Tindall and Varey, Manchester
Bowman, E. Penrith, Cumberland, timber-merchant. [Addison, Gray's-inn; Atkinson, Penrith
Bedford, J. and T. Croose, Wood-street, warehousemen. [Young, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house
Butts, T. jun., Crayford, Kent, mill-sawyer. [Tahourdin, Child's-place, Temple-bar
Bevill, J. W. Cheltenham, tobacconist. [Bridger, Finsbury-circus; Cecil, Oxford
Bullivant, C. F. Ripley, Derby, dealer. [James, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house
Bryant, W. H. Mile-end-road, coal-merchant. [Eicke, Old Bond-street
Brown, J. Adam's-court, Broad-street, auctioneer. [Towne, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street
Buck, W. Queen Anne-street, Cavendish-square, coach-maker. [Watt, Dean street, Southwark
Brook, J. L. Okehampton, druggist. [Brutton and Co., New Broad-street; Ford, Exeter
Browne, J. Kidderminster, silversmith. [Tooke and Carr, Bedford-row; Capper, Birmingham
Bramley, H. Throgmorton-street, bill-broker. [Pearce and Co., Swithin's-lane
Back, R. and J. Bateman, Compton-street, Clerkenwell, malt-roasters. [Maxon, Little Friday-street
Bevan, J. and J. Rigby, St. Helen's, Lancashire, soap-boilers. [Chester, Staple-inn; Barnes, St. Helen's
Clough, J. Addingham, York, cotton-manufacturer. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane; Cunliffe, Manchester
Clayton, J. Mottram-in-Longendale, Chester, flour-dealer. [Tyler, Temple; Hunt, Stockport
Chittenden, J. Dover, Chemist. [Egan and Waterman, Essex-street; Chalk, Dover
Clarke, T. Marlborough, woollen-draper. [Price and Bolton, Lincoln's-inn
Davies, W. Camberwell, coal-merchant. [Meymott and Son, Great Surrey-street, Blackfriar's-road
Darby, J. Rood-lane, perfumer. [Gatty and Co., Angel-court, Throgmorton-street

Emmerson, R. Aldermanbury, warehouseman. [Thomson and Co., King's Arms-yard, Coleman-street
Ensor, T. Long Malford, tallow-chandler. [Clinton and Son, Chancery-lane; Last, Hadleigh
Freeman, E. Cheltenham, lodging-housekeeper. [Lowndes and Gatty, Red-lion-square; Cresswell, Redditch, Worcester
Fountain, J. St. Neot's, draper. [Lloyd, Bartlett's-buildings
Fisk, W. Gate-street, dealer. [Stevens and Co., Little St. Thomas Apostle
Frame, W. Jones-street, Berkeley-square, bootmaker. [Roberts, Macclesfield-street
Fitch, C. A. Allen-street, Goswell-street, bacondrier. [Heard, Great Prescot-street
Gallemore, J. sen., J. and J. Gallemore, and T. Liddel, Manchester, calico-printers. [Makinson and Sanders, Temple; Atkinson, Manchester
Germain, T. Drury-lane, baker. [Wright, Little Alie-street
Gelder, B. North and South Cliff, East Riding, York, farmer. Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Harle, York
Gamble, C. Shottlegate, Derby, joiner. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Moss, Derby
Gains, T. Loughborough, corn-factor. [Holme and Co., New-inn; Bond, Leicester
Gibbon, J. senior, Canton-place, Commercial-road, block-maker. [Atkins and Davis, Fox Ordinary-court, Nicholas-lane
Hooper, T. St. Philip and Jacob, Gloucester, maltster. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane; Stephens and Goodhind, Bristol
Holt, C. Coventry, baker. [Allen and Co, Carlisle-street; Boyle, Coventry
Hunter, R. Aldgate, oilman. [Thompson, George street, Minories
Hockin, P. C. Launceston, money-scrivener. [Coode, Guilford-street; Gurney, Launceston
Hobbins, R. Cheltenham, innkeeper. [King, Bedford-place; Packwood, Cheltenham
Harker, W. Cropton, York, schoolmaster. [Adlington and Co., Bedford row
Handcock, J. Exeter, victualler. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Furlong, Exeter
Holdich, T. Spalding, grocer. [Bennett, Featherstone-buildings; Tayler, Uppingham
Hodson, G. Sheffield, bone-merchant. [Duncan, Gray's-inn; Broomhead, Sheffield
Haigh, J. Milnsbridge, York, scribbling-miller. [Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Allison, Huddersfield
Hopkins, M. E. St. Peter's-alley, merchant. [Gregory, King's Arms-yard
James, N. Bristol, wine-merchant, [Poole and Co., Gray's-inn; Evans, Bristol
Johnson, S. Margate, coachmaster. [Willet, Essex-street; Dering and Brooks, Margate
Jenkinson, T. Manchester, calenderer. [Wilson; Southampton-street; Pauldens, Stockport
Kelley, J. Leeds, bricklayer. [Strangeways and Co., Barnard's-inn; Scott and Co., Leeds
Kingsbury, H. Broad-street, Radcliffe, builder. [Fisher and Spencer, Walbrook-buildings
Llewellyn, T. Bridgend, Glamorgan, innkeeper. [Gregory, Clement's-inn; Lewis, Bridgend
Longbottom, T. Keighley, York, machine-maker. [Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Hamerton, Todmorden
Laporte, D. Poland-street, tailor. [Nott, Ryder-street
Levy, L. Birmingham, slopseller. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple; Hadfield and Co., Manchester
Mortimer, J. and W. Rawfolds, Yorkshire, machine-makers. [Butterfield, Gray's-inn; Lister, Cleckheaton, Leeds
Mitchell, J. Robert-street, Southwark, victualler. [Dicas, Pope's Head-alley
Maybruch, F. Old Cavendish-street, tailor. [Howard, Bouverie-street
Masson, W. Queen-street, Cheapside, merchant. [Kirkman and Co., Cannon-street
Mills, G. St. James's-street, bookseller. [Bowden and Walters, Aldermanbury
Moorhouse, J. L., and J. Hebden-bridge, Hallfax, cotton-spinners. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple; Seddon, Manchester
Marsden, J. Sowerby-bridge, York, corn-merchant. [Dawson and Hawkins, New Boswell-court; Howarth and Co., Ripponden
Menzies, J. Charles-street, Manchester-square, tailor. [Ralfs, Nottingham-terrace, New-road
Nicholls, J. Kidderminster, innkeeper. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane; Higgins, Ledbury
Pearson, T. and W. Reeves, Savoy-street, wine-merchants. [Parry, Tokenhouse-yard
Pratt, S. Crispin-street, Spitalfields, drysalter. [Norton, Jewin-street
Powell, W. Wetherby, York, ham-factor. [Lys, Took's-court; Upton, Wetherby
Pinder, T. Halifax, porter-merchant. [Jaques and Battye, Coleman-street; Holroyde, Halifax
Parsons, J. Fulham-road, upholsterer. Wills, Ely-place
Parsey, I. Brighton, haberdasher. [Jay and Ashton, Serjeant's-inn
Powell, J. Bishopsgate-street, grocer. [Brough, Shoreditch
Parsons, J. Standon, Herts, horse-dealer. [Weymouth, Chancery-lane
Phillips, J. Tavistock-street, linen-draper. [Harnett, Northumberland-street
Pennell, J. D. Exeter, picture-dealer. [Drake, Red-lion-square
Pate, M. Bennett-street, tailor. [Crowder and Maynard, Lothbury
Pringle, W. H. London-road, St. George's-fields, victualler. [Flashman, Ely-place
Prior, J. Worksworth, Derby, small-ware-manufacturer. [Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Hadfield and Co., Manchester
Pilcher, S. Ramsgate, baker. [Redaway, Clement's-inn; Wells, Ramsgate
Rock, P. Wollastone, Stafford, farmer. [Hemming and Baxter, Gray's-inn; Stanley, Drayton-in-Hales, Salop
Robinson, J. Clare-street, Clare-market, linen-draper. [Jones, Size-lane
Rashleigh, W. Falmouth, grocer. [Alexander and Son, Carey-street; Coryndon and Son, Plymouth
Rumney, T. Gough-square, furrier. [Tilson and Son, Coleman-street
Read, A. Lower Grosvenor-street, hotel-keeper [Miller, New-inn
Roper, W. T. Houndsditch, carpenter. [Cranch, Union-court, Broad-street
Rhodes, J. Gomersal, York, maltster. [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Higham, Mill-bridge, Leeds
Revans, J. junior, and H. S. Chapman, London and Quebec, merchants. [White and Co., Great St. Helen's
Smith, T. High street, Lambeth, smith. [Howard, Bouverie-street
Shore, T. B. Kidderminster, victualler. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane; Colmore, Birmingham
Stevens, J. Deverel-street, Great Dover-road, builder. [Fitch, Union street, Southwark
Sunderland, J. Leeds, woolstapler. [Wigleworth and Risdale, Gray's-inn; Grant, Leeds
Sugden, T. Haworth, York, worsted-manufacturer. [Evitt and Co., Haydon-square; Craven, Halifax
Swann, W. Bungay, linen-draper. [Ashurst, Sambrook-court
Swalwell, M. Kennington-gravel-pits, schoolmistress. [Umney, Chancery-lane
Torry, J. Little Union-street, Hoxton, builder. [James, Bucklersbury
Tolson, M. Regent-street, milliner. [Turner and Pearce, Bloomsbury-square
Valerio, D. Crown-court, Threadneedle-street, wine-merchant. [Wright, Carey-street
Wisedill, W. Friday-street, ironmonger. [Hewitt, Tokenhouse-yard
Williams, H. St. George's-circus, Southwark, wine-merchant. [Smith, Golden-square
Warington, H. W. Johnson-street, Shadwell, brewer. [Finch, Lothbury

Wells, T. W. High-street, Shadwell, tobacconist. [Hockley, Quality-court, Chancery-lane

Woodhead, B. Thongsbridge, York, scribbling-miller. [Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Brown, Huddersfield

Williams, R. Cheltenham, builder. [King, Serjeant's-inn; Chadborn, Gloucester

Wilson, J. Wigton, draper. [Mounsey and Gray, Staple-inn; Ewart, Carlisle

Ward, G. A. Birmingham, cabinet-maker. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane; Colmore, Birmingham

Walker, R. Manchester, woollen shawl-manufacturer. [Lowes, Southampton-buildings; Cooke and Co., Salford.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. G. Tyndall, to the Augmented Curacy of Holywell, Oxford.—Rev. R. Dixon, to the Rectory of Niton, Isle of Wight.—Rev. W. Jackson, to the Rectory of Lowther, Westmoreland.—Hon. and Rev. H. Hobart, to the Living of Wantage, Berks.—Rev. J. Hopkinson, to the Rectory of Elton, Northampton.—Rev. J. Steel, to the Perpetual Curacy of Cowbit, Lincolnshire.—Rev. T. Seabrooke, to the Vicarage of Wickhambroke, Suffolk.—Rev. W. Polwhele, to the Vicarage of St. Anthony, Cornwall.—Rev. A. Rogers, to be Chaplain to His Majesty's ship Sibylle.—Rev. H. T. Jones, to the Rectory of Tackley, Oxon.—Rev. M. Glosse, to the Lectureship of Limehouse, Middlesex.—Rev. J. Lillistone, to the Rectory of Barsham, Suffolk.—Rev. W. Fitzhugh, to be a Prebend of Wells Cathedral.—Rev. F. Custance, to the Vicarage of Steeple-cum-Stangate, Essex.—Right Rev. Bishop of Rochester, and Dean of Worcester, to the Vicarage of Bromsgrove, with King's Norton annexed.—Rev. C. Pugh, to the Vicarage of Barton, Cambridge.—Rev. M. H. Miller, to the Vicarage of Scarborough.—Rev. R. M. Boultbee, to the Vicarage of Eleham, Kent.—Rev. A. Morgan, to the Deanery of Killaloe.—Rev. M. Worsley, to the Perpetual Curacy of Winster, Derby.—Rev. C. Bazeley, to the Living of South Church, Essex.—Rev. C. Bardin, to the Living of Newton Hamilton.—Rev. J. Browne, to be Curate to the Church of the Holy Trinity, Cheltenham.—Rev. J. Merewether, to the Rectory of New Radnor, Hereford.—Rev. T. Dyer, to the Rectory of Abbess Roding, Essex.—Rev. S. M. Walker, to the Vicarage of St. Enoder, Cornwall.—Rev. H. S. Hamilton, to the Vicarage of Grahavey, Down.—Rev. J. Greg, to the Parish of Killsallaghan, Dublin.

POLITICAL APPOINTMENT.

John Goodwin, Esq. to be Consul at the Cape Verde Islands, to reside at St. Jago.

INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON, ETC.

CHRONOLOGY.

May 1.—The Anniversary Dinner of the Society of Foreigners in Distress, held at the London Tavern, the Duke of Clarence in the chair. The King of France sent £100 by Prince Polignac.

2.—Sale of fancy work at the Mansion-house, for the Opthalmic Institution, netted upwards of £2,000.

3.—Deputation of maltsters had a conference with the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

— Anti-Slavery Meeting held at the Freemasons'-tavern, the Duke of Gloucester in the chair; when it was resolved to petition Parliament to abolish the laws in favour of slave-grown produce, and to enforce such measures as may redeem the pledges that have been given for the ultimate extinction of slavery.

7.—The Recorder of London made his report to the King of the prisoners under sentence of death, when six were ordered for execution.

— The Anniversary Dinner of the Deaf and Dumb Society, held at the London Tavern, the Duke of Gloucester in the chair. The general statement of receipts and disbursements for the year 1827 was laid before the meeting; when it appeared that the receipts, up to December 1827, amounted to £11,200. 8s. 6d.; and the disbursements for the same year, £10,231. 18s.

7.—The Annual Meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, held at the Freemasons'-tavern, Lord Teignmouth in the chair. The treasurer stated the receipts of the society to have been last year £69,000, and the payments had increased to £86,000; the number of branch societies is at present 591. Upwards of 42,000 bibles and testaments had been distributed more than the preceding year.

8.—The Anniversary of the Society of the Sons of the Clergy, at St. Paul's; the collection amounted to (including the dinner at Stationers'-hall) £971. 6s. 2d.

9.—Corporation and Test Acts' Repeal Bill received royal assent.

— A deputation from the country bankers had an interview with the Duke of Wellington, relative to their affairs, and the renewal of the Bank charter.

10.—A deputation of maltsters had an interview with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, when it was intimated to them that a new malt act would be framed.

— A deputation of distillers had an interview with the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

— Lord Portsmouth's marriage with Miss

Hanson annulled in Arches Court, and costs to be paid by her.

10.—The Anniversary Dinner of the Artists' Fund Society, held at the Freemasons'-tavern, the Lord Chancellor in the chair. List of subscriptions amounted to upwards of £1,000.

12.—The following resolution passed the House of Commons:—"That it is expedient to consider the state of the laws affecting His Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects, with the view of effecting such a final adjustment of them, as may be conducive to the peace and strength of the United Kingdom, the stability of the Protestant Establishment, and the general satisfaction and concord of all parties."

13.—A deputation of West India merchants and planters waited on the Duke of Wellington, Secretaries Peel and Huskisson, relative to colonial affairs.

— Five culprits executed at the Old Bailey.

14. The Anniversary Meeting of the Society for Promoting the Building of Churches was held, when it appeared that, during the last year, 70 grants had been voted to the amount of £9,672, by the aid of which 15,946 additional sittings will be procured; 13,092 of them are to be free and unappropriated.

— Princess Olive of Cumberland brought up by the Deputy Marshall of the King's Bench Prison into the Court of King's Bench, when Mr. Justice Bayley ordered her to be discharged.

— The Russian declaration of war against the Sublime Porte arrived in England; it is dated Petersburgh, April 26, 1828.

16.—The Anniversary Meeting of the London Hibernian Society, held at Freemasons'-tavern. The report stated that 69 new schools had been added last year, and 4,204 additional scholars—making in all 1,046 schools, containing 67,326 scholars,

17.—The Annual Meeting, at the London-tavern, of The Protestant Society for the Protection of Religious Liberty; when thanks were voted to Lords Holland and John Russell, and the majority of both Houses of Parliament, &c. &c., for their exertions in the Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts.

MARRIAGES.

At Esher, A. Hamilton, esq., to Lady Jane Montgomerie, daughter of the late Lord Eglinton.—At St. Luke's, Chelsea, the Marquis of Carmarthen to Lady Hervey.—At Hampton-court-palace, Captain G. P. Rose, M.P., to Phœbe Susannah, fifth daughter of the late Major-General Vesey.—At Mary-le-bone, Sir B. C. Doyle to Miss Vivian.—Hon. N. H. C. Massey, second son of Lord Clarina, to Miss E. Lyon.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, Lieut.-Col. E. P. Buckley to Lady C. Bouverie, daughter of Lord Radnor.—At St. Mary-le-bone, T. C. Hornyold, esq., to Lucy Mary Sanders, a descendant of the sixth Earl of Anglesea.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, F. Walpole, esq., to Miss E. Knight.—W. John, only son of the late Hon. Col. W. Monson, and grandson to the second Lord Monson, to Miss Eliza Larken.—At Clapham, J. M. Siordet, esq., to Miss L. S. Siordet.—At St. James's-church, Hon. W. Russell, eldest son of Lord W. Russell, to Miss Campbell, niece to the Duke of Argyle.—At Mary-le-bone, T. C. M. Dyer, esq., to Catherine Elizabeth, fourth daughter of the late Sir E. Knatchbull, Bart.

DEATHS.

70, Mrs. Gye, mother of F. Gye, esq., M.P. Chippenham.—In Stratford place, Harriet, Lady Wilson.—J. Abbot, esq., only brother to Lord Tenterden.—In Bentinck-street, 73, R. E. Welby, esq.—At Stoke Newington, T. H. Cooper, esq.—At Islington, 69, Mr. H. White; he was proprietor and editor of the Sunday paper called "The Independent Whig," and other popular journals.—85, Mr. Cuthell.—In Chandos-street, Stephana Frances, daughter of the late Hon. Mr. Justice Dampier.—Albemarle, eldest son of the Hon. Lindsey Burrel.—In the Temple, E. Quin, esq.—In Bethlehem-hospital, Margaret Nicholson, who attempted the life of George III. forty-three years ago; she was supposed to be nearly 100 years of age.—At Boxley-house, 78, the Hon. Elizabeth Marsham.—Maria Justina, lady of Henry Count Reuss.—In Bloomsbury-square, J. H. Harrington, esq., late member of the Supreme Council, Bengal.—In Portland-place, J. Vivian, esq.—At Linford-house, Eleanor, wife of Vice-Admiral Sir B. Moorsom.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At Paris, at the British Ambassador's, Lord Sussex Lennox to Mary, eldest daughter of Lord Cloncurry, and late Baroness Robeck.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Nevis, 67, J. Cottle, esq., president of the island.—At St. John's, New Brunswick, the Hon. T. Wetmore, attorney-general.—At Vienna, the Princess Dowager Lobkowitz, sister to the amiable and unfortunate Princess Lamballe, who was so cruelly mangled at the massacre of the prisons in Paris, solely for having been the friend of Marie Antoinette.—At Paris, Mr. Paravey, the banker; and the Duc de Rivière, governor of the Duc de Bordeaux.—At Rome, the Right Hon. Sir W. Drummond, K C., formerly minister at Naples.—At Scoccotoo, in Africa, Captain Clapperton, of fever and dysentery, on April 13, after a month's illness.—Lieut.-Col. Archibald Macdonald, adjutant-general to the king's troops in India.—Count de Seze, the faithful and courageous defender of Louis XVI.—At Abbeville, 76, Peter Moore, esq., late M.P. for Coventry.—At Nantes, Sir Robert Clayton, bart.—At Canton, Sir W. Fraser, bart.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES;

WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

At the late meeting of the Botanical and Horticultural Society of these counties, it was resolved to establish a Botanical and Horticultural Li-

brary, and that money be immediately placed at the disposal of the committee for the purchase of books.

A week or two back, while the workmen were trenching the ground for planting, before the house of Mr. Blackbird, at Villa Real, near Newcastle, they found a curious rude stone coffin, or chest, composed of six flag-stones, containing the skeleton of a tall man, in complete preservation, with a vase or urn standing by the side of his head, which, on examination, appears to be one of the most perfect specimens of the ancient British sepulchral vases that has yet been found. Mr. Blackbird has presented it to the Antiquarian Society of Newcastle.

Newcastle, North and South Shields, Sunderland, and the Wearmouths, have petitioned Parliament against the act for prohibiting the circulation of one pound notes after April next.

A man, named Johnson, entertained the good folks of Chester-le-street, a few days back, by running five times from the south to the north end of that town and back, within half an hour, the distance being five miles. His only recompence was a few pence subscribed by the bye-standers.

A few days ago, while some men were employed in draining a field near to Seaham, the property of the Rev. Mr. Cresswell, they discovered, in a very marshy part of it, and at a depth of about eight feet from the surface, an oaken coffin, containing human bones. The coffin fell to pieces on being exposed to the air; and it, together with its contents, are supposed to have been entombed at least a century.

On the 11th of May, a Sunday School for 100 children was opened at Newcastle.

Married.] At Durham, Mr. R. Ward to Miss E. Watson; Mr. R. Hope to Miss Maddison.—At Gateshead, Mr. H. Thompson to Miss Ann Mather. At Tynemouth, A. Watt, esq., to Miss Kelso.—At Newcastle, G. Wood, esq., to Miss Wood.

Died.] At Newcastle, Mrs. Airey; Mr. G. Henderson; Miss Myers.—At Durham, Mrs. Wilson; 95, Ann Crook.—At Bishopwearmouth, Miss Dawson; Mr. G. Hopper.—At Darlington, Mr. Foster.—At North Shields, Mrs. Hardy.—At Bishop Auckland, 100, J. Clay.—At South Shields, Mrs. Bell.

YORKSHIRE.

At the meeting, held at Leeds, of the merchants, manufacturers, woolstaplers, and others interested in the woollen trade, assembled to petition Parliament against any additional impost upon the importation of foreign wool, it was stated, that, in the year 1819, there was invested in the borough of Leeds capital to the amount of £500,000 in buildings and machinery, for the manufacture of cloth from foreign wool, which had increased to one million. That within the same period, the number of persons employed in this manufacture had increased from 10,500 to 21,000, and the amount of wages paid had augmented from £6,000 to £12,000 weekly; that the quantity of cloth manufactured had been doubled within that period—and that one-fourth of this increase had taken place since January, 1826.

Mr. Wm. Wade, of the Bay Horse, Skipton, has a ewe, which, a day or two ago, yeaned a lamb with five legs. The extra leg had two distinct feet. The lamb is living, and in good health.

The foundation stone for a new museum, at Scarborough, has been laid by Sir John Johnstone, bart.

The manufacturers of woollens have taken the alarm at the complaints made relative to the low duty on wool. Meetings have been held at Leeds and other places, to petition Parliament against any increase of the duties on that article.

The magistrates of the West Riding have determined to take counsel's opinion, as to whether the coroners can legally require payment of their allowances until they have submitted their accounts to the examination of the magistrates, and whether they may examine the coroners on oath.

All the Agricultural Associations of Yorkshire have petitioned against the corn bill; the chief opposition is made to the scale of duties, when the price is under 58s.

A new canal is on the tapis in this county, for the purpose of forming a junction between the Aire and Calder Company's canal and the Stainforth and Keadley canal, at a point between Knottingly and Goole.

It would appear, from statements made at a meeting of the manufacturers of Leeds, to petition against any additional duty on foreign wools; that the amount of capital invested in the wool trade, and the number of hands employed, have doubled since 1819.

An ingenious mechanic in Sheffield has taken out a patent for an invention to abolish locks on canals, by means of which vessels may be raised from one level to another, 30, 40, or 50 yards, and by extremely simple machinery.

An estate of the crown, situate at Eckington, consisting of cottages, land, and collieries, was sold, the first week in May, in 94 lots, for £22,505; the timber upon the lots was valued at £12,671. 6s.

That beautiful building, York Minster, was so surrounded by houses, that there was no direction in which a good view of it could be obtained; within these few days, a house and shop have been pulled down adjoining the high Minster gates, and a fine view of the west front is thus thrown open, much to the gratification of the public. All such magnificent relics of ancient piety and architecture ought to be insulated.

Married.] At Calverley, S. Parkinson, esq., to Miss Hardcastle.—At Leeds, the Rev. W. Williamson to Miss Lydia Fawcett.—Mr. T. Noble to Miss Nussey.—At Sheffield, the Rev. J. Fletcher to Miss Hobson.—At Thorp Arch, the Rev. E. Peacroppe to Miss Rhodes.—At Adlingfleet, the Rev. E. Ward to Miss Bowzer.—At Leeds, Mr. W. B. Shaw to Miss Atkinson.—At Bolton-abbey, F. J. Law, esq., to Miss Elizabeth Crofts.—At Hull, A. Wilkinson, esq., to Miss Ann Wilkinson.—At Whitby, R. W. Haden, esq., to Miss Brodrick.—At Crofton, B. Micklethwait, esq., to Miss Charlotte Hodson.—At Knaresborough, W. Collins, esq., to Miss Elizabeth Emma Smyth.—At Scarborough, Mr. Hindmarsh to Miss Cook.

Died.] At Halifax, Miss Harriot Rawson.—At Hull, C. Bailey, esq.—At York, Mr. J. Mawson; Miss Barker.—At the Hermitage, Southcave, T. Homily, esq.—At Beverley, G. Macdonald, esq.—At Fulford, Miss Hornor.—Near Doncaster, W. Haigh, esq.—At York, Mrs. Whinyates.—At Sheffield, the Rev. R. Rimmer, a Roman Catholic clergyman.—At Patrington, J. Sawyer, esq.—At Finchley-hall, Miss Matilda Dawson.—At the Grange, near Bedale, Mrs. Wyvill.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

The Lord Chancellor, in giving judgment on the petition presented relative to the Stamford Charity, said, "As the main object was to remodel this charity in a manner different from the intention of the founder, and as the parties presenting it had failed in point of law to support their petition, it must be dismissed with the payment of the costs which they had occasioned."

Died.] At Sleaford, 74, B. Handley, esq.

NOTTINGHAM AND DERBY.

The committee for superintending the building of the new county gaol and house of correction, at Derby, have at length made their report thereon, by which it appears that the total expenditure amounts to £63,335. 5s. 6d. The report says, "that experience has proved the merits of the new gaol, in the main points of security and tendency to effect the reformation of the prisoners; merits the more to be appreciated, as one class of prisoners already confined has been of a description not to be surpassed in ingenuity or in resolute audacity in attempting to escape."—There are 169 cells, some of which can contain three prisoners each—and the gaol will contain 315, although 173 prisoners is the greatest number that has hitherto been confined at the same time.

Married.] At Norwell, Rev. H. Des Vœux to Miss Mitton.—J. L. Eyre, esq., of Highfield, to Pulcherie de Sommery, daughter of the late Marquis de Sommery.— W. W. Abney, esq., of Measham-hall, to Helen Buchanan, eldest daughter of Mr. and Lady Buchanan.

Died.] At Twyford, 96, S. Clark; he kept the ferry there for half a century.—At Belper, 73, J. Tomlinson, commonly called "Blind Jemmy," having lost his eyes more than 50 years ago, and yet was a pedlar and collector of rags, and trudged with his widow in the above callings full half a century.—At Chesterfield, 84, Mrs. A. Wilkinson. —At Derby, 71, Mr. C. Barnett, who had been present at the battle of April 12, 1782, under Admiral Rodney, against the French fleet, under le Comte de Grasse.

LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE.

The Hugh Johnson has sailed from Liverpool for New York with upwards of 200 emigrants on board. Among them were several farmers from the inland counties, who, with their families and capital, intend to try their fortune in the new world. The bulk of the emigrants were agricultural labourers and their families, who have been deported at the expense of their parishes; they were chiefly from Essex and Kent. The number of emigrants to British America are few compared with that which is proceeding to the United States. The Jessie is bound to New York with between two and three hundred emigrants; and the St. George, for the same city, with upwards of one hundred and sixty.

The authorities of Minshull Vernon, in the parish of Middlewich, have, for the present year, appointed a female constable, a female overseer, and a female supervisor.—*Manchester Gazette.*

Died.] At Liverpool, 72, the Rev. W. Myles, who for 50 years was a minister in the Society of the Wesleyan Methodists.

SALOP AND STAFFORD.

By the abstract of the account of the disbursements for the county of Salop, it appears that they amounted to £10,550. 12s. 8d.; and that upwards of £5,000 of that sum was paid for criminal jurisprudence, including the coroner's fees, &c.

A new Sunday School has been opened at Leek, so that upwards of 1,000 children are now taught, where half a century ago there were not means for instructing 50!

Married.] At Handsworth, S. Knight, junior, esq., to Miss Moilliet.

Died.] At Rowley, W. Keen, esq., deputy-clerk of the peace for the county of Stafford.— At Wrockwardine, 74, the Rev. J. Gilpin; he had been vicar of that place almost half a century, and was author of "Sermons," in 2 vols., and various other works.

LEICESTER AND RUTLAND.

By the abstract of the treasurer's accounts for the expenditure of the borough of Leicester, for the year ending Epiphany Sessions, 1828, it appears that it amounted to the sum of £4,822, almost the whole of which was used in its criminal jurisprudence and accessories.

Died.] At Barrow-upon-Soar, J. Hull, 85, who, though blind, had been clerk of the parish for 56 years.—Rev. G. B. Mitchell, vicar of St. Mary's and All Saints, Leicester.—At Leicester, P.F. Benfield, esq., only son of the late Paul Benfield, esq.

WARWICK AND NORTHAMPTON.

At a meeting lately held at Northampton, it was resolved, that the sum of £6,000, a part of the Yeomanry Cavalry Fund, should be appropriated towards the erection of the proposed Lunatic Asylum; and that the residue, amounting to nearly £1,000, should go towards defraying the expenses of National Schools in villages in that county.

A School of Medicine and Surgery has been instituted at Birmingham, for communicating medical and surgical information, in a course of lectures, by different physicians and surgeons, to young gentlemen brought up to the profession in that town, which will be of great use to the different pupils, in relation to the future and finishing part of their education in the metropolis.

The Governors and Committee of the House of Recovery at Birmingham have opened their establishment for the reception of patients.

The road between Northampton and Bedford, through Cold Brayfield, is now completed, and in a good state for travelling upon.

The causes of the ribbon trade of Coventry not being so flourishing as it usually is in spring, are the influx of foreign manufactured goods into the London market, and the uncertainty of the alterations promised to be made by ministers in the existing silk laws.

Married.] E. Greaves, esq., of Warwick, to Mrs. Ward, of Barford.—At Long Compton, T. B. Ikin, esq., to Miss A. M. Crosse.

Died.] Lady Harriet Finch, sister to the Earl of Aylesford.—At Fawsley park, the Rev. H. Holyake, rector of Preston Capes, and vicar of Bidford and Salford.

WORCESTER AND HEREFORD.

Married.] At Hereford, the Rev. H. Smith to Cassandra Cecil, youngest daughter of the late Admiral Chamberlayne.

Died.] At Worcester, Elizabeth, wife of Sir Edward Derry, bart.—At Wellington, 61, Mrs. M. Edwards, of the small-pox.

GLOUCESTER AND MONMOUTH.

At the first anniversary of the opening of the Gloucester and Berkeley canal, it appeared by the report, that, during the year, 3,256 vessels (the tonnage of which amounted to 158,862) had entered the canal.

The governor, guardians, and assistants of the poor of the city of Bristol, have published their account of the payments for the year March 1827 to March 1828, by which it appears, that the sum of £39,685. 15s. 6¾d. was paid for the maintenance of the poor. £2,259. 6s. 11d. was paid for the average of 310 cases, employed at stone-breaking, making laces, knitting, and platting straw.

The Vice-Chancellor has decided, that Chipping Sodbury School was a grammar-school, and that, of course, the master was not obliged to teach the scholars reading, writing, and arithmetic, but that the *instruction* was to be confined to the *dead languages!!!*

Died.] At Oldham Common, Bitton, 103, S. Haynes; he has left a widow older than himself; and 4 daughters, widows; also 22 grand-children, 29 great grand, and 2 great-great-grand children. —82, Rev. A. Akehurst, rector of Iron Acton.

DORSET AND WILTS.

For the last few days, the fishermen along the coast at Bridport, have been actively employed in taking mackarel, which have appeared in greater numbers in the bay than for many years past. The supply has been so abundant, that very fine fish have been selling at the rate of 2s. 6d. per hundred.

DEVON AND SOMERSET.

At the recent annual meeting of the Bristol Ship Owners' Society, the report of their committee was read, and it was unanimously resolved, among other objects relative to the depression of the Shipping Interest, and the alteration of the Navigation Laws, "that it is the opinion of this meeting that the Reciprocity Treaties with the Northern States of Europe are highly detrimental to the British Shipping Interest, and have most materially augmented its distress!" The following is given as the tonnage of ships built in the British empire for the last three years—1825, 204,924; in 1826, 179,020; in 1827, 145,809!!!

The workmen employed in demolishing the old bridge at Totness, discovered the foundation stone of that structure, on which was inscribed the date, A.D. IIII.; thus the bridge has been standing 717 years.

The dry rot has aroused the special attention of the Lord High Admiral and the authorities connected with our naval establishments; who concur in opinion, that the most effectual method of preventing the evil complained of is, to have the timber well seasoned before it is applied to use. Hitherto this plan has been partially pursued. In future, all the requisite timber for building a ship, whatever may be its rate, will be prepared and kept to season; for which service a number of shipwrights have been ordered, at Plymouth, immediately to work on models for the smaller classes.

The already spacious quay at Bideford is to be extended, and the bridge better lighted.

Married.] At Bath, E. Cludde, esq.. to Catherine Harriet, daughter of Lieut.-General Sir W. Cockburn and Ryslaw, bart.—At Sulcombe-Regis, the Rev. H. D. Ryder, son of the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, and nephew to Earl Harrowby, to Miss Cornelia Sarah Cornish.

Died.] At Bath, 73, T. Walker, esq., the last surviving brother of the opulent firm of iron manufacturers at Rotherham, in Yorkshire; he is supposed to have left behind him £1,000,000 !!! —At Bath, Dr. J. M. Nooth, late superintendent-general of H.M.'s military hospitals in America and Europe.—At Frome, Mr. J. Bayly; his funeral was attended by 22 uncles!—At Exeter, Mr. J. Dymond, author of "An Enquiry into the Accordancy of War with the Principles of Christianity."

OXFORD AND BERKS.

Sunday, May 11, the Churchwardens of St. Ebbe, Oxford, appeared at the doors of that church with pencils and paper, and refused the members of the University admission, and demanded their names, stating that they did so by order of the University authorities; notwithstanding, many of those *in statu pupillari*, forced their admission!!!

Died.] At Iffley, 73, W. Nowell, esq., Vice-Admiral of the Blue.—At Bampton, 73, J. Andrews, esq.—At Quainton, 82, Mrs. Lipscomb, mother of Dr. Lipscomb, distinguished by his medical and topographical writings.

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK.

Married.] At Lynn, Mr. Garland to Miss Miller.

Died.] At Woodbridge, 64, J. Clarkson, esq., founder and first governor of Sierra Leone.—71, Rev. J. Smith, rector of Holt.—At Norwich, 66, Mrs. H. Gurney, a member of the Society of Friends.—At Bury, 70, Mrs. Ingram.

CAMBRIDGE AND HUNTINGDON.

By an abstract of the Cambridge county treasurer's account of disbursements, from Christmas 1826 to Christmas 1827, it appears that the sum amounted to £2,970. 6s. 9d., nearly the whole of which was disbursed in criminal justice, and its attendant auxiliaries, gaols, sessions, assizes, &c. &c.

A member of St. John's College, Cambridge, has been convicted of being concerned in a gambling transaction with a person *in statu pupillari*, of having afterwards challenged the said person to fight a duel, and, subsequently, upon his refusal to accept the challenge, of publicly and violently assaulting him; it has been, therefore, ordered and decreed by the vice-chancellor and heads of colleges, that if any person *in statu pupillari* associate, or hold communication with the said late member of St. John's, on any pretence whatsoever, he shall be suspended, rusticated, or expelled!!!

At a late congregation at Cambridge, a grace unanimously passed the senate, for petitioning Parliament for the melioration of slavery in our West India Colonies, and for its ultimate abolition.

Died.] At Godmanchester, Margaret Rayner, widow of the late Sir Thomas Pate Hankin.—At Cambridge, 81, Rev. T. Kerrich, principal librarian of the University.

HANTS AND SUSSEX.

The Earl of Egremont has given 1,000 guineas to the Chichester Infirmary.

A frightful accident lately occured at Brighton; a one-horse close carriage, in which were three ladies, was precipitated from the cliff to the beach.

a depth of 50 feet! One lady had her right arm broken, and her head and face much lacerated. The other ladies, wonderful as it may appear, were but very slightly hurt, and the horse sustained but little damage! Hoo, the driver, was very much injured, and his recovery is doubtful.

Died.] At Brighton, 76, H. Boulton, esq., uncle to Sir C. M. Burrell, bart., M.P.—At Portsmouth, 71, Mrs. Ann Nicholas; she had accumulated 2,900 bright farthings found in a box, for purchasing her coffin.

CORNWALL.

A new chapel has been lately opened at Truro, and that part of it which is appropriated to the use of the poor, contained seats for 800 persons, which were entirely filled.

At a special meeting of the friends of the slaves in the British Colonies, held at Bodmin, it was lately resolved to petition Parliament to carry into effect their promised amelioration of May 1823.

Flora-Day was celebrated at Helston with the usual gaieties; the number of strangers who were desirous of witnessing this desirable festival, peculiar to Helston, was considerable, and they appeared to enjoy the animating scene. The dancing through the streets, &c., was kept up with great spirit; and the ball in the evening was very fully attended by the beauty and fashion of the town and neighbourhood.

WALES.

Mr. Bakewell, in his Introduction to Geology, calculates that the coal in Northumberland and Durham will be exhausted in the period of 350 years; that the coal fields of Derbyshire, the West Riding of Yorkshire, Staffordshire, Whitehaven, and Lancashire, will none of them last longer than that time; but that the immense coal field of South Wales would supply the whole consumption of the country for two thousand years. This last coal-field extends over 1,200 square miles, is of an average thickness of 95 feet, and contains 100,000 tons of coal per acre, or 65,000,000 tons per square mile. The coal is of an inferior quality; but it is probable that improved methods of burning will be discovered, which will cause an economy in the use of the fuel.

The Trinity Board has now fully determined to build a light-house on Caldy Island, near Tenby, for which preparations are commenced. The site is selected, and arrangements made for the supply of stones, &c. The accomplishment of this object has long been wished for, and will prove of eminent utility to vessels entering the bay.

Married.] At Machynlleth, L. Pughe, esq., banker, Dolgelly, to Miss Lewis of the former place.

Died.] 77, T. A. Smith, esq., lord lieutenant of Carnarvon.—At Pentrevelin, near Llangollen, 78, Mr. E. Hughes.—At Hafotty, Glan y Bala, parish of Llanddeiniolen, 99, Janet Owen; she has left a numerous race of children, grand-children, and great-grand-children behind her; one of her daughters (who is married) is now nearly 80 years of age; she retained all her faculties unimpaired till about the close of last autumn.—At Holywell, Flint, of a decline, in his 18th year, universally and deeply regretted, Charles Samuel, second son of the late amiable and lamented Capt. John Taylor, late paymaster of the 54th regiment of foot, and of the Royal Flint Militia, and grandson of the late George Billinghurst, esq., Captain R.N., and great-grandson of the late William Billinghurst, esq., J.P. and M.P., of Mytchen-hall, Surrey, and High Billinghurst and Gate-street, Sussex, and great nephew of the late Hon. Admiral T. Brodrick.

SCOTLAND.

The county of Aberdeen has unanimously resolved to Petition Parliament for a revision of the Excise Laws.

There is a great number of shops unlet in all quarters of Edinburgh. Small places of business, with rents under £20, have, in aggregate, let pretty well, and brought at or about their former rates; but the rents of most of the large shops have fallen materially, and not a few of them are let at two-thirds of their former rent. In general, dwelling houses have fallen about one-sixth, and there is still a great number to let.

The captains of the steam-packets trading between Glasgow and Ireland have, at the request of the custom-house, been making up, from their passage-books, a statement of the number of deck and steerage passengers carried by them from Ireland; and on comparing the imports with the exports, they find, on an average, that fully more passengers go from Glasgow to Ireland than from Ireland to Glasgow.

IRELAND.

An address of congratulation was recently presented to the Lord Lieutenant by the Marquises of Downshire and Westmeath, Lords Landaff, Bective, and Gort, Mr. Latouche, Mr. O'Connell, and several other persons of different parties. The Lord Lieutenant, in his reply, declared himself highly gratified, and added, "When I contemplate the elements of which this deputation is composed, when I observe in it men of the highest rank and reputation in the country, men differing from each other in their religious creeds, and in their political sentiments, but all coming forward with common accord to hail the arrival of the king's representative, whose chief aim is now known to be to promote the union of all, the abolition of every invidious party distinction, and the advancement of the general good, I am sanguine enough to anticipate that happy days are at hand; and I indulge the flattering hope that I may have the heartfelt gratification of witnessing the innumerable benefits and blessings which would, I firmly believe, immediately accrue to all classes of society in this country, from the establishment of mutual confidence, harmony, and tranquillity throughout Ireland."

The Lord Lieutenant attended, by invitation, a dinner of the musical society in Dublin, called the Beef Steak Club. On his health being drank with rapturous applause, his excellency acknowledged the honour, and then proceeded to say—"That if this had been a political club, he should not have attended it, as he assumed the government of the country independent, unprejudiced, unfettered by any political engagement, uninfluenced by any party feeling, and with but one object in view—the prosperity of Ireland."

Married.] At Dromore, Rev. W. H. Wynne, nephew of O. Wynne, esq., M.P., Hazlewood, Sligo, to Sarah Saurin, daughter of the Bishop of Dromore.—J. Cumings, esq., to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of T. Bligh, esq., of Brittas, Meath, and niece of Lord Darnley.

Died.] At Cork, 91, J. Boyton, esq., late lieutenant in the 6th Royal Veteran battalion; he fought at Bunker's Hill.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS,

From the 26th of April to the 25th of May, 1828.

Apr.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Red.	N 4 Pr. C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exch. Bills.	Consols for Acc.,
26	208¾ 9¼	85⅛ ¼	85⅜ 6	—	92⅜ 3	102⅜ ¾	19¼ 5-16	249	—	64 65p	85¾ 6
27	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
28	—	85⅛ ¼	85⅞ 6	93	92⅞ 3	102⅝ ⅞	19¼ 5-16	—	99p	64 65p	85⅞ 6½
29	208½ 9	85⅜ ⅛	85⅝ 86⅜	93½	93¼	102¼ ⅜	19¼ ⅜	—	99 100p	64 65p	85⅞ 6⅜
30	208¼ ¾	85⅜	85⅜ 6	93	92¼ 3	102¼ 3	19¼ ⅜	249¾	99 100p	64 66p	85⅜ 86
May											
1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
2	—	84⅞ ⅞	85⅛ ⅜	92⅜ ¾	92⅜ ⅜	102⅜ ⅞	19 3-16 ¼	—	97p	63 65p	85⅛ ⅜
3	207½ 8	84¼ ¾	85¼ ⅜	—	92¼ ½	102⅜ ¼	19 3-16 ¼	—	—	64 65p	85¼ ½
4	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
5	—	84½ ⅝	85½ ⅜	—	92⅛ ⅛	102⅛ ¾	19⅛ 3-16	249	98p	64 66p	85⅛ ⅜
6	—	84⅜ ½	85¼ ⅜	92⅛ ⅜	92⅛ ⅛	102¼ ⅛	19 3-16 ¼	248½	97p	66 67p	85¼ ⅜
7	—	84⅜ ½	85⅜ ⅜	92⅜	92⅛ ⅛	102⅛ ⅛	19 3-16 ¼	248⅝	98p	65 66p	85⅜ ⅜
8	207	84⅜ ½	85⅜ ⅜	92⅜	92⅛ ⅛	102⅜ ⅛	19 3-16	—	—	64 66p	85⅜ ⅜
9	207½	84⅜ ½	85⅞ ⅝	92½	92⅛ ⅛	102⅜ ⅛	19⅛ 3-16	—	96p	64 65p	85⅜ ⅜
10	—	84⅜ ½	85⅜ ¼	—	92¼ ½	102¼ ⅛	19⅛ 3-16	—	98p	63 65p	85⅜ ⅜
11	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
12	206¾	84⅜ ¼	85⅛ ⅜	92⅛ ⅜	92⅛ ⅜	102⅛ ⅝	19⅛ 3 16	248	97 99p	63 64p	85⅜
13	—	84⅜ ¼	85⅜ ⅜	92⅛	92⅜ ⅜	102⅜ ⅜	19¾ ¼	—	98 99p	63 65p	85¼ ¼
14	207½ 8	84¼	85¼ 6	92⅜	92¼ 3	102⅜ 3	19⅜ ¼	—	97p	63 65p	85⅜ 6
15	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
16	206¾ 8	84⅜ ⅝	85⅛ ¼	92⅝	92⅛ ¼	102⅛ ¾	19⅛ ⅜	248	98p	63 65p	85⅛ ¼
17	—	85⅛	85¾ ⅛	—	92⅜ ⅛	102¼ ⅛	19 3-16 ¼	—	97 99p	63 65p	85¾ ⅛
18	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
19	—	85¼	85⅞ 6	92⅞ 3	92⅞ 3	102⅝ ⅞	—	249½	98 99p	63 65p	85⅜ 6
20	207	84⅜ 5	85⅞ ⅜	92⅛	92⅛ ⅜	102⅛ ⅜	19⅛ 3-16	—	98 99p	64 65p	85⅜ ⅜
21	206½ 7	84⅜ ½	85⅜ ⅜	92⅜	92⅜ ⅜	102⅛ ⅜	19⅛ 3-16	—	99p	64 65p	85⅜ ⅜
22	206½ 7	84⅜ ½	85⅜ ⅜	92⅜ ⅜	92⅜ ⅜	102⅛ ⅜	19 3-16	—	99p	63 65p	85⅛ ⅜
23	206¼ ⅝	84⅜ ½	85⅜ ⅜	92¼	92¼ ⅜	102⅛ ⅜	19⅛	—	—	62 69p	85⅛ ⅜
24	—	85⅛ ¾	85⅜ ½	92⅛	92⅛ ⅜	102⅜ ½	19⅛ 3-16	248	98 99p	61 63p	85⅜ ½
25	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

E. Eyton, *Stock Broker*, 2, *Cornhill and Lombard Street.*

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

From April 20th, to May 19th, 1828.

By William Harris and Co. 50, High Holborn.

April.	Rain Gauge.	Moon.	Therm. 9 A. M.	Therm. Max.	Therm. Min.	Barometer. 9 A.M.	Barometer. 10 P.M.	De Luc's Hygro. 9 A.M.	De Luc's Hygro. 10 P.M.	Winds. 9 A.M.	Winds. 10 P.M.	Atmospheric Variations. 9 A.M.	2 P.M.	10 P.M.
20			47	50	43	29 67	29 57	98	98	SE	ENE	Clo.	Clo.	Sleet
21	15		46	49	39	29 60	29 54	96	98	NE	N	Rain	Show.	Rain
22		☽	44	50	44	29 51	29 60	94	98	W	WSW	Clo.	Clo.	Clo.
23	25		49	56	47	29 67	29 70	97	98	NW	W	—	—	Rain
24			55	60	50	29 67	29 76	86	94	NW	W	Fair	Fair	Fair
25			56	59	47	29 73	29 62	92	84	SW	WSW	—	Clo.	Clo.
26			54	59	46	29 85	30 01	80	79	NW	WNW	—	Fine	Fine
27			60	65	48	30 06	30 10	80	80	W	WSW	—	—	—
28			64	70	53	30 14	30 15	80	78	SW	SW	—	—	—
29		○	68	72	57	30 11	30 07	75	84	SW	WSW	—	—	—
30			62	64	48	30 19	30 21	90	90	NNE	SE	—	—	—
May														
1			54	63	45	30 24	30 18	90	90	S	ENE	—	—	Fair
2			51	61	48	30 12	30 03	90	94	SE	SE	—	—	Clo.
3			52	60	50	29 98	29 84	96	98	SE	S	Rain	Rain	—
4			58	63	48	29 76	29 63	98	98	WNW	NNW	—	—	Fair
5	13		57	59	46	29 57	29 57	85	86	NW	NW	Clo.	Fair	—
6			54	58	45	29 60	29 67	88	92	W	NNW	Fair	—	—
7		☾	51	60	46	29 71	29 75	97	98	NE	NE	—	—	Rain
8			57	59	43	29 75	29 53	98	96	E	ENE	Rain	—	Fine
9			54	62	47	29 92	30 02	90	88	N	WNW	Fair	Fine	—
10			57	66	53	30 04	30 00	80	90	WNW	W	—	—	—
11			59	63	51	30 00	30 04	85	88	ENE	ENE	—	—	—
12			54	64	47	30 07	30 16	88	87	ENE	ENE	—	—	—
13			57	65	51	30 12	30 09	85	92	SW	ENE	—	—	—
14		●	62	65	47	30 05	30 00	90	90	E	E	—	—	—
15			58	67	58	29 94	29 85	90	90	ESE	E	—	—	—
16			63	70	57	29 74	29 74	90	90	E	ENE	—	—	—
17			64	68	56	29 70	29 69	90	94	E	E	—	—	Sleet
18			58	63	47	29 70	29 70	91	89	SSE	ESE	—	—	Fine
19			58	63	48	29 70	29 71	88	78	SSE	E	—	—	—

The Quantity of Rain fallen in the Month of April was 1 inch and 95·100ths.

BRITISH MUSEUM PRESENTED